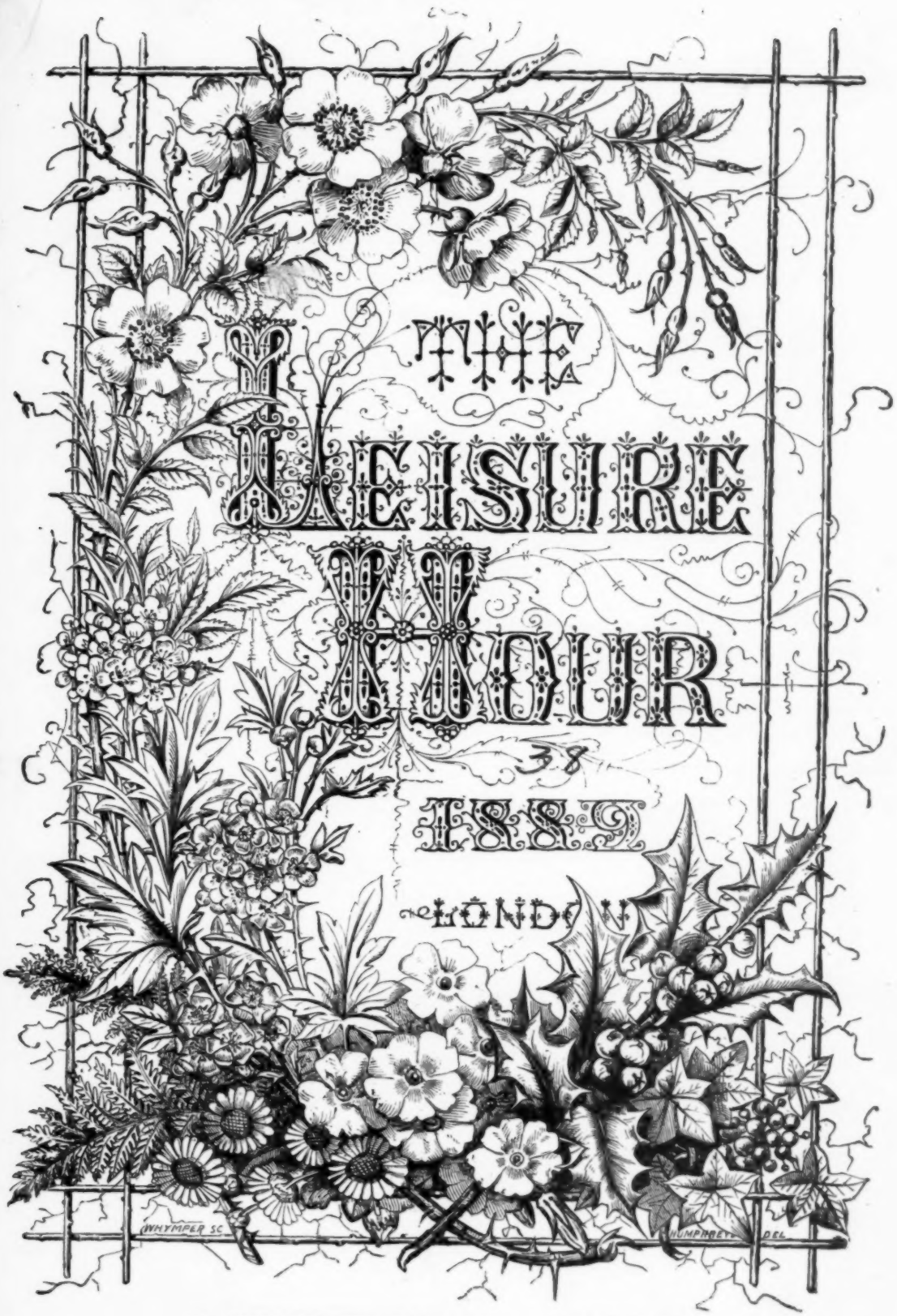


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"TALLY HO! OFF WE GO."

FROM A DRAWING BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

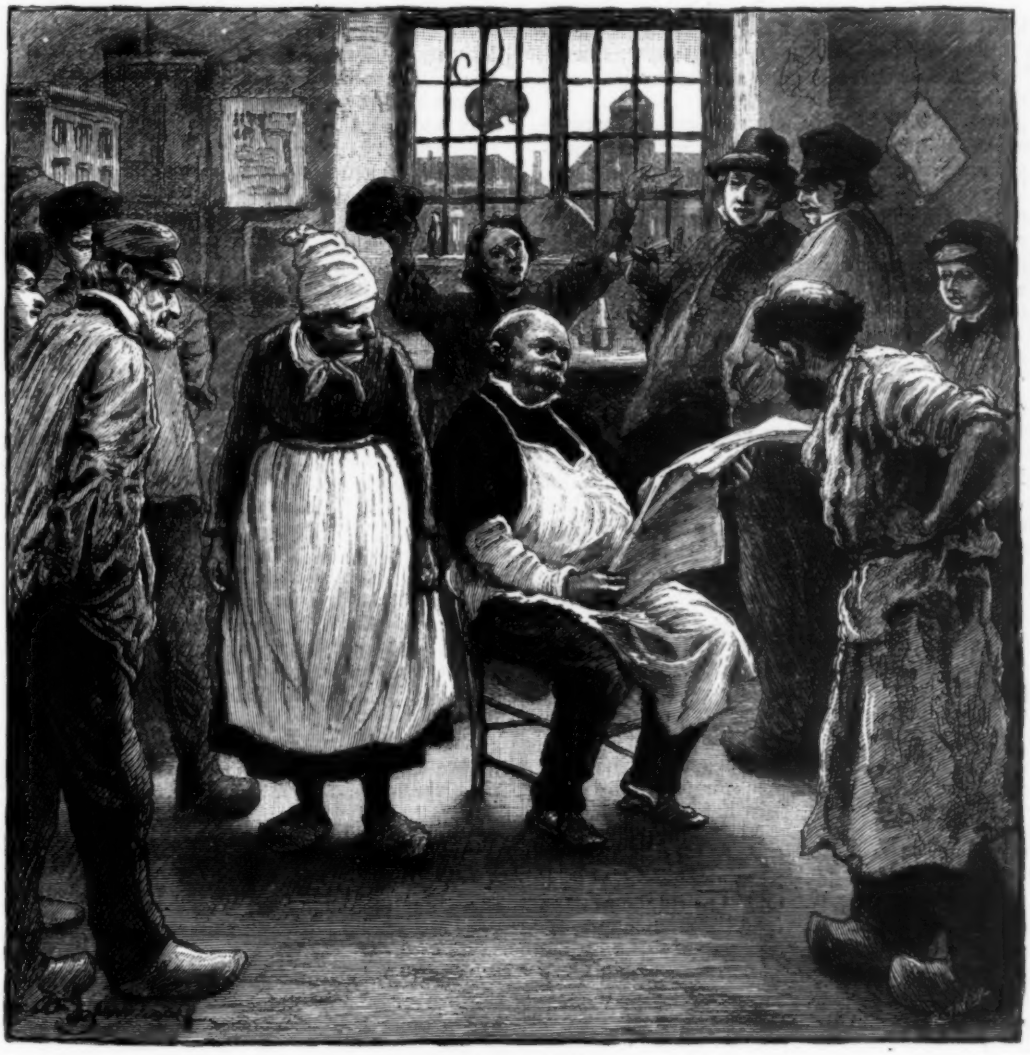
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NINETTE:

AN EVENT OF THE YEAR 1870.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ALGIERS," "THE FRENCH VILLAGE" ETC.

I.



TALLY HO! OFF WE GO.
FROM A DRAWING BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

"BUT, Mamam, if I would rather marry Ninette without a penny of *dot* than ten Marie Bourons with ten times as much fortune as she has, what then?"

The person so addressed, a withered-faced old Frenchwoman in the ordinary dress of a Norman peasant—white bordered cap, blue kerchief, and short dark skirt—turned away from the stove over

which she was cooking an omelette, her face red with the flare of the charcoal, and a little hot besides with indignation.

"You are talking nonsense, Pierre," she says, severely. "Ten Marie Bourons! Who ever wanted you to marry ten women I should like to know! You will, when the time comes, let me tell you, my son, find one wife quite enough for you—be her name what it may! Hold your tongue, then, foolish boy, and wait till you are wiser."

"I am twenty-two," says Pierre, moodily. "I am not a boy, and you should not treat me as such."

"Twenty-two indeed!" retorts his mother with scorn, flourishing a big spoon in one hand, while she holds the frying-pan in the other. "Your good father was forty to a day before he so much as dreamt of marrying me. That is an age at which a man may be trusted to choose wisely and well."

And with this Madame Grandit resolutely turns her back upon her son, proceeding with her cooking vigorously, and with some asperity of manner.

The discussion, of which we have quoted only the last sentences, had gone far towards spoiling the lightness of her omelette, a matter on which Madame Grandit prided herself; and she shook the eggs in the pan with a certain spitefulness, as though her hand was grasping the plump shoulders of the girl whom she feared and disliked rather than the inoffensive cooking utensil.

"It is abominable!" she said as she whipped the omelette out of the pan on to a plate and doubled it up. But probably she was not referring to the omelette.

Meantime Pierre, whose face was not wanting in his mother's look of determination, had shrugged his shoulders, put his hands in his big trousers pockets under his blue blouse, and walked to the open door, where he stood looking out into the village street. Presently he reached down his hat from a peg close by.

"I am going out Maman," he said.

"You will not wait for the *déjeûner?*"

"No."

"So much the worse for you. The omelette is done to a turn, let me tell you."

But by this time Pierre, with a sublime indifference to creature comforts, was sauntering moodily down the village street, his hands still in his pockets.

"He is going to her," said his mother to herself, standing at the door to watch the direction he would take. "Ah! good! He thinks to defy me—his mother. But—" And though no more words were spoken, the expression which gleamed momentarily over her wrinkled face would have been taken for a threat by any one who had been there to see it. But there was no one.

After a few seconds Madame Grandit turned back into the house to take her solitary meal. She spread a little white cloth over a corner of the big deal table which stood at one side of the sanded kitchen, and though she devoured her soup and omelette and half-yard of bread with very fair appetite, she sighed as she did so.

She was very much attached to her son and anxious for his welfare, but she wanted to make him happy in her way and not in his, and was determined to exercise as long as she could the authority which, as a French mother, she had over him.

"Ninette is a good little thing enough—I don't deny that," said Madame Grandit to herself. "But it is certain my Pierre may do better, and I will not allow him to ruin himself for a boyish fancy. A wife with a good *dot*, and some land at her back, like Marie Bouron, would be the making of him."

Madame Grandit was about the most prosperous inhabitant of the village of St. Brie. The little wayside inn, of which she had been for many years now sole mistress, had an excellent reputation for good cider, not only among the villagers, but even extending as far as Coutances and other towns; and during the summer months the number of visitors who found their way to her house on foot, or in the country carts of the district, was very great. She was also possessed of land, with several fine orchards upon it; and though Pierre was not her only child—her elder son being settled in business at Coutances—it was generally understood that he would inherit the cabaret, with all its attendant advantages. It was, therefore, perhaps not unnatural that his mother should think he was throwing himself away upon a girl whose sole dowry was likely to be a pretty face and a good stock of coarse homespun linen.

When Madame Grandit had dispatched her solitary meal she came out of her house-door, where stood two green benches, with a little green table in front of each, flanked on either side by a big oleander in a square green box. She dusted the tables, put a little dish of toothpicks and lucifer-matches on each, watered the oleanders, and then, knitting in hand, sat down on one of the green benches behind the oleanders, waiting like a beneficent elderly spider for her prey. The early afternoon was the time when the ordinary business of Madame Grandit's house as a rule began.

Presently she rose, and, going into the kitchen, glanced again at the gilt clock under the glass case which stood on a small velvet shelf against the wall, and which, flanked by glass cases of muslin flowers bursting out of china vases, formed the chief ornament of the room.

"It is strange," said Madame, as she once more came out of the house, "that Monsieur Robin does not appear; it is past his hour."

Monsieur Robin, the barber, was the most regular of Madame's customers, and as a rule, before the arrival of any other guests, Madame and he had a quiet half hour, when they played a game of dominos together for the usual stake of an *eau sucré*, or a glass of cider, as the victor might decide.

After waiting some while longer, rendered impatient possibly by previous annoyances, Madame Grandit determined to go herself and inquire the cause of Monsieur Robin's defection. So, leaving

her house to take care of itself, and shading the sun from her eyes with her hand, Madame Grandit makes her way across the cobble stones of the village *place* to the opposite corner, where a shining brazen dish, hanging above a low door, announces the important calling of Monsieur Robin.

Monsieur Robin is, in his way, almost as great a personage as Madame Grandit, and would have been a sort of rival but from the fact that his hours of business and those of Madame Grandit do not clash, and that whereas his shop may be considered the centre of the village social life in the early part of the day, hers becomes the point of attraction during the whole afternoon and evening.

Madame Grandit opens the door, which is well veiled by a muslin curtain, and is rather surprised to see, not, as she expected, a late customer being hurriedly shaven or shorn, but a solid mass of blue backs.

Monsieur Robin himself is seated in the centre of the room in the operating-chair, his back turned to the door, or rather to the window, with a newspaper held at arm's length in his hand. On each side of him stand two or more bloused figures, all so eagerly looking over Monsieur Robin's shoulder as to be unconscious of Madame Grandit's approach.

"What has happened?" cries that lady, making them all jump at the sound of her voice. "Is Paris burned down, or has the Deluge come?"

"On the contrary, Madame," says Monsieur Robin, rising; "it is fire, not water. We are going to carry fire and sword into the enemy's country, and teach those rascally Prussians a lesson!"

Madame Grandit clasps her hands and utters an exclamation of horror. "War? I hate war!" she says.

"But la gloire, Madame! The honour of France! Ah, Madame has never known what it is to hear the roll of the drum—tir-ella! tir-ella!" cries the barber, twirling his hands as though he held the drum-sticks in them, for though now of unmartial appearance—unless he might aptly be compared to a bullet—he has served his time in the army, and seen service even—among the Arabs.

"I should think the frizzling of a good cutlet would be more the sort of sound to suit you, Monsieur Robin, a man of your years, too!" retorts Madame Grandit, severely; for although Monsieur Robin is a special favourite and crony of the widow's, there are some things which cannot be endured in silence.

Monsieur Robin, recalled at once to his allegiance, has his answer ready.

"A cutlet frizzled by Madame's hand has always a tempting sound," he says. "But will not Madame approach and hear the news?"

Madame, scarcely yet mollified, takes the chair he proffers, and says, addressing no one in particular, "So there will be more taxes."

"Yes, and a fresh conscription," puts in one of the bystanders—a small farmer with sons.

"Look out for thy Pierre, Madame Grandit!" says Monsieur Clair, the miller. "I thank God I have none of these troubles, being only blessed with daughters."

"I will get my Pierre a wife as a preservative, and no doubt I shall have plenty to choose from if I am not too particular," retorts the widow, snappishly.

At this moment the door opens, and a young man about twenty, with blue eyes and a pleasant bronzed face, enters.

"How now, Philippe, hast heard the news?" cries one.

"No; what is it?"

"That there is to be war, with a new conscription, and that Madame Grandit's *petit* Pierre will be drawn," says Monsieur Clair, mischievously.

"Yes, there is to be war," says Monsieur Robin.

"But as for my Pierre, excuse me," put in Madame Grandit. "He will not be a conscript. He will shortly be a married man, the happy husband of Mademoiselle Bouron."

The announcement comes like a bombshell in the village coterie.

"Mademoiselle Bouron!"

"Is it settled, then?"

"*Par exemple!*"

"Whew!"

These are some of the responses which greet the latest intelligence, while one or two of the company glance curiously at Philippe Mercier to see how he takes it: for it is well known in village circles that his sister Ninette and Pierre Grandit have long had more than an ordinary attraction for one another.

Philippe says nothing, but he colours under the scrutiny; while Madame Grandit feels herself to be mistress of the situation. On the one hand she has dashed Philippe's hopes with regard to Ninette; on the other she has revenged herself on the barber for his neglect of her, since he is own uncle to the Merciers, and has always been openly anxious to arrange a marriage between his pretty portionless niece and the well-to-do Pierre. It was he who ventured on the "whew!" which furnished one note to the chorus of exclamations.

The announcement thus hastily made was, in a measure, true. The marriage had actually been arranged, and only one trifling matter—namely, the bridegroom's consent—was wanting. This little omission, however, Madame Grandit felt, need be considered no actual bar, if she managed, as she knew she could, well.

II.

THE news—the great news of the coming war—spread rapidly through the village and surrounding hamlets. To few the tidings came as an unmixed pleasure. For though fighting is, in the abstract, dear to the heart of every Frenchman, yet when the trumpet-call sounds pretty near the quiet home the false blare of glory cannot altogether drown the tender cry of family affection, nor still the heart throbbing with its anxious weight of coming trouble.

Philippe Mercier went home from his uncle's

house that day very full of news of one kind and another, burthened, indeed, as it seemed to him, in a painful way. For, as he turned matters over in his mind he scarcely knew which item of intelligence he would find it least difficult to tell Ninette—the news of the war, or of the approaching marriage of Pierre Grandit.

On the latter subject Philippe felt very angry, which was, perhaps, the reason why he had said nothing. He would not trust himself to speak. Not that he had any absolute knowledge of his sister's feelings for Pierre, but he had not lived all his life beside Ninette without being able, in a measure, to gauge the thoughts which swayed her. Moreover, Pierre's attentions to her had been evident enough to excite general comment. For the moment it must be confessed that this news—home news it may be called—completely overshadowed in Philippe's mind the burning question of the day—the relation between France and Germany, which was just then agitating Europe to its centre.

Perhaps Philippe had hardly taken in the whole meaning of this great piece of national intelligence, or it may be that there was in his mind some sort of balance wanting which should have enabled him to distinguish big things from little. We cannot account for Philippe's peculiarities, but it is certain that during all his solitary walk home it seemed to him, on the whole, a more distressing thing that Pierre Grandit should be *fiancé* to old Bouron's daughter than that those great countries, France and Germany, should fly at one another's throats.

The tie between Philippe and Ninette was a very strong one. Orphans, and for some years now thrown entirely upon one another for companionship and mutual help, the love which existed between them was something more than ordinarily binds brother and sister to one another, as may be gathered, in Philippe's case, at least, from the fact that his first concern in the news of the day was as to that which would affect his sister and not that which more particularly affected himself as one likely to be drafted into active service.

When he reached home Ninette was sitting before their cottage door under a bower of big white roses, as fresh and as sweet as a rose herself. If not actually beautiful, there was a tenderness in the expression of her hazel eyes and a richness of colouring in her brunette skin which, together with her smile, made her, to most people, a very pleasant sight. Such, indeed, she seemed to Philippe—foolish brother that he was—as he came upon her at her favourite post, and as she rose to meet him with the smile that was sweeter far for him than for any other human being. But the smile died away as she looked at him, for her keen sympathy with all his moods told her at once that something had gone wrong with him.

"What is it, *mon cher?*" she asked, linking her arm in his.

"I have heard some rather bad news," said Philippe.

"Yes?" said Ninette, inquiringly. "And then?"

"There is to be a war with Prussia—a big war, you know, like one of those the grandmother used to tell us about."

"Ah, that is sad. But war is always cruel, is it not, *mon cher?* And if our poor soldiers are to be killed, it does not really much matter whether they are killed in a big war or a little one, does it?"

"That is true; but they are saying down there in the village that there will be a fresh conscription immediately, and then who knows—"

The sentence is interrupted by a quick little cry from Ninette. "Ah, I had forgotten, idiot that I am! But thou"—as a new and horrible fear strikes her heart. "In any case, my brother, you, supposing—"

"They were teasing poor Madame Grandit by telling her that her Pierre would certainly be drawn," says Philippe, interrupting in his turn; "and—I fancy you would not like that either, little sister," he adds, half timidly.

"Pierre? Bah! What does Pierre—what does anybody—matter to me so that I have thee, my dear one?" says Ninette, looking into her brother's face with a beautiful blush upon her cheeks, but with eyes so frank and clear that Philippe—stupid fellow!—jumps at once to a conclusion.

"That is right," he says to himself; "she does not, after all, care for Pierre. She will not mind his marrying Marie Bouron;" upon which he feels quite relieved, and inclined to take a cheerful view of the whole situation. "As for me," he says, "I think I may claim exemption as the head of the household; and if not—"

"There is always the two hundred francs that grandmother put by for my marriage."

"You will want that."

Ninette shakes her head.

"Nonsense!" says Philippe, and adds, in a blundering, inconsequent fashion, "By-the-bye, did I tell thee that Pierre Grandit is to marry old Bouron's daughter?"

"No. You said—at least, I thought—that he was going for a soldier."

She speaks with a sort of gasp, and then bends her head down over the stocking she is knitting, where she seems to have dropped a stitch.

"Yes," says Philippe, talking on rather fast; "that was it. Either the one or the other, don't you see? Or, how was it? Oh, yes; his mother is going to marry him to Marie Bouron, so that he may not be drawn in the conscription."

"He did not say so when he was here just now," says Ninette, her lips trembling a little.

"You have seen him then?"

"Yes."

"And what then?" asks Philippe, feeling that there is more to tell.

"He told me that he and his mother had had words about me, and I bade him not come again. I would not have him vex his mother. But—he said nothing about Mademoiselle Bouron."

What a strange complex thing is the human heart! Though Ninette was strong enough to send her lover away almost without a pang, that there might be peace between him and his mother; though she might spare him even for a soldier she could not without a desperate struggle with herself spare him to another woman. To

have Pierre as a lover herself was one thing; but that Marie Bouron should have him—that was quite another.

III.

EVENTS marched rapidly in France in the fateful year 1870. In the early days of July there had been rumours of war; by the second week of the month the conquest and glory fever was strong upon the nation. On the 19th war was actually declared, and not only village politicians like Monsieur Robin, but grave statesmen in Paris and elsewere were talking of a raid on Berlin.

By the first week in August the Prussian armies were on French soil—beginning, in short, their triumphal march on the French capital.

To the conscription of July, Pierre Grandit had fallen a victim, according to the prophecy of Monsieur Clair, the miller, and in spite of his mother's talents as a village diplomatist. In fact, he had proved a rebel to her plans. He had absolutely refused to become a party to the alliance which she had projected for him, and which was not only to make him the happy husband of a wealthy wife, but also to secure him a position of immunity in the coming war.

"If," Pierre had said, "you will consent to Ninette being the bride, I will go to the Mairie tomorrow. If not, I will take my chance, and if I am drawn, so much the better. The best thing I can do is to make food for the enemy's guns."

Madame Grandit was obstinate in her way too.

"You are an *ingrat*, and shall take your own course, then," she had said, all the time never really thinking that Pierre would be drawn, or that she would be unable to buy him off if he were. Just before the conscription, however, it was officially notified that no substitutes would be accepted; and when the time came, and Pierre's fate was actually sealed, nothing could well exceed the mother's grief at parting with her son. As for Pierre, he was not by any means dissatisfied at the result. He was a little tired of his life at home, and if he was not allowed to make such a choice as he had desired, well—he might as well be soldiering as doing anything else, he thought.

Philippe, to Ninette's intense relief, escaped this time; and the poor girl, hugging her happiness, almost forgot to grieve for Pierre's loss; but before the year was out, so sudden and severe had been the French reverses, and so enormous was the drain of men, that fresh and fresh conscriptions were demanded. No exemption now for heads of households, for only sons, or even for married men under a certain age. In fact, the rural districts were simply denuded of their male population, and the tilling of the soil was left to women and boys. But, at the same time, while the sacrifices demanded were constantly more and more severe, the spirit of self-devotion grew, inasmuch as it soon became apparent to the very dullest minds that now, at least, the war had become no mere boast of glory, but the desperate hard-breathed struggle of a nation whose very existence lay in the balance.

Frenchwomen do not, as a rule, care to mingle in the political disputes which go on around them. They prefer to busy themselves about matters more immediately in their own sphere. But times such as these create heroines, as they create heroes, out of the most ordinary clay. And though at this juncture no Joan of Arc came forward to save her country by the magic of her sword, a thousand Joans of Arc were found, offering without a murmur, and almost without a tear on the altar of sacrifice, that which was dear to them as their own life. Among these was Ninette.

"God preserve thee, Philippe, my dear," she had said at parting. "Thou must go and I must bear it—but thou art as my very life, and without thee I am as one dead."

The whole village, indeed, during that awful winter of 1870-71, was sad and silent, almost as a tomb; and in this it was typical of the whole country, over which the icy pall of death seemed spread.

In St. Brie many of the houses and little shops were shut up, such of the inhabitants as remained herding together for the sake of economy and companionship.

Among these Monsieur Robin, whose occupation of barber was absolutely gone, found it both more agreeable and convenient to become a *pensionnaire* at Madame Grandit's, who was glad to welcome him for more reasons than one—certainly for other than pecuniary reasons—for the pay which she received from Monsieur Robin was not excessive, nor very regular. Indeed, so far as business went, Madame Grandit herself often said that she might as well have shut up her doors; and probably she would have done so but for a certain sense of her own dignity, and her strong feeling of social duty, backed up as these were by the moral support which Monsieur Robin's presence gave her.

As for Ninette, left completely alone, it is probable that she might really have succumbed had not certain new interests and new work been provided for her. An epidemic of low fever broke out in the village, and she, having now no home-ties or claims, at once, and, as it seemed, naturally took up the position of sick nurse. Two of the daughters of Monsieur Clair, the miller, were attacked, and one, the youngest and the prettiest of them, died, to the intense grief of her father, and in painful demonstration of the fact that daughters could be causes of anxiety as well as sons. Madame Grandit also fell ill, and one morning came Monsieur Robin in hot haste to summon Ninette to her bedside.

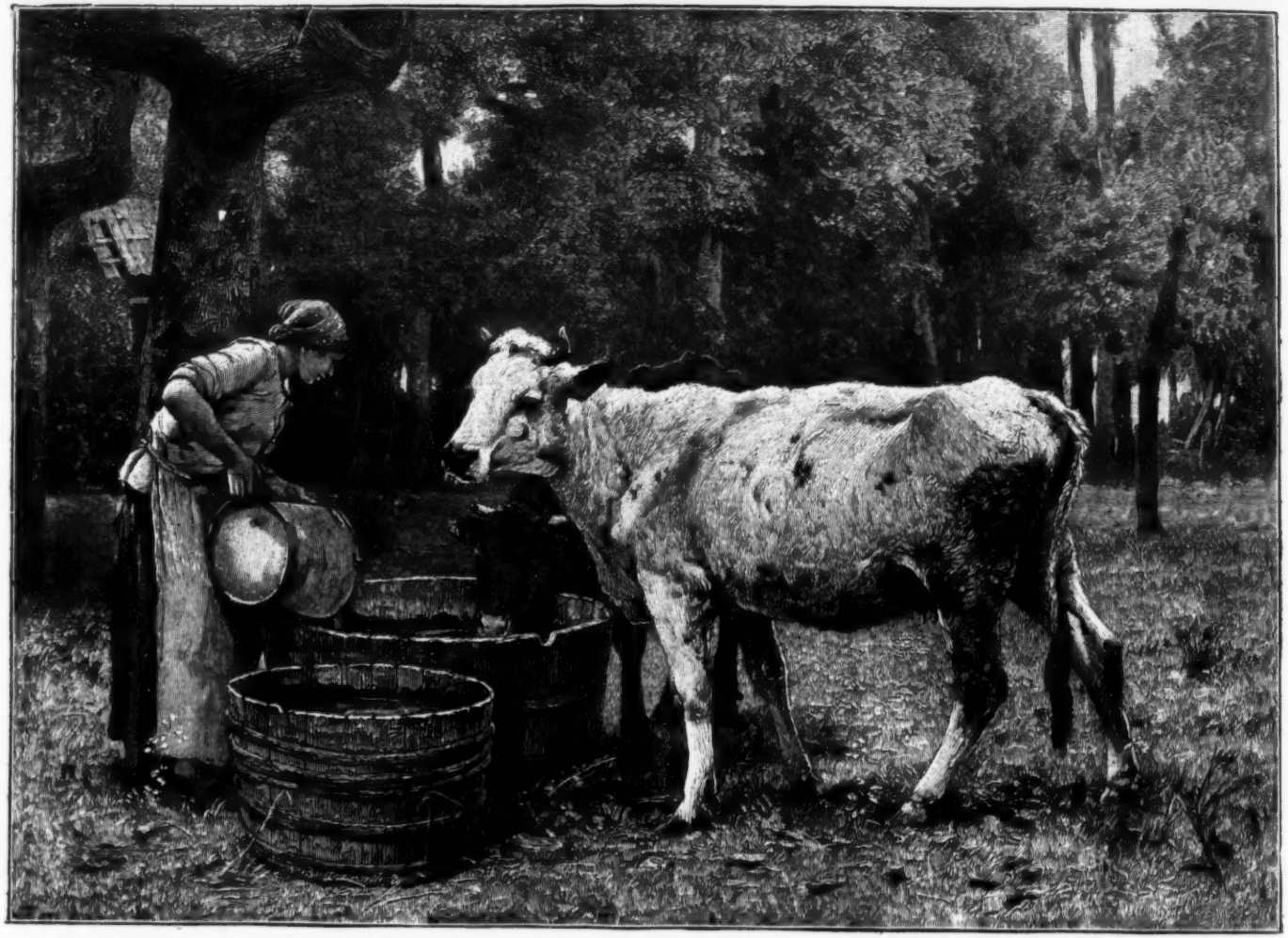
Ninette hesitated. "I fear—do you not think there is some one else whom Madame would prefer?" said the girl, stammering and blushing.

"Make haste and come at once, little goose!" was her uncle's answer, patting her cheek. "She asked for you—do you hear?—for you, and none other."

Ninette's heart gave a throb of pleasure.

"Tell her I am coming—now," she said.

Her relations with Pierre's mother had not of



Paris Salon, 1887.]

IN THE CLOSE.

[*After Julian Dupré.*

late been very cordial. As a child, Madame Grandit had been one of her kindest friends, but latterly the feeling that Pierre had been a bone of contention between them had naturally estranged them. Ninette, for that matter, had given up the bone as soon as she knew it to be a bone, and would thankfully have received kindness from Madame Grandit, but that lady could not bring herself to forgive quite so easily, nor to forget that but for Pierre's infatuation he might still have been at her side.

It was therefore with a throb no less of surprise than pleasure that Ninette received this summons.

Madame Grandit did not welcome her very graciously, and it occurred to the girl that she was there more by her uncle's wish than that of the mistress of the house; but she was permitted to take her place by the sick-bed, and after a while it became evident that her presence was more than tolerated.

Madame Grandit's illness proved a long and tedious one, taxing all Ninette's powers as nurse. But as week after week passed by, it was curious to an onlooker—and in this case there was one—to see how the two women, whose interests were after all so identical, drew together.

"Ninette is a good girl," said the widow one day to Monsieur Robin as she, still an invalid, sat in an armchair propped by pillows, while Ninette bustled about, cooked the dinner, attended to the few customers who came to the house, and generally made herself useful.

"Ninette is a good girl, and has a neat figure."

"Did I not always tell you so?" said Monsieur Robin, with a pleased smile.

"What, about her figure?"

"No. That you would like her if you only really came to know her."

"Who told you I did?" retorted Madame Grandit, with the air of a person not used to be dictated to. But again and again when Ninette talked of leaving, Madame Grandit turned the subject with some kindly word or jest, and at last said, taking Ninette's hand in hers, "I do not mean to let you go. We—your uncle and I—are getting used to have you wait upon us; and when Pierre comes back"—with a sigh—"eh, *bien!* he will like to find you here."

Ninette bent down and kissed the wrinkled cheek of Pierre's mother, reverently, as she would have done a saint's relic.

"After all," said Madame, patting the girl's soft cheek; "after all, Marie Bouron's nose is detestable, there is no denying that. Pierre had eyes in his head, the rascal!"

All this time, though the weary months dragged on and on, there had been no word from, or tidings of Pierre. Letters from Philippe reached Ninette regularly, though at long intervals, but from the time that Pierre had turned his back upon home he had given no sign.

"I might as well have laid him in the cemetery up there," his mother would say sometimes in an aggrieved tone, "just as well or better, for then, at any rate, I should have the satisfaction of knowing where he was, whereas now—"

And then she would generally stop and wag her head several times.

And yet it is probable that Madame Grandit did not mean quite all that she said, for when the certainty for which she had been sighing came, it fairly prostrated her. It came in the shape of a square-folded, red-sealed letter of official appearance, addressed to the next-of-kin of Pierre Grandit, sergeant. Monsieur Robin handed the missive, with all due formality, to Madame Grandit; and while the widow's trembling fingers clutched at the red seal, and yet seemed powerless to break it, the little man adjusted his spectacles and rubbed his hands.

"It is to tell us of his promotion."

"It is nothing of the kind," said the mother, with a sort of premonition. "Here, Ninette!" she cried to the girl, who was longing, yet not daring, to approach; and suddenly tearing the letter open, "you have young eyes—come and read."

There were a great many flourishes, but the information was brief and complete: "Pierre Grandit, of St. Brie, aged 22, died in hospital February 27th, 1871."

Madame Grandit sat quite silent with bowed head. She did not cry, or for a while even speak, while Ninette stood beside her, her blue apron to her eyes, sobbing as though her very heart would break; and Monsieur Robin's tears kept chasing one another over his plump cheeks unrestrainedly.

At last Madame Grandit put out her hand to Ninette, and the sobbing girl, in an agony of grief, knelt down and laid her head upon the bereaved mother's lap. Madame Grandit put her hand upon it. "Yes," she said, but in a low, altered voice that sounded strangely from her; "and it is all my fault."

"No, no; on the contrary!" cried Ninette, battling with her sobs. "That is what makes it so horrible to me; it is all *mine!*"

"My dear creatures," said Monsieur Robin, dancing about in front of the two mourners with his little fat hands clasped together in a paroxysm of excitement and grief, "be calm, be reasonable, I entreat you! Consider now! If our dear Pierre could himself only address you at this very moment—"

"Eh, *bien!* what do you think he would say?" cries a merry voice from the open doorway. Monsieur Robin jumps aside as if he had been shot. "But what is this?" says the voice, less gaily; "my mother and Ninette in tears! What has happened?"

The two women have risen to their feet, and stand for a brief moment white and wide-eyed; but Pierre has scarcely time to hurry across the wide kitchen before his mother falls fainting into his arms.

"We were crying because we thought you were dead," Ninette has to explain later on, when Pierre has given her a very strong proof of his being still in the flesh.

"And now you must laugh because I am alive," he answers, as he sits tenderly holding the hands of the two women who love him.

"But how can it be?" asks Ninette, as though even yet unconvinced, and holding up for inspection the ominous document which had been the cause of so much grief.

Pierre glances at it carelessly. "Oh, no doubt it was the poor fellow who died in the bed next me in hospital," he says. "The tickets tumbled off sometimes, and the nurses stuck them on the wrong beds. Little mistakes like that will happen in war, you know."

"Then you have been ill though you are not dead?" is the next tender inquiry.

"Only a shot through the shoulder; just enough to give me a good excuse for coming home," says Pierre; and looking affectionately round the familiar kitchen he goes on, "Ah, little mother. how many a time in the smoke and the din I have thought of this dear old place, and wondered if I should ever see it again."

Madame Grandit, recovered now from her faintness and terror, beams upon her son. "Welcome back to thine own again, my cabbage," she says, soothingly. "I will complain no more of this horrible war since it has sent you back to us alive."

"It seems, besides, to have produced some other happy results," says the young soldier, glancing from his mother to Ninette, and then back again to the elder woman.

"That is true," says the widow, smiling, and laying her hand on Ninette's shoulder.

"When the war took my son from me I was obliged to console myself with—a daughter."

After which there is a great deal of embracing and gesticulating, from neither of which exercises Monsieur Robin permits himself to be excluded; and when, finally, the marriage of the young people is arranged he insists that there is no reason why old folks should not be made happy too. Madame Grandit protests a good deal, and makes some uncomplimentary remarks upon "old fools who think a joke may last for twenty years and be as good as the day it was made." In the end she relents, chiefly on the ground that St. Brie is not worthy of boasting of two Madame Grandits at the same time.

This little drama was played out years ago —eighteen years—and the old people have long since been laid to rest; but Monsieur and Madame Grandit, a comfortable middle-aged couple, still hold their place in the village circle, while Pierre the younger shoulders a musket and discusses the chances of war with Uncle Philippe, whose place is ever at Ninette's fireside, and whose armless sleeve inspires such intense devotion in his nephews and nieces that the loss of a right arm is as nothing to him.

"I would willingly have given more for France," he says one day when talking that old matter over.

"And I will give my arm, too," says Pierre the younger. And so the world wags on.

L. G. SEGUIN.



THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

REMARKS—INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY.

HISTORIANS who have described King John as "signing and sealing" Magna Charta are responsible for the picture which finds its way into the majority of illustrated English Histories of King John, with evident disinclination depicted on his countenance, scrawling his name with a quill-pen of regal length at the foot of a long strip of parchment which lies on the table before him. No doubt the illustration makes a vivid impression on the minds of most youthful students, and so a certain shock to the feelings is caused when we find out—as we very soon do find out if we give any attention to the history of royal handwriting—that King John did not—and, what is more, probably could not—write either "Johannes Rex," or indeed anything else, at the foot of the charter of liberties. The words with which that famous historic document concludes, "Data per manum nostram in prato quod vocatur Runimed inter Windleshore et Stanes," do not imply that the King either wrote or sealed the charter; they are merely used to give to it greater weight and force as a royal Act, and perhaps imply that John did actually deliver it with his own hands to the barons.

Prior to the reign of Edward III—when the Black Prince is believed to have affixed to a document words equivalent to his signature—we have no evidence of any member of the royal family being able to write his or her name. Sovereigns of times previous to that of Richard I, occasionally made their "marks" on charters granted by them. The mark—usually cruciform—was placed either before or in the middle of the grantor's name, that name having been already written in by the scribe who penned the charter, and who left space for it. This mark was made probably at the actual time of granting the charter—*i.e.*, of giving it—after it had been publicly read aloud—to the grantee. King Cadwalla in one of his charters expressly states his own inability to write his name in words, which, when translated, read, "With my own hand, on account of ignorance of letters, I have made and written the sign of the cross." However, the instances of post-Saxon kings corroborating their charters with the sign of the cross, made either by themselves or by the charter-writer, are very few in number.

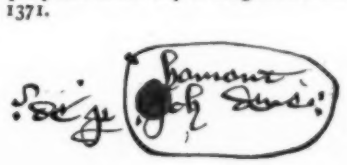
Having made these few introductory remarks, I will just state briefly the method I intend to adopt in presenting the reader with specimens of the handwriting of successive English sovereigns, and in some instances of their children, from the time of Edward III to the present day. Preceding each example of writing will be placed a few words, giving, if undated, its approximate date, explaining the circumstances under which it was written, and pointing out any special feature of interest it may contain.

EDWARD THE "BLACK PRINCE."

The only portion of writing extant which is supposed to have been executed by the Black Prince is the curious signature appended to a writ dated at Angoulême in 1371, addressed by him, as Earl of Chester, to the custodians of his seal, directing them to prepare his letters patent for settling a pension upon a certain John de Esquet as a reward for faithful service. About the document itself there is no feature of especial importance, I do not, therefore, propose to give a facsimile of more than the concluding words of it. "Homout. Ich Dene." To these words attaches the highest interest, since there is little doubt that they were written by the Prince himself, and used by him in the place of his signature to the writ. The "mottoes"—for such they are—appear, it will be remembered, on the Prince's tomb at Canterbury, and in the instructions for his funeral he directs that his body shall be borne to the grave preceded by banners bearing these words. The document, of which we give a translation below, is dated five years before his death, when he was in the forty-first year of his age. His health was then already beginning to fail, and his former magnanimous disposition so far altering as to allow him to consent to the massacre of the vanquished inhabitants of Limoges.

Original in Latin. Public Record Office.

Edward, eldest son of the King of France and England, Prince of Aquitaine and Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, Seigneur of Biscay, and Castre d'Ordiales to our dear and well-beloved Sir Richard de Stafford, Sir Piers de . . . . . , and John de Heurteworth, greeting. Whereas, in consideration of the good service which our beloved and faithful John de Esquet has done, and will for the future do, for us, we have given and granted him 50 marks sterling by the year during his life, to take at our Exchequer of Chester by the hands of our Chamberlain there for the time being, he doing such loyal homage to us as we have received from him on this side of the sea. We will that upon this our gift and grant aforesaid, you, John de Heurteworth, do issue unto him our letters patent under our seal in your custody, with such others as appertain and are sufficient for him. And these letters shall be your warrant for the same. Given under our privy seal in our city of Angoulême the 25th day of April, 1371.



With regard to the interpretation of the mottoes, "Homout" [Hochmuth] is generally taken to be "high courage." The story of the Prince adopting as his motto the words "Ich Dene" (I serve)—the words found beneath the plume of ostrich feathers on the helmet of the King of Bavaria as he lay slain on the field of Cressy—is too well known to need more than passing mention.

RICHARD II.

Of Richard II's signature we have undoubted examples, though they are excessively rare. Internal evidence—the mention of Michael de la Pole as Earl of Suffolk—in the first of the two documents bearing his signature, of which I give facsimiles here, fixes it as belonging to the year 1386, twelve months before the King completed his majority. It is a grant by Richard to the Prioress of Saint Magdalen, at Bristol, of a tun of Gascony wine, to be handed over to her every Christmas at the port of that town. The King here signs his name in English.

Translation of the document referred to above. Original in French. Signature only in the King's handwriting. Public Record Office. See Facsimile opposite.

By the King.

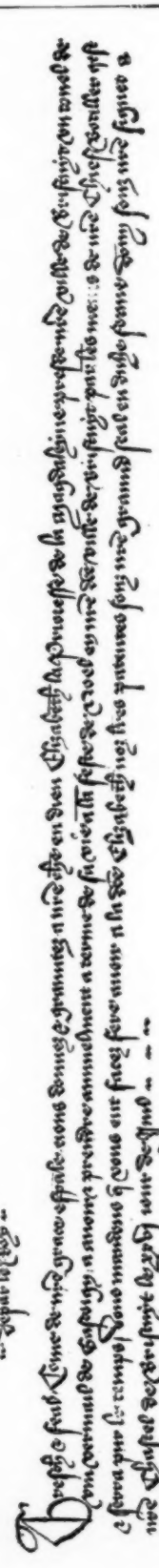
Well-beloved and faithful. Whereas we of our especial grace have given and granted to our well-beloved in God Elizabeth, Prioress of Saint Magdalen, near our town of Bristol, a tun of red wine of Gascony, to have and take yearly during the term of her life at the Feast of Christmas, in our said town of Bristol, by the hand of our Chief Butler for the time being. We command you that you issue to the said Elizabeth our Letters Patent for the same, under our great seal in due form. Given under our signet at our Castle of Bristol, the 26th day of July.

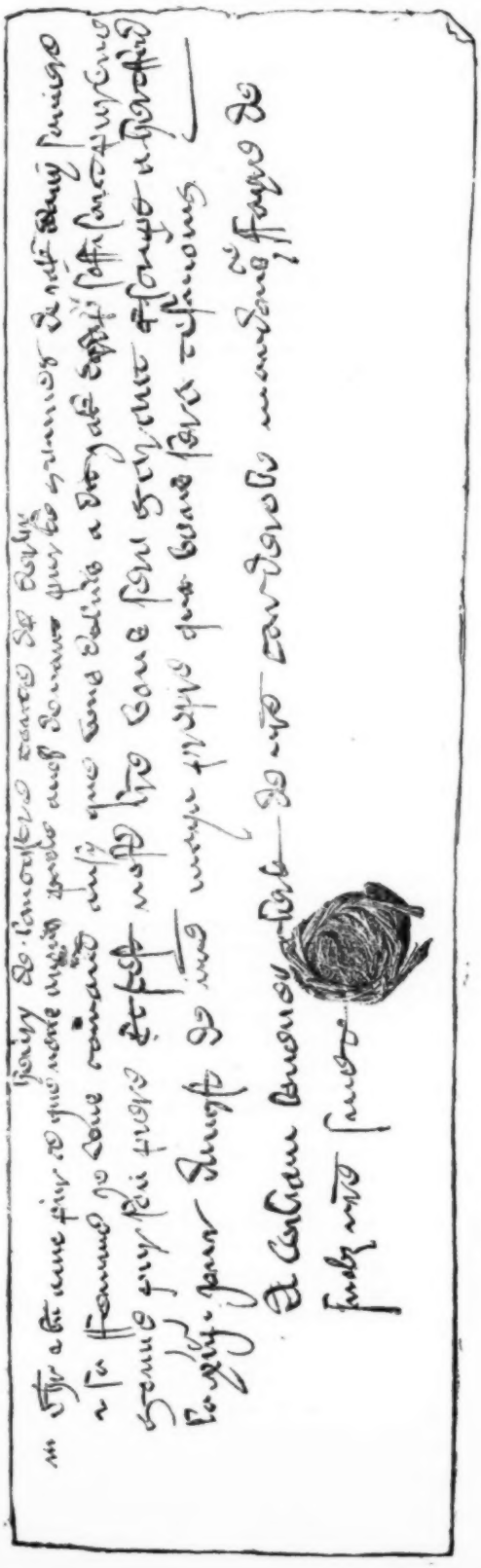
RICHARD.

Addressed—

To our well-beloved and faithful Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, our Chancellor.

The second example of Richard's handwriting given here, occurs on a document belonging to the year 1397 (*British Museum, Cotton MS. Vespasian F. iii. folio* 3). In this he signs his name in French—the language of the document to which the signature is appended. There is nothing especially interesting in the document itself, which is written by a professional scribe in the ordinary hand of the period, so that it will be sufficient to give a facsimile of the King's signature alone. It sets out the particulars of agreement for the restoration of the castle of Brest to the Duke of Brittany, an incident in the twenty-five years' truce agreed upon between England and France towards the close of Richard's reign, after Charles VI had consented that his daughter Isabella, at that time only eight years of age, should, on completing her twelfth year, become the wife of the English king, if she wished to do so. The signature reads, "le Roy R.S."





HENRY IV.

The specimens of Henry IV's handwriting are more numerous and interesting, since, in one instance, we have a holograph letter of that sovereign. The date of this letter must be placed somewhere between the years 1380—when he was first styled Earl of Derby—and 1399, the date of his accession to the Crown. The letter, which also bears Henry's signet seal, is dated at Hertford (probably a mistake for Hereford), on the 13th of August. In it the writer directs William Loveney, Clerk of his Wardrobe, to supply "Jak Davy" with cloth for a gown for his (Davy's) father, in addition to gowns already allowed for himself, his mother, and his wife.

It is difficult with the process at our disposal to give an adequate representation of the seal, which is of red wax, bears a shield charged with an ostrich feather, and has the name "Derby" across the field.

Translation of the document above referred to. Holograph. Original in French. British Museum, Stow MS. See Facsimile opposite.

Dear and good friend.—Whereas we have before spoken to you concerning gowns for Jak Davy, his mother, and his wife, I command you also that you deliver to the said Jack sufficient cloth for a gown for his father. And this our letter shall be your warrant. Written at Hertford, the 13th day of August, with our own hand, as will be to you apparent. We command William Loveney, Clerk of our Wardrobe, to do this under our Seal.

After Henry's accession to the throne we have a good specimen of his handwriting upon a petition (which he grants) addressed to him by a canon of Windsor on the subject of an obstructed right-of-way. The document is interesting in itself from the glimpse it gives us at a part of the royal borough at the commencement of the fifteenth century.

Translation of the document above referred to. Original in French. Public Record Office.

H. R. amour grante pour ly

H. R. We have granted it for him.

To our most dread and sovereign Lord, our Lord the King. Most humbly prays your poor Chaplain and continual Orator, Simon Marcheford, canon of your most honourable College of Windsor, that whereas he and his predecessors have before this time had a garden extending from their house along the side of your ancient hall in your Castle of Windsor so far as the old great chamber, together with a little gate and the key ["le clos"] belonging to it, near the "pulletrie" there, to enable them to come and go freely at all times. This gate is now barred and closed by your officers of the said "pulletrie," to the great discomfort of your said Chaplain, who can no longer bring in his victuals that way for the reason aforesaid. May it please your grace to grant to the said petitioner and his successors the key ["les clos"] and gates aforesaid, so that he may have free ingress and egress through the same in form aforesaid. For God and in the way of charity.

MINES AND MINERS,

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A MINING ENGINEER.

I.



THE miner like the sailor lives a life apart, and as a rule bears the impress of his life work under ground. Though landsmen may acquire in a protracted voyage some notion of the sailor's life, a visit to a mine will not similarly impart a fair conception of the miner's lot. The visitor is too fully occupied with the novelty of his situation and the eccentricities of his candle. A tourist in many mines is surrounded with unknown perils; a false step, a hasty movement, a moment's forgetfulness on the part of his guide, may literally be his death. Old, experienced, and intelligent miners positively dread taking strangers underground. The visitor, if sharp enough to realise his position, has little leisure to observe. Hands scalded with melted tallow, eyes blinded with corrosive drippings, feet soaked with water and mud, besides the inconvenience of an ill-fitting costume, are not favourable to accurate reminiscences. Generally a tourist, or even a trained observer, finds a visit underground a merely confusing and unpleasant experience.

It takes weeks of careful practice to recognise directions in mines, in other words, to learn to find one's way. Many miners never learn this. An unintelligent miner probably retains a sense of confusion all his life. Practice, however, and systematic comparison of plans with workings, will gradually make a man perfectly at home in the seeming labyrinth of a mining work. Other mines will then be intelligible after a little careful study of their plans. By degrees one learns precisely what to expect and where to expect it. The uncertain flickerings of a miner's lamp give sufficient indications to guide the steps. A practised miner may enter with almost complete safety a totally unknown mine.

I know no greater pleasure than I have experienced in exploring old mines where no footstep had echoed for many years. It has often been my lot to enter, explore, and map old workings which had been closed for thirty years or more. At every step the question recurred, Is it safe or is it death to take another? The floor, hidden by metallic droppings, or covered by some inches or even feet of water, might conceal a shaft. The roof might be formed of rotten timbers or hanging masses of rock, or might open upwards in impenetrable darkness, concealing hanging blocks and decaying beams. But observation, or the miner's instinct, in a word, practice in similar situations, assured me that I could detect the signs of danger in time.

In dangerous cases I invariably left an assistant at the mouth of the mine with orders to collect workmen and come in search of me if I did not return within a specified time. This was in case of any sudden fall of rock or timber that might have closed the exit after I had passed. In one such case I was planning an iron mine that had been worked in a most reckless manner by contractors. Spaces fifteen yards wide alternated with cracks through which it was barely possible to creep, between vast blocks in insecure positions. I had left strict instructions regarding the time when the process of digging me out should be judged necessary. My surveying operations proved

both difficult and interesting, and I forgot the course of time. On at length reaching the mouth of the exit gallery, I witnessed the approach of a party of men with lamps and pickaxes, headed by my assistant. He was greatly relieved when my hail announced my presence. At that moment the Ave Maria sounded from a neighbouring village, and the miners, dropping their tools, repeated the evening prayer. The sun was setting over a mountain basin where ripening cornfields mingled with pastoral meadows, hedged by dark forests and fantastic pinnacles of rock. I enjoyed that sunset perhaps more keenly than any aspect of nature that I have seen.

Other examples of mining exploration may interest the reader as they interested myself. One evening, after a long tramp among wild mountains and winding valleys, I detected the signs of a neighbouring mine. Paths beaten by former miners, dropped specimens of ore, and traces of an abandoned road guided me to a ruined forge, a drowned shaft, and a gallery with only a small depth of water on its floor. Leaving my companion at the entrance, I lit my candle and entered the gallery. I followed it for about a hundred and fifty yards. Another gallery then opened to the right, along which I picked my way among rotten timbers that barely supported the roof.

Finding this too dangerous to follow far, I returned and pursued the main gallery for another fifty yards. Here a great space opened out, the roof supported by stout, square beams that rose perpendicularly beyond the light shed by my candle. Fallen timbers rested against the walls, and between these I was compelled to creep, with the greatest care not to touch them, as the slightest push might have occasioned a catastrophe. Beyond this I followed the gallery for some twenty yards farther, and having, meanwhile, planned and ascertained the result of the workings, I retraced my steps. But I could no longer distinguish the entrance, and when I emerged from it a dark night had closed.

We pursued our way among patches of forest and occasional glades, rising gradually towards a lofty pass that separated us from an inhabited region. An uncertain moonlight began to illuminate the scene. Great blocks of quartz that lay scattered on the mountain sides assumed the aspect of cottages, and the shadows of the peaks became so mingled and fantastic that I could no longer recognise the mutual bearings of the innumerable vales and gorges that lay beneath us.

After ascending to a lofty ridge, and there endeavouring in vain to recognise our real position on an imperfect map, I determined to try back for a farmhouse which I knew ought to lie at a certain junction of streams. After following along the ridges till above where the junction ought to be, we started at full speed to run down the slope. Far below, a great square mass rose beside the stream in the uncertain moonlight. Till within a few yards of it I could not be certain whether it was a house or a great fallen block of stone. It proved a house.

We hammered at the door, keeping out of view of the windows, for nocturnal visitors in that region are often answered by a shot. A parley ensued. The door was opened, and we were ushered up the wooden stairs by a bevy of Spanish maidens, each holding a long beeswax taper in her hand. Seated in the kitchen beside a fire in the centre of the room, whence the smoke rose through a roof like a vast extinguisher, we asked anxiously after the resources of the house. There was absolutely nothing but bread and milk. The latter was brought to us in wooden pitchers, each scooped from a segment of a tree. We made tea as a strengthening stimulant, and then started to cross a col about four thousand feet in height, arriving about two in the morning at the nearest inn.

The farmhouse just mentioned has the strangely Oriental name of Asura. Beside it rise the ruined furnaces of what was once a famous foundry, and the house is the birthplace of one of the greatest families in Spain. I have passed some days in the house since my first visit, and every morning my milk was boiled by dropping into the wooden bucket that contained it fragments of the bombs formerly made in the foundry, and which the girls had tended in the fire till they were red-hot.

The mines that supplied the ore are of such vast extent that the ferruginous water pouring from their mouths has formed a platform of ferruginous tufa right across the valley, and has almost converted the stream into a subterranean drain by the arching over of the stony deposit.

The people are a rude but kindly race. On my first visit to the district I missed a path in the inhabited region that lay across the pass from Asura. It was after nightfall, and after some wandering in woods, I reached a small mill beside a stream. I knocked repeatedly and received no answer. Judging that the miller was at home, since the machinery was at work, I knocked again. At length the upper half of the door opened, and the muzzle of a double-barrelled gun was protruded in my face. A brief explanation put matters right. The miller admitted me, and kindly offered to show me the road. He started in front, carrying his gun. The paths wound high along lonely wooded slopes. At the highest point, before again descending, I observed the miller quietly cocking his weapon. This looked suspicious, and with one hand on my stick and the other grasping my revolver, I followed with some expectation of serious results. Soon, however, a solitary house appeared beside the path. It was evidently as a precaution for his own defence that the miller had prepared his weapon. Here he left me, and I persuaded him with much difficulty to accept a small gratuity for leaving his work. I afterwards understood his precautions. As a Liberal volunteer in the recent civil war, he had reason to fear the vengeance of his Carlist neighbours. Liberal volunteers being exempted from paying taxes, they have often become millers, in which profession their privileges are peculiarly valuable; and in Carlist regions they invariably carry guns.

After leaving the miller, I made my way to a town about two leagues farther. The delay occasioned by my losing my way made me arrive after ten o'clock, and all the inns were, at that hour, hopelesely closed for the night. The result was that I slept on a table in a guard-room, the window being wide open to allow the sentry to keep his look-out. It was freezing hard, and the streets were sheeted with ice. The soldiers had an earthen dish filled with lighted charcoal, which they occasionally stirred with their bayonets. They insisted on supplying me with all their cloaks, and it was only by elaborate arguments that I prevailed on them to accept something to improve the quality of their breakfast after their chilly night, when at length, at six in the morning, the inns were opened, and I could obtain some food. But for the accidental presence of this guard I might have frozen all night in the streets, without even the possibility of obtaining provisions. In warm weather, under similar circumstances, I have slept on a truss of hay in the corner of a court. But in cold weather it is very necessary to remember that inexorably early closing is one of the things of Spain.

In another Spanish mining district, professional duties led me repeatedly to a mine where active work had recently been suspended. One reached the place by a long and gloomy gorge that traversed one of the most extensive forests in Spain. Want of roads or other means of transport had prevented the utilisation of the timber. Splendid trees stood rotting amidst the sombre foliage, and their fallen trunks choked the mountain torrents with innumerable logs, white and ghastly with age. Occasionally a rough pile of fantastic blocks of quartz rose above the summits of the trees, or formed weird caverns and sepulchral piles amidst the dark shadows of the forest. The most striking features of the landscapes of Salvator Rosa were certainly studied from the woods of Spain. Nowhere can the weird effects of overgrown timber, abandoned to solitude and decay, be so completely experienced in Europe. I have walked for two successive days through the same forest, and found it ever thicker, more dank, dreary, and depressing, till emerging on the summits of the limiting mountain crests was like returning from the grave. The ghastly colour and the tortured forms of the innumerable dead trunks that stretched in wild confusion across the deep and brown-coloured streams, choked with dead leaves, were inexpressibly dreary. I have slept in a solitary house in the middle of the forest, a dozen miles from any other habitation, and although the people were forest guards whom I could trust, I have lain awake after a long day's tramp, haunted by the influences of the place.

One mine was about five miles from the nearest house, and in so far less completely removed from civilisation. But the people in charge of it bore an evil reputation. A man of about fifty years of age, sturdy, and with an evil face; a son about five-and-twenty, with a slinking gait and an evasive eye; a woman with the traces of remarkable beauty, and with a somewhat notorious history, composed the family —a huge, shaggy dog being the remaining inmate, and proving a very necessary sentry against the wolves that abounded in the forest. The son had murdered a foreign miner, running him through the stomach with a long Spanish knife in some trifling dispute. The father was chiefly notable for his propensity for robbing his employers, and for spending his rather considerable gains in festivity. The woman had a countenance of a sort that by no means inspired confidence, although of a superficially pleasant cast. The family eked out their resources by keeping a sort of inn, by means of the large house that formed the centre of the mine buildings. And it was the talk of the country that solitary travellers who were known to have passed that way had never reached their destination. It was my business to examine the mine, take an inventory of the tools and machinery, and otherwise investigate the proceedings of the guardian. I repeatedly slept in the house, and was snowed up in it for three days.

Once I had to show the mine to two English engineers, and told them after dinner the legends of the place. In the morning they complained of passing a most unpleasant night, and that hearing noises in the house they had risen and barricaded their door, watching for some time with their revolvers ready, while the lightning of a passing thunderstorm gleamed on them through cracks in the dilapidated walls. They were convinced that they had heard strange noises outside, and they had imagined that the friends of the landlord were assembling. The ghastly ruins of an extensive foundry that rose round the house, the melancholy aspect of the steep, forest-covered slopes that rose thousands of feet above the narrow space beside the stream, and the unpleasant legends of the place had strongly affected their imaginations. It is amongst such circumstances that the prospecting miner must pass his time in Spain.

In a somewhat similar scene I was at one time working two mines about ten miles apart. Often I walked through the forest after dark, lighting my miner's lamp to enable me to see the path. This happened especially on pay days, when I carried the necessary funds to the mines, and was usually kept late by the making-up of the accounts of the month. I required to cross a mountain pass, just before which a lofty patch of forest invariably struck me as the worst portion of the path. One day a dispute occurred with a new miner whom I had detected in stealing dynamite for fishing purposes, and whom I had therefore determined to dismiss. He threatened me with a further settling of accounts by-and-bye, and remained hanging about as if awaiting my departure. Before starting I emptied my pockets, as if searching for something I could not find. Among other articles I pulled out a stout bulldog revolver; and on refilling my pockets I examined the weapon carefully, knowing that the man was watching me. On leaving I lighted my lamp and ascended to the pass, carefully watching every tree, since the miner had left before me. I reached the other mine without mishap, where I had an English mining captain and other English miners. After

this experience I never walked in the mountains without a dog, and have found this companionship a great saving of anxiety and annoyance among trees and brushwood.

The mountain region of Toledo is one of the worst parts of Spain. I was once asked to investigate a question of iron smelting there, but declined for the following reason. When at Toledo some years ago, a young French engineer was there on another mining errand. He required to visit a mine at some distance in the mountains. Having little experience of the district, he foolishly returned alone. At some miles from Toledo he was stopped by four peasants fully armed. They proceeded to conduct him to a more lonely part of the sierra, and informed him that a payment of £800 was the condition of his liberation. He remonstrated, explaining that he was only an engineer sent to visit a mine that was not yet purchased, and that his principals were under no obligation to pay for his release. His eloquence appeared to convince the bandits, who were perhaps new to their work. They agreed to liberate him on condition that he returned with a sum of £40, and four telescopes. The engineer promised, and was set at liberty. On his return to Toledo he reflected that the exaction of blackmail, if successful, would probably be frequently attempted, and that the telescopes would be probably employed for watching his own movements. He reported the real state of affairs, advised his principals to attempt no mining operations in such circumstances, and departed from Toledo without fulfilling his engagement towards his courteous captors. The next engineer caught in that neighbourhood would no doubt suffer the loss of his ears, nose, and other requisites, unless an exorbitant ransom were forthcoming.

The code of honour maintained by Spanish banditti is peculiarly strict, especially where Frenchmen are concerned. In one remote part of the Spanish mountains I was informed by a young peasant, somewhat the worse for liquor, that they would kill Frenchmen "like flies," and he illustrated the process by slapping his brown hand on the table, which was thickly covered with the pests in question. In the same neighbourhood, when prospecting with several miners, they pointed out to me the spot where a French cattle-dealer had been murdered a few years before. It was an extremely likely place, a dark gulf running down a slope thickly covered with huge trees. My guides appeared to consider the occurrence a very trifling one, since the victim was only a Frenchman. The story was perfectly true, as I learned afterwards from friends resident in the neighbourhood. An Englishman is comparatively safe in all parts of Spain, but the feeling against Frenchmen has been maintained ever since the Peninsular War. If Frenchmen often escape by such stratagem as was practised at Toledo, even Englishmen may have to pay the penalty.

As a characteristic example of prospecting operations I may describe an expedition which I undertook in the month of December in one of the most mountainous parts of the north of Spain. Information had reached me that certain mines were obtainable regarding which I had received reliable information from people who had seen them worked many years ago. I had ample details regarding the masses of ore discovered, its quality, and even the price at which considerable quantities had been sold. The question was to secure the mines before other competitors. Preliminaries having been arranged by my agents, I started with mules and miners loaded with dynamite and tools. Enough mules could not be obtained in time, so I walked, and after crossing two ranges of mountains, reached a lofty plateau thickly covered with snow.

Here I rested, while the cavalcade pressed on, and only my dog remained with me. Night fell, and I had still to follow for some miles a gorge cut in the plateau and surrounded with extensive forests. This forest swarmed with wolves. To my disgust, I discovered that I had, by an oversight, left my cartridges in a courier bag which I had recently slung on one of the mules, and that my revolver was unloaded. A white line deeply covered with snow wound between the trees of the forest along a stream that cut its path through boggy turf. I followed this stream for about two hours, occasionally compelled to ford it, and to drag my dog through the water. The animal was thoroughly frightened, and seemed fully to realise his situation. When I emerged from the forest a fog had settled on the plateau; but the bells of the village, striking the hour, indicated its direction, and I at length reached it after plunging through morasses that miners' boots were not adequate to resist. I reached the inn in time to prevent the departure of a torchlight procession in search of me, for the host, with whom I was well acquainted, had serious reasons for alarm at my non-appearance.

The wolves had occupied the neighbourhood in unusual force. Nearly every night some domestic animal was devoured in the paddocks round the village. One night a foal, another night a calf, while sheep were perpetually seized. Many enormous dogs guarded the village, and were of a special breed trained to deal with the wolves; but this winter the dogs were clearly outnumbered. The doctor of a neighbouring town, riding through the forest to visit a patient, was chased by seven wolves, who followed the side of the road at a short distance behind him. But for his revolver, his position would have been serious. At least thirty wolves had been seen in broad daylight at different points round the town at the same time.

One day I was walking with some friends about half a mile from the village, on a fine carriage road that led through the forest. About two hundred yards before us a great brown animal, like a rough dog, emerged from the trees and leisurely crossed the road, again disappearing in the forest. Having noted the spot, I set two wolf-dogs that accompanied us on the track, and they at once followed it eagerly. In about two minutes a great noise of barking and shouting sounded from beyond the trees. The wolf had suddenly appeared at a

clearing where some sheep were guarded by dogs and shepherds, and a second wolf had appeared at the same time. The one I had seen fell upon a goat, and threw it on the ground, but our dogs appearing almost at the same moment made it relinquish its hold, and gave the alarm. The dogs followed the wolves for some hours, and at length returned to the village, having evidently not overtaken them.

In these circumstances my miners were distributed at various points in the forest, engaged in opening galleries which had become blocked by falls of rock. After about ten days' work one of these galleries was opened so that I could enter it. Leaving the miners at the entrance, I picked my way through rotten timbers, wading in about two feet of water. I was able to follow the gallery for almost exactly two hundred yards. It had not been opened for more than thirty years, and the supporting timbers had completely rotted, while long flakes of rock had become detached from the roof. However, I found it passable with care, and succeeded in planning it so as to settle the question which I required to decide. The peasants who had executed the work had so badly planned the direction of the gallery that they had abandoned the work in despair when still at some distance from the vein. Had the direction been properly taken they would have reached the vein with about sixty yards less work. The object of the gallery was to drain a mineral vein at a point more than a hundred yards beneath the mouth of a shaft. It was an unusually bold work for Spanish peasants to undertake, and it had proved too much for their engineering knowledge.

My most trying adventure in this district occurred on the morning after I had arrived. It was necessary to plan, without delay, a mining concession situated at a considerable distance. A heavy snowstorm was in full progress, and having walked to an unusually tiring extent the preceding day, I determined to ride. I started on a mule across a lonely plateau where every track was obliterated by deep snow, and rode for some miles in the teeth of a stormstorm, guided by my compass, as it was only possible to see a few yards in front. After about two hours spent by my mule in struggling through the ever-increasing snow, I arrived at a village, after having been repeatedly compelled to dismount and walk to avoid being frozen by the intense cold of the cutting wind. At the village I secured a miner, and walked through a forest to the mine. The shafts, galleries, and buildings were covered by several feet of snow, over which the fresh tracks of numerous wild boars ran in all directions. Aided by the miner's knowledge of the place, I was able to plan the surface and to dig out sufficient specimens of the mineral from the heaps that lay buried beneath the snow. I rode back after nightfall through a second snowstorm, my mule finding the way towards his stable, and my own faculties being chiefly occupied in watching for the wolves, to whom mules are an especial attraction. Whether they approached me or not I could not see, as my range of vision did not exceed some half dozen yards. They certainly besieged the village during the night, keeping the dogs in perpetual excitement; and, as the snow ceased before morning, their tracks were found thickly on the fields. This district, in consequence of its vast forests, was formerly so celebrated for wolves that Defoe has chosen it as the scene of the tremendous battles with wolves which form one of the most stirring episodes of the second part of Robinson Crusoe. It is, however, both peculiarly healthy, and rich in exceptional ores.

In most Spanish mining districts fever is a far more serious inconvenience than wolves or bandits. In prospecting in Andalusia I have ridden for many hours across vast deserts of undulating hills ringed round by wild ridges of bare and rugged mountains. The scorched and barren soil bore only the scattered bushes of the gum cistus, or in the deeper hollows a narrow line of oleanders beside the streams. Over stretches of twenty miles or more not a tree appeared in sight, not a sign of life was apparent, but occasionally the ruins of a long-deserted village formed the temporary refuge of solitary shepherds or wandering tramps. In the distance vast columns of smoke rose at intervals among the hills, rolling up from the burning ore of vast pyrites mines. The mineral riches of these districts have saved them from utter desolation; but at some mines about a third of the natives and all the Englishmen are not unfrequently disabled by the deadly fever.

I have chosen my examples of mining prospecting exclusively from Spain, because familiar with such work in that country for many years. In the sequel I shall endeavour to picture the nature of the miner's life in the work of the great and deep mines of Central Europe, and in some of the largest and most complex mining enterprises of the world, in which it has been my lot to work as a mining student, to be received as a scientific visitor, or to superintend the labours of many thousand men as a resident engineer. The aspects of interest in this varied field have rarely been presented to the general reader.

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH BLOODHOUNDS.

BY DR. GORDON STABLES.



TO him who loves and understands the canine race, the very name of any breed of dog suggests a multitude of associations, and oftentimes some of these are romantic enough. Dogs, the reader need not be told, have, for thousands of years, thrown in their lot, as it were, with human beings, have become their servants, their friends and pets. But quite apart from this general regard for all mankind, certain species attach themselves more particularly to certain classes of individuals on account of similarity of tastes, so that one can really often judge of a man by the dog that keeps him company. It is only another illustration of the old proverb—"birds of a feather flock together;" and perhaps no artist knew this fact better or took more charming advantage of it than the late Sir E. Landseer. Whenever he introduces a dog into company that dog fits and fills the niche to a nicety; witness, for example, his "High Life," and "Low Life," or "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner."

Each breed of dog is adapted for the kind of work he is called upon to perform. I have not to go far for an example. Take the honest Highland collie yonder, that lies on my rug. Regarding the *coat* of this marvellously wise species, I say in one of my books, "That God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb is mere metaphor, that God clothes the collie to defend him against the mountain mist and the driving snow is not mere figure, but fact. Most of us know by experience what the climate of northern Scotland smells like; how cold and bitter the winters are; how in the spring time, the chilling drizzling mist is borne along on the wings of the east wind, and how rough and gusty it is on a mountain-top even while summer is smiling in the glen below. But see how collie is clad. His body coat, to outward appearance, is strong in hair and straight in pile; and so it is. Part it and see how soft and warm it is next the skin. A Scotch mist is said to wet an Englishman to the skin in five minutes, but collie gives himself a shake and off it flies. Feathering hither and thither on the bleak hillside, his anatomy is protected, stem and stern, by that long fine woolly coat that clothes both breast and breech. Then see him coil himself on the roadside on a cold day to have forty winks, and you

will find that even his well-feathered tail is meant for a purpose, and keeps both nose and feet warm."

Both the St. Bernard and the Newfoundland dog are possessed of immense strength, and in every way shaped and clothed in the manner best suited to the work and weather they have to face, the former among the blinding snows of the storm-swept Alps, the latter while breasting the billows. The subject is a strange study.

Grand dogs, all the three I have mentioned: the first borrows a dignity from the humble but honest labour he performs so well and faithfully; the two latter, with their wondrous sagacity and wisdom—which is akin to that of man himself—are surrounded by all the nobility that the business of saving human life can lend them.

On the other hand, we have dogs, two at least, the mastiff and the bloodhound, of very ancient lineage, and whose stories are intimately mixed up with the chivalry, heraldry, and romance of England, so much so that the very appearance of a noble specimen of either brings back to the mind of any one conversant with history many a strange tale of the brave days of old.

Who, for instance, while passing along the mastiff benches of some great Kennel Club show, does not sometimes think of the romantic story of Sir Percy Legh, Baronet, and his mastiff bitch? It is one that might well be told at length, did not space forbid. Of how, before the festivities connected with the bold knight's wedding were concluded, he was summoned to attend his king to the wars in France; of how he sought to soothe his weeping bride, as he buckled on his trusty sword and bade her farewell; of his departure from Lyme; of the joy and affection shown and showered on him by his beautiful mastiff, who, it would verily seem, had promised the bride to look after and defend the master; of how well the mastiff did so, protecting his fallen body on the blood-stained field of Agincourt, till it was borne away by friends; of Sir Percy's death, and the return of his followers to Lyme, the dog and her puppies in the *cortége*, and of the meeting with Lady Percy, for whom the shock was so great that she lost her reason and became a wandering maniac, being afterwards found dead on her husband's grave.

> "And they buried her just where she was found;
> They buried her near the river's wave,
> And aye, since then, the land around
> Is known but as the 'Lady's Grave.'"

In describing the appearance of different breeds of dogs, certain adjectives are found to be so peculiarly appropriate that they suggest themselves to almost every writer. We are in the habit, for instance, of speaking of the noble mastiff and Newfoundland, and the princely St. Bernard, but to the bloodhound alone we give the title of majesty. There is an almost solemn grandeur about the animal's head and countenance that once observed can never be forgotten. In that beautiful face of his there is wisdom, thoughtfulness, dignity, and repose combined. We can mark all this while our friend is lying on the hearth, but it is out in the field or forest, and on the trail or track of a hunted man that he is seen at his best, for now the eye can take in at a glance all the grace and poetry of his motions, as well as his beauty of colour and contour.

The true story of the bloodhound dates back to very ancient times indeed in these islands of ours, but without doubt the character and type has changed very much, especially that of the face. It is pretty generally admitted that the Talbot hound, as described by Markham, is the ancestor of our modern bloodhound. This hound, he remarks, had a round, thick head, with a short uprising nose, large open nostrils, an exceedingly large and thin ear, down-hanging much lower than his chaps. The flews of his upper lips were almost two inches lower than the nether chaps. His back was round and straight, thighs round, hams straight, legs large and lean, foot high-knuckled, well-clawed, with a dry hard sole, and the tail long and rush-like, that is, big where set on, and small downwards.

The dog of the present day may be briefly described as follows.

In general appearance he is a large, heavy-looking hound—although he can get over the ground with greater speed than his somewhat cloddy shape would indicate—with pendent ears, wrinkled face, bloodshot eyes, deep flews, and conical skull; in average height not more than twenty-seven inches from the shoulder. He does not look a dog that would turn and rend you. But he examines and considers you well, and will make no attempt at fawning friendship, nor encourage any such liberty on your part. If you stand on his master's grounds he thinks it his duty to question you with those thinking, soul-filled eyes of his, as to your intentions, and there is no deceiving him.

Going more minutely into his description, but studying brevity, we find his head to be altogether dignified, majestic, and grand. The skull is high and generally peaked at the occiput but narrow withal. The face is long twixt eye and nose-point. The flews, or upper lips, are deep and pendulous, the nostrils large and spreading, showing great keenness of scenting powers. The eyes are deep-set and bloodshot, showing much of the inner eye-lid. The ears are set on low, are fine in skin and extremely long and prettily draped, so to speak, when the animal is at rest and looking up. The skin is loose but fine all round the head. It is wrinkled on the brows and beneath the chin, forming about the neck the well-known dewlap. The body is suited for work, with straight, sturdy legs and well knuckled-up cat-like feet. In colour the dog is usually a deep rufous tan, with dark back and sides, sometimes ticked with white.

The voice is so rich, so ringing, and so melodious, that in the country on a still night you can tell the place where bloodhounds are kept even at the distance of a mile or more. This voice, it should be remembered, is silent when or while the dog is on trail, until he has "spotted" his quarry, then he gives tongue.

In disposition and temper the bloodhound is all that could be desired. Though a good sounding

one, his name is neither a very happy nor a very descriptive title. Indeed, it is altogether misleading. It conduces to the belief that this noble hound is extremely ferocious, the very opposite being the case, and has also led not only the general public but even so great a veterinary authority as Professor Axe to suppose the animal hunts only on the scent of blood. I will refer to this erroneous belief presently, meanwhile I wish to assure my readers that there are no two opinions about the bloodhound's amiability. He is, indeed, far more gentle and kind than the Newfoundland himself, or than many St. Bernards. But though the bloodhound is most affectionate he evinces great discrimination in judging character; that calm and thoughtful eye of his seems to look the stranger through and through, and if the dog puts him down as a suspicious case, then, without doubt, there is something radically wrong in the man's disposition.

It must be distinctly understood, however, that I speak of the well-bred bloodhound of the present day, and it must not be forgotten that there is no rule without an exception. On this subject it may be well to quote from the late "Idstone," a sportsman and true lover of the dog. In his book, published by the firm of Cassell's, he says:

"The Honourable Grantley Berkeley has had considerable experience in these dogs, and his celebrated 'Druid' was a good specimen admirably trained. It seems, however, that he was easily roused, and at such times uncontrollable in his fits of rage, though generally good-tempered and always sagacious. His talent in hunting was astonishing, and he was educated to a point of refinement beyond the power of any except a master of the art. Tempers vary in dogs, however, as they do in Christians, and after diligent inquiry I am led to think that, as a rule, the bloodhound is amiable, sagacious, faithful, obedient, and docile; that he might be in some cases used as a retriever, or to track and find a lost child in the backwoods or bush of Australian wilds; and I do not draw this conclusion at hazard, as I know that one owner of the pure breed has frequently hunted his own children with them. I have his word for it, I am certain that it is true, and I need scarcely add that it involves no risk."

One of the most gentlemanly bloodhounds I myself was ever acquainted with was the late Champion Rollo, the property of G. Morrell, Esq., a celebrated breeder of these dogs. Rollo was a drawing-room dog, his manners and dignified self-possession would have made him a favourite in the palace of royalty itself; and, though a splendid guard by night or by day, he was most gentle, loving, and true, and when young he was as playful as a kitten.

Perhaps many of my readers noticed a letter in one of the dailies giving an account, by his master, of the way a bloodhound called Herod was successful in bringing a murderer to justice. I do not desire to repeat the story, but it will be remembered that the dog's owner, after showing him the victim, encouraged him to find a scent; that he leaped over the hedge adjoining the lane into a large pasture, working steadily towards a gate that led into a smaller field; he rose to the top rail of that gate, and, bounding over it after smelling it, went rapidly towards another gate which led into the high road; that after a time he took his owner away along a bye-path and through a shrubbery direct to a large house called the Manor House. No suspicion would have pointed to the son of a widow who lived here as the miscreant, but the hound was right, and the man eventually paid the penalty of his awful crime.

Well, this dog Herod belonged to Mr. J. E. Smedley, of Alford, Lincolnshire, and as Herod is, in a measure, famous, a word or two about him may be read with interest, while at the same time it may serve to show some of the traits of bloodhound character. I quote from a chatty letter just received from Mr. Smedley:

"I've had many dogs in my day, from fancy spaniels up to Newfoundlands, but none I regarded with so much confidence as 'my faithful black bloodhound.' He was one of a litter of six, I having obtained the dam from the late Duke of Portland (Welbeck Abbey). Herod grew to be a magnificent animal in form and temper. I never permitted him to be either chained or kenneled; his berth was in the stable, which he shared with a couple of horses. Herod had some strange peculiarities—a decided objection, for instance, to any one, whether male or female, who dressed shabbily or was slovenly in appearance. He showed his dislike by walking around and closely scrutinising such people, and never desisted until they were well off the premises. *Vice versâ*, any persons coming to the house well dressed or cleanly in appearance, he invariably pioneered to whichever entrance, side or back, they made for.

"Herod was most magnanimous, and I never saw him resent the snapping or barking of dogs less than himself, always treating snarlers with sublime indifference. Only once do I remember him turning upon a pugnacious woolly-haired shepherd's cur that used frequently to challenge him to fight on his way through the village. As a rule, Herod at such times strode on rather more majestically than usual, and with a warning display of his canine tusks; but one day his enemy rushed up with bristling crest and tail erect, and after prancing round the hound suddenly rose and placed a foot across Herod's shoulder. That was an indignity which could not be passed over. In a moment the bloodhound had seized his opponent by the throat, and administered to him the drubbing he so well merited. Then he left him, by no means triumphantly, but with an air of complacency as much as to say, 'That cur will know better how to treat his superiors another time!'"

Mr. Smedley's dog Herod was pretty well known in the countryside. The proprietor of the principal hotel at B—— knew the dog from seeing him with his master, though he had never been honoured with a visit from Herod until one day. B—— is about eight miles from Mr. Smedley's residence, and thither he was frequently in the habit of riding on a market-day without taking the bloodhound with him. This was a sort of treatment that Herod did not relish.

"I wonder where he goes to without me?" the dog must have thought. "I mean to find it out, anyhow!"

Having dined one day at the market ordinary of the hotel, Mr. S. was just about to order his horse, when a servant informed him that the proprietor would like to see him in his room. Mr. S. accordingly stepped across the square to Mr. D.'s apartment.

"Oh, Mr. Smedley," said the latter, "I would not disturb you while in the dining-room, but I must tell you that a friend of yours has dined here to-day at your expense."

"A friend of mine? At my expense? Impossible!"

"It is true, I assure you; and here is the little bill."

It ran as follows:

	s.	d.
"To ½ leg of lamb . .	7	6
„ Broken dish . . .	1	6
„ Servant (fright to) .	1	6
	10	6."

The friend, it need hardly be said, was Herod, who had tracked his master across country. The dog had arrived just as a servant was carrying the lamb across the quad. She had dropped the dish and fled. Herod, of course, helped himself, for the run had made him hungry. He then sought out his master's horse, and, lying down, made a capital dinner. Mr. Smedley and the proprietor had a hearty laugh over the affair; expenses were shared, a cigar smoked, and the matter ended.

The bloodhound has gone by many different names in his time—such as the sleuth- or slouth-hound, and the slot-hound; also the slowe-hound and slough-hound. If we remember that "slough" means a mire, or, according to some, a "bog" or "marsh," that "sleuth" means "scent," and "slot" "the track of a deer," we can have little difficulty in guessing rightly the origin of these terms. I leave them alone, however, and am content to let antiquarians read the riddle.

Although, with every measure of justice, we claim the bloodhound as a truly British dog—for we have, at any rate, made him what he is—still we cannot say he is indigenous (if that word really has a meaning) to our country. Long before the commencement of the Christian era, the dog was used for the purpose of tracking fugitives in the woods and wilderness.

In the time of Henry III the bloodhound was used in England to hunt runaway malefactors, and since that time his extraordinary powers of scent have been utilised for many purposes in many lands—for tracking escaped malefactors, runaway miners, moss-troopers, deer-stealers, sheep-stealers, slaves, and men on whose heads their conquerors had put a price. The bloodhound of olden times, used in Ireland by the "Saxon oppressor," was no doubt a fierce animal; so was the so called bloodhound of later days used in Cuba and the Southern States of America.

The working of the hound on trail is well described by Somerville in his poem called "The Chase." We can almost see the hound as we read—

". . . his curling tail
Flourish'd in air; low bending, he plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick.
Then . . . o'er the watery ford,
Dry sandy heath, and stony, barren hills;
O'er beaten paths by men and beasts disdained,
Unerring he pursues, till at the cot
Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, he redeems the captive prey."

As the true bloodhound worked then so he works at the present day, with the exception probably of the throat business. We claim for our English hounds the possession of far greater scent than any other dog has, the power to track and capture in any kind of country, and the sagacity not to rend or kill.

Other dogs have wonderful scenting faculties, such as the basset-hound, the dachshund, and the beagle; they babble, however—they give tongue before it is necessary. Keepers' night dogs, again, may be taught to track men easily enough—poachers, for instance—from the very spot where they have been at work, but, like the hound in the poem from which I have quoted, they are all too apt to "seize the vile caitif by his guilty throat."

I am led to make these last remarks from the fact that some of the "chiels amang us who tak notes and print them" have made the wonderful discovery (?) that scores of dogs, quite different from the noble bloodhound, can be successfully taught the art of tracking men. To some extent this is true, but no dependence can be placed on a mongrel. The bloodhound is *the* hound to run down red-handed crime, to trace the guilty to his lair; he is *the* great artist, the others are mere imitators. I have said "red-handed" crime; but notwithstanding the popular idea that the murderer's clothes must be smeared with the blood of his victim before the hound can be used successfully, this dog's great gift lies in being able to scent the fugitive even through clean boots, though I must not be supposed to mean that the scent of blood may not assist the animal. What I do maintain is that blood is not necessary, and this I have proved again and again, while, moreover, it is a fact well known to all bloodhound trainers. If a hound could only be depended upon to track runaways by the smell of blood he would be practically of very little value.

I have now mentioned two popular fallacies—one that which associates ferociousness with the noble gentle bloodhound, the other a *penchant* for gore, notably human gore. There is still another mistaken notion prevalent among the people, namely, that *any* bloodhound may be depended upon to track his man at *any* time or in *any* place. This idea is very preposterous when we consider it; it is almost on a par with the Irishman's answer, when asked if he could play the fiddle, "'Deed, I think I could, but I never

thried." There is a deal of horrid music in the best of fiddles, and the sagacity and scenting power of the best of bloodhounds might lead us all astray if the animal had never been properly trained.

"To train a bloodhound," remarks a well-known breeder, "you can hardly begin too soon, the scenting powers being developed at a very early age. In the first place you must send on a man whose boots have been rubbed with fresh meat, cheese, or anything edible, and as soon as this man is out of sight, take your pupil on his line confined by a slight cord about five yards long, at the same time giving a 'view-halloa' or any other signal you like. A puppy will generally take up the scent at once, and all you will have to do is to keep him from going at a faster pace than is required by jerking the cord when he unduly strains upon it. When he comes up to the man he should be rewarded with a piece of meat, which will make him more keen on the next occasion. After this lesson has been several times repeated, the man is to leave off rubbing his boots with anything, when your pupil will soon learn to hunt the human scent pure and simple. It is important, however," this gentleman adds, "that you never allow him to start till the signal is given. Nothing is more simple than the whole process, and when you have finished his education, you will have an animal who will lead you surely on the track of any marauder, without the slightest fear of doing the person tracked any injury when he comes up to him."

How about cross scents? it may be asked. Well, the question is pertinent enough. No good hound will deviate from a scent he has once got, though many others may cross it, yet, in the case of anything happening in a city, I cannot see how a dog could be expected to get hold of the right trail, after hundreds of people have been tramping over the ground.

How long will a scent lie? This depends greatly on the state of the atmosphere and on the place itself, but hounds may be got and laid on many hours after the depredator has left.

In working it should be remembered scent and sagacity go hand in hand; what we want in a bloodhound who has to go on trail is not scenting faculties alone, but in combination with discriminating power of brain memory and experience, all made the best of by the tuition of a master.

Volumes might be filled with stories of the wisdom displayed by bloodhounds in tracking men, and no one who has seen such animals at work could for a moment doubt their extreme, their almost human intelligence. The poet, Somerville, talks about the dog's "busy nose," but there is a busy brain behind it. To begin with he has been taken, say, to a place where some crime has been committed, he is quick to note the anxiety depicted on the faces of those around, and the earnestness on that of his master's. This master speaks to him, points out to him what is wrong, then at once the hound knows he has to find some one who has fled, and has gone away in probably a straight track for some distance, and he sets himself forthwith in a quiet, steady, business-like way to discover the trail.

In doing so, considerable wisdom and judgment have to be displayed, for there must be two trails, one made while the marauder was coming towards the seat of crime, the other while escaping, and both may be recent, but the hound will make no mistake, he will not hark back. How far eyesight even may assist the bloodhound, I am not prepared to hazard a guess, but the discriminating power of scent alone is truly marvellous. There is no doubt that a bloodhound's sense of smell is as high above that of a human being as sight aided by a powerful microscope is above that of the naked eye.



"ASK MR. RABBIT TO WALK UP."

THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER I.—THE DOCTOR IN THE DUMPS.

A GOOD many years ago, when London and all the towns of England and Wales and Scotland were about half as big, and not nearly half so clean, as they now are,—when those who are now middle-aged and wise were very young and ignorant,—when all trains were *not* third class, carrying all sorts and conditions of men from country to town and from town to country whenever they pleased,—when the quartern loaf was about twice as dear as now—then certain strange things befell in the town of Noyscar, on our north-east coast.

On a certain morning in the end of the month of March, in a cosy, old-fashioned house, with green outer shutters, situated in a drowsy, cobble-paved, narrow street of old Noyscar, there was a pleasant breakfast-party assembled. The Reverend James Benson, curate of St. Mary-on-the-Hill, his mother, and their dear friend Dr. Yeo, sat at table. The small party was held to celebrate the return to domestic duty of the curate's mother.

"Now, dear," said Mr. Benson to his mother, when they had sat a little after the conclusion of breakfast, "don't you think you should go and lie down for half an hour? This is your first morning, you know. What do you say, Yeo?"

"I say 'Yea,'" answered the doctor, smiling at his obvious play upon his own name. "You must not overdo it, Mrs. Benson; I don't want to have any more night-watches with you."

"You are a kind lad, Mr. Yeo," said the old lady, laying her hand on his arm, while thankful tears sprang to her eyes. "You can be good and patient with a silly old woman who has little to live for but her son and her half-dozen poor people. And you're clever, too; you'll be a great doctor yet."

"The greatness will be a long time coming if I stay in this town, Mrs. Benson," said the young man, despondently. "Do you know what my income is for the past month? No; you'd never guess. The magnificent sum of three-and-sixpence!" The old lady glanced inquiringly at her son. "Of course," added the doctor, hurriedly, "I mean apart from your case."

"'The reason why I cannot tell,'" quoted the curate, rising and walking to the window, "'*they* do not like you, Dr. Fell.'"

"They don't," said the doctor.

"But why is it?" asked the old lady.

"Why is it, Mrs. Benson?" said the doctor, warmly; "because I wish to disturb their dust-heaps, as your son tries to disturb their souls."

"They are dreadfully careless about them both," said the curate.

"They think me a meddlesome, pragmatical fool, I believe," said the doctor. "Why, only yesterday a town councillor—Dawber—said to me, 'Canstna let cesspools be, doctor? If happen they be onhealthy, the mair chance for thy business.' I asked him if he would like to see one-half the town struck down with sickness, and the livelihood of the other half cut off because visitors would be afraid to come to a place of pestilence even in the season. Of course he wouldn't. 'Well,' said I, 'that will be your fate if you don't take care. The cholera was, as you know, raging on the Continent last summer and autumn, and it even invaded the sacred coasts of England; it took hold of some places in our own neighbourhood.' 'I know,' said he, 'but 'twas imported in the ships from the Continong.' 'Well,' said I, 'I am prepared to find it spread over the country this year.' 'Oh,' said he, 'thou'rt nought but a croaker. We've had cholera in t' country afore, but never a sniff of it had we in Noyscar; Noyscar 's too high, man, and has over much sea-hair for that. And, best of all, man, we trust in Providence.' I said, 'You've no business to trust in Providence till you've made your town clean.' He stared at me a moment, muttered something about 'rank blasphemy,' and went off. And I dare say he has spread it all over the town now that I don't believe in anything but my own pigheadedness."

"It is very sad and depressing for you," said Mrs. Benson.

"It is," said the doctor. "I shall never do any good here; I shall go to London, or back to Devonshire."

The old lady and her son glanced at each other.

"Don't run away," said she, rising and laying her hand on the doctor's shoulder. "You were sent here for some great special purpose, I am convinced," said she, solemnly. "Stay and do your duty, come what may." She stooped and kissed his forehead as a mother might, adding, "You've been very good to me, and I don't wish to lose you," and then left the room.

"Yes, Yeo," said Benson, "I feel with the dear old mother; I should not like to see you give up the struggle, I should not like to see you beaten by obstinacy and ignorance. Remember, sir," he continued, putting on a burlesque-oratorical manner, "you represent for this benighted town the dawn of civilisation."

"It's a miserable, farthing dawn, then," said the doctor, joining his friend at the window, "with as little promise of a fine day as that."

He indicated with a nod of his head the southern sky. The window overlooked from a tolerable height (the old town is built on a steep slope) the fine crescent-shaped bay. Beneath the young men lay the little harbour, nestling against the bluff old cliff, and cuddling within its arms a crowd of fishing-smacks and coasting-barques, and beyond lay palpitating the waters of the bay, con

fined by the sickle-like sweep of the cliffs, ending in the notched and jagged Head, against which the swaying tide flung itself in white, leaping waves. Over this stormy Head the sky showed a red line of anger, above which lay strips and streaks of dull cloud.

"That looks to me an ugly sky," said the doctor, turning away. "God help all poor souls at sea! And a bad day yesterday, too."

"Look here, Yeo," said Benson, "I believe you have something on your mind that has been worrying you for weeks—something that bites deeper than your disappointment with our townsfolk. Let me be your father-confessor, it may ease you, at least."

"Well, come for a walk," said Yeo; "and we'll see."

"'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk, along the briny beach,'" said Benson, who was addicted to the casual firing-off of scraps from his reading or his invention.

After calling upstairs to his mother that he was going out for an hour, the curate and his friend stepped into the narrow street. Above them the clock of St. Mary's tower struck eleven deliberate strokes, which they deliberately counted on the long flight of steps that led up to the level of the church.

"Dear, grey old place!" said the curate, raising his eyes to the building when the sound of the strokes died away. "It always makes me think of my mother."

"I can understand your being fond of the place," said the doctor; "all your dear associations are connected with it."

"There, look at that!" said the curate, pointing out how the letters of the dial and the hands gleamed like gold in a glint of sunshine. "Doesn't that look promising?"

"Promising of bad weather," said the doctor, turning to look at the southern sky. "But let's hear what this old man of the hammer has to say about it."

They were now on the new road that led from the inland side of the town along the ridge that divided the south bay from the north.

"Well, gaffer," said the doctor, addressing the old man breaking stones by the wayside, "what do you think of the weather?"

The man took off his goggles, slowly swept the horizon all round with his eye, and said, with an oracular emphasis, "It'll be a big sight wuss afore it be better."

He put on his goggles and resumed his work.

"And you hammer, hammer away there in all weathers," said Mr. Benson.

"Yiss, maister," said the old man; "I do."

"And what do you think of, here by yourself all day?" asked the doctor.

"Well, doctor, mostlins nought; but whiles I fancy I've got a fool's yed under my yammer, and I hit hard—like this'n."

"That's another of them," said the doctor, when they turned away; "even that old pauper thinks me a fool."

"'Do your duty, come what may.' Wasn't that what the mother said to you? Now our present duty is the talk about yourself we are to have."

"Which way shall we take—to the north bay or the south? To the south, I see it in your eye. I know what you mean by that!"

"Well, perhaps I do mean a little of that," said the curate, with a blush. "But if you come to the south side I promise you my story in return for yours."

CHAPTER II.—DR YEO'S STORY.

THE two friends were fond of each other, and as they took their way through the town to to the south bay, arm-in-arm, the townsfolk who noted them thought better of the troublesome doctor for his confidential contiguity to the pleasant, popular Mr. Benson. When they reached the beach the sands were an inspiriting sight. The people who crowd to watering-places in the height of summer know little or nothing of the charm of the seaside; they look upon the sea when it lies for the most part in a lethargy of heat or of listlessness, and have but the vaguest knowledge of its solitariness, its intensity, its grandeur, and withal its homeliness. They permit its most charming and magnificent moods to be wasted on loafing ancient mariners and busy fisher-folk, who know them too well to be charmed by them.

When Benson and Yeo descended to the beach the tide was out, and the sands were glistening with wet. Fisher men and boys were here and there busily prodding for bait, and strapping fisher wenches, with well-girded petticoats and swinging gait, hurried to the mussel-beds with baskets on their backs. High on the beach, under the cliffs, silted up with sand and pebbles, was the skeleton of a barque; strewn far and near, and piled within the ribs of the barque itself, were many fine flints. The ship, in ballast from Dover, had been wrecked there four months before.

"That poor skeleton," said the doctor, "reminds me of my story. Poor girl! I wonder where she is. Of course, you don't understand me. Let us walk along here as far as the point and then back, and I'll tell you as we go. This wretched skeleton, when it was a ship, was called, you remember, 'The Fair Helen;' *her* name is Helen.

"I am a native of Devonshire, as you know. Eighteen months or so back I returned from my studies in London with a diploma to practise in my native county. I settled in Bideford, and soon I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Northcote, who owned a good deal of the small shipping of the port. A strong, self-willed man he is, and very clannish, as the Scotch say. He is hard to everybody but his own kith and kin. He is skipper of one of his own ships himself, his brother is skipper of another, and his nephews and cousins are his mates, and so on. Well, he has only one child—a daughter; his wife's dead, and he's not the man to marry again. Of course, you guess what happened? Who could help it happening? Have you ever seen a true Devonshire girl? If

you have you will understand. The wonderful, serene, unconscious beauty of our fine old English stock that has no equal in the world. Well, the old man—her father—was kind enough to me for some time, till somebody or something made him suspect that I went to his house to see his daughter, not him. Then he was very wild. He accused me of coveting his property through his daughter, and I declared I wanted only his daughter, cared only for her, and it wasn't my fault if she had property to inherit. That seemed to strike him as a fairly sensible way of looking at it, and he quieted down. He told me, however, that I must not think of marrying his daughter, love or no love, because his people never married out of their own kindred. Helen had long been promised to her cousin, Salvation Northcote, who sailed with him as mate, and who would by-and-bye have a ship of his own to command. I think that I would have submitted to the old man, and said 'Very well,' if Salvation had been a proper sort of man, and if Helen had had the least bit of liking for him, but— "

"All lovers, I fancy," said Benson, with a twinkle, "fortify themselves with a 'but' of that sort."

"*But*," continued Yeo, with emphasis, "I knew Salvation to be, in spite of his handsome looks, a coward, a secret drunkard, and something worse. There was a brute for my Helen to be mated with! I believe I said as much to her father; at any rate, he accused me of jealousy and spite, and ordered me out of his house. I have never seen him since. Next day I got a little note from Helen."

He took out his pocket-book.

"Here it is," said he. "You may read it; it's as simple and frank and clear as the daylight."

"'My dear Walter,'" read the curate, "'father and I had some words after you went. He wanted me to become engaged to marry my cousin straight away, but I said I could not bring myself to think of such a thing. He asked me angrily who was I to have a mind of my own in matters he had settled, and I answered him, Walter, that I was his daughter. I said I would never forget my duty to him—meaning, Walter dear, that I would never marry away from his consent, but, I said, I could never think of my cousin except as a man to be afraid of. Then he declared he would see if I did not have something else than fear of my cousin, for I should keep constant company with him for the next two or three months, and therefore to sea I must go when they sail at the end of the week. I don't mind the sea a bit, Walter dear, even in the winter, for you know I am a sailor's daughter and a good sailor myself, but what I do mind—oh, my dear!—is leaving you alone to fret and mope about me. But please don't do that, for I shall be always yours.

"'P.S.—We sail to-morrow, and father has made me promise not to see you before we go. We are sailing to the Baltic for timber, to be carried from there to Newcastle or Sunderland or Hull, or some port thereabout. Good-bye, my dear, my dear!'"

The curate folded the letter and handed it back without venturing to show his eyes to his friend.

"I saw her sail away," said Yeo, returning the letter to his pocket-book. "I have not seen her since. But now you know why I came to this coast and to this town,—that I might be near the ports my sailor-girl might call at, on the chance of seeing her face and having word with her again."

"Was that really the reason?" asked Benson, with wondering eyes; he had not conceived that the matter-of-fact ultra-scientific young doctor could have such a romantic impulse.

"That was just the reason," said Yeo. "I've missed her twice—once at Yarmouth, and once at Leith; I saw the arrival of the ship in the papers, but too late; I reached the ports to find her gone. I may do better next time; the third time, they say, is lucky."

Benson was more and more amazed to hear the man of science talk of luck, just like any superstitious Noyscarian!

"You do surprise me, Yeo!"

"Do I?" said the doctor, with a smile. "I suppose there is always a great deal of humanity about a man, as somebody has said."

"But are you sure she has not returned to Bideford?" asked Benson.

"Quite sure. I hear occasionally and write sometimes. The skipper's housekeeper is a good old soul."

The interest of his friend's narrative was so enthralling that the curate forgot to tell his story in return; and presently even his intention of going to see the young lady who lived on the south cliff was pushed aside by more urgent matters.

The friends had returned along the beach, and as they approached within easy view of the "fish-pier" they noticed a crowd of people running from here and there to join it. Attracted by this unusual stir they also quickened their steps.

"An accident of some sort, I suppose," said the curate.

In two or three minutes they had traversed the sand, got upon the pier, and joined the crowd. In its centre were the crew of a fishing-yawl, just returned from the deep-sea "grounds." One of them, a big, blond Norseman, stood deferentially by with a bottle in his hand, while the harbour-master, old Rackstraw, painfully read aloud from a slip of paper. The reading came to an end as the two friends approached.

"If this yer craft baint foundered long by now, I'm a Dutchman," said Rackstraw, interrogating the slip of paper again with a screwed-up eye. "T' Northnote? — Northpote? — Northcote? — Summat o' that sort is t' name. Why doan't they give a craft a good Christian handle?" he demanded generally of the crowd while he again ran his eye over the writing,—"like Polly, or Jane; or, if they mun ha'e a double kind o' name, Mary Jane, or Mary Hann? It be gettin' just t' same wi' folks and their bairns, wi' their Araminters and Eve-lines. I do believe," said he, when he had again fixed the puzzling word with his eye, "it's 'Northcote o' Bideford.'"

"Northcote of Bideford!" exclaimed Yeo, pushing recklessly to the side of the harbour-master. "What's that?"

Thus brusquely approached and addressed, Mr. Rackstraw's official back got straight, and his fierce official crest rose.



IT WAS WRITTEN IN A FEMININE HAND

"This, sir," said he, "is never mind what—never mind what; it's for Harbour Board to know."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Rackstraw," said the doctor; "but I thought I heard you name the Northcote of Bideford, and I have friends on that ship."

"Oh, hast tha? Weel, read that. It come out o' that theer bottle, and that theer bottle the crew o' t' yawl one hundred and forty-one picked up somewheres about t' Dogger."

Yeo took the slip of paper. It was written in a feminine hand. He read: "Tuesday, March —, Rough night, sprung a leak, only two hands for pump, the rest down sick, don't know what, settling fast. We commend our souls to God. Please let any one that finds this send it to Dr. Yeo, of Bideford. One word, my dear,—we'll meet again, never to part.—The Northcote of Bideford."

He read it all half aloud. At the last a lump came in his throat; he swallowed it, and grew pale and hard.

"You see," said he, turning to Rackstraw, "it's for me. I'm Dr. Yeo, late of Bideford." And he folded the paper and put it in his pocket. "Now, who will go with me and find that ship? Will you?" he said, addressing the big, blond fisherman with the bottle.

"Nay," said the man, looking round on his companions for support in his refusal. "There'll be a gale slap down in a hour or two, and t' craft mun ha' foundered by now"

"This is Wednesday," said Yeo; "the paper was written yesterday some time."

"We picked it up this morning," said the man.

"Well, it has not been a rough night; she may still be afloat."

They shook their heads in a half-abashed way.

"You're not afraid, surely. You've been out in worse weather than any that's threatening, and so have I with you."

"Thou hast, doctor."

"Well, be brave men, as you always are, and don't miss the smallest chance of saving these folk, with a helpless woman on board."

"Woman aboard, say'st thou? How dost know that?"

"Don't you see"—taking the paper again from his pocket—"this is written by a woman."

"Happen it is; it do look like it."

"I know there's a woman," said Yeo, "the skipper's own daughter. Now, who are going with me? None of you shall lose by it."

"Oh, we'll go, of course," said the master of the yawl, and his man and boy echoed "Of course."

"But it's for the skipper's lass we do it, mind, and not for thy money."

"One question, doctor," said the harbour-master, "if happen thou can answer it: What dost know about this craft? Is she homeward-bound, and if she's homeward, where from and in what? That's the question as simple as I can put it."

"I expect she's homeward-bound," answered Yeo, succinctly, "from somewhere in the Baltic, with timber."

"That's bad," said Rackstraw; "for thou knows as well as me that from Rotterdam to Riga there's wuss nor timber to be brought in a ship; there's rats, and diseases, not to mention the black cholera. Thou understand: wuss nor timber. T' paper says they be all down wi' sickness but two. What be they sick o'? Tell me that."

CHAPTER III.—CHOLERA FEARS.

DR. YEO neither could, nor cared to, answer the question. His attention was far at sea, where his darling on the doomed ship was sinking, while he was not near to save! He did not lose his presence of mind, however; he ruled himself sternly, insisting to himself that he must be collected and strong. The curate tried to dissuade him from his mad adventure, pointing out the unlikelihood of the Northcote being afloat, and, more than that, the impossibility of getting any great distance out to sea before dark.

"A timber-ship, Benson, will float for ever," said Yeo; "and with this north-west breeze we can run to the Dogger in three hours; it's now not twelve o'clock. So you see, old friend, I know what I'm about."

"Very well, then," said Benson, "I must go with you."

"You are very good, my friend," said Yeo, gratefully grasping his hand; "but I scarcely think the yawl can hold so many, and then you have your mother and Clara to think of; I've nobody but her. Come home with me and help me to bring down some wraps and things."

Benson tried no more dissuasion. He accompanied his friend to his lodgings, while the crew of the yawl went to see their families and to get a supply of food. Within an hour they were all reassembled on the pier, ready to sail away. The news of the daring adventure had spread through the town like the odour of spilt spirits; men and women sniffed it up as if it were the breath of life; for few things rouse the human heart so much as heroism and self-devotion. There were crowds, not only on the fish-pier, but also on the lighthouse-pier, and on the breakwater. As the yawl hoisted its jib to run out of the harbour, there was a rush to the ends of the piers; and as it stood away with its mainsail flapping to catch the wind, a hearty cheer sprang from the throats of several hundred men and women.



SUCCESS TO THE YAWL.

"God bless tha, Doctor 'ooney!" cried a fishwife, with a shawl about her head. "And good luck to tha!" And then she turned and wept a tear or two with her friends.

"It is odd," thought Benson. "This mad expedition has done more in half-an-hour to make him popular than all his medical efforts for half a year.

"They'll cry on t'other side o' cheek," said the old harbour-master as he turned away, "if yon mad doctor chap brings t' black cholera back with him into t' town. Mark my words—it wean't be 'Doctor 'ooney' next time."

He gave an ominous purse to his lips and a heavy nod, and walked away.

Benson was much disturbed. He hurried off for consolation to the young lady, who lived alone with her father, an old shipowner, in a new house on the south side. He could see the house from the pier, with the tall flagstaff on the lawn, and he made straight for it across the sands and up a winding path on the face of the cliff, just beyond the Cliff Gardens. In front of the house he came upon Mr. Williamson, looking out to sea through a long spy-glass.

"What's been to do, Mr. Benson," he asked, "wi' such crowds about?"

"Come indoors to Clara, and I'll tell you all about it. I came up for the purpose."

The old gentleman bustled into the house with a brisk air of expectation. Women are commonly accused of fondness for gossip, but in my experience there is no creature more addicted to the small beer of conversation than an old man who has laid down his life's occupation, and who is at a loss how to while away the fag end of his days; he babbles with anybody and everybody. Mr. Williamson settled himself in his special chair in the dining-room, calling, "Clara! Clara! Come here!" But he could not wait for her arrival.

"Well; yes, Mr. Benson. What is it all about?"

"One moment, sir," said Benson; and then, Clara having entered and been saluted, he began his story. He repeated all that Dr. Yeo had told him, and narrated the moving incidents of the past hour or so.

"Why," said Clara, "it's quite a romance."

"Yes," said her father, who was as much moved by romances as she was, "it is—isn't it? Quite a delightful, touching romance. I always liked Yeo, but I never should have guessed he was so romantic as that."

"Well, now, I'm troubled, Mr. Williamson," said Benson. "This sickness on board: suppose it *should* be cholera? If Yeo comes upon the ship and rescues the crew and the young lady, which I fervently hope he does, and brings them into Noyscar, what's to be done? You know what Yeo himself thinks of the condition of the town, and you've heard him say that if the cholera should appear it would run like wildfire."

"Oh, yes, I've heard him say that, but—"

"Yes, I know; you don't quite believe it. But we can't be too careful; you know the town would be ruined for a year or two if cholera broke out in it. Now what can we do if Yeo brings a cholera-stricken crew back with him? Where can we put them?"

"I see!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Put them! Of course!"

"I would take them to my own house, but there's my mother, who has just been ill, and I've heard Yeo say that the best way to keep down the spread of the disease is to isolate patients, and keep them away from other people."

"Yes, I know, I know. Well, now, Mr. Benson, here's an idea. There's my old house over there, standing by itself, and as dry as a bone, how would that do,—eh? We can get it ready at once,—move a bed or two into it. That's the way; we'll do it after dinner."

"I shall go and nurse the poor creatures," said Clara.

"Oh, my dear Clara," said the curate, "I don't think you need run that risk."

"Are you going to avoid them, John?" asked the girl.

"No, of course not," he answered.

"Then, why should I?"

This was unanswerable.

On his way back to his home in the old town, Benson was strangely struck with the behaviour of the people he passed. Many groups of two or three he encountered on the pavement or saw at shop-doors engaged in earnest discussion; as he passed they paused, and if he glanced behind him when past he perceived they had resumed their eager talk with their eyes on him. This was embarrassing, but he could make nothing of it for some time. At length one of a pair in conversation stood in his way and said,

"Is't true, Mr. Benson, that Doctor Yeo has gone to bring t' cholera into t' town?"

He, of course, explained what Yeo had gone for; but the question sank into his mind to trouble him: it was clear that a dark suspicion was spreading through the town which might by the return of Yeo with a sick person be precipitated into an unreasoning terror. He was certain too that the townsfolk, however they might affect to make nothing of Yeo's warnings, must really have been impressed by the evident sincerity with which he insisted on them.

"Poor fellow!" said he to himself. "If Yeo finds his sweetheart, it will only be the beginning of trouble to him if she or her people should happen to be sick of anything!"

CHAPTER IV.—STORM.

AT great crises in the history of a nation, a party, or a corporation, it is often found that there is one man who more than any other seems to suck up into his own being all the prejudices, instincts, and aimless desires of the multitude about him, and to give them a coherent life and purpose. Such a man is the impersonation of the crisis and the leader of the people, although he may never be actually made so; and such a man was Mr. Rackstraw, the harbour-master. He was a consequential, conscientious, resolute old man. He dearly loved his native town, and had watched with approval for years its growth in the favour of wealthy people who could spend goodly sums of money on their yearly holiday at the seaside, and of certain invalids who liked its bracing air all the year round. The reputation of the town would be lost and its growth cease if the cholera, which had been in other towns on the coast last year but had not touched Noyscar, should by some mischance be admitted into it; for the harbour-master did not conceive that it was possible for the disease to originate in Noyscar. He felt in himself strongly all that it took many people to feel weakly, and he resolved to do all that a harbour-master could to keep the black plague out.

As the sun went down the wind shifted into north-east, and increased to a gale. A dark, heavy scud of clouds flew across the sky, sending down slanting showers that rattled on windows and swept them clean, and drove the people from the streets. As darkness gathered, the wind swelled with a frightful booming, explosive sound, as if it were flapping great sheets overhead, and the sea grew white, and roared with a persistence that made the heart shiver and allowed the mind no rest.

Mr. Benson could not rest indoors, he could give his attention to nothing but the gigantic carnival of sound. So he buttoned himself up in his great-coat, and found himself, with others, beaten, buffeted, and choked by the wind and stung with the rain as with whips, making his way to the pier. Of course, there was no sign of the return of the yawl, and he shuddered to think what it must be to be tossing on that swollen, raging sea. There were but few people on the pier, and as the darkness deepened to night, and obscured even the white fury of the waves—as there was no immediate excitement to make them careless of exposing themselves to the bitter stinging of rain

and spray, and of maintaining their position against the wind by clinging to posts and ropes—they let themselves go, and were swept by zigzag courses back to the town. Mr. Benson, seeing the cheerful glow of a fire through the open door at the base of the lighthouse opposite him, made his way round by the inner basin to the lighthouse pier and joined a company of old salts leaning against the lee wall of the lighthouse. The old harbour-master walked up and down before them, as if he were on the quarter-deck of a ship he had to guide through the storm. Neither the salts nor the harbour-master took any notice of Benson, and he passed on through the open door into the light and warmth of the fire. He unbuttoned his big coat and joined in the casual talk of two men who were there marching up and down with quids in their cheeks. Then Rackstraw entered, recognising him probably in the light.

"Weel, sir," said he, "this is more nor thou bargained for, bain't it? and more nor thy doctor friend bargained for? I doubt it's a' up wi' that Northcote, or Northbote, or whativer her name be. It's a terrible pity, but happen it's just as weel it's turned out like thisn. T' yawl may weather; yiss, I think she will; she's a good boat, and Ramsden's a good seaman. But she wean't get back here this spell—not in t' teeth o' this nor'-easter; she'll happen run for Grimsby or Yarmouth."

Rackstraw said all that with tolerable cheerfulness. Benson replied to him with a spice of indignation.

"You don't seem to mind the loss of the Northcote, and the poor people on board, though one of them is a woman."

"Mind, sir? Of course I mind! But I think this way. Here's a craft on t' sea wi' cholera aboard; therefore I says to mysen, says I, 'Bain't it better that folk struck wi' cholera, even if one on 'em be a lass—bain't it better,' I says to mysen, 'for 'em to die at sea than to be browt to this town to die and gi'e t' complaint to lots o' folk?'"

"But perhaps," said Benson, "it was not cholera they had on board; and even if it were, they need not die of it."

Rackstraw, however, was not to be shaken from his position. He was sure it was cholera, there was cholera about, and nobody ever recovered from cholera; he knew that if he knew anything.

"And my advice to thou, sir, is," said he, "to get whoam to supper and bed, fur nought that's built o' timber 'll come in here this night, and thoo git ready i' t' morning to hear from thy doctor friend somewheres south."

As Benson left the pier the rain ceased, though the wind did not abate. It was about the turn of the tide, and the moon showed itself by fitful gleams, plunging wildly through piled banks of clouds. Benson turned aside for a little to the head of the breakwater, catching his breath and holding on by corners of tarred sheds that quivered under the force of the wind, and struggling from one mooring-post to another. When he reached the open head of the breakwater he was in the full current of the storm. He tried to stand for a moment to look in the face the terrible majesty of the raging sea, but he was taken by the wind before he was aware and twisted aside into the lee of a stout look-out shed, where lingered a few old sailors and fishermen. While he stayed he was drenched with spray, which flew high overhead, and peppered with sand and gravel and pebbles. The men were little inclined to talk; they would give him no opinion on the chances of the yawl in which Yeo had gone, either because they knew they could not make themselves heard in the din, or because (as Benson was inclined to suspect) they sulkily held him responsible with his friend for sending their comrades to sea on such a night.

When Benson reached home he sat down to supper with his mother. He talked with her about his friend and the words of Rackstraw, but every now and then they stopped and laid down knife and fork to hear the rumbling and muttering in the chimney, the rattling of doors and windows, and the incessant thundering boom of the storm, and to feel the creaking and trembling of the house. At length they gave up the attempt to eat, and the curate walked up and down the room in a turmoil of mind and feeling answering to the storm without. He thought of Clara and her father on the south side, and wondered if they, in their exposed situation, were safe. He thought of his friend at sea, and asked himself, "What can I do? what can I do?"

About this same time, in a fishing-village some fifteen miles to the south of Noyscar, a dozen fishermen sat in the taproom of a little inn. They smoked and drank but little, for the solemnity of the storm was on them; they but gathered together for the sake of company, and they sat far from the fire, because the wind now and again blew great mouthfuls of smoke and ashes out into the room. As they sat thus abstractedly and fitfully talking there came over the howl of the storm a clear halloo, which made them sit up with scared faces.

"There mun be summat in t' bay," said one of them, rising.

He opened the door (which was on the landward side of the house) and put his head out to listen. Spray, sand, sea-weed, and bunches of foam were driving past and trying to enter the inn. As he listened there came more clearly a second halloo.

"Come on, lads," said he, "there's summat, for sure."

When they looked out upon the sea they could discern in gleams of moonlight a yawl labouring in the little bay. There was no harbour; the only chance for the crew was to run the boat aground. The fishermen knew that, and they guessed that the crew knew that; so they ran to get ropes to throw to the yawl when she got near enough, in order that when once beached she might not be drawn back into the furious sea again. They placed themselves with a lantern and ropes in that part of the beach best for running aground upon, and the crew of the yawl evidently perceiving this let their vessel drive. She came

with a rush on the crest of one big wave as if she would descend on the heads of the fishermen. She was borne past them and would have been carried back again by the retiring wave had not those on board thrown out a grappling-iron. Then the fishermen ran to their help and made the yawl fast to the shore, while those on board made haste to touch the land. Three men and a boy came over the vessel's side ready to drop with fatigue.

"Thank heaven," said one of them, of better garb and speech than the others, "your lives have not been lost."

"Yiss, doctor," said another, "we've come off weel. But thou'rt sailor enough to manage a craft by thysen," he added, with admiration.

When they had reached the inn and been a little refreshed, Doctor Yeo (for it was he) inquired for a vehicle to take him to Noyscar. The landlord informed him nothing could be done till morning, and, worn out as he was, he was not loth to be content with that answer.

CHAPTER V.—AT LAST.

IN the night there came a lull in the tempest, but the rain rattled and poured. Many women in Noyscar lay awake, some thinking of husbands and sons at sea, others listening in fear for the wreck of chimneys and roofs.

The situation in the early morning, when Noyscar looked forth upon the still raging and distracted sea, was well represented in the manner and speech of Rackstraw. He trudged up and down in the lee of his little house on the light-house-pier, smoked his pipe, and occasionally paused to drop a remark into the talk of the old salts leaning about the posts or against the wall. The eyes of the old men wandered round the bay, from the white waves flung high over the wall of the Cliff Gardens and Promenade, to the raging surf tearing itself to pieces on the mussel-beds, dashing itself exhausted against the grim cliffs and floating up in foam into their crevices, and then on to the "lambs" (as the Noyscar folk called them) leaping and racing round the Head in the extreme south. The eyes of the harbour-master, only now and then observing the scene around, were for the most part turned inward

"It bain't half done," said an old fellow, . ler eyeing the skurrying rack of clouds and the gleam of sunshine flashing out in the south-east.

"It wur stiff last night," said Rackstraw, pausing in his walk and laying a solid emphasis on the words, which implied that he conceived the night could not well have been stiffer.

"It was nought, Maister Rackstraw," said the old fellow, spitting pettishly to a distance,—"nought to that gale in Februar' wur fifteen year; ye mind, Jim," he continued, turning to a neighbour: "there were ten sail ashore atween the fish-pier there, and the mussel-beds; and the Dutch galliot were driv clean-slap into the block-yard. Last night were nought to that, Maister Rackstraw."

"Weel, Sam," said Rackstraw, "it wur bad enough, and I, fur one, dean't want it no wuss. I dean't want strange craft wi thoo dean't know what sickness aboard running fur this harbour. If they do I'll signal them off—by George, I will! And I'd do't if 'twere my own son."

The old men took their pipes from their mouths and gave him a side-long look of inquiry. He planted himself firmly before them to deliver his words with the greater emphasis.

"I would," said he. "And why, Sam? Why, Jim? Because t' reppytation o' t' town is at t' stakes, because if ony chance craft drops in here and leaves cholera here—good-bye to company for t' season, and, therefore, good-bye to money for next winter."

"Ah," said Sam. "'Twould niver do to skeer away company. Company's a good thing for t' town; gives plenty o' empl'yment; a good price for fish and all; and fond of sailin' out in cobles, too, company is. Nay; 'twould never do to skeer away company."

The old men were evidently much impressed by the harbour-master's view of the situation. They watched him tramping up and down while they considered his words.

"Two yawls comin' round from nor'ard," cried a man from a raised stand from which the open sea could be seen over the breakwater.

Rackstraw was at once alert.

"Are they our own, Jack?" he asked.

Jack looked through his glass.

"Yiss," he answered; "number 39; and" (after a pause) "64."

"If they warn't," said the harbour-master, "I tell you, lads, I'd ha' signalled them off."

The men said nothing; they merely looked at him with dull appreciation. But he understood them. He said, again stopping in his walk to point his words,—

"Only our own boats know t' trick of makin' t' harbour, and no strange craft shall be helped in here. Nay, nay, lads," said he, noticing the exchange of winks between two or three, "nor shall they go ashore nayther. That ud be as bad as t' other. They marn't come nigh t' land. I'll signal them off, I tell ye, tide or no tide; and when it comes on dark I'll burn 'em off."

He glanced up as he spoke at the swinging brazier, filled with coal and sticks ready for lighting.

"I allus call this here bay," said Sam, "a trap—a crab-trap—in a nor'easter; once in, there's no gittin' out again. Here comes thy nor'easter sweepin' thy sea in, like an au'd wife sweepin' puddles wi' a broom; it sweeps in past far-pier and there across to t' sands and cliffs; and what does it do round here? It mak's such a swirl of an undertow out o' t' harbour that, 'pon my david, I ha' seen ships ta'en from strong moorings here, and carried clean away on to t' sands over there. Only our own boats and smacks, as thou says, Maister Rackstraw,—it's only them as knows how to shoot into t' harbour, and wi' them it's a risk in a bad wind."

"Thou knows t' harbour, Sam," said Rackstraw.

"I ought to, Maister Rackstraw; I sailed in and out, man and boy, for four-and-twenty year in a' sorts o' weather, an' my own father was harbour-master in his day."

As if to illustrate Sam's discourse, the yawls sighted by Jack now shot round the end of the breakwater, or "far-pier," as Sam called it, at the same instant, and dropped their sails, according to approved custom, to glide alongside the light-house-pier into the inner harbour, with the "way" upon them. But the under-current spoken of by Sam was even then so strong as to nullify the effect of the "way" they had, and to threaten to carry them upon the beach. But a dozen practised and ready hands knew the danger. Ropes were at once thrown, and the yawls were drawn in; a few seconds' delay, a less hearty cast of the line, and the yawls would have driven on to the sands, or farther away against the cliffs, for there would have been neither time nor room to put them on another tack.

By-and-bye, at turn of the tide, the gale began to renew itself, as predicted by old Sam, though it did not seem so fearful as the night before, because the horror of darkness was absent from it. Cloud and sea got mixed together as before, and the rain again flew almost horizontally, stinging the skin with its needle-points. Those on the pier were not sure whether the wet that stung and reddened the face was rain or spray; it was salt to the taste, and the surf was flying into the air many feet above the breakwater. It was passing round as a grim, but vastly entertaining joke, how a man in the look-out shed at the angle where the breakwater left the cliff, had been struck 'n the eye with a jelly-fish thrown up by the surf.

As the day wore on and the storm continued, some of the rich men of the town, who owned many of the fishing craft, came upon the pier and fidgeted about Rackstraw. Benson appeared, too, and asked anxiously for news of the yawl.

"Seen nor heard nought of her, sir," said Rackstraw.

"Only two yawls come in yet, you say?" asked the town-banker and chairman of the Harbour Commission.

"That's all, sir."

"Have you the tug ready in case any others should appear and want help?"

"All the men aboard, sir, and steam up. But I hope mysen t' other boats and smacks 'll keep to sea, it's better nor t' risk o' a run for a harbour like this, wi' its mouth to t' south. And besides, sir," added he, in a different and a dogged tone, "how can we tell, as dark comes on, if it's one o' our own or a stranger wi' summat aboard we dean't want."

They exchanged only side-glances, but they perfectly understood each other.

"You mean cholera?"

"I do."

"Perhaps they'd best try to ride it out," said the banker, and turned away.

There came another lull in the storm about three o'clock in the afternoon. The clouds lifted and a rift of light appeared in them; but the rift was to leeward.

"A ship to east'ard—schooner rig!" cried an old man from the look-out stand. "Flying distress-signal," said he, after a pause.

There were two or three schooners belonging to the port; it might be one of them, *but* it might not. Rackstraw tramped up and down, and resolutely closed his lips.

"She sails pretty weel, though she's rayther low in t' water. What can be t' matter?"

"Her topsails gone!" said another.

"That's nought to fly signals about!"

Rackstraw watched her as she bore down. He signalled her to keep off, but still she bore down, regardless of his warnings. She was clearly making for the harbour. Seeing how wide she kept of the breakwater, "She's a stranger, confound her!" he exclaimed. Yet he knew she had only to be let alone and she would drive away on to the mussel-beds; she could not tack enough into the wind to make the harbour. He saw this at once, and a gleam of satisfaction was in his eye. The men around saw it, and looked with something like dread at the harbour-master. People on the cliff and along the shore saw it, and wondered that nothing was being done to save the ship.

"I mun do my duty!" Rackstraw muttered.

She was driving swiftly, as to destruction, when down came her foresail and mainsail, and in a moment she ceased to drift!

"Oho!" cried Rackstraw. "She's anchored!"

In a minute he was on board a pilot-boat, and in a few minutes more the boat was bouncing dangerously within a few yards of the schooner.

"Ship ahoy!" cried Rackstraw.

"*Northcote* of Bideford," answered a big, well-bearded man over the ship's side (his beard and oilskins hid his face), "in timber from the Baltic."

She was come, then, after all. "Thou can't come in, skipper," bawled Rackstraw, "it's low on t' bar, and ours is a horrible bad harbour to mak' wi' wind and sea like this; better run to t' south-'ard; thou'll get round t' Head while lull lasts, and Flexenby 's a safe road."

"All right. You may stow your advice, master It's a doctor I want. This is Noyscar, ain't it?"

"A doctor!"

"Ay; ye've a many doctors in Noyscar, I'll be bound. Get me a doctor, like a good man. My daughter and two men are down with something; two died the day before yesterday. There's only myself and a lad to handle the ship. I'll hang her till your bar 's deep enough, and then you can send me your tug. I'll pay ye well for the job."

"Tell me this, skipper: What's t' matter wi' t' lass and them?"

"I don't know."

"Is it—is it cholera?"

"God forbid! But I don't know."

The boat fell away, and was rowed back to the pier. The rowers wondered at Rackstraw's occupied air, but they were scarcely surprised when, again turning his eyes to the schooner, he muttered—

"She shanna come in!"

REYNELL TAYLOR, C.B., C.S.I.





"I SHOULD not say too much about it if I were you. You did your duty as best you could, and that is enough."

So General Reynell Taylor would say, good-naturedly, to any one who dilated upon his own exploits, and well might he give such advice, for never was any one more reticent on such subject than the man who was called the Bayard of the Punjab, *sans peur et sans reproche*. In his biography, lately written by Major Gambier Parry,[1] it is said of him that "his natural modesty and extreme reticence, where his own actions were concerned, caused him to maintain a strict silence regarding them, and thus he never talked, much less wrote, about his own experiences."

One of the splendid band of picked men, chosen by Sir Henry Lawrence to govern our newly-acquired territories at a time when strong hands and brains were wanted to pacify India, he did much and said little, like his chief, on whose tomb are the words, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

Words die, but the work of such men remains. And those of us who would be of use to our God and our country, do well to know all we can of these fine spirits. If we cannot imitate them in the greatness of their exploits, we can at least learn from them self-sacrifice and self-surrender, and courage under difficulties and fearlessness in doing the duty that lies before us.

Sir Richard Pollock says of General Reynell Taylor; "He was literally on duty day and night, and encouraged all around him by his example. I can say, undoubtedly, that in all my official life, I was never associated with any official superior who influenced me so greatly, or who so won my admiration. His was the most beautiful career I have ever seen. Of the religious side of his life I need say nothing, except, perhaps, this—that, though in after years we seldom or ever met, I always looked upon him as a close friend in the best sense of the word, as one who had shown me, more than any human being I had met, how high a standard a Christian could not only aspire to, but actually live up to."

This influence was felt by all who knew him, and it was this that made the natives of the Punjab call him their "ferishta," or good angel, and

[1] Reynell Taylor, C.B., C.S.I. By E. Gambier Parry. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.)

say of him that he was so good that if all the English had been like him, the whole country would have become Christian, by seeing them and witnessing their actions, without the aid of missionaries at all. As if he was not a missionary himself! A messenger from God, as all good and true men are.

Reynell Taylor entered the army and went to India to join his regiment when he was eighteen years old, a bright, manly, sport-loving boy, and his early years there were full of adventure.

Fearless he was always, from his childhood. When only nine years old he was sent by his father into London to execute some commission. On his way he fell in with a noisy crowd of roughs, who were hissing and hooting the Duke of Wellington as he rode through Hyde Park. The boy pushed his pony through the crowd as best he could, and on his return home related his adventure to his father.

"And what did you do?" he was asked.

"What did I do? Why, took off my hat to the duke, of course!" was the little fellow's reply.

Those who remember India in those troublous times will know that he had need of this plucky spirit. He was in the Battle of Moodkee in 1845, when he was badly wounded, and had a narrow escape of having his handsome face disfigured by a sabre-cut. When he recovered he went as assistant to the resident at Lahore, and was ordered to take a Sikh Brigade from Peshawur to Bunnoo through the Kohat Pass, a difficult journey enough, but one which he accomplished successfully. He wrote to General Edwardes when halfway through his march—"I exult in being useful. The temper of my men is excellent, and should we meet with opposition, my own inexperience as a leader would be the chief obstacle in the way of success. My trust is in God, who will, I doubt not, enable me to do my duty by those men, whose safety is intrusted to me."

He afterwards held for some months the valley of Bunnoo with a Sikh force of 5,000 men. He was at the capturing of the fort of Lukkee, checked the progress of Sirdar Mahomed Azim Khan, and occupied Kohat with irregular troops. For his services and gallantry he received the war medal and clasp, and from a lieutenant was made major. He was appointed deputy commissioner of the northern Derajat, or Derah Ishmael Khan district.

Not only was pluck needed, but great firmness and tact in dealing with the native tribes, as well as the native armies. His endeavour was to understand and sympathise with those over whom he was placed, and one of his chief characteristics was the readiness with which he threw himself into the pleasures or troubles of those around him, always ready to listen to those who came to him for advice or comfort. Major Gambier Parry says the extraordinary influence which Reynell Taylor possessed over the tribes of Bunnoo was due to a careful study of the character of every class of man in the district. He listened to them, talked to them, acted as an arbitrator and adviser in all their difficulties, and by the interest he showed in their affairs, and the fairness and firmness he displayed in dealing with all matters brought to his notice he came to be looked upon more in the light of a friend than a ruler. He believed that acquaintance with individuals and kindness to all classes was the surest way to their hearts. His influence with the soldiery resulted from his personal knowledge of them, as well as the way in which he made a point of joining in their pursuits. Thus, there are many references in his diary and letters to tent-pegging with the men, early in the morning, and shooting at the bottles at the gallop, with a single ball. A splendid horseman himself, he delighted in taking a line across country, followed by his escorts, and he gives amusing accounts of how, on more than one occasion, he jumped his horse over brooks and other obstacles, calling on his Sikh and Afghan followers to follow him, which they obediently did, though perhaps less successfuly than their fine young leader.

His hard work began when he was appointed to the Derajat. In labouring for the people's good, self had to be put aside, and we hear no more of his tiger-shooting and the sports he loved so well. He had to eschew even the games he was most fond of. "He would allow himself," writes General Coxe, "no recreation, and during the many years I passed in intimate association with him I never could induce him to join our shooting parties, or even to take the occasional recreation of a game of cricket or rackets." Hard at work from early morning, generally tied to his desk till late at night, except for a short walk or gallop at sundown, when the joke would be, "Here comes Taylor with the bats!" His care and work was not for self but for others. Under his rule miles of new roads were made, large tracts which had been covered by thorn jungle were cleared for cultivation, the trade of the country gradually increased, and the people enjoyed peace.

His care was the same in whatever district he was stationed, at Jhelum or Guzerat, in the Kangra district, which he held during the time of the Mutiny, or as commissioner of Derajat, Peshawur, Umballa, or Umritzur. In the official recognition of his services before he left India it was stated that "his influence with the chiefs and people has always been great and has always been exercised for good," and "there is no officer in the Punjab commission, which has included many honoured and distinguished names, whose services have been more eminent than those of Major-General Reynell Taylor." His object was to discover the good in each man, and not the bad, and Major Gambier Parry tells us that his name was known far and wide as one who was never too busy to listen to the troubles of the people and to consider their complaints. His daring and complete indifference to danger won their respect, but his gentleness and consideration for the meanest among the natives entwined itself about their rough hearts. They never forgot "the man with the disposition of an angel," as they called him, and it may be equally said that he never forgot them.

The secret of the hold he had upon all classes

of the natives was greatly due to his accessibility. He was never so hard at work that he did not make time to receive the high, the low, the rich, or the poor. At all times visitors came to him without fear of rebuff, and all, from the pompous City magnate to the humblest native, were sure of a courteous and kindly reception. His manner with the natives was quiet and self-possessed, but, withal, there was a pleasant geniality, and none of that awkwardness that comes of ignorance of Eastern customs or of the language; his knowledge of both was complete, so there was neither vagueness nor fear of offence on either side during his receptions. It is undoubtedly a fact that the visits of natives, be their rank or position what it may, are often distasteful to the English official. Very often the officer is overdone with work, and the visits are ill-timed, coming alike in the hours of work or in the hours of leisure. Possibly he knows perfectly well the burden of the complaint, or the request which is the object of the visit, and he knows, too, that the point will not be reached except through tedious preamble. Consequently the interview is often wanting in courtesy on the part of the listener; the applicant is shown that the time is inopportune, and goes away disheartened, feeling the want of sympathy. Reynell Taylor worked on the opposite principle, sacrificing himself and his time for others. His thoughtfulness was acknowledged by all, from men like Sir Robert Montgomery and Sir Donald MacLeod, to the Afghan convert Shah Munir, who, during the Umballa War, always accompanied him wherever he went by day, and slept at the door of his room by night. With this man Reynell Taylor always read prayers before retiring to rest.

During an outbreak of cholera at Peshawur, he went fearlessly among the people, and, on one occasion, the coolie who was pulling the punkah over him was suddenly seized with the dreadful disease. Reynell Taylor, without a moment's hesitation, ordered his buggy, and taking the coolie in his arms drove him to the hospital. Here and there little acts such as this are brought to our notice, but the whole life of the man was one long wish to help others. Nor did his care of the people cease when he left any particular district.

When, after twelve years in the Derajat, he was appointed to another district, he wished to establish a mission at Derah Ishmael Khan, and for this purpose, though he was not a rich man, he offered to make a donation of £1,000 to the Church Missionary Society that this might be done, and he promised to supplement this donation by a subscription of a hundred rupees a month as long as he remained in India. The Mission was established, and he was taken to task sometimes by others, as to the advisability of giving so much money to missions, but he saw the great need of the Gospel of Christ among the people, and he always said, "I don't believe my family will ever be in straits for anything I give away." That it was not done without self-sacrifice would be needless to say, but Reynell Taylor was not a man to hold back on account of inconvenience to himself. During the time he was paying the promised subscription of a hundred rupees a month to the Derajat mission he asked a friend who came from there about the missionary, and was told he had gone home. Reynell Taylor gave a start but said nothing at the time, afterwards he remarked that he felt a little uncomfortable at hearing of the missionary's departure; "For," he said, "I have not paid my subscription for several months, in fact, had not the money to send at the time, so I borrowed of the bank, and they would not lend it till I had insured my life."

After thirty years work in India he came back to England to live, and the last nine years of his life were spent in Devonshire. Quietly he lived among men, influencing them for good, quietly he gave back his soul into his Maker's hand.

As those who loved him laid his body to rest, the words which were sung over his grave must have sounded singularly appropriate:

> "Now the labourer's task is o'er,
> Now the battle-day is past;
> Now upon the farther shore
> Lands the voyager at last,
> Father, in Thy gracious keeping
> Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

D. I.

On a Sundial.

TIME o'er this horologe unnoted flies,
Nor of its presence shows one helpful trace,
If on the circle of the dial's face
No shadow from the uplifted gnomon lies.
Unmarked the morning dawns, the evening dies,
And blankness fills the intervening space;
The sullen dial holds its useless place,
And makes no sign to our inquiring eyes.
May the twelve hours of my revolving day
Be blest with shadows from the sacred Tree,
Or blank and barren they will pass away;
No peace, or power, or progress shall I see,
No heavenly comforts will around me play,
In hours untouched by thoughts of Calvary.

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

SENSATIONALISM.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY HARRY JONES, M.A.

THE town of Mansoul has five gates, through which knowledge and instruction, pleasure and pain, are compelled to enter. It is by seeing, hearing, tasting, touching, and smelling, that we receive the raw material of thought, and lead a rational human existence. The best impressions on the mind are thus admitted, and thus the ripe fruit of the spirit is sent forth to feed kindred souls. The senses may, by some, be reckoned among the meaner equipment of our being, but without them, in our present state, we have no moral nor intellectual influence or capacity. We hardly, perhaps, realise how the world relies upon bodily sensation in order to progress or even exist. It is the motive and accompaniment of incalculable and manifold vitality. Without an appetite we might neglect food. The same hunger (however different in degree) moves the peasant and the philosopher, the sinner and the saint, just as the same food (bread, wine, mutton, fruit) is transmitted into the simple and the subtle brains, the delicate or lusty limb. Some men may be called the slaves of their passions, but without their service to us our state would be inconceivable.

If we attempted to picture a condition or existence in which the eye, hand, ear, and sensitive skin had no part, we should be simply shunted out of the world. And when we narrow our field of vision, or rather accept that which we have, and begin to count the various ways in which sensation operates, we are soon bewildered.

No doubt it is pleasing to think of moral influence, and of an unreached age in which regenerate humanity will acquiesce with quietness in the reasons given for abstinence from evil and pursuit of that which is good; meanwhile (though we resent the rough and ready accompaniment of a word by a blow) the civil "move on" of the constable derives much of its effect from the knowledge that he has a staff in his pocket. We rely, moreover, upon his senses when we would educate a child after the latest rational fashion. The substitution of detention in school or the setting of an extra lesson for the birch may enable some masters to say that they have "dispensed with corporal punishment," but, in fact, it is merely the replacement of one disagreeable sensation for another, and in this case the unpleasantness brings discomfort and weariness instead of a quick smart, and has the disadvantage of rendering the thought of school and the learning of lessons more repulsive than before. In both forms of correction the town of Mansoul is entered by more than one of its five gates, and thus the penalty is "corporal," though the rod itself be spared. It is impossible to address the mind except through the senses, however simple the lesson which is taught, or however exalted and refined the object of our appeal may be. As it is with the first years of life so it remains. The man never grows out of his dependence upon these bodily channels through which his mental faculties are approached, affected, and exercised. His appearance in and departure from this world involves inevitable sensation.

But we are not intended to be the mere owners of our senses. Man shares them with other creatures, and as he grows, as he becomes more civilised and educated, he uses them with greater nicety. The refined gentleman may not have the sharp eyes, quick ears, nor keen scent of a savage, but his sight and hearing are applied to an incalculably larger range of objects, and used with an effect of which the savage has no conception. In all that he does, in his work and rest, in his business and pleasure, he uses his bodily senses with increasing appreciation of their value and power. He is more and more desirous not to offend or exhaust them. And he may be thus careful without any sensuousness or loss of self-control. He constructs his machines with more solidity and finish. He tries to speak with a better choice of words or cadence of sounds. Oratory is on the increase. The value of rhythm is realised. The educated man reproduces the best music with more scrupulous respect for the brain of the writer and ear of the audience; and he promotes his purpose by improved instrumentation. He builds with more ambitiously picturesque effect, and he prints his books with a clearer and more agreeable type. Everywhere we see a disposition to make better more fastidious use of the senses whereby men seek to realise their thoughts and to hold communication with one another. And in all this there need be no departure from the most righteous mood and purpose.

Hereby, indeed, by perfecting the construction of some things, and making a finer use of human senses and material, man's ways approach the Divine. Without any misapprehension or distortion of the mystery which such a sentence involves, rather indeed with the most reverential attitude towards the truth which it would teach, we read in God's Book of the Word being made Flesh. The application or interpretation of this announcement as marking the outset of a new creation is incalculably manifold. What we call Incarnation sets its seal of approval on the whole procedure and position of the human race. It distinguishes and would consecrate the body furnished with those senses which we own. It would not depreciate but sanctify them. Our bodily senses are not such as our Creator only tolerated in the past, and was prepared to supersede when the time for a fuller revelation of Himself had come; on the contrary, He uses them to convey and work His will. Moreover, He does this, so to speak, at first hand, the central doctrine of Christianity being that in the Son of "Man" we see the heart of our Father which is in "Heaven."

So far, then, sensation is, as it were, Divine;

but as respect may grow into fear, and faith into superstition, so the legitimate and highly-honoured use of the bodily senses may, by degrees, be misdirected, and become a hindrance rather than a help in the way of righteousness.

This is a time in which men are specially exposed to the danger of strained sensation. We live in an age of material disclosure and expectancy. Not only is the skin being peeled off Europe in the curious search for "antiquities," but secrets of nature are laid bare. The world has been taken by surprise in the last fifty years. Such a rush of scientific invention has invaded it that some have been upset by excess of discovery, and are greedy for more astonishing revelations of genius or skill. They are prepared to believe almost anything in what they call the development of civilisation. Hence their intellectual hunger often outruns their supply, and they are faint for want of more mental food. Then they take to stimulants. These are not by any means necessarily alcoholic, but men look for fresh sensation to keep their sense of discovery, surprise, and entertainment fresh and bright. They have seen and learnt so much to astonish them that they cannot live without a diet of some new things. They have left the whole plains of procedure and recreation so far behind that they must seek fresh paths of conjecture, or feel as if they were standing still.

Hence comes an excess of craving for sensation. A new word is coined to fit the new growth of appetite, and "sensationalism" marks the entry of that eagerness to be affected which distinguishes our modern age. I do not mean that though the word is newly born the thing it represents never existed before. It is both young and old. The hunger for sensationalism furnished the Roman amphitheatre, and impelled the glaring mob (which had long overgrown the desire for legitimately dramatic instruction and entertainment) to watch scenes of genuine slaughter when the stage became a reality, or to listen with safe ears to the screams of the woman who was at last caught by the wild beast. Their thirst for blood may not have come from a succession of surprises in civilised progress which demanded sharper sauce for satisfaction, but rather from a dreary dulness which had crept over an idolatrous and decaying people, and was thus resented. Anyhow, the hunger for a keener relish to recreation or amusement is no new thing, though it is now showing itself in freshly manifold forms amongst ourselves.

We are not content with that legitimate edge to perception and enjoyment which makes us appreciate finished music, apt words, and happy adornment with a quickened sense. This may indicate a fine and desirable taste. But we clamour for hot sauce. This cry has its grotesque as well as graver tones; even the abundance of advertisements recommending rival mustards would seem to indicate an abnormal condition of the national tongue. It is true that glaring pictures of Swiss cows being milked in the presence of impossible mountains deliver us from the charge of having altogether discarded the simpler elements of food, but most of the culinary proposals on our hoardings and the walls of our railway stations involve the use of something that shall sting the jaded palate into a due apprehension of bread and meat. And as with the mouth so with the mind.

Dramatic displays, or rather pictures of what divers theatres offer (and the nicest morsels, the plums of the pudding, are chosen for this exhibition), are nothing without some lightning and tempest; plague, pestilence, and famine; or battle, murder, and sudden death. The works of the flesh are manifest on our walls. It is true that the best histrionic entertainments do not descend to this fierce and sensuous puffery, but the bidders for cheap popular spectacles vie with one another in offering representations of iniquity, or crises of life which, though not criminal, may be as thrilling as murder itself.

And this eagerness to catch the froward eye is not shown only in glaring histrionic scenes and advertisements which depict those provided by the music-hall. Places which have been reckoned of a somewhat sober sort are invaded. The love of gate-money is the root of all dramatic evil. All decent people (I choose these words deliberately) must deplore that shown by directors of the Crystal Palace which makes them promise visitors the sight of a woman in a complete suit of skin-tights hanging on by her teeth to the tail of an ascending balloon, if they will only come and pay fees at their door. When this choice moment of pure delight was first offered some sixty thousand pairs of so-called Christian eyes were brought by their owners to Sydenham to enjoy it. Other glass-houses were not to be outdone. If there was no performer to go up, there was one to come down. The man, however, who (to the date of my writing these words) has not yet been killed by dropping from the skies with an umbrella is a less disheartening offender against wholesome taste than the poor woman who wriggles in the air, for at least he illustrates one mode by which a dangerous fall may be broken.

But the "ascent" in a balloon (which is a piece of promising adventure, and has a flavour of legitimate triumph or ambition in it, inasmuch as the dull earth is left for freedom in the clouds of heaven) is nothing to a "fall" from one. There is now found to be little risk in the rise, but the expectation of it cannot be divorced from a new form of descent. Thus when this is promised to be deeper and more perilous than ever, the crowd thickens to watch the athlete who possibly may let go his hold, be transformed into a pancake of flesh, or a jellyfish in spangles, and leave every spectator able to boast or regret (with a shudder) that he was present when the "professor" was killed. Why do not these greedy sightseers petition the Government to carry out capital sentences, not by a drop of six, but six thousand, feet? The executioner need not go up with the criminal, but some contrivance might easily be arranged by which he would be "released" after a fixed time. And the thought that he was having a bad quarter of an hour might be found to add to the absorbing awfulness of the spectacle. Then,

too, those who witnessed it might comfort themselves by the thought that the business involved no "risk," since the party in the air was doomed to die.

After some of the sensational performances which have been witnessed, I am prepared to be surprised at nothing in the way of outdoor histrionic display.

I say nothing more about those appeals to a voluptuous imagination which are made on the stages of some theatres. I have already alluded to them. Much has been done in several directions to protect the playgoer from directly importunate or suggestive temptations to vice, but in divers instances the grossness of it has been only disguised under the less offensive name of "sensationalism," and the scene of its procedure shifted to the floor of the stage itself. But flower-beds need weeding as well as walks.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the dramatic dish alone is served with hot sauce. The appetite for sensationalism runs through the whole of our social fabric, secular and religious. In these days, if money is wanted for some "charitable" purpose, its promoters may think themselves fortunate if they are not driven to hold a "bazaar." The excellence of the object is unquestionable; the sufferers are plainly in great need. There is silver and gold to be had; but the business cannot be done, the "poor saints" cannot be helped, the "fatherless and widows in their affliction" cannot be cared for, unless so many ladies (if young and pretty, so much the better) agree to dress themselves up as shop-girls, and sell useless things to people who do not want them. This fashion of sham traffic, this mimicry of retail trade, is so general and popular, it is (however sadly) smiled upon by so many reverend gentlemen who thereby hope to see their kind purposes realised, that its radical repulsiveness is, for the present, hidden. The young lady who orders a becoming dress, that she may sell her flowers with more bewitching grace, has the additional pleasure of thinking that the poor have reason to bless her. They were hungry, thirsty, and naked till she kept a stall for them at a fancy fair, and in their behalf sold twopenny "buttonholes" for ten times their value. "Sensationalism" has so crept into our veins that many cannot show care for the sick and needy except to such a jingling and tawdry accompaniment. This is the latest sauce of "Charity."

The seam of sensationalism is found to run into the soil of literature too. Perhaps it is there that many recognise the "sensational" element most plainly. A book may be anything but dull. Even if it be so much a matter of fact as a dictionary or mathematical treatise, it need not be inevitably dry. There are differences in the severest conveyance of knowledge beside such as are seen in the type and paper used. I do not much believe in sugared pills, but there is a way of putting unpromising instruction which may at least mitigate its unattractiveness. And with respect to books which are intended to entertain without failing to be reasonably instructive, is it not necessary that they should be recommended by their style as well as matter? They must compel the reader, and not demand his patience. They are intended to afford relaxation from study, not to intensify it. They must recreate, not exhaust, the brain. And such books are of great value; they are to the weary man something like sleep. They are ready-bound dreams, which detach him from the wakeful pressure of life and bring to him a parenthesis of abstraction from its cares. Some of the greatest thinkers and hardest workers have been thankful readers of novels. The power of skilful fiction is, however, so great, and its creators are so inevitably compelled to add some commentary of surprise or exceptional interest to the tales which they tell, that we must not wonder at their being followed by eager aspirants, who ape the magician's skill and seek to excite without caring about the quality of the stimulants which they use. Here is scope for sensationalism!

The good novel certainly withdraws the reader's mind from vexatious or fatiguing business. Its author transports him over its border in a chariot of genius, but another comes and carries him off in a dung-cart. One gives the refining exhilaration which arises from contact with a playful intellect, a pathetic humour, or a strong but clean imagination; the other fires his veins with sheer sensuous desires. The appetite for this grows by what it feeds on, and thus the sewer of foul writing grows deeper and dirtier as there are more gluttons to be fed. What can be done to cure or mitigate this excess of gross sensationalism? Unfortunately the things which should have been for our wealth are often the occasion of falling, and thus the gift of elementary education is followed by the spirit of Belial, who sows his tares in the field of the Lord. For, valuable as the power of reading may be, it is after all only another form of listening, and it enables any one to listen in secret to that which he would be ashamed to have spoken to him openly.

The suggested remedies for this abuse of sensationalism are manifold. One is sought in the provision of pure but entertaining literature. I confess, however, to a fear that this is a poor stopgap to the influx of printed impurity. No literary entertainment, however carefully expurgated by anxious pastors and masters, is sure to keep its subjects within the bounds of modest thought. An abundant provision of donkeys, however gaily caparisoned, will not stop all demand for a horse. No; the remedy must be radical. The desire of the virtuous soul is the one and often narrow road to safety. The determination of the will to "seek innocency, and take heed unto the thing which is right," the prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O God," is the only strong safeguard against the mischief which inevitably offers itself when the channels of approach to the mind are opened by what we call education. The spirit of God alone can purify the spirit of man. That soul alone which is touched with the saving contagion of self-sacrifice and self-control is safe among the snares of a so-called civilised world, not the least of which is the cheap gross sensationalism which captivates and degrades the reader.

I might show other forms of that exaggerated appetite for excitement which unquestionably

marks our day. Now, for example, that oratory is plainly on the increase, the "hearing" of such-and-such a speaker is often put above the prospect of any good to be got from learning what he has to give. Many a man's visit to the metropolis would be considered imperfect unless he "went to hear" a celebrated voice on the platform or in the pulpit. If not strictly a "sight," it is a spectacle. People go to see the fountain play, caring little whether it yields salt water or fresh. I need not say that this tends to transform some who have the great gift of speech into mere "speechmakers," and thus minister to the craving for eloquence rather than for wisdom and instruction. There is an ominously suggestive significance in the remark that So-and-so "made a great sensation when he spoke."

The worst of the whole matter is not merely that the picture is killed by the gaudiness of the frame, and the true flavour of the meat obliterated by the sauce, but that many eyes and minds are so strained as to be spoiled. The powers of mental digestion are broken, and if the man is not given over to believe a lie, good food is no longer discerned, and thus the body and soul are ill-fed.

It may seem hopeless to protest with any expectation of effect against the present flood of sensationalism, but after all it is a flood, and one bucketful drawn from it makes it so much less. Thus I have my say, not only claiming the sympathy of good and true men, but feeling sure that no word spoken for truth, which is of God, will be suffered by Him to be lost.

Ad Lucem per Te.

WHEN I pass out to the light,
From dark to exceeding bright,
From cold to the warmth of the sun,
How shall that good be won?
What is the way for me?
Master, how shall it be?

How if the longed-for way
Which I hunger for to-day,
Which I pray for with eager breath,
Should be the way called death?
Were this the way for me,
Master, how would it be?

How if the way I seek
With footsteps weary and weak,
Scarcely able to move,
Should be the way called love?
Were this the way for me,
Master, how would it be?

How if the way I desire
Should lie through the heart of the fire,
And glowing bonds amain
Clasp me in utter pain?
Were this the way for me,
Master, how would it be?

I know not, dear my Lord:
Humbly I stay Thy word:
Through death, love, pain, I need
Only Thy hand to lead;
And the one true way for me,
Master, is trusting Thee.

EMILY H. HICKEY.



PART I.

IF London were to be besieged, the lines of defence would contain five millions of people. How would they be fed? It costs as many pounds now to feed London for a twelvemonth as there are miles from the earth to the sun! What would it cost then?

If this country were to lose the command of the seas the people would starve. A blockade would knock off a third of the meat supply, and all the groceries; that popular gauge of prosperity, the quartern loaf, would at once treble in price, and fruit and vegetables would be a luxury. And in the stress London would come off worst. Not long ago a snowstorm nearly caused a famine in the metropolis, and now a three days' fog in the Thames Valley would put us on half rations. To live, we must hold the roads by land and sea, and keep them clear; if once the roads are blocked, we are done. And just as London cannot exist without the country, so the country cannot exist without the colonist or the foreigner, for Britain alone of the kingdoms of the world feeds on more than it can grow, and only lives as the citadel of an ocean empire.

The country is fed a good deal from abroad; London is fed almost entirely from the outside. London within the lines—for, strangely enough, owing to the physiography of the Thames Valley, the fortifications of the metropolis would follow the outer boundaries of the metropolitan boroughs—grows hardly any of its food. The ever-advancing builder has appropriated the market-gardens, and run streets through the cornfields, so that besides a few dairy farms and watercress-beds, there is no area left for the produce of food within the only possible lines of defence. By the road, the rail, and the river, all but an infinitesimal part of London's commissariat is carried in; and the consideration of how it is carried in times of peace will enable us best to appreciate what the difficulties would be in times of war.

A large subject is the feeding of the capital, and not an easy one to handle. We have no gates and no octroi; there are no official statistics to give in the amount of the different commodities at a glance. We have tried in all directions. We have appealed to the Board of Trade, the different railway companies, and the different market authorities, but in all cases the answer has been the same. The home trade is free, and no records are kept, and to compile the statistics required would be impossible. Like our predecessors in the quest, we must depend on estimate, and do the best we can.

In one item we are tolerably sure of our ground, and fortunately that is the most important one. We have all been taught to sing of the Roast Beef of Old England—hard and stringy as it must have been, to judge by modern improvements, and by no means the delightful viand that legend would have us think—and the amount of roast beef (or, let us say, the butcher-meat of London) can be estimated with a near approach to accuracy. Thanks to the splendid markets of the Corporation, and the admirable way in which their statistics are presented by the courteous officials of the City, there is little doubt as to the meat supply of the hungry millions. But with regard to the other thousand and one articles that go to form a city's food, a very different state of affairs exists. Of the sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, rice, butter, cheese, eggs, wheat, flour, fruits, and vegetables consumed within our limits no exact statement is possible. One guide we have, it is true—London contains an eighth of the population of these islands, and we shall not be very far wrong in assuming that the total food imports, divided by eight, will give the metropolitan consumption. We might even take the London imports to guide us, but unfor-

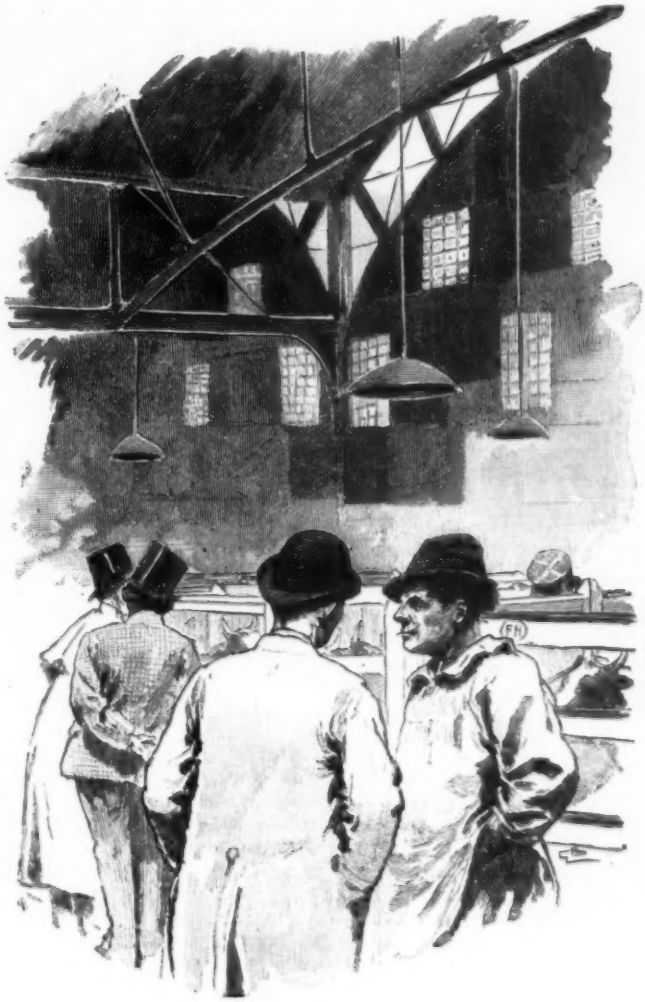
tunately London is a port and a centre of distribution, and there is no record of the food sent into the country from it, which of course it would be needful to deduct to arrive at any approximation to the real figures. In butcher-meat we are, however, safe; practically, no meat received at the London markets is consumed beyond the London boundary. So with the roast beef of old England let us begin.

"No foreign meat sold," advertises the butcher, and on inquiry we find that by "foreign" he means colonial as well as continental. "I call all meat foreign," he explains, "that comes from farther than Ireland; and I have none of it!" Would that we could believe him, even if the "home" were better than the "foreign," which it is not. But consider for a moment what the chances are of his being wrong when there are consumed in London alone in one year over one hundred and thirty thousand tons of meat that was neither bred nor fed in these islands!

Of this enormous mass, the greater part imported alive, is landed at Deptford, on the Thames. Come with us to Deptford, that ancient dockyard which claimed to have been founded by the Britons, and, appropriately enough, retired from the ship business by launching its Druid. The old brick terraces that served as offices, quarters, and shops, are still there. The old building sheds, wide and lofty and patched with skylights, still stand by the riverside. The clock still marks the time, as it did when the dockyard was in its glory, and that famous three-decker, the Queen Charlotte, the biggest ship it ever built, "took the water gracefully, and was with difficulty restrained from grounding on the opposite shore." But the dull red buildings are now bank branches; the naval officers have given place to market clerks; the licensed drover is there, and not the bluejacket, and, instead of the ring of the shipwright's hammer, we hear the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle.

Enter one of the old sheds, now floored with granite, and cut up into a wilderness of post and rail. Here are scores of oxen from the prairies of the North-west. They have travelled four thousand miles, and been fifteen days at sea on their passage, and yet look presentable. These are quiet enough; sometimes the "ranches" are much more lively, and indulge in a Wild West performance of somewhat alarming vigour. Here is a long line of beasts from Spain, beautiful chestnut brown in colour, sleek and well-built, though rather depressed in look, as Spanish cattle always are—even at a bull-fight. Next to them is a score of Dutchmen—piebald, black, and white, coarser in limb, and livelier in bearing. Opposite to them is a herd of more solid, sturdier animals, that have come here from Schleswig-Holstein, and seem rather to have enjoyed the trip.

The cattle trade, like all trades, has its seasons. From July to December the imports are greatest from the Northern Dutch and Baltic ports; from January to June the trade is briskest from Flushing and the Belgian ports; all the year round Germany sends us sheep from Bremen and Hamburg, and Spain and Portugal send cattle from Vigo and Oporto; and all the year round come in the American supplies. In 1887, of the 53,000 head of cattle that came to Deptford,



THE CATTLE SHED.

33,600 were American, but this was not all the American contribution to the London trade, for Canadian cattle enter by the western ports and come by rail to Islington. In 1887 there were 21,400 live Canadian beasts so sold, and the

American share of our metropolitan cattle herd was thus brought up to 55,000 head. At Islington there were also sold 15,200 Canadian sheep; but no transatlantic sheep at all came to Deptford.



LANDING SHEEP.

Of the 53,000 beasts landed at Deptford, over 4,200 hailed from Spain and Portugal, and over 10,000 from Tonning, the port of Schleswig-Holstein. The remainder of the beasts, and all the calves—26,405—came from Holland. And from Holland came a mighty flock of 495,585 sheep. Antwerp sent us 5,000 sheep; Hamburg and Bremen sent us nearly 170,000; and Tonning over 48,000. And the pigs—over 18,000—came from the Dutch ports, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and Harlingen in almost equal quantities, Harlingen sending the greatest share.

Market days are Mondays and Thursdays, and the cattle-boats come up the Thames chiefly on Sundays and Wednesdays. The Deptford figures, when worked out, show that on the average 500 tons of meat are received for each market. The stoppage of one of these deliveries at the mouth of the river, by fog or blockade, would mean the loss of a dinner to two and a quarter millions of people. Luckily that has not yet happened, but such considerations are useful as bringing home to us the magnitude of the figures with which we are dealing. Every year over 1,100 steamers discharge their living cargoes on the Deptford jetties, many of them little boats of 500 tons, some of them nine times as large. Some of the larger vessels tranship their cattle at Gravesend into the Corporation's own steamer, the Racoon, and 27,000 beasts came to market in that fashion in 1887.

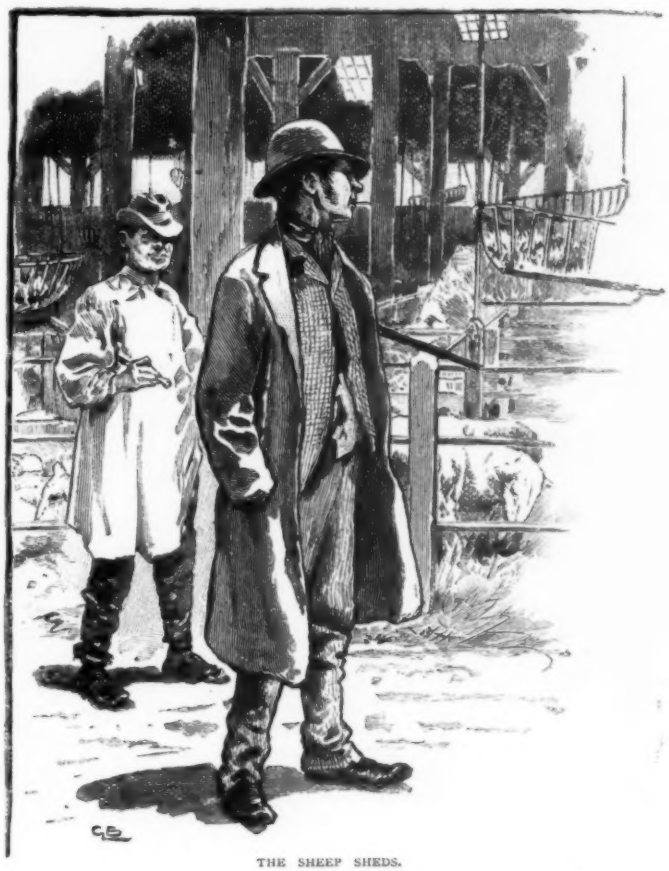
It does not take long to clear out a cattle-boat. The sheep are all in pens, so as to keep together when the ship rolls; the cattle are all haltered and hitched to rails, so that they cannot get loose. The boat comes alongside the strongly-built jetty; the steam crane lifts high in the air a substantial gangway, which it gently lowers until it bridges the gap between the pier and the ship. The first sheep-pen is opened, and the first sheep "persuaded" to come ashore; the other sheep follow, pen after pen is opened, and faster and faster run the sheep up the slope and along the road to the sheds. Soon the sheep are out, and the calves are set loose and follow; then the oxen are liberated, and clumsily rush ashore; and in a quarter of an hour from the time she stopped the steamer is off again up the river to deliver whatever other cargo she may have. She had not arrived unexpected, a telegram from the cattle agent at Gravesend had informed the market authorities that she was on her way.

Driven into lairs in one of the old building-sheds, every animal that arrives has to be examined by the Government Inspector to be certified if free from disease; and then begins a sorting out into the different hands or marks as given on the ship's mainfest. So many sheep marked with a blue diamond have to be found for one consignee, so many with a cross for another, so many with an A for a third, and so on, the marks of every sheep being recorded. But when the consignee takes possession he disregards the marks and sorts the sheep out into qualities only, so that the market

authorities have no further trouble with marks, and take over for safe custody only such-and-such a number. And these sheep thus ready for the market—23,000 have been here in one day—are, in another of the sheds, in beautifully clean pens, with a cradle of hay hung into each pen from above, up to which they have to stretch their heads to get at their first meal since leaving the Continent, for during the short trips no food is given, and often hours elapse before the victim has recovered sufficiently from the sea voyage to care to eat. Some, however, are better sailors than others. As we pass we see a young calf just come ashore kicking his legs about and dancing with joy at having again got on firm ground, and evidently ready for anything in the fodder line that may come along.

Though all the cattle come into Deptford alive, nothing alive ever leaves it. All round the lairs are long streets of slaughter-houses, wherein the killing goes on as required. But a slaughter-house is at its best but a chamber of horrors, and we need but glance at the last scene, in which oxen and sheep become beef and mutton under the hands of the brawny, half-naked, pole-axing men. A wonderful sight is the long avenue of huge sides of beef, being trimmed and divided to hang here for half a dozen hours before they are distributed; and even more remarkable is the display of the carcasses of the sheep, skinned and cleaned, and thrown smoking into the carts, to be carried away immediately. In these economical days nothing is wasted that can be saved. A stroller round Deptford Market discovers this under many fragrant conditions. In one place he will come upon a wholesale manufacture of tripe, in another a gigantic boiling of offal, in another a peculiarly unattractive conversion of alimentary canals into sausage-skins. Curious are the intricacies of trade. The ox of the Wild West is borne by railway to New York, and crosses the ocean to Deptford; he dies, and his interior, cleaned and made ready, is exported to Germany, and as the covering of the humble sausage that interior finds its way back again to London, where so many things end.

Islington, however, is the great live cattle-market of the metropolis. There as many as 10,000 beasts have been on sale in one day, and 38,500 head of sheep have been gathered for one market. In 1887 there were sold at Islington, for London consumption, 235,762 beasts, 809,914 sheep, 13,349 calves, and 1,119 pigs. Of the beasts, 21,400, as we have before said, came from Canada, and 11,450 from foreign ports; and of the sheep, 15,200 came from Canada, and 13,700 from elsewhere beyond sea. Great as is the inland trade at Islington, it is only now recovering from a period of depression; in 1864, 346,000 beasts were sold, and in 1868 the sheep that paid toll amounted to 1,786,000. On Mondays and Thursdays, about seven o'clock in the morning, there is such a scene of life and movement as is worth going miles to see. From the roof of the ring of offices that cluster round the central tower the eye ranges on one side over rows upon rows of orderly cattle, each firmly secured to the rail that marks the gangway, and on the other are pens after pens of sheep huddled within the gates. The mist is thick enough to shut in the view all round, and the sea of ovines and bovines seems to be limitless. It is a heaving, restless, noisy sea, with the booing and bleating in irregular bursts, now in one grand diapason, now in a distant solo, but always continuous. Dogs bark and men shout as down the crowded gangways, between the long lines of writhing horns, there hurry the twos and threes and dozens and half-dozens chosen by the purchasers, many to journey off to the private slaughter-houses, the rest to meet their fate in the public abattoirs close by. In the past the cattle used to come to the metropolis by road, and it



THE SHEEP SHEDS.

was a curious phenomenon of the highway that all the footmarks pointed to London. Now we have changed all that, and the market is fed by the lines of railway that run into it from all parts.



DROVERS.

And so it is with the great Central Meat Market in Smithfield, that stands on the site of the old cattle-market that was transferred to Islington in 1855. Into it there came by rail in 1887 over 123,000 tons of country-killed meat, nearly 25,000 tons of American-killed meat, 15,100 tons of meat killed in Australia and New Zealand, and brought across the sea in cold storage chambers, and over 18,000 tons of "general foreign meat and produce." To this was added nearly 75,000 tons of "town-killed meat," most of it from Deptford and Islington, and this we shall be safest in not taking into account. The year's total distributed from Smithfield is thus 181,000 tons, or, say, an average delivery of 500 tons every day.

It is interesting to note the proportions brought in by the chief railways. The London and North-Western delivered not less than 58,000 tons, the Great Northern about 26,000, the Great Western about 20,000, the South-Western about 15,000, the Great Eastern over 13,000, the Midland over 10,000. Altogether the railways sent to Smithfield in 1887, 154,540 tons, the shipping companies supplied 7,778 tons; salesmen and slaughtermen brought in 59,114 tons; and miscellaneous carriers were responsible for 37,950.

The scene at Smithfield in Christmas week and at other times has been so often described that we need not linger on it here. There is, in truth, little that is picturesque in sides of beef and carcasses of mutton, even in such overpowering quantities as are there displayed. But the Meat Market is one of the sights of London nevertheless; there is a charm about its general atmosphere of prosperity which is irresistible! Every shop is occupied, and is loaded as heavily as it can be, and the Market has even overflowed into the poultry branch adjoining. Not long ago the Cold Air Stores were opened, and these have already been found too small during the summer months. In them is such a collection of English, Scotch, Irish, Continental, Icelandic, American, and Australian carcasses mixed together, that it is no wonder the retail butcher fails to separate them, and dubs everything "home-fed" that Smithfield supplies him with.

There are other markets at which meat is sold that has not been taken account of in the figures we have given. There is Leadenhall, which is mainly a retail market, and of which no statistics are available; there is the Jews' Market in Whitechapel; and a large amount of killed meat finds its way to London direct to the suburban retailer. We shall be well within the mark in allowing 10,000 tons for such odds and ends.



OLD WINDOW IN GATEHOUSE.

It is time, however, to "combine our information" and come to totals. Averaging oxen at two to the ton, calves at twelve to the ton, pigs at thirty to the ton, and sheep at forty to the ton, we find that London in 1887 received from foreign and colonial sources 130,216 tons of meat. Of this Deptford received 48,446 tons, Islington 23,650 tons, and Smithfield 58,120 tons. Of home-bred live-stock, Islington received 115,675 tons, and of home-bred dead-stock—that is, meat fed and killed in Great Britain and Ireland—Smithfield distributed 122,880 tons—to which we should add our extra 10,000. This makes for the year's meat 378,771 tons, which means 1,038 tons per day, or less than half a pound of uncooked meat and bone per head for the five millions of people.

W. J. GORDON.



CHAPTER I.—BREAKFAST AT CARRICONNA.

"Good breeding and good sense gave all a grace.

"IS the milk so scarce that ye need be doling it out that way?" said Anthony at breakfast.

This was the new Anthony—the Anthony grown rich in an hour. Questions as to the doling out of milk, or any other article of food, were unknown heretofore, for everything was doled out, as a matter less of course than of necessity.

Miss Nugent, without so much as a glance into the milk-jug, which she knew very well contained a sufficient supply for two cups of tea for Anthony and one for herself, replied, with more spirit than usual, "Ah, don't be talking, Anthony! Don't ye know very well that there's but one cow in the place, and a great deal of milk required?"

"'Deed, then, 'tis a poor thing for us to be living on one cow; but I'll have another or two."

"Another cow or two, I declare, would oblige you to have another servant, for ye'll not be asking John to do more than he has to do now, I hope; the life is worn out of the poor man already."

"Well, but sure, what's hindering me but I'll have servants for me cows? I don't know how many cows I'll be wanting, nor how many servants neither, but I'm thinking that more of them both is required. Is it paupers we are, Barbara? Faith, I think that's what ye're supposing, the way ye talk!"

"'Tis only the inside of a month since we were, at any rate," said Miss Nugent; "and 'tis just afraid of you I am now, Anthony, for ye're talking so great this month past that I think there'll be no controlling you. Don't I know well that the Nugents could always spend for six where they couldn't make for one? Take care now, Anthony, and let me tell you that I don't like to see you walking about with the end of your cheque-book showing above your pocket. Isn't it for all the world as if ye'd never had the likes of such a thing before, and daredn't let it from you a minute?"

Anthony looked rather ashamed at this, for there, to be sure, was the corner of his new

cheque-book sticking out of his coat-pocket, the visible sign and token of his new-gotten wealth, which accompanied him now wherever he went. He was fond of taking it out when no one was by, and writing himself a cheque for £100 or £500, cancelling it as soon as written, and in this way he had already wasted about a third of the book.

He thrust it down deep into his pocket as the door opened and Kate—who was kitchen-maid, housemaid, and parlour-maid—entered with a dish of eggs and bacon.

Miss Nugent was seated behind the old copper urn, where every day, winter and summer, for thirty years past, she had taken her place, at 8.30 a.m. to the minute. She was small and delicately made, with elegant little hands and feet, soft, colourless skin, not much wrinkled, features good, but somewhat pinched and shrunken, and eyes to which extreme short-sightedness, seldom aided by glasses, had given a kind of obliqueness that spoiled them rather.

Separated from his sister by about three yards' length of tablecloth—which was fine, but thread-bare—Anthony sat at the opposite extremity of the board; tall and broad-shouldered, like all the male Nugents, but with a pronounced stoop which proceeded from physical inactivity; a large head, and eyes restlessly rolling under thick eyebrows; iron-grey hair, not too tidy; face smooth-shaven, and a good deal of jaw, the lower part of which protruded slightly in a manner that did not tend to soften the general expression.

Enter, as was stated, Kate Quinn, with eggs and bacon. Kate was forty, and had been fifteen years in the family. Eggs and bacon had not been by any means a daily dainty at Carriconna, a fact which might have been read on the broad Irish face of Kate as she set the dish midway upon the great bare table, and uncovered it with a half-jealous, half-triumphant, "Great times, bedad!"

"Go out this minyut!" thundered Anthony, "and bring your manners with ye the next time ye come in, Kate Quinn, or ye'll face about and go home again; and 'tis bare-foot ye'll go, me fine girl, for ye'll remember 'twas bare-foot I took ye, and there's rent owing from your father this very hour."

"Well, now, savin' yer honour's presence, 'tis no thing for yer honour to be throwin' me bare feet in me face in yer honour's own parlour, an' Miss Barbara there fornint ye," retorted Kate, "an' as for the bit o' rint, yer honour—"

"Kate Quinn! Kate Quinn! d'ye think that I'm going to argue with you, and—and the dish growing cold before me. Go below to your kitchen, I tell ye, and be less bold."

"Bould, is it, faith! An' me that niver spake a disrespectful word in yer honour's hearin'! I'll go down, indade, though 'tis stirabout (porridge) we're atin' in the kitchen, an' not the likes of bacon wid eggs. 'Tis bould I am, is it?"

Miss Nugent, who never bore any part in these polemics, waited until Kate had brought the door into violent and sounding contact with its frame, and then said quietly:

"Anthony, I wonder at you to be talking in that way to the maids. You should be behaving very differently, I think, at this particular time. It's a time of trial for the two of us, Anthony, and I wouldn't have it supposed that your head is turned and your mind perverted by money that has come to you through no merit of your own."

"Then I think 'tis every one's head but me own is turned!" began Anthony again. "The whole house of ye may scold me to me face, and sorra word I'm let say at all. But wait! I'll have reckonings, so I will, and then ye'll see!"

"Get up now, like a good creature, and give me some bacon and an egg. Ye were a better man yourself on plain oatmeal, Anthony."

"It's the best man of all I'll be, before I'm done. And a mighty queer one, too!" exclaimed Anthony.

No wonder that Miss Nugent had her alarms.

CHAPTER II.—SOME EARLIER NUGENTS.

"All these, and more like these, were bred at schools.

IT might not be altogether impolite to break into the conversation at this point, and insinuate the remark that Anthony Nugent was of gentleman's estate. I find an earlier Anthony Nugent, *gentn.*, 1697, a Commissioner for raising a supply in his county for King William III; and in 1703, on the *magna panella* of the county, is inscribed the name of Anthony Nugent de Carriconna, *gentn.* He it was who built the old house of Carriconna, on the property which he obtained by his wife's money, having previously gambled away a fine property of his own in another part of the country. He served the office of Sheriff, and was very fond of a hanging, especially when the malefactor died hard.

Trustworthy genealogical particulars of the family are not easily obtained at this date, for the Carriconna estate, an extensive and well-yielding property in the time of the elder Anthony, appears to have changed hands more than once after his death, this branch of the Nugent family having always had a talent for scattering both money and acres. But a certain Meade Nugent is found in possession some time later, who was the posthumous hero of a lawsuit, wherein the point at issue was, whether Meade were legally capable of making a will and devising a certain portion of the property in an unexpected fashion. Meade's doctor, however, satisfied the Court that his late patient was "neither an idiot nor a lunatic," and quite capable of managing property "if the matters were fairly put before him." Talbot Nugent, who came next, was shot dead, while standing at his own hall door one night; but I never could make out why. There was a low and very pig-headed member of the family, named Lavalin Nugent, generally disowned, who sat on a common jury during a trial for murder, and was for hanging the accused, while all his fellow-jurors were for letting him off. It was the period when, if a jury could not agree upon a verdict, they were carted to the borders of the county in the roughest conveyance that could be procured; the object

being to jolt a verdict out of them along the road. The usual procession, headed by the judge and sheriff, was formed on this occasion, but before the county bounds were reached Lavalin Nugent's car—the last of the string—was overturned into a bog-drain nearly flush with the road; and Lavalin was never seen again.

The "Buck" Nugent who won a wife by his fine dancing; the Annesley Nugent whose hobby was breeding mules, and who bred them with such evil tempers that he had to dose them with laudanum before he could cheat a customer into buying them; the Nagle Nugent who was seldom on speaking terms with his tenants, and who, when he had formed them into a volunteer company of some sort, could not put them through the manual and platoon exercise, because they would never take the word of command from him,—these all were gentlemen of considerable local repute in their day; but they are dead now, and why disturb their shades?

Tyrrell Nugent, the father of the present Anthony, rebuilt a portion of Carriconna House, and added to it, apparently in the hope of making it a comfortable dwelling, notwithstanding that this was impossible. It was a plain, white house, with considerable frontage, and not quite high enough for good looks; with large well-proportioned rooms, which in Anthony's time where furnished in a sparse and chilling fashion. Long flagged passages reached the entire length of the house on both landings, with stairs at each end, and the dwelling part returned at both extremities and formed a compact and enclosed yard. These long uninterrupted passages made the house miserably cold from November to May, and so dreary that the family ghost—a mild, middle-aged spectre, with a beard and military cloak—had the principal use of them after nightfall.

The south return of the house was the situation chosen by Anthony's father for his own architectural experiments. Here he built a grand vinery, from which he intended to introduce the vines into his own bedroom on the ground floor, and train them to the ceiling joists, so that he might pluck and eat the fruit as he lay on his back in bed. The holes through which the vines were brought were still there in Anthony's day, but the vines never yielded, and the curious husbandman had not even the poor satisfaction of condemning his grapes as sour.

Anthony had let the house remain pretty much in the state it was in at his father's death. That consumption of the purse with which the family had been afflicted during twenty years or more had effectually held him under. Not that the poverty of the Nugents had been exactly of the grinding sort that depresses heart as well as body, but it had obliged Anthony and his sister to dine at two instead of seven, to let the old spavined mare which took them to church do an occasional turn in the plough, to leave the grass to grow between the stones in the yard, and in patches on the drive, to mend nothing that could be left unmended, to receive none but the most familiar company, never to go out except amongst the same, and to do a variety of other things to which, as Shakespeare says, "my poverty, but not my will, consents."

Anthony had brooked his poverty not too grudgingly, being a man who could diet himself with reasonable cheerfulness according to the contents of his cupboard. Although a countryman born and bred, he had no rural tastes that cost money. He was not a sportsman. Since "Buck" Nugent's day there had been no sportsmen in the family. Anthony was never known to fire a gun but once (and it was not a gun, by the way, but a blunderbuss), and he fired it from his bedroom window at a man who rang him up at midnight, with a mask on his face, to inquire the way to a town which had no place in Irish geography. He was no horseman, and had never ridden to hounds but once, when he was carried against his will on a mare that he had borrowed from the priest; but the mare did not throw him, and Anthony was the only man who ever rode her without a fall.

As for farming, he seemed to consider inherited land as a responsible creature, which ought to go on producing in an automatic way, whether it were cared for or not. If anything went wrong with the crops or the cattle, that was their affair, and not his. The herd, or cattle-tender, went to him one night to say that a heifer had fallen into a bog-hole, and could not be lifted out.

"Let it stay there, as an example to the rest," said Anthony.

And the estate, which had shrunk to something less than a thousand acres, was left, like the beast in the bog-hole, to take care of itself; and Anthony, perversely blind to, or careless of, his own interests, obstinate and self-willed beyond cure, dogmatic, crotchety, and as full of whims as a barn of rats, lived a strange, abstracted, half-awakened, murky sort of life; and his tenants believed that he could put them under spells.

All at once, Anthony became a very rich man.

How he acquired his riches is quickly told; indeed the story can be finished before Anthony has finished his breakfast, which always was a leisurely meal with him, and not likely to be less so now that he has something pleasant to dream about while eating.

Anthony got his money out of wool.

The wool was none of his, for, as Miss Nugent has said, her brother acquired his wealth through no merit of his own: it was his deceased brother's.

Shortly before the period of the commencement of this story Anthony had had a brother, Kedagh Nugent, ten years younger than himself, who, not pleased with poverty which was barely genteel and entirely idle, left the estate on which he had served Anthony in the capacity of agent, and went to Australia in a sailing-ship, to try what sheep-farming would do for his pocket.

Now the Nugents, who had farmed for generations in Ireland, had their own opinion (and I don't say much for it) as to the gentility of farming in Australia. Anthony, for example, who saw nothing discreditable in letting his own lands go to rack and ruin, was grievously upset, and exceedingly offended, when his younger brother

declared that he was sick of muddle on the estate and want in the house, and would go and forage for himself at the Antipodes, beginning, if needs must, as a common farm servant.

Anthony protested, and endeavoured to stay him; but off Kedagh went, a few weeks after his resolve was made, and for years there was a great coolness on Anthony's side. Kedagh made a fortune, and lost it: made another, and stuck to it. He wrote from time to time, inquiring for news of Carriconna, and always saying that help of any sort, if acceptable, would be forthcoming. For a long while the only answers these letters received were penned by Barbara, but by-and-bye Anthony began to add postscripts to his sister's epistles, and in the course of years got to the length of a whole letter. But the intercourse was not constant, a certain soreness always remaining on the part of Anthony, who had had a great fondness for his brother. They heard of Kedagh's marriage, and of the birth of a daughter; and in after years vague words in the letters of Kedagh breathed into the minds of the readers a suspicion that the father had not been greatly blessed in his child. He spoke of her as clever and ambitious, and mentioned her desire to be sent to complete her education in Europe. She was the only child.

The last letter but one that Kedagh wrote announced the death of his wife, and his own intention to visit his brother and sister in the old home. Weeks went by, and Kedagh's coming began to be looked for at Carriconna. But the weeks stretched into three months and the emigrant had not returned, nor was there any further word from him. Towards the middle of the fourth month Anthony received a letter in pencil, scarcely legible, wherein Kedagh described himself as badly injured by a fall from a buck-jumping horse, and not likely soon to quit the bed from which he wrote. The message which followed this was cabled by Kedagh's steward, and it told with the laconism of such messages the news of Kedagh's death.

Then a lawyer's letter of almost equal brevity with the cablegram, conveying the startling information—for to Anthony it was nothing less—that he had been bequeathed all but a fractional portion of his brother's fortune.

The news affected Anthony almost to the degree of stupefaction. A man brisker and more open-eyed than he in regard to good solid mundane matters might have had his thoughts about the pile which he knew was accumulating on the Australian sheep-run; but Anthony never had any. And it was in keeping with his character that at the first blush he was more angry than pleased that the money had been left to him. He knew that he had done nothing to deserve it, and as a man greatly disliking sudden changes of any sort, whether pleasant or otherwise, he was even annoyed at the prospect of having to spend in some way or other an income seven or eight times larger than he had ever before possessed. He was only now beginning to take his riches kindly, and to dream strange dreams as to the possibilities that lay within them.

CHAPTER III.—LADY KITTY.

"ISN'T it a great pity," said Miss Nugent, before breakfast was over, "that Arthur couldn't be home with us now?"

"Eh?" answered Anthony, peering at his sister from under his shaggy, shifting eyebrows. "Well, I wouldn't be grudging anything to Arthur; there's abundance for him when he comes; but it's me belief that he's in no hurry to be home again."

"Indeed, there was no great cheer for him when he was at home, poor boy, and 'tis but small wonder that he was glad to travel when he had the chance. But I'm right sure by his letters that he's often thinking of us, and won't be too sorry when he's back."

Like Kedagh, Anthony had but one child—his son Arthur, who cannot yet be introduced in his proper person since he was at this time somewhere in Central Africa, attached to an exploring expedition, organised and headed by Anthony's neighbour and friend, Lord Kilcreevy. Arthur was just twenty-seven; a rover by nature, a good linguist, and a favourite with most people. He was more than a favourite with Miss Nugent, who had been the closest to him during the fifteen years that had passed since his mother's death. Barbara would have liked Arthur at her elbow at this crisis in the affairs of the family, when Anthony's brain was swelling with mysterious projects for scattering his new-found hoard.

"Well, ye know, we might see him before a great while," said Anthony. "Didn't he tell you in the last letter you had from him that he'd been down with a trifle of fever, and Kilcreevy was minded to send him home again? I'd not be surprised at all to see him one of these days."

"Indeed, and I would be just delighted, only I'd not like to think of the poor boy making his way home without one to mind him, and he sick maybe," said Miss Nugent.

"D'ye think Kilcreevy would let him go home that way now, Barbara? Be easy now, be easy! Ye'll have him home presently, and, I dare say, with a strapping black nurse behind him;" and Anthony wiped his lips with his pocket-handkerchief and rose up from the table.

"Ye'll order a few dozens of table-napkins, if ye please, Barbara, with the crest on them," he said, returning the handkerchief to his pocket. "How came we without them so long?"

"See now, Anthony," replied Miss Nugent, smartly, "don't be bothering me at present about little foolish things of that sort. I've a great deal to do before I trouble meself about table-napkins. Is there a table-cloth in the house that's fit to spread before company? And will ye look at the carpet under your feet, Anthony, that's worn to threads!"

"Barbara, Barbara, be aisy now, be aisy!" said Anthony, waving his great bony hand at her. "There's not a mortial (mortal) chamber in the house but I'll have a foot thick in carpet; and I'll have mebbe as manny as twinty table-covers for every table, that ye can just be whippin' 'em aff and an as ye please."

Anthony's brogue, by the way, and Miss Nugent's too, always came out strongly under excitement. As for Anthony's, it hung about him always, and he would not part with it; but Barbara could drop the Irish idiom when talking with any one but her brother.

"What's this the Scripture says about the vanishing of riches, Anthony?" she replied. "Be easy yourself, and don't talk as if the skies would shower gold on us at your bare bidding."

But this was lost on Anthony, who had gone to find his boots.

His boots, as usual, were being cleaned at the moment when they were wanted by John Maher, Anthony's coachman, groom, valet, and butler, who left one task half-finished for another, as fancy or necessity directed, and had never completely done with anything. He had certainly never done with soliloquising.

"We'll be wearin' better boots nor thim now," Anthony heard him muttering as he came up. "Thim! I don't call thim boots at all; thim's mere holes for the fayt! Morrow mornin' to yer honour! Have ye any new notions in yer honour's head this mornin'?"

"Give me those boots here, and don't be foolish," growled Anthony. "What would I do with new notions in me head? Haven't I care enough to keep a roof above me?"

"D'ye hear that now!" said John to his blacking-brush. "Oh! 'tis a great humoristic man he is, an' no mistake. An' to listen to him a pairson would think he was just plain Anthony Nug'nt, widout the price of a drink. But wait till I see him agin in his proper style, in a red huntin'-coat an' top-boots an' spurs, on the back of a fine leppin horse that'll show the time o' day to the whole country round! My! but yer honour 'll be a terrable figure of a man then, an' meself behint ye in me new liv'ry."

"Ye'll wait a long spell of a day to see that, John Maher," grunted Anthony. "And ye needn't think I'll be wasting me substance on red coats and lepping horses."

"'Deed I'm afeard not!" said John to himself, as Anthony went off with his long, heavy stride. "The ould times is gone, an' the new ones isn't like 'em. Av I git buttons to me coat I'll be lucky, lave alone a new shuit."

Now, what thoughts were in Anthony's mind as he stood with his hands behind his back, staring up at the great square tower by the lake? Anthony had a big project in connection with this tower. It had been originally a high castellated edifice, of several storeys or floors, erected probably after the invasion of Henry II, when the Anglo-Norman chiefs were spreading themselves over the country. It was built of the common rock of the neighbourhood, and even at that day had an altitude of nearly eighty feet. The giant Irish ivy overgrew the greater portion of it, and there were long narrow slits in the walls which had served for windows.

Anthony, looking up to the top floor of the tower, said to himself, "'Tis as if it were put there for the very purpose."

Of all the odd notions, now, that could prick the brain of a man like Anthony, surely the oddest was that he would turn astronomer and study the stars. He would build an observatory on the top of the tower, and study the stars. The idea, I think, grew out of a curious nocturnal habit, to which he had for years been addicted; a habit of patrolling his garden in the dead of night, in all seasons and all weathers; whistling loudly to himself and staring up into the sky. At any rate his first thought was when he touched Kedagh's money that he would get a great telescope and plant it on the top floor of his tower and study the stars. He was very secret on the subject, and almost mum to Barbara, who was unsympathetic, thinking there was moonshine enough on the Carriconna estate without the help of telescopes. But nothing short of his decease would ever have turned Anthony from a purpose he was set upon. He got his telescope, as will be seen, and, as will also be seen, the observatory on the tower played a considerable part in his subsequent fortunes.

A loud clattering of hoofs behind him, on the shingly shore of the lake, interrupted Anthony's cogitations.

He turned about and saw a bright bay pony, with a lady on its back, coming full speed towards the tower.

"Take care of the wall! Take care of the wall!" shouted Anthony; for there was a small stone wall, just the other side of the tower in the direct line of the rider.

"Take care of yourself!" cried the lady, scarcely slackening rein. "Now then—one—two—whoo—oop!"

And Lady Kitty and her pony alighted on Anthony's side of the wall.

"Well, I've caught you, haven't I?" she said, "stargazing in broad daylight! I nearly rode over you, and you would have deserved it. What are you doing Mr. Nugent?"

"Well, now, I'm making the greatest plans that ever were," said Anthony; and I declare he smiled as he looked at Lady Kitty. But every one smiled who looked into that delicious, laughing face. Lady Kitty was to come of age in a few months, but she looked not more than seventeen; sitting lightly there on her rakish pony, her dark eyes and cheeks aglow; her slim figure swaying this way and that with every movement of the pony, and tiny curls of dark, silky hair blown about her forehead and neck.

She was often at Carriconna, and there was a great bond betwixt her and Barbara. What this bond was I won't say; but at this time news was expected every day from Arthur.

"Well, come, tell me your great plans," said she.

"Ye'll laugh at me, I know ye will; but listen now, I'm after planning to put a great telescope on the top here; and I'll turn astronomer, and study the stars; and I wouldn't be one bit surprised if I made discoveries that'll do great good to the world, for ye see I'll come fresh to the work, knowing nothing at all about it. What d'ye say to that now, me Lady Kitty?"

"Oh, I like it! Every rich man ought to do good to the world."

"Is that so, d'ye you think? But who's telling ye I'm that rich?"

"Arrah, whisht now," said she, mocking his brogue, "and don't be playin' wid me! Don't I know, Misther Nug'nt, how rich y'are."

"If I was Crasus himself I'd be broke with the claims that are on me!" returned Anthony. "And what are ye come for yourself, Lady Kitty?"

"Oh, I've come begging, too!"

"To be sure, to be sure! 'Tis the way with all of ye. That poor gossoon, the postboy, is kilt entirely with the weight of the begging-letters he brings me."

"Oh, well, you know, Mr. Nugent, it's no use being rich if you don't help everybody. But, talking of help, who's going to help you with your telescope, if you don't know anything about it?"

"Well, I'm thinking a good deal of that. Ye wouldn't help me yourself now, for instance?"

"How could I? I don't know anything more about it than you do. But I'll tell you what you must do. You must put an advertisement in the newspapers. Don't have a man, he'll steal all your discoveries for himself. You must have one of those clever girls who take degrees at colleges. Advertise for her, and she'll come directly. She'll come in hundreds I shouldn't wonder!"

"That's a great notion entirely," said Anthony. "Come up to the house and we'll talk about it."

SILENT MEN.

WHEN Mozart was asked what was the greatest effect in music, he said "No music," knowing well how bars of rest might be rendered overpowering. Much the same holds good in conversation. Brilliant results are to be obtained from silence, and of all aids to talk the greatest are often found to be the men who hold their tongues.

As conversation's better-half, silence has seldom been extolled as it deserves, people who might have known better looking on it with scorn as if it were only a poor beggar lying in wait for scraps. The old philosopher, Zeno, put in a good word on its behalf, when he chose it before all other virtues, "for by silence," said he, "I hear other men's imperfections and conceal my own."

Chaucer praised it, so did Shakespeare, and in our own day Carlyle has been impressive on its high value and importance. But the average man, like the character in the play, says, "Silence is a virtue; marry, 'tis a dumb virtue. I love virtue that speaks, and has a long tongue, like a bell-wether, to lead other virtues after it."

It must not be forgotten that to be mute is sometimes a cheap and easy way of getting a reputation for wisdom. Nod assent and say nothing, and one might pass for Socrates himself. It is, unfortunately, the open mouth that at last betrays everything.

> "The tongue is the key of the mind;
> And whenever it opens the secret-hung door,
> What lies in the storehouse behind,
> Whether gems or mere rubbish is hidden no more."

Coleridge's story is now almost proverbial. He tells about being at dinner one day with a man who listened in silence and kept nodding his head. "I thought him intelligent," says the philosopher. "At length towards the end of the dinner some apple-dumplings were placed on the table and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with 'Them's the jockies for me!'"

It was no doubt for lack of a subject that this diner-out was dumb till the dumplings appeared to warm his intellect and furnish him with something to say, and he may well be pardoned for lack of speech who has no thoughts. But many are silent who are full of matter, bright intellects without the gift of conversation. "The student," says Isaac D'Israeli, "who may, perhaps, shine a luminary of learning and genius in the pages of his volume, is found, not rarely, to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse." These are the silent men from whose taciturnity we may learn a good deal; who say nothing, and yet with their shut mouths impress us with a sense of intellectual power.

We have a notable example in Addison, who has truthfully drawn his own portrait as the silent Spectator. "With any mixture of strangers," says Pope, "and sometimes only with one, he seemed to preserve his dignity much, with a stiff sort of silence." The Abbé Philippeau, who saw him frequently whilst he stayed at Blois, speaks of him as "untalkative" and "sometimes so lost in thought," he adds, "that I have come into his room and stayed five minutes there before he has known anything of it." At the same time he seems to have been perfectly good company with intimate acquaintances, and Pope gives it as his opinion that "there was something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man."

Dante was another silent author. He was sparing in words, and his utterance was slow, but what he said derived authority from the subtle nature of his observations, somewhat, it has been remarked, like his own poetical heroes, who "spoke seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet." "A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue," as some one says, and the poet of the "Inferno" may well have been silent out of sadness.

Dryden had not much to say, and his silence in society is told about by himself by way of excusing the want of sprightliness in his comedies. "My conversation," he observes, "is slow and dull; my humour is saturnine and reserved; in short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jests

in company or make repartees. So that those who decry my comedies do me no injury, except it be in point of profit." "But though not so talkative," remarks a contemporary, "as the modern men of banter, what Dryden says is like what he writes, much to the purpose and full of mighty sense."

Pope by no means excelled in conversation, and kept his mouth close shut at times. His physical weakness very likely had something to do with it, but one has a suspicion that silence may often have been a petty manœuvre with a poet who played the politician about cabbages and turnips and hardly drank tea without a stratagem. Dr. Johnson compares him with Dryden as being "not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company." "It is remarkable," Johnson adds, writing within forty years of Pope's death, "that so near his time so much should be known of what he has written and so little of what he has said; traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry."

The author of "Hudibras" was a silent man till he had taken a "cheerful" glass, and then he became entertaining. The following story is told in the "British Biography": "Before Butler was personally known to the Earl of Dorset, that nobleman had a great desire to spend an evening with him as a private gentleman, and with that view prevailed on Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend. This being done, Mr. Butler, we are told, whilst the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy; at the second bottle extremely brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant, agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finished sunk again into such stupidity and dulness that hardly anybody could have believed him to be the author of 'Hudibras,' a book abounding with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship's opinion of Mr. Butler, who answered, 'He is like a nine-pin—little at both ends, but great in the middle.'"

The intellectual vigour of Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons," was not seen in mixed company; he was reserved, and cut an indifferent figure. His wit and vivacity were kept for friends, in whose society he was communicative and entertaining.

Gray, the author of the "Elegy," seldom either talked or smiled. Horace Walpole writes of him: "He is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences; his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable."

Virgil was another of the silent race. He was "heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet." Bashful to a fault, when people crowded to see him he would slip into a shop or down a bye-street to avoid them.

Those who remember the absent-minded ways of La Fontaine will not be surprised at a place being assigned to him amongst silent men. Many, no doubt, of the anecdotes told of his awkwardness and silence, if not positive rudeness, in company, are of doubtful authenticity. But it is quite evident that the great author, a model poet when he had a pen in hand, was not qualified to excel in conversation. According to La Bruyère, he appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid, and could neither speak nor describe what he had just seen. "It is very easy," says a good judge of character, "to be a man of wit or a fool, but to be both—and that, too, in the extreme degree—is indeed admirable, and only to be found in La Fontaine."

Crébillon, the famous French tragic poet, was not given to talking much, and was often found alone indulging in those fine romances which his genius knew so well how to create. One day, when he was in a deep reverie, a friend came upon him.

"Don't disturb me!" cried the poet; "I am enjoying a moment of happiness—I am about to hang a villain of a political Minister, and banish another who is an idiot!"

Amongst novelists, Nathaniel Hawthorne furnishes a good example of one who, from shyness, was silent amongst strangers. He "was shy," says Mr. Smiles, "to the extent of morbidity. We have observed him when a stranger entered the room where he was turn his back for the purpose of avoiding recognition." It was his painful experience to find that his powers deserted him when he was brought face to face with his fellow-men, and that it was perfectly possible to have plenty to say at one time and nothing at another. Once he had to make a speech at a public dinner. "As I rose," he says, "I tapped upon my mind and it sounded hollow. It was quite empty; there was nothing in it whatsoever."

Some one commenting on this experience says it reminds him of the American orator who got up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the possessor of a gigantic intellect, but just at the moment I have not got it about me!"

As people do not think with their tongues, it would be odd if philosophers had not a great talent for silence. Socrates had long spells of it, and would frequently remain a whole day and night in the same attitude, absorbed in meditation.

Descartes was another silent philosopher. Sorbière mentions that he was very sparing of words. "I passed two hours with him," he says, "one day, without carrying away one idea. He spoke little, and seemed afraid lest what he looked upon as mysterious should be laid open, or perhaps he did not make much account of his own theories, or preserved silence out of pomp, or a contempt of the opinion of others."

In company Adam Smith was apt to be taken up by his own studies; he even appeared at times, by the motion of his lips, his looks, and gestures, to be in the fervour of composition. "He was the most absent man in company," says Alexander Carlyle, "that I ever saw, moving his lips and talking to himself and smiling in the midst of large assemblies." He very seldom started a topic himself, or even fell in easily with the topics brought forward by others. His own inclination,

we are told, disposed him so strongly to enjoy in silence the gaiety of those around him, that his friends were often led to concert little schemes in order to bring on the subjects most likely to interest him. When he did speak he was rather apt to convey his ideas in the form of a lecture, but this never arose from a wish to have all the talk to himself or to gratify his own vanity.

Sir Isaac Newton was as silent as Adam Smith, and as absent-minded. Could we expect anything else than silence to characterise him who would sit for hours on the side of his bed, with his clothes half on and half off, absorbed in thought, and who would sometimes go through the day without food, having forgotten the wants of nature in the contemplation of some mathematical truth? "He would sometimes," writes a contemporary, "be silent and thoughtful, and look all the while as if he were saying his prayers." Of his habitual gravity we may gain an idea from the fact that one who acted as his amanuensis for five years only saw him laugh once, "which," he remarks, "put me in mind of the Ephesian philosopher who laughed only once in his lifetime, to see an ass eating thistles when plenty of grass was by."

A silent man seems ill-fitted with a vocation when he takes to teaching oratory. Such, however, was the case with Isocrates, the famous Athenian. "He was," says D'Israeli, "of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whetstone which will not cut, but enables other things to do this: for his productions served as models to other orators." In our own country, in "Single-speech Hamilton," we have had a statesman who distinguished himself once by his oratory and ever after by his silence, afraid, it may be, of destroying the sudden reputation he had made for himself.

Pierre Nicole, one of the most distinguished of the Port Royalists, was a remarkably silent man. "A French princess," says Isaac D'Israeli, "desirous of seeing this great moralist, experienced an inconceivable disappointment when the moral instructor, entering with the most perplexing bow imaginable, silently sank into his chair. The interview promoted no conversation, and the retired student, whose elevated spirit might have endured martyrdom, shrunk with timidity in the unaccustomed honour of conversing with a princess, and having nothing to say."

Artists have often had impressed upon them the necessity of following Chaucer's advice:—

> "The firste virtue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
> Is to restraine and kepen wel thy tongue."

Perhaps when Chaucer wrote this he was thinking of himself, for he shone much more in his tales than in his talk. The Countess of Pembroke used to tell him that his silence pleased her infinitely better than his conversation.

It was Sir Joshua Reynolds who said that if a painter wanted to succeed he must cut out his tongue. To illustrate this we may give the following anecdote told by Charpentier of two of the Caracci, the famous Italian painters. Augustino Caracci once made a long discourse in praise of the Laocoon, and it was remarked to his brother Annibal that it was strange he did not add his eulogium on this wonderful production of antiquity. Annibal said nothing, but took a crayon in his hand, and drew the marble group with as much correctness as if he had had it before him. This action was praise more impressive than if he had employed the most energetic expressions and the most brilliant figures of speech. Turning to his brother, he then observed, "Poets paint with words, but painters speak with their pencils."

Gainsborough once took part in a lawsuit, and, when in the witness-box, he happened to speak of the "painter's eye" in a professional sense. The counsel for the other side, wanting to confuse him, said, "And pray what do you mean by the painter's eye?" "Why," answered Gainsborough, "it is to an artist what a lawyer's tongue is to him."

When at his work the late Gustave Doré was a good example of the silent artist. He could so abstract himself from what was going on around him that in the evening he would be unable to recollect who had called upon him in the afternoon. Strangers who visited his studio in the Rue Bayard for the first time were often astonished at his unceremonious and silent ways. "He would give them a nod—perhaps a frowning nod—and go on with his painting, running up and down the steps of a ladder or along a platform, and pausing now and then, with a long low whistle, to look at what he had done. 'Don't wake him; he's dreaming,' the familiars used to say; and it might happen that a visitor would have to go away, after a couple of hours' waiting, without seeing Doré awake!"

The silent and observing ways of artists perhaps qualify them for criticising other people's speech. There is a story told of a lady who one day went to call on Fuseli, a painter who, when there was need for it, could express himself with emphasis. Her ceaseless chatter did not even allow him to get in a word edgeways. At last a pause to take breath gave him time to say,

"We had boiled mutton and turnips for dinner to-day."

"What a strange observation, Mr. Fuseli!" exclaimed the lady.

"Why," he said, "it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last two hours."

Great men of action have been often marked by their silent ways. In this there is no doubt something of good policy. "The superior man," says Confucius, "blushes for fear lest his words should exceed his deeds." Another consideration is that safety always accompanies silence, whereas by injudicious speech the best-laid plans have been frequently upset.

For a remarkable instance in history take the famous Prince of Orange, the founder of the independence of the Netherlands. He was known by his contemporaries as William the Silent. "Perhaps the epithet," says Mr. Prescott, "was intended to indicate not so much his taciturnity as that impenetrable reserve which locked up his secrets closely within his own bosom. No man knew better how to keep his counsel even from

those who acted with him. Though on ordinary occasions, however, frugal of words, when he did speak it was with effect. His eloquence was of the most persuasive kind."

But no one ever cultivated silence with more dramatic effect than Wallenstein, the commander of the Emperor's armies in the Thirty Years' War. During the course of his campaigns, we learn from Michiel's "History of the Austrian Government," whilst his army devoted itself to pleasure the deepest silence reigned around Wallenstein. He could not endure the rumbling of carts, loud conversations, or even simple sounds. One of his chamberlains was hanged for waking him without orders, and an officer secretly put to death because his spurs had clanked when he came to the general. His servants glided about the rooms like phantoms, and a dozen patrols incessantly moved around his tent or palace to maintain perpetual tranquillity. Chains were also stretched across the streets in order to guard him against any sound.

His profound reserve made a powerful impression on the imagination of all by whom he was surrounded. He was never seen to smile, and took counsel of no one but himself. When he gave orders or explanations he could not bear to be looked at curiously; when he crossed the camp the soldiers had to pretend they did not see him.

Washington was inclined to silence and reserve. He is described incidentally by Mr. Josiah Quincy as "a little stiff in his person, not a little formal in his manner, and not particularly at ease in the presence of strangers." He was not at all easy in conversation. When he entertained his prisoner, Lord Cornwallis, it was noticed that he spoke little, and never smiled.

Silence played an important part in the double-cunning tactics of Talleyrand, but he more often than not employed speech and not silence to conceal his thoughts, following his own maxim that "a Minister of Foreign Affairs must possess the faculty of appearing open at the same time that he remains impenetrable; of being, in reality, reserved, although perfectly frank in his manner." We give him a place, however, amongst silent men that we may recall a ludicrous anecdote of his appearance as a dumb orator at a public dinner. Talleyrand's health was drunk. Before the applause had subsided he got up, made a mumbling as if speaking, but spoke nothing, made a bow, and sat down; at which the applause redoubled, though all those immediately about him knew he never uttered a word.

We have now said enough to show that men without conversational gifts may congratulate themselves on the existence of many brilliant examples to keep them in countenance. It is not given to everybody to be a Johnson or a Macaulay or a Coleridge, or even to acquire the eloquence that comes of kissing the blarney-stone. We may therefore with a good grace, and very contentedly, sit in a corner and light our modest torch at the fire of William the Silent or our own mute Addison.

About silent women we have not written anything, from the fear of rousing a controversy as to whether these are or are not rare birds. Has it not been recorded in Buxtorf's Hebrew Lexicon that Eve's name is derived from a word which means "to talk," and have not the rabbis told us that "there were showered down upon earth twelve great baskets full of chit-chat, and that women picked up nine of them?"

JAMES MASON.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION ACHIEVED; WHAT THEN?

IT was the evening of the last of the terrible days of the social war in Paris. The smoke of the fusillades still hovered over the roofs of the houses. For three long days the little soldiers of the line and the ouvriers of the faubourgs had been engaged in mortal combat, and the dead bodies of one and the other now lay peaceably side by side.

But this time it was the people that had conquered. The palaces, the Government offices, the Hotel de Ville, the Bank of France, all public buildings, were in their hands. Capitalists, proprietors, masters, merchants, shopkeepers had disappeared; many killed in the conflict, others massacred in cold blood, and those who were not in concealment had fled from the doomed city.

The remnants of the troops, unable to cope with the vast hosts of their assailants, had been withdrawn beyond the barriers. In the deserted streets and the empty mansions one could only see groups of grimy workmen, mostly excited with drink, but some of them talking together with bated breath, as if under some vague fear from their very triumph.

I had mounted to my bachelor lodging in a quiet suburb, and was just going to sit down to my evening meal, when there was a loud knock at the door, and, before I could open, I beheld three working men enter. The oldest of them, who had a venerable beard, handed to me an order from the "Social Commune," assigning to them a lodging in my apartment.

"For to-night?" I asked the bearer of the paper.

"No," he calmly replied; "for a permanence." Then, seeing that this announcement made me dumb with amazement, he added, "The Social Commune has had prepared a statistical record of apartments, and as the rich have too great accommodation, and the poor too little, it has been arranged that each person shall have right to a place. You have four rooms, and you live alone. Therefore you must give lodgings to three persons, my two comrades and myself."

There was nothing to say in respect to this arithmetical statement. A scruple, however, occurred to me.

"My rent," said I; "will you pay three-quarters of it also?"

"Don't trouble yourself about that, citizen," said the man who appeared to be the leader. "There will be no longer any rents to pay. Rents, hirings, interest for money—all that is suppressed and abolished from this day henceforth."

"Ah, then, I see," said I, "that the benefits of the social revolution reach even to me. Make yourselves at home, fellow-citizens; and as your requisition, I expect, imposes on me the obligation of boarding as well as lodging you, if you will share my supper, I invite you willingly."

They needed no pressing, and as I had met them from the first in as pleasant a way as I could assume, they soon relaxed their severe aspect, and, after drinking some of my wine, they began to be even merry. I thought that I might, therefore, enter into more close conversation with my new companions.

"You ought to be satisfied," I said to them; "here is the social revolution accomplished. Nothing of the old system of society is left standing. What will you do to-morrow?"[1]

"Nothing," answered the youngest of the three; "we shall do nothing to-morrow, and not more on the days following."

"And upon what will you live, then?" said I.

"Ah, bah! Why, at the Bank of France we have more than two milliards (two thousand million francs = £80,000,000 sterling); and then there is everything in the houses, warehouses, shops, cellars, granaries, and everywhere. Everything belongs to the people—food, drink, clothing; for it was the working-class that produced all these riches. In taking them we only take back what is our own."

I appeared to listen with great attention and courtesy, and when he had finished I said:

"But all this would not last very long among so many. The two milliards in the Bank of France divided among the thirty-eight millions of Frenchmen would give scarcely fifty francs per head. And as to the money and the provisions in the shops or in private houses, that might last for a week, or, if you like to say it, a month, and there would be an end of it. The wealth of a country is not at the bottom of wells, from which it can be always and at any time drawn; it is a water which runs, and renews itself at every instant. Work or industry is the source of a country's wealth; if the fountain stops only during eight days the river will soon be dry. If in a few days, or a few weeks at the very utmost, work is not resumed everywhere, we shall all die of starvation, as in a beleaguered city."

The young workman answered nothing; he only seemed to eat and to drink more hurriedly; but his comrade now spoke.

"We have not made this revolution, sir, in order to live in idleness. My comrade has spoken like a child. We know very well that we must work after, as we did before, the revolution. Only instead of working for the benefit of a master, we shall now work for our own profit. Our wish is to work as men, free and all equal, but not to work live slaves. We wish to be our own masters, and that is why we have made the revolution."

"Where have you been at work?" I asked the second speaker.

"I am an engineer in the Company of the P. L. M. (Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles) Railway."

"Then," said I, "by the revolution you have come to be your own master. You will start your engine when you like, you will take it where you like, at any speed you like, and you will stop at whatever place you like on the journey. I only hope you will have the goodness to let me know when it is your turn to drive, that I may take another train."

"Citizen," said the engineer, knitting his eyebrows, "I beg you will not make me seem to talk nonsense. I know that in the management of railways, as in every other collective enterprise, there must be regulations. I merely mean to say that we should be much more disposed to obey some man who is not our superior merely because he has more pay, or has been able to pass the examination of the Central School of Engineering."

"But," said I, "there must be always some one to give the orders. If it is not a manager or an engineer named by the company it must be one appointed by the State. Even admitting that you took your chiefs by voting them from the ranks, I am not sure that you would be more ready to obey a former comrade than an engineer from the Central or from the Polytechnic School. In fact, obedience among those who consider themselves all equal is rather the harder to observe. At all events, it is not possible to make a complete revolution even in the management of a railway company. Industry in our day is like an army; it marches in great masses, and in order that the vast number of men who co-operate in a collective enterprise should do anything useful, it is necessary that each should know and obey the countersign and maintain an inflexible discipline, an iron solidarity, which makes each individual like a wheel in the same machine."

There was silence when I had finished. Let it be remembered that these men were not of what are called the criminal classes, as some suppose all Socialists and Communists to be. They were decent working-men, misguided by the teaching and plausible statements of theorists and demagogues. The oldest of the three, who had first addressed me but had since kept silence, now spoke.

"Sir, excuse these young men; they are not yet well informed on the social question. What we seek is simply to free ourselves from the speculators and parasites who, under the name of

[1] Against all attempts to reconstruct society by sudden and forcible means, this article from the "Almanach des Bons Conseils" gives useful warning. In France the tendency of Socialist opinion is toward communism and anarchy. But in England there are many thoughtful men who know that, in order to avoid social revolution, social reforms are called for. The revelations of the committees of inquiry on "the sweating system," the housing of the poor, and other matters affecting the working classes, and "the rights of labour," prove that there is need for social reforms, to the consideration of which the "Leisure Hour" has always been open.—ED. L. H.

masters and capitalists, suck from us the chief part of the product of our labour, and leave to us only enough for bare subsistence. It is that we may obtain the entire product of our labour that we have made the social revolution."

"You imagine, then, that you do not obtain the whole of the product of your labour?"

"Yes," said he; "nothing is more certain. We are, say one thousand workers in a factory, who get 1,200 or 1,500 francs yearly as salary; our patron, or master, gains perhaps 100,000 francs. In what way do you think he can take 100,000 francs, except from the salaries or payments due to us?"

"You suppose, then, that by the reckoning you have made, if you could extinguish the master, you could divide among you the 100,000 francs which he puts in his pocket?"

"Exactly so."

"But 100,000 francs divided among 1,000 workmen would only make 100 francs additional per head. If you already get 1,500 francs yearly, that would represent for you an increase of income of only about six francs and a half each."

"Not more?"

"Not a cent, at least, if arithmetic is to be trusted."

"At least it would be always thus?"

"Would it be always thus? No, indeed. If you suppress the present master you must pay some one to replace him. Your master cannot be an imbecile, when he has risen to the position of having 100,000 francs a year. You must obtain a man very capable to take his place, and must pay him accordingly."

"Oh, we could find among ourselves some one equally capable, and who would be contented with less."

"So be it; but he must furnish the capital necessary for keeping the factory going. He that manages an undertaking employing a thousand hands must needs have a good deal of money at command—perhaps 2,000,000 francs a year. If you had to borrow that sum at five per cent. it would cost you just the 100,000 francs you now give to your employer. So you would gain nothing by this revolution."

"But, citizen, you forget there would be no longer any lenders of money, nor any interest to pay. The State, or the Government, would supply all the capital we require, and would give it gratis—without interest."

"But the State has not the power to make capital drop from heaven, like the manna in the wilderness. The State never has any money except what it takes from those who contribute to it. To give you two millions of francs it would be necessary for the State to take two millions more every year out of your pockets, after which, as it would be necessary to deal with all on the principle of equality, the State must take from your pockets the capital required for your comrade Socialists. There are, therefore, very many chances that the State, under the Socialist *régime* would take from your salaries much more than you now grumblingly see your master, or employer, receive. So that then, much more than now, you could not retain the totality of the produce of your labour."

"A thousand millions!" exclaimed the young man, with a somewhat emphatic addition of speech. "If you have to work as hard as before, and obey as in the past, and gain nothing more by it all, then, of what use is the social revolution?"

He accompanied the declamation with so vigorous a thump that it woke me from my dream.

For I was in my bed, and there had been no revolution in Paris, nor in my quiet apartment. There was only upon my table a copy of the "Journal de Petroleur," which I had the imprudence to read before going to sleep, and which had given me the nightmare!

A Withered Leaf.

I saw, on a chill, wet, winter day,
A withered leaf, that lonely
Fluttered upon the topmost spray
Of a poplar bare;—this only.

A solitary pennon flown
For a forlorn endeavour,
By one who fights a desperate fight
In a cause that's lost for ever.

A dead child at the shrunken breast
Of its dead mother lying,
In the track of some foul fever-pest
That has left a people dying.

Nay, but a hope-inspiring pledge,
At parting, from a lover;
A promise sure of swift return,
When the troubled times are over.

C. J. LEE.

THE COLOURED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN THE SOUTH.



LET us imagine ourselves on the banks of a great, broad, sluggishly-flowing stream, twice as wide as the Thames at London Bridge, with long low banks over which grow tall rushes and water-grasses, and palm-headed canebrake, with here and there a willow or alder, and now and again a forest of fir-trees reaching right down to the water's edge. At one place there has been built a rough-looking shelving wharf of timber and stone; this wharf is called a levee. It is afternoon, between three and four o'clock, the sun is somewhere up in the heavens—there is a very general opinion that it is everywhere, for the heat is intense—and there is not the least sign of a human being visible. Suddenly the stillness is broken by a sound something like that of a fog horn, away around a bend of the shallow river, and presently the hissing of escaping steam and the rush of beaten water reach the ear. Still there is not a movement on the levee. All at once a huge vessel, painted white and somewhat resembling a house with a mill-wheel at its back, appears alongside the wharf; the levee swarms with men, women, and children in various states of rags and tatters, and all as black as coal. Shouts and countercries fill the air, mingling with the shrill whistle of the "donkey" engine, and the noise of the steam escaping from the huge boiler.

The big white craft is a curious affair to look at, a low barge with a house planted on pillars in the middle, two great smoke stacks, a huge "beam," and a single immense paddle-wheel at the stern like the wheel of a water-mill. Between the pillars, underneath the saloon that they support, cotton-bales are being piled one on the top of the other by negroes. Others are marching slowly down the levee, each with a bale weighing several hundred pounds perched high upon his shoulders. Darkness falls very rapidly in these semi-tropical regions, and as we watch, the black sky has become studded with countless tiny points of light. The brightly coloured windows of the saloon look gay, while the red and green lights on the smoke stacks and single mast add picturesqueness to the scene. But brighter than all is the bunch of electric "Brush" lights on the levee, illuminating the dusky faces and queer ragged garments of the labourers, and showing, seated higher up the banks, hundreds of old men, old women, young women, and children of all ages.

The last of the bales are being rapidly stowed, the steam is being got up, the guests are departing, the great stern-paddle is impatient to revolve—hark! From the head of the levee comes a sound of the softest, most plaintive music; it is taken up gradually by the great crowd of fathers and mothers, wives and children, all singing the same sad, monotonous "swing swong" tune, with an occasional break (unexpected and startling) into a wilder melody; and presently, when the great river steamer glides away silently into the darkness, the song has been caught up by passengers and crew, and the whole air is alive with the mournful, yet intensely fascinating music.

The first time I ever saw such a sight was at Montgomery (Alabama). Our train, for some reason, was delayed until nine o'clock, and we were taking our siestas in the sleeping berths of the "Wagner" car at the railroad depôt which adjoins the levee. The scene comes back to me now as I write.

The negro of Southern North America, as I saw him, is a being usually in one of two states of mind. He is either the victim of intense melancholia, or he is one grin from the upper lip to the sole of his feet. He simply shakes with mirth. And yet this curious being, when his features are in repose, expresses intense melancholy surprise. I have seen him asleep, and the same expression characterises him then. The eyebrows are but very slightly marked, if at all, and when they are present are placed high up above the eyes. The forehead, what there is of it, is always very deeply wrinkled, the thick lips bulge, the eyes are naturally very prominent, and the mouth is always a little open. I can find no word but melancholy; deep-seated, pervading melancholy, to define the facial expression.

One of the prettiest things under the sun is a negro baby. The little things roll about the gutters in the warm summer time, or in the woods if the log cabin homestead is in the vicinity of a forest, in a state of nature; as happy as birds and mud-turtles; and, but for the fact that they are liable to get mixed (at least, that is the impression forced upon the European mind), they give no trouble and cause no anxiety to their parents and guardians. The parent mind, however, does assume the appearance of intense anxiety, especially in the presence of "white folk," when the "chillun" are enjoined to "'have yo'se'fs prop'ly yo' l'l' niggas yo!" with considerable emphatic linguistic ornamentation.

As a case in point, I remember, during a stay at Montgomery, one afternoon I wandered away alone into the country, and came upon a small village of log huts on the outskirts of a forest. There was a wood-sawing shed close by, and I presume the villagers subsisted on the results of the labour done in connection with it, assisted by the produce of their small "clearings" and

pigsties. However that may be, a white man, who appeared to be a "boss gen'lum," was evidently a sight not to be seen in that district every day. The rails which surrounded the cabins were quickly crowded with black woolly heads. I think every child in the village was out on the road. Such a crowd, and such shouting! The



A COTTON FIELD.

mothers were at the windows, the big sisters at the doors.

"Heah, yo'! yo' com' in d'reckly; do you heah me?"

"Mammy, it's a boss white gemlum!"

"Wall, waat's he do to yo'? Yo' done come right away in, do yo' heah me?" "Whaat yo' standin' out dah fo?" "Come right in yo' l'l' brack niggas! Huh!"

But the hubbub continued. I went up and spoke to a little mite of a thing about two years old who edged herself, or itself, away from me till it sat itself down on a stump, and there put its entire fist into its mouth and stared, but would not speak. I inserted half a dime[1] into its unoccupied hand and awaited developments. At first it did not quite grasp the value of the gift, but when the extreme generosity of the donation did present itself to its mind, it jumped up and rushed away among its playmates, and such a chattering began as I never imagined could have occurred except in Babel. I feared the whole crowd would be upon me in hopes of like generosity, so I turned round on my heel and, in American parlance, "got" as fast as my legs would carry me!

Humour runs riot with the negro. He is not himself aware of half the funny things he says. Every village in the south has its philosopher, an old man, ragged and tottery, wool nearly white and head getting bald, bent and leaning on a stick, stopping in his walk at every few paces, either to tell the result of his meditations to some passer-by, who has hailed him with "How d'ye, uncle?" or, looking up at the cloudless sky to impress some axiom or adage on his own superannuated brain. These old fellows delight to enter into conversation with any one they can get hold of, more especially a white man and a stranger. If you should stop to look into a store window one will accost you, and, quite probably, inform you that he is "bery dry, Mas'r George," which is, of course, intended as a hint. In return for your hospitality or charity, the old fellow is ready to talk for an hour, if you are willing to listen.

The negro would be lost without music. It is born in him, and harmony comes as naturally to him as laughter. As a general rule all negroes possess very strong and often very melodious voices, which, under cultivation, one would think, might be developed to excel those of some white experts. To many observers it is a matter of surprise that some such incident as the public appearance of a well-trained negro voice has not startled the world into an open acknowledgment of the great musical powers lying

[1] Half a dime, a five-cent piece, value twopence-halfpenny.

dormant in these dusky-skinned people. They invent (it can hardly be called by the lofty term "compose") their own music, and though the songs that they produce are not remarkable for their sense, yet when a number of negroes are heard singing them they force from the hearer the acknowledgment of their skill.

Almost every plantation furnishes banjo and fiddle players, who manipulate both instruments with wonderful dexterity, yet absolutely without any advantages of instruction. In nearly all southern cities are also to be found large brass and string bands (whose performers play entirely by ear), conducted solely by negroes who are constantly engaged by the whites on all public and festive occasions requiring the assistance of music. Even a simple harmonicon, or mouth organ, becomes in their hands a little musical instrument of rare melody and sweetness, and I have heard little half-naked darkies on the banks of the Southern rivers playing it, while others danced to its music with delight.

My readers will not need to be told that there are plenty of clever men and women among the negroes. In the large cities of the south and eastern States the coloured people are making the most of their rights. A race born into slavery accepts freedom at an enormous disadvantage, and it would be no marvel if it failed to make at once full use of its new privileges. Formerly, slave-owners did all they could to prevent education among their slaves. Education meant forming opinions. Opinions meant opposition, and opposition from slaves, being the root of revolution, was a thing denounced, a heinous crime. Consequently the mind of the negro was kept as dark as his ebony body. Great advances have been made. Yet in the Southern States the feeling on the part of the whites, that the negro is fit for nothing but slavery is still far too common; and this though the coloured child who is twenty-one years old to-day was born free and has a vote in the choice of the President of the United States. Though everywhere the negroes have equal legal rights to the white people, in the south they are practically denied many social rights; they do not eat with white people; they do not ride in the same cars with whites, and they even have a separate gallery provided for them in places of public amusement.

My impression of the southern negroes was, that far too many of them are *contented* with the conditions under which they live. To see them as they are to be seen in the swamp villages of Florida and Louisiana, in the river-side villages of Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, on the roadsides and at the street corners of all the great southern cities, basking idly in the sun, is not an encouraging spectacle. I stayed at Memphis, Tennessee, when the weather was like summer on the Mediterranean, although it was in January. Sun all the time, not a breath of air till night, and the moistness of the river affecting every joint and every pore of your body. The principal street is



NEGRO VILLAGE IN ALABAMA.

a very broad one, it runs the whole length of the city, nearly a mile, becoming a highway road at each end. After the manner of American towns, the street is cut every three hundred yards or less by side streets. At each of these intersections, on the corners of the sidewalks, against the lamp-posts or the walls, or against each other, were loafing a dozen or more niggers in various degrees of rags, all smoking or chewing, some doing both. Often a few negro women were lounging among them; and invariably a heap was to be seen of small black-and-tan bundles of infantile humanity rolling in the dust, laughing, squalling, and playing with a crowd of dogs.

The same sights were to be seen all through the south. At Montgomery, Alabama, there is a huge square surrounded by stores, the town hall, and the market-place. Here formerly the white people were wont to hold their public meetings, sell their horses, and occasionally whip their slaves. Now it is a loafing place for negroes, who lounge around, and lie sleeping and dozing in the sun, until the evening chills warn them to seek more comfortable quarters. No doubt climate and race, as well as the years of slavery, have something to do with this aspect of affairs.

Occasionally in the south coloured men are to be found who have taken unto themselves a little farm, have built a little log shanty, and entirely by hard labour have cultivated sufficient "co'n and cott'n" to keep them from spring to fall, and from fall to spring again. On all large plantations where "hands" are necessary, men are paid by the piece, and some make good money; but then they spend it during slack times on "bacca and rum," or more probably "Bourb'n or Monong'hela" whisky. There is little or no attempt at bettering their condition among themselves. They are quite satisfied. They were contented as slaves—the majority of them—and they are contented now that they are free. They used to be *obliged* to work, now they need only do it *if they like*.[1]

I must not quit my southern friends without attempting some slight description of their ceremonies. It is not necessary to remind my readers how many national sayings originate in national sports, ceremonies, and customs. The American colloquial phrase, "Wal, you take the cake!" or, "Say, you carry away the bun!" is similar in meaning to a far more ancient saying, common enough among ourselves, "to bear away the palm." But the origin has no such lofty or poetical motive. In certain parts of the Southern States, in the spring of the year, when birds mate and when "the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," it is customary for the darkies to hold meetings of a very peculiar and characteristic nature. A number of young men and maidens club their "dimes" and "quarters"[2] together, and a committee is formed who purchase with the proceeds of the collection a huge wedding-cake, and provide also a splendid supper. Upon a certain evening, previously appointed, a "cake-meeting," or "cake-walk," is held, and all the young lovers from miles around congregate in crowds to compete for the prize, which is, of course, the cake. The old people are present, and many are the stories told by Uncle Jake, and Marm Lisbeth, and Aunty Sue, of the cake-walks they held when they were boys and girls; admiration is freely bestowed upon the favourites, and contemptuous remarks are equally liberally showered on their rivals. And there is nothing in the world to excel the contempt of the real negro.

"You! yo' poo' brack nigga'! Wha' you come heah fo'? Yo' s'pose yo's gwine to take away dat bun? G'way home! G'way, put yo' face undah de bewro; dis y'ain't no place fo' de likes ob yo'! G'way, now, 'nd don't show yo' poo' selves heah, yo' get yo'se'ves set right down upon! Heah, say, hab yo' got any washin' sody to hum? G' right home, and wash up dem clo's, dey'll make fine dust-cloths," etc., etc.

The young people come to these meetings dressed in their gayest and gaudiest attire, and are marshalled in couples before an umpire or committee or judges, who award to the handsomest and most becomingly attired the great cake, which is either carted home or cut up and eaten there and then with much solemnity. After the awards, songs, dances, and abundant refreshment is the order of the day (or rather night, for nearly all the amusements and ceremonies of the negroes take place in the evening and towards nightfall), whisky flows in abundance, and the prize-winners are expected not only to demean themselves as such, but to excel all competitors and rivals in singing, dancing, eating, and drinking, especially the latter. The darkies tire themselves out with their antics, and when day breaks, those who have not already returned to their homes, and those who are not lying about the field (for this is an open-air meeting like all their great conventions) in various stages and states of fatigue and intoxication, make for their habitations, the hero and heroine of the occasion being for the remainder of the year considered the beau and the belle of the district in which they live. They generally become man and wife shortly after "taking the cake," and happiness ought certainly to follow so hardly earned a honeymoon!

Probably very few English readers ever heard of a "clapboard supper." Perhaps few know what a clapboard is. It is only a strip of boarding, similar to what in England is known as "match-boarding." When a young negro community make up their minds to build for themselves a church or chapel, the first thing they need is funds. These in the currency of the realm are not always forthcoming. But every man can use a saw and a plane, and wood is always fairly plentiful. So a small subscription is made sufficient to provide a supper of "baked beans," "Indian pudding," "oyster stew," and other dainties dear to the negro digestive organs, and the price of partaking of the feast is a good bundle

[1] Our contributor gives simply the impressions of a recent tour. There are happily many indications of a growing spirit of industry among the negroes. The graver questions which arise out of their condition will be found fully treated in our article on "The Coloured Problem in the Southern States" in the "Leisure Hour" for 1886 (p. 742), with many facts for the encouragement of those who are interested in the education of the race.—ED. L. H.

[2] Dime=a ten-cent. piece. Quarter=a quarter of a dollar, *i.e.*, twenty-five cents.

of "clapboards." These clapboard suppers are great fun, food and laughter at small expense, and very naturally it requires more than one to build even a tiny chapel.

The great national treat, however, and that which is looked forward to with enthusiasm, is the "camp-meeting." Of these conventions much has been written and said, but I think no words can do justice to such truly wonderful events.



These "camp-meetin's" are purely and characteristically negro. Weeks before the event is to come off notice is given to intending participators, a place is selected, and generally, though not invariably, a building is erected for worship. There is often also a large tent divided by a curtained partition into two apartments for the separation of the sexes. There they sleep and eat during the period of meeting, which is from three or four days to a fortnight and even more. Platforms are erected for the preachers, and benches are often arranged for the accommodation of the congregations. Regular services are arranged, which begin with prayer and singing and continue with preaching and exhortation, with intervals for refreshment and rest, until far into the night. In the forenoon matters are fairly quiet and orderly, but as the congregation gets warmed to its work towards evening, what with the singing, shouting, praying, eating, and drinking, and the heat of the day combined, the excitable coloured folk lose all sense of the dignity of the matter in hand. The solemnity of the undertaking is forgotten, they jump about, start up and shout without any reference to what is going on. They embrace each other, dance, sing, and indulge in the wildest antics. There is no denying that these occasions are characterised by much intense religious feeling, and doubtless to the poor, semi-barbarous minds of the people of whom I write, no harm to body or soul is thought or dreamt of.

Their ministers are usually eloquent speakers. for a negro has the greatest contempt for a feeble exhorter. If their hymns appear somewhat rude, and even shocking to our more civilised ears, they are beautiful to these dusky singers; they stir up

in them every religious emotion, and they are certainly eminently pathetic and touching. The quaint language, the disregard for dignity with which characters are drawn in for the sake of emphasis and euphony, the mixture of sacred and secular subjects, the very secular manner in which sacred personages are treated, all serve to fix the attention, and create fervour among the negroes, while they would probably, nay, certainly, horrify and shock us if used at our religious meetings.

That peculiar act known as "beating Juba," or "Jubilee," accompanies the singing of hymns. It is simply the act of beating time with the hands on the body, head, and limbs. This is always done when the singer or audience get a little excited, as all negroes do almost directly the sound of music is heard, the action increasing in vigour as the excitement grows. It is no sign of disrespect, but a symptom of emotion of the deepest kind, as is also the peculiar swaying of the body to and fro which invariably culminates in dancing.

T. L. ROBINSON.

Original Fables.

THE THISTLE.

'Whatever is the good of this thistle?" said Dobbin, one fine morning. "Simply so much waste herbage!"

"Precisely!" agreed Molly, who came up at the instant; "I can't eat it, nor any other well-regulated beast."

"Not the least good in the world," acquiesced Woolly, "gets in my coat awfully, and makes no end of a tangle."

"No good at all!" barked Rover, who, bounding up, had overheard the talk. "Can't even get a decent roll on it," and he grubbed his nose at the root and began to rub his matted coat on the ground.

"So-ho!" sighed Neddy, "I've been looking for a salad ever so long: but Rover, you sad dog, you've spoilt a fine morsel there."

MORAL.—Do not gauge the tastes of other people by your own.

THE BILL-STICKER'S PASTE.

"What utter muck!" said once a gaudily printed bill to some not over-clean paste; "what foul stuff to handle!" adding disdainfully. "Keep clear of me!"

Just then the bill-poster unfolding the bill proceeded to daub the back of it with the paste.

"How disgusting!" grumbled the bill.

Then climbing a ladder the bill-poster fixed the bill in a high and conspicuous place to be read of those who run.

"Ah!" reflected the bill aloud in a tone of supremest satisfaction, "this is indeed glorious; see how men study me!"

"But for me," muttered the paste in smothered tones, "you could never have been here!"

MORAL.—Even base things have a use.

THE CLOCK.

"Come, hurry up!" said the second hand of a clock to the minute hand, "you'll never get round in time if you don't. See how fast I'm going," continued the fussy little monitor as it fretted round on its pivot.

"Come, hurry up!" said the minute to the hour hand, utterly oblivious of being addressed by the second hand. "If you don't be quick you'll never be in at the stroke of one."

"Well, that's just what our young friend there has been saying to you."

At this point the clock pealed forth the hour, as the hour hand continued, "You see we're all in time—not one of us behind. You take my advice—do your own work in your own way, and leave others alone."

MORAL.—Mind your own business.

THE TADPOLE.

A contemplative frog used daily to sit by the edge of the pool he inhabited, and study life as it appeared in the water at his feet. One day a shoal of tadpoles swam past, and one more forward than the rest, thus addressed the frog:—

"Well, Croaker, and what are you thinking about?"

"I am excogitating," gravely answered the frog, "the origin and development of our species. Now which came first—you or I? It is perfectly certain that the frog couldn't have come without the tadpole, but equally certain that the tadpole couldn't have come without the frog."

"Give it up," said Taddy, "ask me something easier."

MORAL.—There are questions we cannot answer.

THE SIXPENCES.

Two sixpences were lying in a till together, one was new and bright, the other old and worn and dull.

As they lay there, the new one said disdainfully to his brother sixpence,

"Poor dull creature, look at my brightness in comparison with your worn form—see how I glitter even in this dim light, what shall I not look like in the broad sunshine? How much more valuable am I than you!"

Just then a customer entered the shop and asked,

"Can you oblige me with change for a shilling?"

"Certainly," responded the shopman, and forthwith handed our two friends, the sixpences, over the counter.

"Not so much difference in our value either," said the old sixpence. "Eh brother?"

MORAL.—Intrinsic worth it is that tells.

THE SMALL SCREW.

A screw in the crank of an engine of an express train at full speed thus addressed itself to the surrounding machinery:

"I'm very small, but exceedingly important: without me the whole fabric would come to grief. Upon me depends the successful working of the whole engine—now just you observe how important I am!" and then without more ado the screw leapt from its socket, involving the whole train in hopeless wreckage.

MORAL.—Do not parade your own importance at the expense of others.

THE SUN AND RAIN.

"What folly!" said the sun, "no sooner do I make things dry, and look bright and joyous, than that foolish rain comes and makes a mess of everything."

"What idiocy!" quoth the rain, "no sooner do I make things look fresh, and green, and damp than that stupid sun shines, and undoes all the good I ever did."

"I shall cease to shine," adds the sun.

"And I will send no more showers," concludes the rain.

"My dearest friends," said earth in a tremble at the prospect, "without either of you I could not exist. You neither of you undo the work of the other, but you both, working together, clothe me with green herbs and keep alive the creatures with which I teem. I pray you do not indulge these unseemly jealousies; do each your work, and let me live."

MORAL.—We do not live entirely for ourselves.

HOW WE SEE, HEAR, AND SPEAK.

PART I.

REGARDING the body as a vast factory, wherein countless automatic machines are ceaselessly performing the multifarious operations necessary to life, and the reader as a visitor, who in these papers is shown over some parts of the building, and who learns something of the simpler machines, we may safely say that when he enters the various departments devoted to the optical, acoustical, and phonetical instruments, he will find his keenest powers of observation and intelligence taxed to comprehend them, and his highest feelings of admiration roused in observing them.

The eye, the ear, and the larynx, or voice organ, are indeed masterpieces of creative skill, and derive much of their special interest to us from the way in which certain instruments known to us closely resemble them, and are even to some extent directly suggested by them.

The photographic camera is in all its parts a rough model of the human eye. The piano and telephone combined are equally rough models of the human ear, while the trumpet, the harmonium-reed, and the violin-string together represent the larynx.

THE EYE DOES NOT SEE.

In escorting our visitor through these three departments, then, let us in the first place explain what we mean by the eye seeing, the ear hearing, and the throat or tongue speaking. In one sense these expressions are not true. The eye does not in itself see, the ear hear, or the throat speak. One fact alone proves this: the eyes, ears, and throat may be in perfect order, in every respect free from all defect or disease, and yet the person may neither be able to see, hear, or speak.

The power, or nerve centre for speech, lies in the brain, and has been alluded to in a previous paper (see "Leisure Hour" for 1888, p. 263); the throat and mouth being merely a special combination of vibrating cords and sounding-boxes, by means of which the air as it leaves the lungs is formed into vocal sounds by this part of the brain. In the same way two small round bodies at the back of the brain are the real centres of sight. Injure these, or take them away, and the most lustrous eye can see nothing. The eye is nothing more than an elaborate optical instrument for conveying the impressions of light to the brain, but in itself sees no more than a photographic camera. Again, the ear no more hears than the vibratory plate of a telephone into which the operator speaks. From the back of the ear, as from the back of the telephone, a cord or wire stretches that conveys the wave of sound to the real centre for hearing, which in our case is situated in the brain itself; in the telephone—in the person listening at the other end.

THE MECHANISM OF THE EYE.

Let us next consider a little the general formation or framework of the eye. The eye is a hollow ball about one inch in diameter. From the front of this ball a slice has, as it were, been taken, and into the circular space left a piece of transparent membrane like a watch-glass has been fitted, forming a window to the eye, which is called the cornea. The eyeball itself is moved about by six strings, which can pull it in any direction. One of these strings passes through a perfect little pulley, and is used when one wishes to gaze at the point of one's nose.

Some idea can be formed of the exquisite mechanism of the eye when we consider how perfectly we move both eyes together, and therefore how, for instance, when they are turned to the left, the outer string of the left eye and the inner one of the right eye must be pulled exactly at the same moment and with the same strength to the smallest fraction. Any inequality in the pull of these strings produces a squint, and is a common cause of this distressing affection. As a rule it is easily cured by simply finding out which cord is too short or too long, and actually dividing it, and either taking a piece out or stitching it a little farther forward on the eyeball. The two eyes are of course the sole cause of stereoscopic vision, by which, seeing an object from two points of view, we learn it is solid. Had we but one eye we should see everything on the same plane, and find it very difficult to understand solidity.

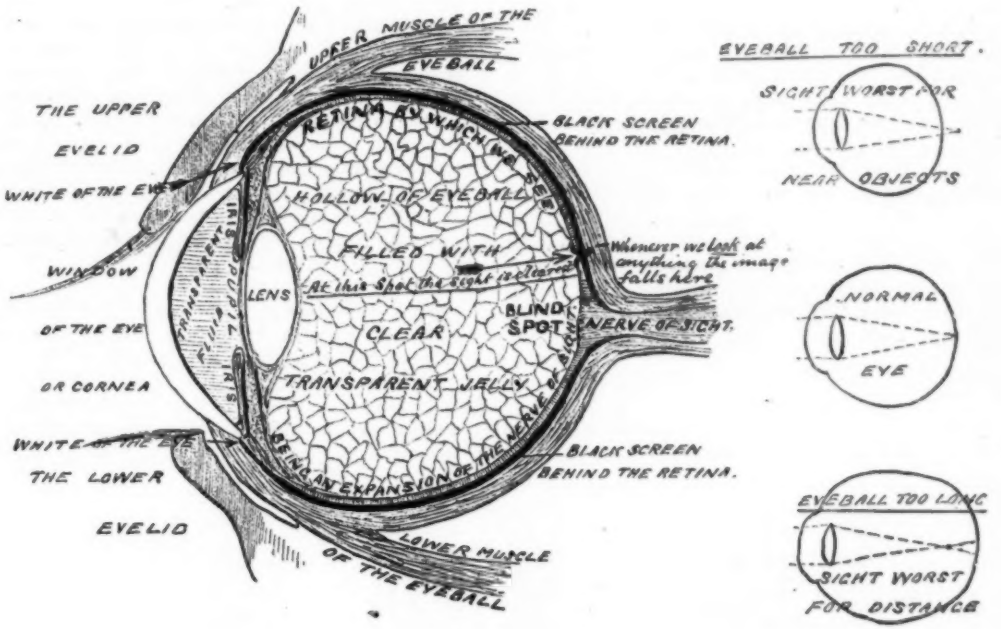
The globe of the eye is remarkably defended from injury by bone on all sides, so that by no means can it be injured if the face be struck by any flat instrument. A most dangerous weapon is the point of an umbrella, or stick, which may not only destroy the sight, but penetrate right through the thin bony partition at the back into the brain itself.

From the outer edge of the upper lid tears are ceaselessly falling across the eye, washing off all the specks of dust and dirt into the inner corner, whence a little pipe about one and a half inches long carries them into the nose. Only when the tears fall too fast do they roll over down the cheek, and we "cry."

This simple fact explains why people who wish to be thought sympathetic, and yet have few tears at command, apply their handkerchiefs vigorously and ostentatiously to the nose instead of to the eye, to give the impression that a perfect cataract is being poured down that organ.

THE WINDOW OF THE EYE.

Passing on now to the cornea, the window or watch-glass of the eye, we see at once that the moment its transparency is lost, however good the parts may be behind, they are rendered useless. The common cause of its becoming opaque, wholly or in part, is some fever, or from some neglect of the eyes in infancy. Another preventible cause is the use of old eye-lotions to injuries of this part when originally prescribed for other purposes, the result not unfrequently being incurable blindness. It is sad to think that, with all our cleverness, we have as yet found no way to remove an opacity in this window, or to put a new watch-glass in. All we can do if any part is fortunately left clear is to cut a hole in the curtain (of which we shall speak) behind the clear part to let the light into the eye by this channel.



What is known as the white of the eye is a part of the ball itself. It generally gets discoloured as age increases, and the thin skin that covers it and the window often gets inflamed and red with enlarged blood-vessels from the entrance of any irritating substance. Nowadays, with so much railway travelling, such an occurrence is extremely common. The treatment that generally follows affords a painful, though in some respects an extremely diverting, spectacle.

Take, for instance, the case of a little girl travelling by train with her mother and two maiden aunts. The child, not finding the conversation pleasing or profitable, pokes her head out of the window. In a minute two things happen. Her hat blows off and is lost to sight one moment; a speck of coal-dust from the engine causes loss of sight the next. The little hand at once goes up to the injured eye, and the child is promptly dragged in by the nearest maiden aunt, who observes the bare head of the child, and is scolded by the mother for the loss of the hat. The injury to the eye being next discovered, the child's head is seized and the eye vigorously rubbed round and round, thereby generally driving the sharp bit of dust firmly into the cornea. The next step is to forcibly open the eye and peer well into it, thereby greatly increasing the irritation. Not impossibly the other maiden aunt is quietly fumbling in the region of her back-hair, for a hair-pin or other implement with which to remove the obnoxious substance. Conscious of no ordinary skill, she now takes the child in hand, and if the girl escapes without further damage it is a miracle.

All this may sound amusing to us, but is most distressing and injurious to the child. The grand guiding principle in all treatment of injury or disease is, "Follow nature, but do not go before her." How many of us can remember excited and anxious mothers in the greatest alarm because, do what they will, their sick children will not eat, and they are only partly reassured when it is pointed out to them that nature, knowing solid food to be about the worst possible thing for the children, and pitying also our nineteenth-century ignorance, has quietly taken away their appetites, to defend the little sufferers from the injuries the loving and active ignorance of their parents would fain inflict. Now observe what nature does for our little hatless girl. Instead of dragging the injured eye

open she purposely closes it, and keeps it so; instead of rubbing it about she keeps the eyeball still. If we copy this, all we do is to aid her by binding a soft handkerchief over the bad eye, which soon gets used to the foreign particle inside. What next? A gush of warm tears, in nine cases out of ten, now comes and washes the dust away into the corner of the eye. This we supplement, if necessary, by gently bathing the eye with warm water. Occasionally the speck may get fixed high up under the upper lid. In this case our maiden aunt, if really skilful, may evert the lid over the handle of a penholder or small pencil and gently remove the particle with a fine brush. In case the speck is fixed in the eye itself, a doctor must be consulted at once.

Behind the window is a beautiful lens that brings what we see to a focus at the back of the eye, and at the same time inverts it, so that we really see everything upside down, exactly as in a photographic camera.

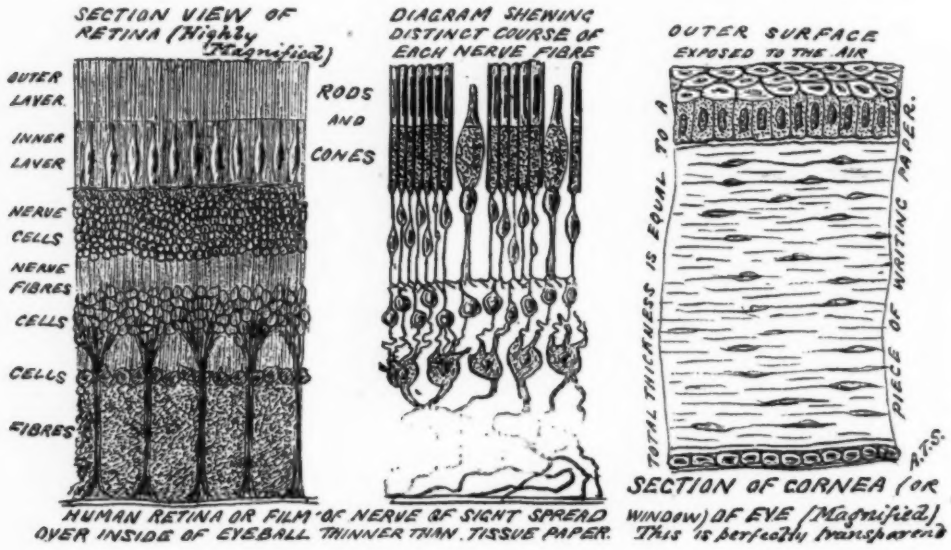
When this lens gets opaque it is called a cataract, but is not so serious an affection as when the window or front gets dim, for while that cannot be altered, the lens can easily be taken away altogether and a fair substitute provided in glasses; so that the sight of a totally blind person can be restored if this be the cause.

THE SENSITIVE PLATE.

Just in front of this lens is a coloured curtain with a round hole in the middle called the iris; this hole can be made larger or smaller according as more or less light is required by the eye. Thus, if we look at a thing a long way off this round hole or pupil gets larger, whereas if we look at anything close by it gets smaller. Certain drugs increase its size, and as this adds to the beauty of the eye, and especially to what is called its expression, I need hardly say they have been known from time immemorial to the fair sex. The inside of the globe of the eye is lined with a covering of the most exquisite black velvet pile, through which at the back the nerve of sight enters from the brain and spreads out all over its surface in a fine film forming the sensitive plate, on which all objects from the external world are received. Just where the nerve enters the eyeball is the well-known blind spot, because the nerve itself cannot see. This spot is easily found by shutting one eye and then gazing at one of two dots on a card, when, as the head is gradually moved, the dot not being looked at, will be found suddenly to disappear. The light parts of any image looked at are actually bleached upon this nerve film or "retina" for a short time, so that if an animal is killed just in front of a window, and its eye immediately examined, the cross bars of the window frame can be clearly seen. To suppose, however, that the image of a murderer can, under any circumstances, be detected in the eye of the murdered person is only a convenient invention of sensational novelists, for in ordinary cases an image only remains on the eye for one-fortieth of a second.

Acuteness of vision used to be tested 4,000 years ago by the Arabs by a small star on the tail of the great bear, which is still just within the range of normal vision, and is called Saidak, or "the tester."

Acuteness increases by practice, hence inhabitants of towns who have possibly never seen the sun set behind any more distant object than the chimney-pots over the way, or used their vision



farther than the length of the street, have very inferior range of vision, while those in the country, and, above all, savage races accustomed to discerning small objects at immense distances, have extraordinary acuteness of sight.

Humboldt, I believe, tells us of an Indian with whom he was travelling that actually distinguished

the figure of a man in a white cloak walking along the edge of a volcano at the distance of eighteen miles.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COLOUR.

Light is, as we know, caused by luminous waves of ether travelling with inconceivable rapidity. Colour is caused by the varying rates of these ether waves. These we find vary from 400 to 600 billions in a second, but there are other colours whose tints we can only guess at, the succession of waves being either too rapid or too slow for the human eye to receive; indeed, we can only see one and a-quarter octaves of colours, while we can hear nine octaves of sound.

Special parts of the nervous film or sensitive plate are arranged to receive different colours. The power of these appears to get exhausted after a time.

Colour blindness is far from being uncommon; red blindness being most frequent and most serious, as this colour is now used as a common signal for danger; green is the next, and blue the rarest. Tobacco smoking to excess produces red blindness. Acuteness of sight for colour increases with practice, and is supposed to be deteriorating among us owing to the drabbish tint of all London objects. The fair sex, however, discern colours better than men, owing to incessant practice in matching dresses and ribbons, and certainly do their best to avert by their gay attire this threatened danger.

Excess of light also exhausts the eye. We all know what it is to come into the house out of the bright glare of a summer's noon. Sometimes this has a serious effect, as in the case of a British man-of-war some time ago that Dr. Power tells us of, whose crew were discovered by their captain to be greatly suffering from night blindness, owing to the exhausting effect on the nerve of sight of the bright sun in the Mediterranean. Unfortunately, we were then at war with Spain, and our captain found he could only engage the enemy's ships in the day time, as at night his crew could hardly see at all. Being anxious, however, to fight by night as well, and being something of an oculist, he devised the ingenious plan of bandaging up one of each of the sailor's eyes during the daytime, and found that thus the fresh eye, not being used in the sun, was well able to see at night. That we should be dazzled by the light of the sun is not surprising when we remember that the light of it on a book is 60,000 times stronger than that of a good wax candle one yard off, or than that of the moon at her full, which is 400 times nearer.

THE EYE AND THE CAMERA.

Two varieties of imperfect sight are common amongst us. Both are commonly called short sight, but the one is really long sight, by which is meant the distance from the lens to the back of the eye is too short, and requires to be longer, and the other is true short sight, by which is meant that it is too long, and should be shorter. Those who have noticed photographers must have observed that the slide that holds the sensitive plate is moved backward or forward till the image is seen clearly on the glass. If it is too near or too far it is indistinct.

We have before stated that the general resemblance of the eye to the photographic camera is very complete. Let us compare the two together.

You are seated upright on a chair, your head against the rest; you have said "prism" and "prunes," and are despairingly conscious of your failure to call up an expression of dignified affability to replace the vacuous gingerbread rabbit-look now adorning it; the operator is standing at ease, his eyes half closed, one hand on the cap of the engine of torture and the other holding his watch, your eyes are winking fourteen to the dozen, and the top of your nose begins to itch so intolerably that you would cheerfully pay half-a-crown for leave to scratch it when—"Now then, sir, steady please," and off goes the the cap of the camera and at the same moment the man opens his eyes and stares at you, counting to himself all the time.

Observe now the simultaneous process in his eye, and in the camera.

He takes the cap off the camera and the cap or eyelid off his eye, and the light reflected from your rigid features stream in at the window of the eye and at the opening in the camera; passing backward in both, the first thing it meets with in each is the lens, which is a double convex one. This serves to gather the diverging rays of light from your face, and causes them to converge as they pass behind the lens into the dark interior of eye or camera. To obtain a clear image in either case the sensitive plate of the camera, or the retina of the eye, must be placed exactly where these rays come to a point; if too far or near the image is indistinct in the eye or the photograph bad in the camera. This is ensured in the camera by sliding the plate so as to stand at the right distance behind the lens, and in the eye, as we shall see, by altering the convexity of the lens so that the focusing point shall just be where the retina lies.

Next in each case an inverted light picture is produced on the plate or retina, which in the former case completes the process, the eye in addition having a nerve composed of thousands of strands to carry the consciousness of the image to the brain.

SQUINT.

Returning to the question of defective vision, we find that long sight and squint, both of which are very common in children—no less than fifty per cent. of German children being thus affected—are subtilly connected, and stand in the relation of cause and effect. Indeed, long sight has been shown to be by far the most common cause of squint, and for this reason, the flat or too short eye is compensated by rounding the lens more,

and the nerve that produces this is the same that draws the eyes together; hence the constant effort to do the one also produces the other undesirable result—an internal squint. We must all have noticed within the last two or three years the extraordinary increase of little urchins with huge round spectacles on their noses. These are to correct this sight by a second lens without having to round the lens of the eye, and so to strengthen the nerve; and hence they do away with the squint. Bad light and bad print all increase the defect.

The other defect is too long an eye, or short sight. This does not cause squint, like the other, and is easily corrected by concave glasses, which, by spreading the rays, throw the image on to the too-far-off retina. It is, however, a serious defect, and is hereditary in its tendency, and peculiarly common in Germany, being found in fifty per cent. of all the school children there.

SHORT SIGHT IN CHILDREN.

The hygiene of the eye in children is a wide subject and one worthy of our closest attention, seeing what this organ is to the human being. Dr. Fieuzal urges the strict introduction, both in school and at home, of fixed rules with regard to the light, school furniture, methods of writing, and the character of the print. With regard to this it may be remarked that too much study, too small print, a bad light, too little exercise, all tend to produce true short-sight in children without any hereditary tendency. The symptoms are easily recognised. Besides holding their books nearer, and being unable to read the figures on the blackboard across the room, they have frequent pain over the eyes and are, as a rule, weakly and ill-nourished.

The way in which this "too-long" eyeball is actually produced is interesting. A bad light or small print causes the child at first to hold the book near, and this causes convergence of the eyes. Now a studious child, besides working all day at school, studies at home at night, while his leisure hours are spent over story-books. The eyes are thus used continuously for near objects only, and things at a distance are hardly ever looked at. Now it is to be remembered that the eyeball in children is soft and yielding and easily moulded, and to be properly shaped in adult life must be properly used. When we continuously look at near objects there is a forward movement of the eyeball and a muscular pressure that tends indirectly to make the eye bulge at the back, and so produces near sight. Whether this be the exact mode in which it is caused is not certain, but the fact is clear, not only that short sight is thus formed in children, but that it rapidly progresses with age and study.

This artificially produced near sight in children is not only a defect but a disease. All the coats are stretched and get inflamed, and the result may even be blindness. "Inherited short sight is thus a far different thing from this acquired short sight brought on by neglect. No child should sit facing a light during study. In such a position the eye, saturated with light, turns to the printed page, and an extra effort is needed to overcome the dazzling and clear up the sight. The light should enter from above or at the side, so as to strike the *book* and not the *eye*. A deficient light is also injurious because it requires the book to be brought nearer to the eye and tends to promote posterior bulging. School furniture is often very ill adapted even if properly placed. The seat is too high generally for the desk, so that the child must bend over the book, producing congestion of the head, or the seat is too low for the desk, bringing the book too near the eyes."

This would not much matter for a term, but children who spend years in such positions necessarily suffer accordingly, not only in their eyes but in many other ways. According to Dr. Fieuzal education should begin after the seventh year; and all children with defective sight should be examined by an oculist, and each short-sighted child tested regularly once a year.

It may be well here just to point out the qualifications of a perfect school seat and desk. The seat should be high enough to let the whole foot rest flat on the floor and broad enough to support the thighs. The back should be supported below the shoulder blades in a vertical position. The desk should be of such a height that the arms can be rested on it without pushing up the shoulders, and for writing should slope one in five; for reading, one in two, the book being from twelve to sixteen inches from the eye. The edge of the desk should overhang the seat an inch or two.

Whenever a child is found to be suffering from artificial short sight the first thing to do is to take him from school, stop all reading and constant use of eyes for near objects, and make him use his eyes for distance. Let him climb hills and look miles away. Such treatment is most successful. After a time, perhaps in six months, the improvement will have reached its height, what is left being incurable. Now is the time for proper glasses, and the judicious resuming of studies, with a good light, well-printed books, and moderate hours. Every day, however, the child should be encouraged to use his eyes for distant objects and to play out of doors.

The so-called expression with which the eyes are generally credited is largely imagination, as may be seen by placing a number of persons behind a screen, or with paper masks that have holes just allowing the eyes to be seen. But little expression can be seen in the wide-opened eye of joy or sorrow, anger or love, these being mainly produced by the innumerable muscles of the face, especially round the mouth, the manipulation of the eyelids, and the pose of the head.

Large prominent eyes are frequently short-sighted, being, as we have seen, too long. A large pupil may be produced at will by gazing at distant objects or into vacancy, when the pupil dilates. It contracts, on the other hand, in proportion as the gaze is fixed on nearer objects. To observe this, make a friend alternately look out of the window and at the tip of his nose.

ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.



"I THINK," says he, "I think, my dear—
You know, we're often walking,
And certain busy people here
Spend half their time in talking:—"

"They do!" she cries, "(I name no names);
They're watching now, I'm certain—
Yes, that's their long red nose that flames
Between the blind and curtain."

"I think it might be well, you see,
To be—in fact—united;
You wouldn't mind, dear?" "Mind?" says she,
"No, I should be delighted.

"But, Tom," she adds, "we won't be rash—
Your appetite 's tremendous;
We ought to have a little cash
Besides what aunt would send us."

"Well, that would come to half-a-crown;
He laughs with satisfaction;
"But, here! my pet, let's put it down—
I'll work it by sub(s)traction."

They mount a stile, and take their seat,
With faces sweetly solemn;
She thinks, and swings her sandalled feet,
The while he heads the column.

"It's little *I* shall bring you, dear,"
She murmurs, sorely smitten;
"I've nothing but my dolls, I fear,
And half the tabby kitten.

"I *should* be rich"—'tis hard to speak—
"But Jane goes telling tales so;
They stop my twopence every week—
Because—I—bite my nails so!"

He gives her head a loving pat—
The showery face grows sunny;
"My own," he says, "why talk like that?
We've really heaps of money.

"Three shillings in my box to-day!
That's not so bad to start with;
And when my hen begins to lay,
There'll be the eggs to part with.

"My 'lowance is but small, no doubt,
But still it's quite a fixture—
And then I'm paid when teeth come out,
And when I take my mixture.

"No need for us to make a show
With balls and such pretences—
And making one of two, you know,
Will much reduce expenses.

"We shan't want coal, for sticks will burn—
But ah! there's plates—and knockers—
And clothes"—"No, dearest, frocks will turn,
And so will knickerbockers."

"Then buns—and shrimps—and humming-tops—
And dolly-tubs—and stables!"
"Of course," says she, "and acid drops—
We shan't want chairs or tables."

"No, not at first—we'll do with stiles;
But, then, there's jam and custard!—
And beef!"—"Oh, no, not beef," she smiles;
"That runs away with mustard."

"We must have dogs—to eat the fat—
And soap, you know—for shaving—
And mousetraps"—"No, we'll keep a cat;"—
"Ah, trust a wife for saving!

"We cannot keep a coach and pair,
Or live in style precisely;
But still, I think, with proper care,
We ought to manage nicely."

"Yes, Tom," she says, with modest charm,
Her blushes mounting thicker;
"Then, darling, if you'll take my arm,
We'll go and find the vicar."

The gravelled path behold them tread,
With manly stride and trip-toe;
They gain the porch, with roses red,—
He pulls the bell—on tip-toe.

Trim Mary bids them, with a smile,
Be seated in the study;
Then enters, in a little while,
The vicar, round and ruddy.

"And so, my dears, you've come to pay
A little morning visit?"
"We've come on business, please, sir!"—"Eh?
On business? well, what is it?"

The boy, without restraint or fuss,
Says, "If you do not mind, sir,
We want you just to marry us—
Perhaps, you'll be so kind, sir."

The parson stares in mute surprise
For full a minute after,
Then takes his glasses from his eyes,
And shakes with silent laughter.

"I'm grieved, upon my word," says he,
"To break such charming plans up;
But weddings can't take place, you see,
Till folks have put the banns up."

"What, pretty bride, dissolved in tears?
Don't cry, my little treasure!
If you'll come back—in twenty years—
I'll marry you with pleasure!"

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

A SIMPLE HELP TO HEALTH.

DR. G. MONOD, one of the most distinguished and successful medical men of recent times in Paris, has lately published a useful paper on the best means of preserving health. One of the chief methods recommended by him is sure to command wide attention at once from the simplicity of the advice and the eminence of the adviser. Dr. Monod has for some time retired from practice, having made more than a competency from his profession, and is now devoting his time to philanthropic and religious objects. It was he who built and presented to the Paris Missionary Society the new hall and offices where its important business is transacted. In the operations of that society, which has done so much for Africa, from Basutoland to the Zambesi, he takes lively interest.

The doctor is now eighty-five years of age, but, as he himself tells us, he is "hale and well, without any marked infirmity, in spite of the many risks and trials to health in the life of a medical practitioner." He attributes this preservation of health to a careful observance of all hygienic rules which he could attend to, and especially to the simple process which he now recommends from his own lifelong experience. He publishes his advice not in a scientific or society journal, but in the popular and widely-circulated "Almanach des bons Conseils," where it will be seen by all classes of readers, even in the humblest walks of life.

We have heard much lately about *massage*, and medical rubbing of various kinds by skilled or pretentious operators. Dr. Monod's plan is also on the principle of friction or rubbing, but the sole requisites for his process are a pair of hair gloves and a rough towel, with a few minutes of hard and regular exertion every morning. To many Englishmen there will be nothing new in his prescription. But before describing the process, he presents a few general remarks on health, which are worthy of attention.

Leaving out of view the many cases of accidents, and of serious constitutional maladies requiring the care of the surgeon or the physician, Dr. Monod reminds us that by far the largest number of diseases and disorders are such as are brought on by neglecting the ordinary laws of health, and the prevention or cure of which are within our own power.

"I think it needless," he says, "to enumerate among the causes of this neglect the evils produced directly by intemperance, debauchery, excessive smoking, and other abuses to which unrestrained appetites prompt men. It seems to me that the fools who give themselves up to these excesses are trying to solve this problem, 'How can we best and most quickly destroy that health

which God has bestowed upon us?' I do not address myself to those who are, alas! incorrigible and impervious to reason, I address myself to persons of good sense and right feeling who have the desire to know what is best, and the will to follow it, in regard to their health; and to them I offer advice about a method very simple and easy to carry out, but far too much neglected."

In order that all the organs of the body—brain, heart, lungs, stomach, and the rest—should perform their functions properly, it is essential that the skin should perform its part aright. If the functions of the skin were entirely suspended, as by encasing it in some impermeable substance, life could not long be sustained. If, on the contrary, the skin performs its functions perfectly, all the other organs benefit by the good health of the skin, and are thereby disposed to work well. The general condition of health may be said to depend very much on that of the skin, the important functions performed by which it is not necessary to enlarge upon.

To keep the skin in proper condition several means are used:

1. Tepid bathing, and well soaping the body. This is good, as far as it can be done, but working people and the poor cannot always afford the time and money for frequent warm or tepid baths, nor are they suited to all constitutions.

2. Cold baths, douches, and other appliances. These also are useful for general health, but not in all cases; and they are, besides, insufficient to remove from the skin the layer of injurious matter which the skin is perpetually secreting or withdrawing from the body—that which fouls the linen or flannel in contact with it.

3. Dry rubbing or friction by some substance more or less rough is by far the simplest and most efficacious method of cleansing the skin from this foul investiture, and keeping it in health-working condition. This method of treating the skin has been used and recommended by physicians from the remotest antiquity, but its value has been much lost sight of in modern times, and it is necessary to invite greater attention to it.

Dr. Monod's own experience we have already referred to, and he attributes to the custom of this dry rubbing his whole body every morning, more than to any other hygienic care, the health enjoyed by him in his old age. He is not singular in this strong recommendation of rubbing or shampooing, although little is said in professed medical treatises about an operation so simple, and not demanding medical attendance. Sir John Sinclair, in his "Code of Health and Longevity," a book once widely known and valued, has a section on Friction. He says, "The ancients placed a high value upon it, whereas the moderns pay little attention to this useful practice." He quotes Dr. Cadogan, who in his treatise on Gout refers to the shampooing in the East, where "rich Asiatics employ people to rub, chafe, and pat them all over without any labour or exertion of their own powers. This daily practice in hot countries is not only conducive to health, but a great luxury." Sir John Sinclair then gives his own recommendation of the practice, in a variety of circumstances, both for children and adults. Thus, in regard to indigestion or dyspepsia, he says, "Friction, with flannel or with a flesh-brush, applied for half an hour every morning will strengthen the stomach and organs connected therewith more than moderate exercise for a whole day." And, again: "There is no practice so likely to be useful for those who are apt to catch cold, or who are troubled with headache. . . . It promotes circulation and perspiration, opens the pores, forces the fine vessels, strains and purifies the blood, and this without the assistance of any internal stimulus. It is this that keeps horses in health with very little exercise."

So much from Sir John Sinclair's Code of Health. Now let us return to Dr. Monod, whose own words we again quote:

"During more than fifty years of my medical practice I have witnessed very many good and sometimes wonderful effects of these frictions among those of my clients who have had the firmness of mind necessary for persevering in this habit. If time and strength allow, I hope to give a detailed account of the results. Hitherto I have only called public attention to the matter in a little treatise, published in 1882 (Fischbacher, 33, Rue de Seine), entitled, 'Nos Enfants,' and in that work I chiefly referred to the hygienic management of children, but I am glad of the opportunity of addressing myself through a popular almanack to all reasonable people. And I hope that many will listen to the advice of an aged friend, speaking to them, as it were, almost from beyond the tomb."

The substance most suitable for the friction is horsehair, but for women and children goatskin is sufficiently rough. The whole apparatus consists of a pair of gloves such as are now sold under the name of loofahs—the *loofah* being the skeleton of an Egyptian cucumber. One glove is not enough, it takes double the time, and does the work less effectually. With both hands gloved, the lower limbs and portions of the body are first thoroughly rubbed, and afterwards the arms and chest, and the head last. Many persons, from habit, will prefer cold sponging or bathing before the rubbing, but it is the rubbing that is the essential process. Dr. Monod says that his custom all his life has been to begin the rubbing the moment he gets out of bed, the washing being after instead of before. Cold sponging increases the efficacy of the friction, the effect of which is soon apparent in the freer circulation of the blood and play of the lungs, in the invigorated tone of the whole frame, improvement of appetite, and increased vigour both of body and mind.

Not the least important of the incidental benefits, for those especially whose work or duty requires them to be early out of doors, is the power of better resisting the cold. Catarrh or cough rarely troubles those who have thus fortified themselves by securing healthy action of the skin.

Varieties.

Out of Work.

(Communicated by the Wife of a Foundryman.)

"Ye say, miss, ye want to know how it feels to be out o' work? I'll tell ye, and welcome, though I can't think why ye want to know. Ye'd best step inside here and sit ye down a bit.

"It's a nice little cottage, isn't it, this of ours? We've been settled here now for a seven year and more. That's my husband's fiddle that's up agen the wall; he's been a rare man all his life to play and sing. But they foundries has got such draughts as never was, he don't reckon to have a voice more'n half the year.

"Ye was asking me o' the time when Jem was out o' work; that's a good many years agone now, I'm glad to say. It was a bad winter when Jem was out—I don't like to think of it, miss, indeed I don't! He'd been good and steady, and they tried to keep him on, but they were turning off men by hundreds week by week. He came back one Saturday and found me by mysel', a-getting things ready against the Sunday came; and he sat him down and tried to sing a tune, an' then all at once he set to an' cried. He was vexed, you see, miss, an' he couldn't help himsel', because he'd never been out o' work before.

"Hadn't we saved nothing? Well, not a deal; we'd been having a lot of illness in the house. That soon runs away wi' money. But we had a little left.

"But then, you see, miss, what was the good of that, when there wasn't a penny to come in from any side, and when they came reg'lar each week for the rent, and we wanted a roof above and food to eat? Jem he tramped many scores of miles to look for work, but there was men hanging about at the corner of every street, an' it wasn't likely as a stranger'd be taken on when people couldn't find employment for their own. His own foundry promised as it 'ud take him when it could, but promises couldn't give us food to eat, an' there wasn't no prospect, by all that we could hear, as it would be able to set on men again. The old master was dead—he who had set up the foundry—an' the young one had got the money, and maybe he didn't care. Or perhaps he couldn't help it, because the times is bad; but he had a country house, an' we had not.

"What did we do? Well, I don't know what we did. We got scant o' clothes; we got bare o' furniture. We didn't know which way to turn, or what to do. I tell you, miss, there's a many I have known as never gets over such weeks an' months as them; they get so low, so disheartened, so in debt, that they never hold up their heads for all their lives. I didn't give up, but I was younger then. I couldn't bear such times agen, indeed I couldn't!

"What was my man like to me? Well, he was real good. He didn't drink, and he kep' up heart through all. I couldn't have believed it of a man like him—they're poor creatures, men, when it comes to such times as them. Didn't I get discouraged? Well, only now and then. I did feel a bit low before the baby came.

"We had three children then; we've had more since. There was little Jenny, an' Molly, as was much older, an' the babe. An' little Jenny, she kind of wasted away till she died. We hadn't never lost a child before; it did cut us, it did!" and she burst suddenly into tears.

"Ah," I cried, "you were sorry for the child that was dead; I should have been sorry for the child that was *born!*"

But the foundryman's wife did not understand my exclamation, she went on speaking with some feeling of apology in her tone.

"You see, miss," she said, "a baby is a little thing that lives and lies agen you; a mother can't help caring for it. You've not been married, miss, so you can't understand. Your ma would know.

"We couldn't afford a black dress," she went on, sorrowfully; "I should have liked to have had a black dress if I could. But then there was Molly—I was going to tell ye about Molly, and then ye'll know it all.

"You see, as things kept getting worse an' worse with us, there was Mrs. Jones as offered us a home. I didn't quite like to take it, for I knew she hadn't room. But then, what could one do? We couldn't go on paying rent no longer. So we came to her house; it wasn't comfortable. They build houses with more rooms to 'em now. An' then Molly took up with the eldest lad there. That hurt us dreadful; we didn't know what to do.

"My Molly was seventeen, but she wasn't strong. We had gone without fire an' food so much, an' it had hurt her chest. She coughed so that there wasn't a lady who would take her, or she could have got easy out to service, for she was a well-looking girl. An' there was the lad—he was quite out of work; an' he an' Molly they must take up together. They said as they'd marry; but they'd nothing to marry on, an' I didn't know what it would come to, indeed I didn't! I was dreadful anxious, but I was too ill to be moved; and if I'd been well there was nowhere we could go.

"An' then on one night, the night that Jenny died, I sat by the fire an' I held her in my arms. I knew she was dead, but I couldn't let go my hold, an' the baby it lay in the cradle by my side. Jem hadn't come in, an' I thought I was alone. I didn't know what he'd say, and I couldn't bear to think. I was so miserable I thought I could ha' died; there didn't seem no hope in all the world for me. An' then the door opened, an' when I turned my head I saw as it was Molly that was there.

"She'd got her hat on, she meant to go out that night she meant to steal through the room an' not look at me; an I was that wretched I couldn't say a word. I couldn't a stopped her if she'd gone out to death. An' she went through the room, an' all at once she stood still—I don't know what made her stand and look like that—an' she came up to me, she was all trembling then, and she bent down her head to look at Jenny's face. 'Mother, she's dead!' she cried; 'she's dead! she's dead!' and she threw herself right down upon the floor. I thought she would kill herself with her crying then, but I cried so much that I couldn't speak to her.

"Well, miss, I do think that it made a change in her, for she was quite different when that night was passed, an' after a time she got into the hospital, an' it did her a power of good, an' she got well. An' I ought to tell ye that Jem got work again; he's never been out of it since, I thank the Lord. We've had our hard times, an' we've had our sickly times, but we've managed to have some constant work through all. I'm glad of that—it was a bad time—I can't bear to think of it even now."

She remained silent for a minute with her eyes full of tears.

"Well, miss, I've told ye, as ye wanted, an' now ye'll know. An' next winter ye'll happen to remember to ask about the foundries. An' if they tell ye as there's hundreds out o' work, ye'll think o' me, maybe, an'll pray for 'em all, as I do; for they're bad times, they *are*."

M. A. CURTOIS.

Three Kinds of Wives.

A Story from Zanzibar.

There was a man who married a wife and had two children, both sons. Then by God's will he died, he and his wife. The two sons were left alone.

These two disputed as to the divisions of their inheritance. The elder said "I am the elder; I shall take two shares, you must take one." But the younger refused to agree to this, and said he ought to share equally with his brother. Thus they disputed long, much to the injury of the property. At last a man came who said, "Why do you thus dispute; go to such a town where dwells such an one, a man of great wisdom—he

will settle the question for you." So they arose and went whither they were told. The man named came out to them, and lo! his beard was white as milk; he had not a black hair left. He asked them of their business and they told him their history from beginning to end—and how they had disputed and could not agree about their inheritance. He said, "This is a great matter; I cannot decide it, you must go to my elder brother."

So he gave them as a guide a young slave boy, and they journeyed on many days till they reached the city where his elder brother dwelt. When they arrived he was resting in the heat of the day. But the slave went in and told him and he came out to them. They told him likewise their story and asked his advice. He replied, "This is beyond me, you must go to my eldest brother."

Now they noted with surprise that his beard, instead of being white like his younger brother's, was equally mixed black and white hairs. He gave them a slave as guide, and they went further till they came to the city where dwelt the eldest brother. Now when they arrived at his house it was the middle of the day, and he and his wife were resting within. The slave went and told how "two strangers had come from afar, and how they had been sent by his brothers to ask his counsel."

Now his wife, who was wide awake, heard all this, but the husband being asleep heard not. So the wife arose, and, finding that her husband was lying upon part of her dress, she took a pair of scissors and cut off that piece of her dress rather than disturb him. Then she went downstairs and bade the slaves kill a goat, and cook rice and prepare food for the guests. All this time her husband slept. When he awoke for his afternoon hour of prayer he saw the piece of stuff that was cut off, and asked its meaning. His wife said, "You were asleep when some guests arrived from your brothers, so I was obliged to get up and see to their entertainment, but I did not want to disturb you, so as you were lying upon my dress I cut the piece off rather than awake you."

So when he went down for his afternoon prayers he found everything ready and the food for the guests prepared. When they had eaten they told him their story from beginning to end, and how they had disputed about the division of the inheritance. He said, "You must divide it equally, seeing you are both men. Had one been a woman she would have taken a third part only and the man would have taken two-thirds, but being men the elder and the younger must share alike."

So he sent a slave with them to divide the inheritance for them. Now they were amazed to see that every hair in his beard was black, he had not one single white hair amongst them. So before they took their leave they asked him how it was that he who was the eldest had quite black hairs in his beard, he who was the youngest had a beard entirely white, while the middle one had hair half black and half white in his beard.

He replied, "It all depends on a man's wife. There are three kinds of wives. There is a wife who is a reasonable being. There is the wife who is a cow, and there is the wife who is a dog. Now my wife is a reasonable being. When you came she got up to see to your welcome, and rather than arouse me from sleep she cut a piece off her dress. Then she went downstairs, she ordered the slaves, she arranged everything, so that all was ready when I got up. Thus you see I have no cares—not one single hair in my beard has turned white. Now my next brother, his wife is a cow. He has to tell her to do everything. To tell her to sweep, to tell her to cook, to tell her to make the bed; she sits and looks on unless he tells her. His beard therefore you see is mixed black and white. But my youngest brother, his wife is a dog. She does nothing but fly at him. He gives her clothes, he gives her money, and she does nothing but abuse him and fly at him. 'What sort of husband are you? I don't want you! Get away from me!' This is the sort of words he hears all day long, so his beard is perfectly white though he is the youngest of the three."

Notes from the South Pacific.

A FORTUNATE FIND.—Six years ago the barque S——, of New Zealand, called at Rarotonga. She had been singularly fortunate, for Captain E——, when cruising a little south of the line in quest of sperm whales, sighted a dead one floating with the current, a large number of sharks feasting upon it. This itself, with the "head matter"—*i.e.*, spermaceti—was of considerable value. But floating near the dead monster of the deep was a large mass of an ash-grey colour, which proved to be ambergris, weighing eight hundred and fifty pounds, probably the largest lump ever discovered! It will be surmised that Captain E—— did not care to continue the voyage, but made sail back to his owners in New Zealand. The lump was broken up and sold in parcels of fifty pounds each at various times. Disposed of even in such small quantities, the market was sensibly affected, so limited is the demand for this precious article. The sum of forty thousand pounds was realised by that one find of ambergris.

Ambergris is a morbid secretion of the intestinal canal of the spermaceti whale (*Physeter macrocephalus*), derived from the bile. It is used to intensify perfume; its smell is very agreeable. There can be no question that this immense lump was the cause of the death of the sperm whale found by my friend.

Captain E—— called at Rarotonga during a subsequent cruise. He had plenty of sperm oil and spermaceti on board, but had not been, and I am afraid never again will be, equally fortunate in the finding of ambergris.

TEETH.—Nothing could exceed the whiteness and regularity of the teeth of the islanders at the period of our first acquaintance with them. The natives themselves attribute this to their non-acquaintance at that time with hot stimulative drinks, such as coffee, tea, etc., and especially to their ignorance of "the fragrant weed."

In most of the islands generation after generation passed away without ever tasting a warm drink of any kind. The almost universal practice of chewing sugar-cane is unquestionably a great preservative to the teeth, cleansing them and removing the tartar. A dying native over eighty years of age, whom I visited daily, had a perfect set of teeth.

Most of the sons and grandsons of our first converts have served for years on board American whalers and other ships, and thus have contracted a fondness for tobacco, coffee, molasses, etc. The tobacco-plant *now* grows freely in most of the islands. Men *chew*, as well as perpetually smoke tobacco, rising twice or thrice in the night for the purpose. Far worse is the introduction of virulent diseases by the white race, with the violent medicines used for their cure. From all these causes together there can be no question that the teeth of the civilised South Sea Islanders to-day are inferior to those of their heathen ancestors.

A NATURAL BAROMETER.—The terror of the Hervey Islanders is the cyclone, which may be expected any time during the first three months of the year. In its awful fury it lays low their dwellings, bananas, plantains, cocoanut palms, and other fruit-bearing trees, invariably occasioning famine.

The natives are mercifully forewarned by seeing the strange twists and contortions of the stem of the indigenous banana, and the extraordinarily crinkled appearance of the inner leaves of the *kape*[1] (a gigantic aroid), some weeks previous to the event. The leaf and stem of the indigenous banana are marvellously sensitive to atmospheric changes. At first I laughed at the native proverb[2] referring to this natural barometer; but long observation has completely justified it.

SAND-HOPPER.—At Rarotonga a sort of sand-hopper may occasionally be seen on the back of a crayfish. Hence it is called "the king of the crayfish." The natives believe that if a crayfish sees a sand-hopper asleep, and therefore in peril, it wakes up its little friend (by touching it), and is not satisfied until it leaps on its broad back to rest in safety!

WALKING-FISH.—At Vaimaanga, on the southern part of Rarotonga, may be occasionally seen that very strange-looking creature called the walking-fish (*Antennarius hispidus*). It is very small, being only three inches in length. It really

[1] *Alocasia Indica* (Seeman). Its leaves measure from eight to twelve feet in circumference.

[2] Kua taviriviri te kao o te meika = The stem of the banana is twisted.

walks on the sandy bottom, but never out of the water. It is used by the natives as bait.

BRASSY CRAB.—The Brassy Crab (*Zozymus æneus*) was formerly worshipped by certain families on the low coral atolls of Manihiki and Rakaanga. In the Hervey group it is plentiful, and is much prized as an article of diet.

MAGNIFICENT BIRD OF PARADISE. — Mr. Armit, the well-known explorer in New Guinea, tells a strange story of the magnificent bird of paradise (*Diphyllodes speciosa*). The male fights to gain exclusive possession of a convenient place for dancing. He then clears it, and (the earth being very soft) pegs it. He now displays to the utmost advantage his wires and remarkable plumes, and begins to dance, without touching or upsetting one of the pegs. Meanwhile the hens are delightedly watching the performance; until at length one would come out of her hiding-place to the magnificent dancer, and the pair would fly away. Another male now takes the place of his friend and begins to dance, with a similar *finale*.

FOWLS.—A native breed of fowls still exists in the interior of Rarotonga. It is easily distinguished from the many varieties introduced by the missionaries by its smaller size. In the olden times common people were not allowed to keep or taste one, this dainty being reserved for kings and chiefs. Cockfighting was a great pastime among the leading men of those days. The Rarotongan designation for "a *wild* man" (tangata momoavao) literally means "a fowl of the valley," *i.e.*, hiding in the forest lining the steep sides of these almost inaccessible places. It is worthy of note that the extreme antiquity of the word momoavao (= wild) is proved by "vao" being used for "valley," instead of the usual "δ." "Vao" is now utterly disused,[1] and was so as far back as the year 1823, when the Rev. J. Williams re-discovered the island and landed Christian teachers on it.

Lieutenant Bligh, when he discovered the beautiful island of Aitutaki in 1789 found an indigenous breed of fowls there, exactly similar to that on Rarotonga. It is the boast of Rongotini, one of the present chiefs of Atiu, that his ancestors brought fowls with them on their original settlement.

On Mangaia, although the generic name (moa) for "fowl" was part of their language, no fowls were ever seen until introduced by the first Christian teachers.

POLYNESIAN NAIADES.—At Rarotonga a small fresh-water fish, known as the "Kativai" (Kati = bite. Vai = water = Water-biter, or, She who bites or pulls the water out of the mountain-side), is supposed to be the goddess of the streams, and to lead them from the interior to the ocean! The numerous little "Kativai" that may be seen in the valleys are regarded as the prolific offspring of this river nymph.

W. WYATT GILL, B.A.

Flora of Madeira.—The most conspicuous families in the indigenous flora are the *Filices*, the *Laurineæ*, the *Compositæ*, and the *Labiatæ*. Of the *Ericeæ* there are two species, which attain to a remarkable growth in the island, *Vaccinium Madeirense*, and *Erica arborea*. The native whortleberry forms little thickets, almost like forests, on the mountain sides, the plants being often from fifteen to twenty feet in height. The tree-heath grows everywhere on the mountains beyond 2,500 or 3,000 feet above the sea. On Pico Ruivo, the highest peak on the island, it commences at about 3,000 feet, and covers most of the mountain side to nearly the summit, which is more than 6,200 feet above the sea level. The stems are frequently six, and sometimes eight feet in circumference. The wood is very hard, and is used for most of their common work by the peasants. The other forest trees chiefly belong to the *Laurineæ*. The *Laurus Indica*, Vinhatigo of the natives, grows to an immense size. Its wood is of a dark colour, and of excellent quality, being employed in various articles of work under the name of Madeira mahogany. Of foreign trees, the most conspicuous is the common chesnut, *Castanea vulgaris*, which was introduced by the early settlers. It forms fine forests on the lower parts of the mountains, especially in the interior and on the north coasts.

[1] At Mangaia "vao" is the only word for "valley."

The Turretini Family in Geneva.—A singularly interesting biographical work has been privately printed at Geneva. It is a history of eminent members of the Turretini family, which originally came from Lucca in times of persecution during the 16th century, and has continued to flourish in Geneva down to our own day. The editor of the present treatise is a François Turretini, member of the Historical and Archæological Society of Geneva. This is the same name that is known to theologians as author of the most famous book of Calvinistic divinity since the "Institutes" of the Swiss Reformer. Beneditto, the father of Francis, author of the "Institutio Theologicæ Elencticæ," was also an eminent divine, and leader of the Geneva school of theology, after Calvin and Beza. It is noteworthy that the sceptical Bayle, in his Dictionary, speaks with high praise of Turretini's book, and it is still one of the standard works in theological schools. Dr. Chalmers used it as one of his text books at Edinburgh. Other members of the Turretini family were distinguished as ambassadors and as statesmen in the 17th century. During the last two centuries the family name has been conspicuous in the magistracy of Geneva; and the editor of the present book was Procureur Général of the Swiss Republic in 1871, during the Franco-German war. A notice of the work appeared in the Edinburgh Review for October, 1888.

Cardinal Newman's Prologues.—A few years ago there were paragraphs in the papers recording the active interest taken by the aged John Henry Newman in the annual performance of the Latin play by the classical scholars at the Oratory, Birmingham. More than once the Prologue was said to be written by him. More than 65 years before, in 1820, when yet at Trinity College, Oxford, where he was elected to a scholarship, he wrote a Prologue to the Andria of Terence, and sent it to his former master, the Rev. Dr. Nicholas, for recital at the performance of that play by his former schoolfellows at Ealing School.

I have a copy of this Prologue before me, dated Trinity College, May 31st, 1820. It consists of 50 hexameters. "You may object," he says, in the accompanying letter, "to the heroic metre, but I could make nothing of *longs and shorts*." The only subjects introduced are the deaths of the old King George III and of Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent. These events were then recent, and occurred within short time of each other, in January, 1820. Forty of the lines refer to the reign of George III; and the eulogy of the good old King is hearty but discriminating. The tribute to the Duke of Kent, also, is as warm as it is well merited. Of the whole loyal Prologue, he says to Dr. Nicholas, "I hope you will not think it at all adulatory."

It is interesting to recover this early literary effort, which was printed for private circulation.

The recent illness of his Eminence touched many hearts, and brought out many sympathies beyond his own communion. Whatever diversity there may be as to his ecclesiastical views, there is universal admiration of the spirit of the man. The last edition of the "Apologia" was read with as much interest as when the book first appeared in 1864. And the hymn, written in the early dawn of his spiritual life, with its prayer for light amidst "the encircling gloom," is equally adapted for the evening twilight.

Madeira, its Climate and Vegetation.—In some of the sheltered places on the south coast there is quite a tropical temperature; and in those places (such as the bay and city of Funchal, where the invalids reside in the winter), the climate remains more genial than our English summer, while in the north of the island there may be the rigour of winter, with the tops of the mountains covered with snow. Between these extremes, every degree of climate is met with, and the range of vegetation varies accordingly, while dates, bananas, limes, custard apples, guavas, coffee, and such plants, ripen their fruit in the gardens on the coast; and vines on trellis-work cover the hill sides; the potato, the apple, the strawberry, and many European plants flourish above. The mountains in many parts rising directly from

the sea, it is interesting to observe this variety of vegetation brought into close approximation. There are also presented, from the same cause, some striking appearances connected with the vicissitudes of the season. During the winter the residents on the coast look up from amidst their tropical vegetation and genial temperature, through every variety of climate and verdure, to the bleakest desolation on the snow-capped heights. In the fall of the year again, while the summer foliage yet remains on the coast, the upper parts of the landscape present the varied tints and the fading foliage of autumn.—*Botanical Journal.*

Chinese not Atheists.—The Chinese Chargé d'Affaires in France, General Theng-Ki-Tong, has addressed a letter to M. Adolph Franck, of the Institute, President of the League against Atheism (Ligue contre l'Atheisme), protesting against the Chinese being classed amongst atheists. The General defends with warmth the memory of Confucius, who always recognised an intelligent and governing power in nature. In China, the words God and heaven are synonymous. It is remarkable that the Chinese language possesses no term equivalent to atheist. The Emperor is considered as the representative of Deity, and in that sense he is called the Son of Heaven. The eulogies of Confucius by French atheistic and materialistic writers are misplaced. Let us hope that as the best classes of China repudiate the title of atheists, they may be brought to see in Jesus Christ the only representative of Deity on earth, and the one true Son of God.

Labour Times and Wages.—At the last International Trades' Union Congress the speeches and reports from various countries showed that the working classes in England have far better position than in any other part of Europe. The Report by M. Delporte, of Brussels, gave such statements about long hours and low wages that "there were many groans and cries of 'shame' from the English delegates." From Holland it was reported that the working classes have hardly any influence in the legislature, and consequently the taxes were allowed to press more heavily on them than on any other classes. Agricultural labourers only earned about fourteenpence for a day's work of fourteen hours. In textile industries, workmen earned seven florins weekly. Public meetings in the open air were prohibited, and indoor meetings could be dispersed by authority of the police. In Germany, when Socialism was more pronounced, workmen who attempted to organise trades' unions for agitating questions of improving the condition of labour were liable to imprisonment and expulsion from their country. In France the influence of the labouring class was much more powerful, especially in Paris, where a large central bureau existed, under the sanction of the municipality. Here 140 trades' unions had their offices. By organisation they had hopes of reducing the time to nine hours a day, and compelling the contractors to keep up wages by the fear of strikes. Similar "labour exchanges" were being established in other large towns, and the French delegates would help the English agitation for the eight hours' daily work.

Brazil and Slavery.—Among the memorable events of 1888 is that of the final abolition of slavery in Brazil. After existing for three centuries, it was difficult to effect emancipation by any immediate and heroic process. The Brazilians could not afford, like Great Britain, to pay a vast sum to the possessors of slaves. The prudence of the Emperor avoided a catastrophe like that in the United States, where the freedom of the slaves cost the nation, in the civil war, countless millions of money, and two millions of human lives. The Emperor, Pedro II, of Brazil, wisely arranged for a gradual emancipation, and the abolition has been completed without agitation, without trouble, and without shedding of blood. From the year 1850 the slave trade with importation of negroes was suppressed. There were then 7,000,000 of slaves in Brazil. In 1872 a law was passed by which all children of slaves were declared free-born. A previous Act had provided for the purchase of their own freedom by slaves whom the masters were compelled by law to pay for a certain time of labour each day. Other measures for ameliorating the condition of servitude were passed, and so the nation was prepared for complete abolition of slavery. The Emperor had long before set a noble example by freeing all his own slaves, and many of the wealthy slaveholders followed his Majesty's example. Their estates were more prosperous under the system of free labour. At the beginning of the year 1888 there remained only about half-a-million of slaves, and the Imperial decree of May 13 of last year completed the emancipation. The Emperor's name will be honoured in history, not only as a benefactor of his country, but of humanity, by his whole management of the slavery question in Brazil. May he live long, and his empire prosper.

Fuseli and Lawrence.—When Sir Thomas Lawrence painted his picture of "Satan calling to his Legions," Fuseli, in a rage, said he had borrowed the idea from him. Lawrence answered quietly, "It is quite true, but it was from your person, not your painting." This at first might well have increased Fuseli's anger, but Lawrence went on to explain, that when they were together in Wales, Fuseli stood on a rock on the Pembroke coast overlooking the Bay of Bristol, and gazed down on the sea which rolled magnificently below. He stood, in a wild posture, crying out "How grand! how grand!" "I thought," said Lawrence, "of the Devil looking into the abyss, and took a sketch of you at the moment." He then showed the sketch to Fuseli, who was at once pacified.

Barnard's Inn.—Barnard's Inn, between Holborn Circus and Fetter Lane, one of the few genuine pieces of antiquity in that part, and the last survivor of the old Inns of Court, now disused, is absolutely freehold and forms a parish by itself, and covers about 28,000 superficial feet. The hall and the library of the Inn, with kitchen and porter's lodge, are still standing complete, and the garden contains some well-grown plane-trees. The total income of the rental for chambers, shops, etc., is at present nearly £2,500 a year. Barnard's Inn has been, in theory at least, devoted to the study of the law for three centuries. Mr. Walter Thornbury tells us in "Old and New London" that it was formerly called Mackworth's Inn, after Dr. John Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln in the reign of Henry VI, but that, being in the occupation of one Barnard when it was converted into an Inn of Chancery, it has retained that name ever since. Its hall is the smallest of all such halls, being only thirty-six feet long, and it contains, or contained till lately, a fine portrait of Lord Chief Justice Holt, who was formerly its Principal. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, adds Mr. Thornbury, there were one hundred and twelve students in this Inn in term time, and twenty-four out of term; and so lately as 1855, including the Principal, the "Ancients," and the "Companions," the society numbered eighteen members. Its chambers have been tenanted not only by lawyers, but by alchemists, and other eccentric characters, and it is perhaps worthy of note that the Inn itself, adjoining as it did the distillery of Messrs. Langdale, who were Roman Catholics, had a very narrow escape from destruction by fire in the Gordon Riots a little over a century ago.—*Times.*

Buried Ruins.—Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in recording his recollections of Bath, says: "The old Roman baths are only partially exposed. What surprises one all over the Old World is to see how deeply all the old civilisations contrive to get buried. Everybody seems to have lived in the cellar, It is hard to believe that the cellar floor was once the sunlit surface of the smiling earth."

Use of the Spider's Thread in Astronomical Observations.—Mr. Froude, in his "Oceana," describing a visit which he paid to the Royal Observatory at Melbourne, says:—"Most curious of all to me was the breed of spiders, which are carefully and separately brought up, fed, and protected from contamination with others of their race. In transit and other delicate observations where the period at which a star passes this point or that must be noted to the fraction of a second, the inner surface of the glasses used is crossed by minute lines, dividing it into squares, to assist in measuring the precise rate of movement across the field. For these lines no thread is fine enough which man can manufacture. Spider web is used, and not even this as the spider leaves it: for the spider makes a rope, and it is the strands of the rope, when untwisted, which alone will answer. The common spider's thread such as we see him stretch from point to point on a bush, is a rope of eight strands, the untwisting of which

to human fingers is a difficult operation. But a variety has been found at Melbourne whose thread has only three strands, and the precious creatures are among the observatory's rarest treasures. Looking at all this elaborate apparatus, I said it made me wonder the more at the old Alexandrians, who, with their imperfect instruments, had discovered the precession of the equinoxes. 'Yes,' Mr. Ellery—the Astronomer-royal—answered, 'and the best work now is being done by men who have imperfect instruments. It is the eye of the observer, and not the telescope, which makes the difference.'"

Classification of Workhouse Paupers.—During the debates on the Local Government Bill, the questions of indoor and outdoor relief was repeatedly touched. One of the greatest evils of the workhouse system was strongly denounced by Mr. Hall in the following words: "The workhouses were the hotels of tramps and Bastilles of honest men. He had sat regularly as a member of one of the hardest boards of guardians in the country. He had seen outdoor relief refused to a poor, honest woman with children, and the workhouse refused by her in turn, and shortly afterwards he had seen two women of bad character admitted into the house. It was a shame that decent people should be compelled to herd with thieves and prostitutes." The compulsory association of the honest poor with debased and criminal inmates is one cause of the terror and repugnance felt towards the workhouse. Surely this state of things might be amended by giving to the governors of union houses large power to separate and classify the inmates. This power could not be abused if assisted by the advice of chaplains and medical officers, and subject to the sanction of the guardians. It is only in rare cases that the guardians are heartlessly heedless of the condition of the workhouse poor, and striving only to keep the rates near starvation level. Some classification of the poor need involve very small increase of expense, and would be a great boon to many of the helpless inmates.

Milk Licences.—The supply of good milk for large towns, and especially for London, is of immense importance both on dietetic and medical grounds. It is comparatively easy to discover dangerous or adulterated milk in the few great houses supplying each district of the metropolis. But the sale of milk in retail has been taken up by numerous small dealers. It ought to be widely known, and verified by police supervision, that by several Acts of Parliament and orders in council, every dairyman, cowkeeper, and seller of milk requires to have a licence, and to be upon the official register of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Unregistered milksellers are liable to a penalty of £5 for each offence.

Comets of 1889.—The comet which (as was mentioned in the "Science Notes" of the "Leisure Hour" for last November) was discovered by Mr. E. E. Barnard at the Lick Observatory, California, on the 3rd of September, 1888 (Mr. Brocks, of the Geneva Observatory, New York, discovered it independently on the following morning), increased in brightness sufficiently to be just visible to the naked eye in November. It was nearest the earth (about 101 millions of miles from us) in the third week in November, and was then twelve times as bright as when it was first discovered, after which it became gradually fainter again. It will be nearest the sun on the 31st of January, and, though it has for some time ceased to be visible without the aid of a telescope, it is likely to continue to be seen with such assistance (particularly in the southern hemisphere) until next autumn, since it will probably be nearly as bright at the beginning of September, 1889, as when discovered early in September, 1888. Of the known periodical comets, only one will be due to return in 1889. This was discovered by M. Tempel (now director of the Arcetri Observatory, near Florence) at Marseilles on the 3rd of July, 1873. Its period was found to be about five years and a quarter, and it returned, according to prediction, in the autumn of 1878, but escaped observation at the subsequent return in the winter of 1883. It has never been visible without the assistance of a good telescope, and its position is such that astronomers have little hope of seeing it on its return this month.

W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

"Goths at Tunbridge Wells."—Under this heading we last year quoted the statement of a writer who says that when at Tunbridge Wells on asking his way to the Pantiles, "the gaping inhabitants had never heard of such a place." Taking refuge in a shop, however, he was "informed that the Pantiles now bore the name of the Parade!" A correspondent writes, and we can ourselves now bear testimony to his correction: "This is certainly not in accordance with my experience. I was at Tunbridge Wells last August, and saw with my own eyes an enamelled plate affixed to one of the houses at the entrance to the famous paved promenade, with the time-honoured title 'The Pantiles' painted thereon." According to a local guide-book the Jubilee year was "celebrated" by the loyal inhabitants of the town by abolishing the hackneyed designation "parade," and reverting to the historical name of "The Pantiles." H. H.

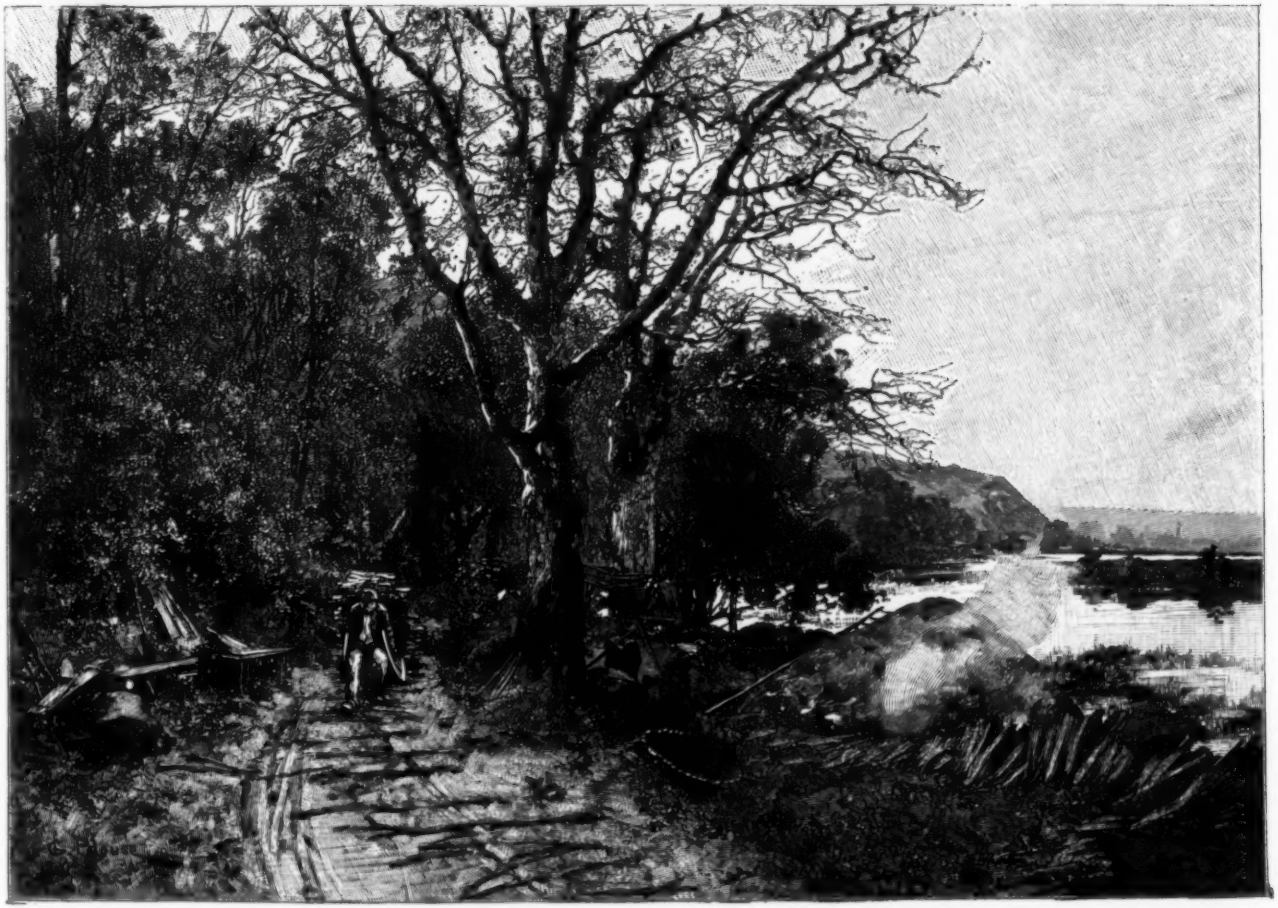
Armada Relics.—After the defeat of the Armada, Queen Elizabeth gave to Sir John Hawkins a jewel, with gold chain, and a lock of her hair. To this jewel was attached a miniature, painted by Peter Oliver, the best English artist of that time. This was considered to be an excellent likeness of the admiral. A copy of this portrait, and of the royal jewel, is engraved in the "Memoirs of the Hawkins' Family," by Mary Wise Savery Hawkins, a lineal descendant of the Armada hero. Miss Hawkins gives a curious history of this relic. Coming into the possession of two sisters, they agreed to a division, one taking the picture and jewel, and the other the gold chain, all trace of which is lost. But the portrait and jewel descended to a member of the family, and had various vicissitudes, till about the year 1850, Baron E. Rothschild, coming to Dartmouth in his yacht, purchased the precious relic from Sir Henry Seale, Bart., and it is now in the possession of his daughter, the Countess of Rosebery. The Marquis of Lothian has a picture of three of the Armada heroes, Hawkins, Drake, and Cavendish, ascribed to the painter Mytens, and which has been at Newbattle, the seat of the Lothian family, for about 250 years. An engraving from this picture is also given in the book of Miss Hawkins, which is full of the most interesting matter about the times of the Armada, as well as about the Hawkins family.

Copyright.—Donaldson, an Edinburgh publisher, opened a shop in London for the sale of cheap editions of English works. The law then allowed him to do so. Johnson was angry for the sake of the London booksellers, for whom he uniformly professed much regard. Some one said (as is now said of American pirates) that "Donaldson was anxious for the encouragement of literature. He reduces the price of books, so that poor students may buy them." "Sir," said Johnson, "allowing that be his motive, he is no better than Robin Hood, who robbed the rich in order to give to the poor."

First Evening in Jerusalem.—I shall never, as long as I live, forget that first evening in Jerusalem. When I saw the sunset from the Mount of Olives, and that wondrous peace of nature supervened, which even in any other place has a solemn character of its own. Here the spirit could lift itself over earthly things, and dwell uninterruptedly in those thoughts which move the heart of every Christian when he looks back on that great work of redemption which found upon this hallowed spot its loftiest expressions. To read over again one's favourite passages is in itself an act of worship.—*Diary of the Emperor Frederick of Germany*, 1869.

Astronomical Almanack for January.

1	T	New ☽ 9.8 P.M.
2	W	☉ rises 8.8 A.M.
3	T	☉ sets 4.2 P.M.
4	F	Mars and Venus near ☽
5	S	Clock before ☉ 5m. 51s.
6	✠	EPIPHANY
7	M	Orion S. 10.20 P.M.
8	T	Camb. Lent Term begins
9	W	Fire Insurance expires ☽ 1 Quarter 0.41 A.M.
10	T	Taurus S. 9.10 P.M.
11	F	Hilary Law Sittings begin
12	S	☽ greatest dstnce. from ⊕
13	✠	1 SUN. AFTER EPIPHANY
14	M	Oxford Lent Term begins
15	T	☉ rises 8.1 A.M.
16	W	☉ sets 4.19 P.M.
17	T	Full ☽ 5.37 A.M. [Eclp. of ☽ 4h. to 7h. A.M.
18	F	Saturn near ☽
19	S	Venus sets 8.34 P.M.
20	✠	2 SUN. AFTER EPIPHANY
21	M	Twilight ends 6.29 P.M.
22	T	Daybreak 5.54 A.M.
23	W	Mars sets 8.1 P.M.
24	T	☽ 3 Quarter 3.57 P.M.
25	F	Saturn rises 5.28 P.M.
26	S	Clock before ☉ 12m. 53s.
27	✠	3 SUN. AFTER EPIPHANY
28	M	☽ least distance from ⊕
29	T	☉ rises 7.45 A.M.
30	W	☉ sets 4.43 P.M.
31	T	New ☽ 9.10 A.M. [Day's increase 1h. 19m.



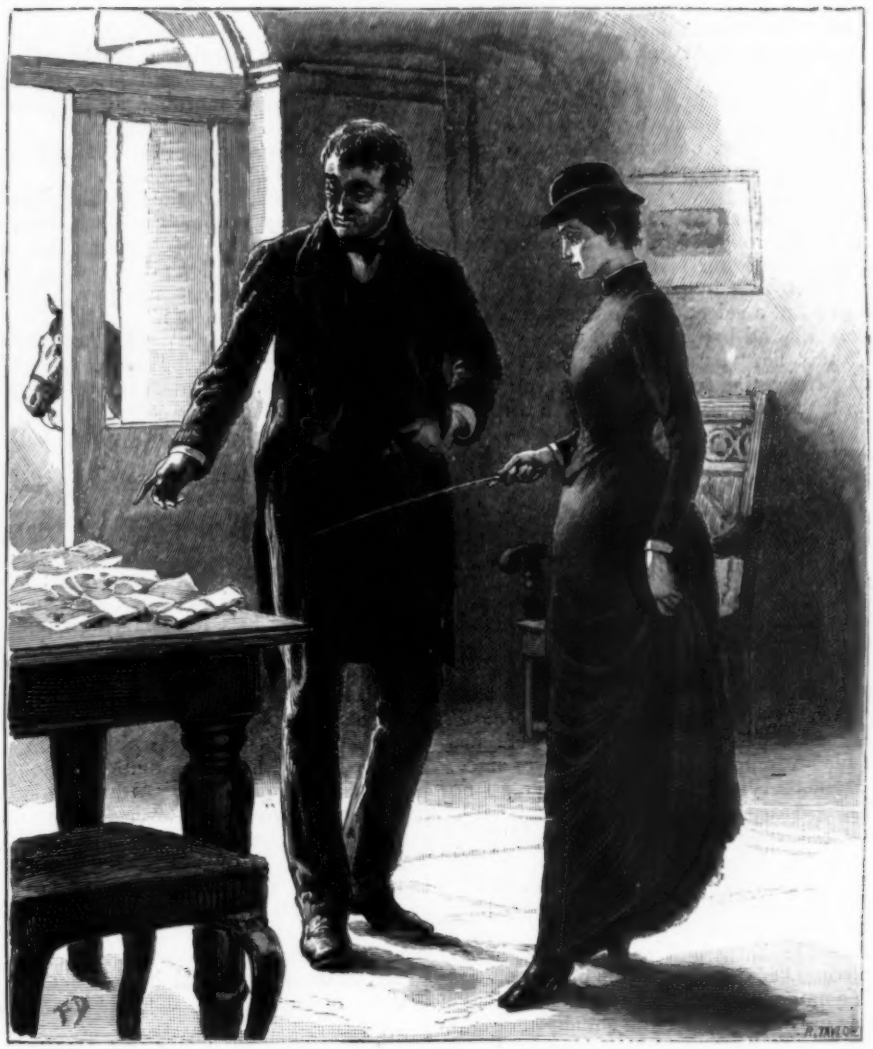
Paris Salon, 1887.] CHARCOAL BURNERS ON THE BANKS OF THE DOUBS. *[Leon Germain Pelouse.*

CARRICONNA:

A STORY MORE OR LESS IRISH.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ADVERTISEMENT.



"DON'T YOU WANT TO READ THEM?"

LADY KITTY CHEVENIX hooked her pony's reins over the rusty staple in the wall just against the hall-door, where many generations of Nugents and their visitors had hitched their horses. The rusty staple was just above the three stone steps upon which ladies had mounted to seat themselves behind their lords in the days when one horse carried two riders. Then my lady gathered the folds of her dark-green habit in one bare white hand, and followed Anthony into the house.

The brass-bound oaken table in the hall, beneath which stood a brass-bound oaken turf-bucket, was piled up with letters and circulars, which Anthony gave a vicious and contemptuous poke at, by way of asking Lady Kitty's attention thereto.

"See that, now!" said he. "Didn't I tell ye? There's just the way of it!" and was passing on into the dining-room.

"But don't you want to read them?" exclaimed

Kitty. "You *ought* to read them, you know. Just look at the postmarks! They're from all parts of the country, and from England too; and here's one from Scotland, and—"

"And there's one from a great way farther than Scotland!" called Miss Nugent from the dining-room.

"Eh?—ho! ho!" laughed Anthony; for her ladyship, without so much as another glance at the appeals of indigent Ireland, England, and Scotland, darted into the dining-room, and across to where Miss Nugent was deep in a letter closely written on foreign paper in a good masculine hand.

"Attend to your own letters, Mr. Nugent," said Lady Kitty. "They want your best attention. Good morning to you, Barbara. Please to turn back to the first page; you're reading it a great deal too quickly."

And, without further salutation or leave asked, she put her arm round Barbara's shoulder, and began to read the letter from Africa.

Anthony, with less impatience, began, not to read, but to scan, a selection from his own correspondence. By-and-bye he looked up.

"Well," said he, "have they heard tell of me in Africa? Have the tribes smelt out me little store? Is it the Naygus that's wantin' a thrifle of aid?"

"He's coming home, I tell you! He'll be here very shortly," replied Miss Nugent.

"The Naygus?"

"Out with your Negus! Arthur's coming home, I tell you—Arthur!"

"I believe he has forgotten who Arthur is," said Lady Kitty. "Your sister is informing you, Mr. Astronomer, that Mr. Arthur, your son, is on the point of returning from Africa."

"Oh, well, come now, that's great news! But you're quite sure 'tis not the Naygus? What's bringing him home?"

"Here, read the letter for yourself. He has got rid of his fever, but has been ailing ever since, and Lord Kilcreevy thinks he had better go no farther."

"He must have started before this," said Lady Kitty.

"Of course he must," said Miss Nugent. "His letter is three months old. It can't be very long now till he's here, I should think."

"I must make haste and spend while there's no one to come betwixt me and me projects," was Anthony's comment upon this.

"There's only one project you should be thinking of spending on," returned Miss Nugent, "and that's to set up Arthur and Kitty."

"That's a great project she has!" said Anthony, half to himself and half at Lady Kitty, but with a laugh which was more good-humoured than malicious.

"'Tis a better than any that's in your mind; isn't it now, Kitty dear?"

"I think it's a beautiful project," said her ladyship. "Won't you set us up, Mr. Nugent?"

"And how will I do it, if ye please?"

"The stupidness of you!" exclaimed Miss Nugent. "Haven't we talked about it since who knows when? Would the poor boy have gone off, to get the fever in Africa—let alone the chance of sunstrokes and poisoned knives—if we'd been able to set the pair of them up decently in the land of their birth? Didn't Lady Frayne tell us, two hundred times at least, that she wouldn't have Kitty marry Arthur, or any other person, if he couldn't show suitable money in the mouth of his sack? and she's entirely right. Hasn't your mother said that, me dear, two hundred times at least?"

"Oh, more times than that, Barbara. She says it to me every morning at breakfast."

"See that, now!" said Miss Nugent, triumphantly. "Every morning at breakfast! And a right sensible woman, I declare."

"Oh, the very sensiblest woman I'm acquainted with, indeed!" said Anthony.

"Very well," continued his sister. "Now, here's money you know so little what to do with that you're talking of buying cows, carpets, and telescopes, and I don't know what besides; and Arthur and Kitty here not provided for—no, nor so much as thought of!"

"Aisy, now, aisy!" said Anthony. "Maybe I'm after providing for them. Am I not telling ye every hour, Barbara, that ye don't know the one half of what's in me mind?"

"Well, tell me, now, when will ye marry them?"

"Aisy now again. I didn't say that was in me mind at all."

"Oh, 'tis you that are the right tiresome man!"

"Well, now, see here—see here; isn't it better for us to wait till the boy comes home, and ask him whether he's for marrying the girl, or no? How do we know what heart he has for her at present, or whether he has a heart for her at all? Isn't it possible the fever has given him a distaste for her?"

"All that's very reasonable, I'm sure," said Lady Kitty, who, being quite accustomed to these discussions respecting Arthur and herself, no longer felt called upon even to blush for them.

"Well, I give you up, the pair of ye!" said Miss Nugent. "Ye're not rational company. Y'r mother and meself, Kitty, are the only amenable creatures left in Ireland at this minute."

"Very good, Barbara! And now there is another extremely important matter to talk about. Mr. Nugent and I will have this all to ourselves. Are you sure, Mr. Nugent, that the tower is strong enough?"

"For what?" interposed Miss Nugent, who was drawing on her old doeskin gloves before setting out on her morning tour through the garden.

"Oh, don't you know, Barbara! Mr. Nugent is going to build an observatory up there."

"It's his tomb he'll build at the same time, I think," responded Miss Nugent, "for I'm perfectly sure there's not strength enough in the tower this minute to support such an extravagant notion. And why Anthony wants to be building new-fashioned things like that, I don't know, seeing all the useful work that's required about the place

and the land. But, indeed, I don't know what's come to Anthony. Maybe he's being tried in some way, and I hope he'll come well out of it, poor man?"

"'Deed, I hope he will, the poor man!" ejaculated Anthony.

"'Deed, I hope so, too!" added Kitty, quite familiar with this mood of Miss Nugent's.

"I suppose you *have* thought about the strength of the tower, Mr. Nugent?" continued Lady Kitty; "for that's really a most serious matter."

"There's not a thing I don't think about; and it's well for everybody I have such a head upon me," answered Anthony. "Sure the tower's waiting this hundreds of years for no purpose on earth but this."

"Indeed, I'm afraid it's waiting to tumble about some person's ears," said Miss Nugent.

"Whose ears, maybe now?" inquired Anthony.

"Well, ye know, dear," said Miss Nugent, addressing herself to Lady Kitty, "we've a story, or a legend, or whatever ye may call it, that the tower is to fall one day, and one of the Nugents with it. 'Tis just a tower of Silo'm in the family, and for meself I wouldn't cross the shadow of it for a great deal."

"Ye wouldn't, I'm sure," affirmed Anthony. "But there's another thing ye might do, like a good woman: have the red room put in a nice, genteel state, for there might be company down upon us this any time."

"The red room!" said Miss Nugent. "And why the red room, if ye please? When Arthur comes, won't he have the room he slept in always?"

"Oh, ye may have Arthur's room ready, too, to be sure!" replied her brother. "'Tisn't that room I was thinking of, for I know there's small need of asking you to have Arthur in mind. 'Tis the red room I mean, and no other. It's just a notion of me own I have that I'll advertise in the newspapers for company. Isn't that a great notion now, Barbara?"

Miss Nugent looked at her brother, open-eyed, without answering him. For days past she had been anxiously revolving in her mind such cases as she could recall of persons whose sudden accession to unexpected riches had unsettled their mental equilibrium. Then a solution occurred to her which made her sit up stiffly, and stiffly inquire, "If it's a wife you're wanting, Anthony, why don't you be plain about it?"

Anthony looked at Lady Kitty, and Lady Kitty looked at both of them; and Anthony and Lady Kitty laughed in chorus at Miss Nugent.

"Faith, no! I'd no scheme that way; but ye have given me an idee-a, Barbara, and I'll turn it over by-and-bye."

"Indeed, yes; do so," said Miss Nugent. "I'm not the kind of person to be useful here any longer, I think. 'Tis well I have me own little money in the bank at Dublin; though it's thankful I am to think that the same little money was a power of help to us both, Anthony, in the times that you don't remember."

"Ah, now, Barbara, me dear, don't talk that way. Who would remember those days if I didn't? And what gave ye the foolish notion that I'd go marry meself again? Sure, where would I find your equal!"

"Well, then, what is it ye're talking of?"

"'Tis Kitty's notion, and not mine at all," said the evasive Anthony.

"You said it was your own just now."

"Now, Barbara, listen, and don't run away with impossible notions," said Lady Kitty. "You know he's quite bent on having this what-d'ye-call-it—this observatory of his; and he can't manage it himself, of course; so I tell him he must advertise in the papers for somebody who understands such things; and I really think, Barbara, it would be much better to have a nice, quiet, clever sort of girl than a man, who would perhaps bother Mr. Nugent with things he didn't want to learn, and mightn't be able to learn at all, and—"

"And steal me opinions. Don't forget that he might steal me opinions. That's what I'm afraid of. I wouldn't put up with that at all."

"But doesn't it appear to either of ye," said Miss Nugent, "that this is a queer sort of a place to be bringing a stranger like that into? Kitty, I wonder at you to be putting such notions into his head."

"Queer?" said Anthony. "And where's the queerness of it? Don't we feed like other people—and by-and-bye won't we be feeding better nor most? Haven't we beds to sleep in—and by-and-bye won't we be treading on carpets a foot thick or more? Isn't there a cellar below that's—"

"A foot under water this minute," said Miss Nugent. "But don't say *I'm* standing in your way, Anthony; and, for the matter of that, you'd be like no Nugent that ever was if you weren't busy with some new-fangled thing, having a mint of money at your call."

"That's me good Barbara! me fine Barbara!" replied Anthony, as Miss Nugent put her pruning scissors in a basket, and went off to the garden.

"And now, me Lady Kitty; me clever, ingenious, bold, redoubtable girl, sit down here and make me a cunning little trap of an advertisement that'll catch me the bird I must have."

"No, I don't think I'll have anything more to say to you. Remember the shocking things you've been saying about Arthur. Besides, even if you catch your bird, I don't believe Barbara will allow you to cage her here."

"Oh, but she will, she will now, Kitty. Didn't you hear the sentiment she went out with? And think how I'll be setting you up one of these fine days, you and your Arthur."

"I won't be bribed, and I don't believe you'll 'set us up' at all."

"Oh, but I'm—I'm almost sure I will. I might do it any of these times now. And when I do 'twill be the greatest setting up that ever was. I can see the pair of ye on your way to church now, in a carriage with postilions to the horses, and maybe an outrider or two. Ye shall have a procession just as grand as the judge and sheriffs used to have in the good old days."

"With javelin men and trumpeters?"

"Maybe, maybe. I wouldn't wonder at all."

"Very well; I don't mind so much about the javelin men, but remember the trumpeters. And now, look here; you must write the advertisement in this way."

And Lady Kitty, after a few moments' cogitation, drew up an excellent advertisement of precisely the right sort. But it did not satisfy Anthony, and when her ladyship had gone to the garden to look for Barbara, he drew up another to please himself. By the same day's post he sent the advertisement to the "Irish Times" and the "Times."

CHAPTER V.—A LADY READS THE ADVERTISEMENT.

AT about this time an English lady, who might be described with truth as young, interesting, and handsome, sat in a small top room in a house near the Rue de l'Opéra, in Paris, counting a pile of napoleons and francs. It was such a scanty pile that she counted it over and over again to try and make it bigger. The reason of her anxiety was that this little heap of gold and silver represented to the handsome young lady her whole pecuniary fortune; and while she counted it she was asking herself what she must do when the store should be exhausted. Having quite satisfied herself that there were no more coins in the heap than she had numbered at the first reckoning, she got up and began to pace the room, taking mental stock as she did so of everything that it contained.

But everything, or nearly everything, belonged to the French landlady, for the room was a hired one. The young lodger's chattels were chiefly personal ornaments and articles of the toilet; but these, though not numerous, were a good deal better in quality than one might have expected to find in the possession of a top-storey tenant. Noticeably, there were hair-brushes whose ebony backs were inlaid with silver; on the chimney-piece were two scent-bottles with silver tops; and the diminutive and unsteady dressing-table contained two or three small morocco cases, one of which, lying open, discovered a gold bracelet. Amongst two or three dresses hanging on the door was a silk one which looked quite new, and beside it hung a silk-lined cloak which no cheap *magasin* had turned out. All these things the young lady noted with a careful eye, and it might have been conjectured that she asked herself whether they were not capable of being turned to account for the purpose of swelling the scanty pile of napoleons and francs. From this it may be gathered that the lady was of opinion she had no further need at present of ebony-handled hairbrushes, gold bracelets, or cloaks with silk lining.

She sat down at the table again, pushed away the heap of coins, and began to calculate with pencil and paper.

She was dressed in black, and that negative colour was relieved only by a small linen collar at the neck, and small linen cuffs at the wrists. Both collar and cuffs were spotlessly white, the black cashmere hung in admirable folds, and fitted perfectly; and the extremely small shoe, which was gently—one might say contemplatively—tapping the floor beneath it, was as neat in outline as it was soft in material.

Poor little widow! Yet, to tell the bare truth, there was not the least air of poverty about her; nor did the expression of her handsome face ask compassion from anybody.

As for her weeds, her looking-glass assured her that they became her well: for she was fair, and was tall, and straight as a pine-stem.

Having finished her calculation,—no, not quite finished it, but she was hungry, and her clock told her that it was ten minutes beyond her usual breakfast-hour; the calculation must wait.

Taking a napoleon from the pile on the table, she locked the rest away, found her hat and gloves, locked the door of her room behind her, went downstairs and into the street.

Five minutes' walking brought her to a nice-looking restaurant, and she went in, and took a seat at a small corner table which seemed to have been kept for her, since the waiter who served it put back the chair when he saw her approaching, and stood beside it till she came up.

The waiter wished the lady good morning, and said she was a little late. The lady replied that she had been *bien affairée*, and the waiter hoped she had a good appetite. Then he smoothed out the bill of fare, but did not presume to advise the lady upon any of the dishes which it offered, for experience had taught him that the customer was able to make her own selection. The lady chose a breakfast of three delicate courses, and the waiter went to tell the cook that he had better not make any mistake about the dishes.

The lady drew off her gloves, and while waiting for her breakfast asked for a newspaper. The attentive waiter brought her the French journal which she generally read, but this morning she asked for an English one, and a copy of the "Times" was, with some difficulty, found for her. She read it leisurely while eating her breakfast.

For the purposes of the story, and at the risk of shocking the reader's feelings, it is necessary to insert here a brief retrospective note touching the past of the handsome young widow. She had been a widow four months. One night, exactly four months before this date, her husband had lost his life in an unseemly broil. It would serve no end useful to the story to recount in detail his brief and not too creditable career in Paris. An Englishman, young and clever; a surgeon by profession and a gambler and *roué* by choice; with a few thousand pounds of ready money; he had come to Paris ostensibly to study in the hospitals; in reality (knowing his health to be ruined beyond hope of cure) to scatter the remnant of his fortune in as short a time as possible. He did this in six months. He died on the night that he was carried home from the restaurant, and his history with him; and this is how it came that, four months after his death, his widow was counting the remnant of her fortune, with subjective queries respecting the next, and, as yet, unwritten chapter in her life.

Her breakfast finished, she turned to the advertisement sheet of the "Times," and glanced from one announcement to another, with more curiosity than her face betrayed. A word that she glimpsed in passing, without having precisely read it, pricked her vision with a sense of familiarity. She looked again, and read at the bottom of an advertisement the words, "Address,—CARRICONNA."

With an expression now genuinely puzzled, she read the advertisement itself:

"THE STARS.—An Elderly Gentleman, anxious to benefit his species through study of the Stars, desires the assistance of a Lady of Sound Intellectual Parts, cheerful and Amenable manners, good Eyesight, and a reasonable knowlege of the Universe, or Heavens."

Then followed the address, Carriconna, and the name of an Irish post-town.

Observing that the paper was somewhat soiled and crumpled, the lady looked at the date, and saw that it was three days old.

"Why do you bring me a paper three days old?" she inquired of the polite waiter, who replied that the English journal not being much in demand amongst the customers, and being so very dear, it was bought half-price when aged of three days.

The lady paid her bill and went to a news-agent's, where she purchased a copy of the previous day's "Times," it being too early to obtain the issue of the actual day. Returning to her lodging in the street near the Opera, she opened her paper at the advertisement sheet, and saw with a smile that the elderly gentleman still proclaimed himself anxious to benefit his species through the study of the stars.

"It is a crotchet evidently," she said to herself; and added: "A clever woman can always manage a man with a crotchet."

Presently a thought seemed to leap into her mind which gave a new and exciting interest to her speculations about the advertisement. She got up and walked about the room, as she had done an hour or two earlier, but with much more energy in her movements, and quite a bright tinge of colour in her cheeks.

"It must be that!" she said. "I am quite sure it is. I see just how it has all happened. What an extraordinary thing that I should chance upon this advertisement! Chance? No, it was not chance at all; I am too strong a believer that life has no accidents to admit that. Well, what shall I do?"

She continued going to and fro in the narrow space between the window and the door opposite, until yet another thought seemed to strike her.

"The stars—the stars—the stars; what is it that the stars remind me of?" she said, slowly and reflectively. "I can't rem—oh, yes, I remember now. Well, shall I look at it, or not?" A moment's hesitation, and then, decisively, "Of course I shall! It will help to give me my answer."

She took a key out of her purse, and unlocked a trunk in a corner of the room. At the bottom of the trunk was an old writing-case of blue morocco leather, out of which, when opened, tumbled a heap of faded letters. These the lady unceremoniously scattered to one side, and, searching a pocket of the case, drew from it a roll of thick paper, which was tied round with a silken string.

"Now," said she, "let us see what my prophet has to say about this interesting matter."

The odd-looking scroll which the young widow unfolded on the table before her was a horoscope. On the first page was a figure or map of the heavens, showing the position of the planets at the hour of her birth. On the pages following were paragraphs written in a stiff, cramped hand, and headed with signs and dates. She turned over several pages without so much as a glance at their contents.

"It is more than a year since I looked at it," she said. "Is there any record of the year, I wonder?"

As she said this her eye fell upon a singular figure at the head of a page. It represented an old woman, or Fate, holding in her outstretched hands the severed halves of a thread, which a knife, with a hand holding it, had seemingly just divided. The widow started as she looked at it, for the date beside the figure was very near to that at which her husband had died. The paragraph underneath it ran as follows: "At about this time it is likely that the subject of the horoscope will suffer by the death of a very near friend or relative."

The next figure bore a date six months later. A woman was shown standing in what looked like a subterranean chamber or strong-room. On the floor of the room were a number of bulky sacks, and the woman stood in the midst of them. One of the sacks was open at the mouth, and there were coins slipping from it. The paragraph which accompanied the figure was to this effect: "In this year, and probably at this exact period of it, the subject of the horoscope will make a change in her life, which may bring good or evil to her, according as she is able or unable to resist the influence of the stars."

Without turning to the next page, the young widow shut up the scroll and returned it again to its case.

"Rubbish!" she said. "I don't believe it a bit, but—but I will answer the advertisement. I should have done that, I think, in any case. Yes, I am certain I should."

Having read the advertisement carefully through again, she wrote a draft of a letter in pencil, and after weighing every sentence well, she made a fair copy in ink. "Faithfully yours, Dora Lytton." Thus the letter ended, but when the lady had signed her name she looked at it as though she were not quite contented.

"Better so, I fancy," she said, as she folded and closed the letter.

It was still early in the day. She walked out to post her letter, and then went to the public library, and asked for a good work on astronomy.

CHAPTER VI.—FURTHER OF THE ADVERTISEMENT.

ON her way home in the evening, Dora reduced her capital still further by laying out three francs and a half in the purchase of one of the books she had been studying at the library. This she carried with her to the top storey, that she might spend the evening, as an astronomer should do, in diligent converse with the stars. It will be seen that Dora was already greatly set upon the project with which that singular advertisement in the "Times" had inspired her. It once occurred to her that in all likelihood she must be one of the last, if not the very last, applicant in the field; for the advertisement was four days old on the day when she answered it, and it must be the sixth day before her letter could be in the advertiser's hands. But this did not reduce her hopes, nor cause the smallest abatement of her confidence.

Before going up to her room, she inquired if her landlady, who had started out in the morning on a day's visit to some friends in the suburbs, had returned home. The maid said that madame had returned an hour ago, but had gone out again to do some shopping. The landlady's little girl, who thought Dora was the most beautiful lady in the world, put her curly head out at a door, and said,

"Mais montez, madame, montez! Il y a quelque chose pour vous."

Dora climbed four pairs of narrow and almost perpendicular stairs, and found on her table a huge bunch of country flowers. The landlady had brought them for her from the suburbs.

Despite her youth, her beauty, and her intelligence, Dora had but one intimate in all Paris—her landlady. There was not a lonelier or more cheerless existence than Dora's; and yet in herself she was seldom lonely and never altogether cheerless. Life had an intense relish for her; its very battles animated much more than they depressed her. But she was a good deal of a solitary, by disposition as well as by habit, and the circumstances of her life in Paris had been in no way calculated to develop what social instincts she possessed.

And intimate is perhaps not quite the right word by which to describe Dora's relations with her landlady. That shrewd, economic Frenchwoman, who was very rigid in the matters of rent and extras, was certainly very fond of Dora, and Dora had a tenderness for her. The dreadful event that had widowed the beautiful young wife, her complete isolation from all aid and comfort from the world without, had awakened extraordinary sympathies in the landlady's heart, and Dora had responded as any woman in her position must have done to the kindness, the affection even, that had been outpoured upon her since that time.

Nevertheless, in all that concerned her inner life, Dora had remained, and still remained, a stranger to her affectionate landlady.

Now, the sight of these flowers which the landlady had brought especially for her (caring, as Dora knew, nothing for such things herself), delighted Dora, as everything beautiful did; and she was touched besides. Madame would not have crossed a path to pick for herself the prettiest flower in France, but she could remember that in the days when Dora had no need to count her francs (those were the days when three rooms were rented instead of one) she had flowers always about her; and it is a good heart that prompts such remembrances.

Dora rearranged the flowers for the mere pleasure of handling them, and then opened her book and went to work upon the solar system.

But every now and then, as the scent of the flowers stole upon her, she thought of Madame Danton, the landlady; and at length she shut up the book, and said: "I think I'll talk to Madame."

The truth is, the uncommunicative widow was at last longing to be communicative. Her excitement of mind, a most unwonted state with her, tormented her beyond endurance. She must unbosom herself to somebody, and Madame Danton was her only possible confidante.

Once resolved, she must act immediately. She got up to ring her bell, but remembered that the otherwise obliging *femme de chambre* was rather apt not to hear the top-floor bell, since it was quite a journey upstairs to answer it.

She went half-way down the stairs, and called out,

"Louise, has Madame Danton yet returned?"

The voice, not of Louise, but of Madame herself, called out in reply:

"But yes, my little, I am ot return this moment."

"*Bon!* Dear Madame, be so *complaisante* as to come see me a little moment. I have something which I must say to you. Or if you prefer, I will go down to you."

"But no, dear Madame Leetton, I will mount of all my heart."

And at once the stairs might be heard complaining under the solid weight of Madame Danton, a large, stout, rosy-faced person, but of ample breath.

"First, thank you for the beautiful flowers, Madame. It was so kind of you," said Dora, in French, when the landlady had seated herself on Dora's bed. "And now for what I want to say to you. Madame, I think that perhaps I shall be leaving you. Very soon, perhaps."

"You make me quite sad," replied Madame Danton. "But, but it is not strange. I never supposed that Madame would live here always. This place is not enough good for Madame, who is so young and beautiful. Always I have said to myself, 'She is here, but she will not rest here. She is for a great career. *Voilà!*"

Dora laughed a little bitterly.

"No, Madame," she said. "Indeed, I am not thinking of 'a great career.' But you know how poor I am since my husband's death; and, of course, every day that I sit here idle I become poorer. Only this morning I was counting my little store, and I find that I have enough to live upon for about one month; not enough for two months, at all events. Besides my money, I have

a few small things which I could sell, but the money I should get for them would soon go too. Madame, I have reaped the fruit of my own foolishness. I do not complain; but I have come now to the pass to which foolish people come sooner or later, and I have got to face the future as best I may."

Dora had never before spoken to her landlady in this way; and that lady's inquisitiveness asserting itself for a moment over her good-nature, she



SYMPATHETIC REVELATIONS.

sat up on Dora's bed—sympathetic, indeed, but open-eared for revelations.

"You were with me, Madame," Dora went on, "when my husband died. You know how he died, and you can understand that the circumstances of his death, and the history belonging to it, have made it more difficult for me to help myself since then."

"I married my husband against my father's will. I had no mother, and I can hardly say that my father took her place, for I must always obey him without reasoning or answer. He said that I was marrying a villain. I told him that, villain or not, I would marry the man I loved. I married him; not wisely, as I soon learned, but I loved him little less for that. When I left our home, which was a long way from here, *mon amie*, in Australia, my father said that he would never see me again. I knew no other relatives, and I had no friends. My husband brought me to Europe. How we lived I hardly know, and do not much care to ask myself now. But I had whatever I wanted, and my husband, though he had deceived me, was never less than good to me. I need not tell you of his death. Shortly before that, my father died. He had a great fortune, but I was not to share it. I did not know to whom he left it, I knew only that everything was willed away from me."

"*Mais*, what horror! What wickedness!" exclaimed Madame Danton.

"My father had not forgiven me; that was all," answered Dora.

"And Madame does not even know to whom all this so great belonging was left?"

"I did not know until this morning," said Dora; "but—I know now!"

"Ah-h-h! Madame did not know until this morning, but she knows now! Oh, the beautiful mystery!"

"Wait," said Dora. "I will read something to you."

And she proceeded to read the astronomical advertisement in the "Times."

"*Eh bien!*" said Madame Danton, greatly excited; "but what is this? and who is he, then, this rather old gentleman?"

"It is he who has the money. It is my uncle," answered Dora.

"Marvellous! But how does Madame know all this?"

"Quite well. You see the address that is given; that is the place where my uncle lives in Ireland. He was my father's only brother, and they were very fond of each other. My uncle and his sister, my aunt, who lives with him at this place in Ireland, were the only persons to whom my father used to write. The person who put this funny advertisement in the journal is quite evidently a person of some means. He has a whim, and is able to gratify it. Now I know that my uncle in Ireland was always poor; he could not be thinking of amusing himself in this way unless money more than his own had come to him from somewhere. He has received my father's fortune."

"But I think it is *shocking* that he should take it all from you, Madame. He cannot be a good Christian, this rather old uncle. No, indeed! I say it."

"Dear Madame, my uncle knows nothing about me. He never saw me, and it is probably many years since he even heard of me. I am dead to my family."

"Ah, sad, sad! Well, then, what will Madame do?"

"I think, nevertheless," said Dora, quietly, "that the money belongs to me."

"*Mais cer-taine-ment!*" Madame replied emphatically, with gusto, and an evident relish of the situation.

"Very well," went on Dora. "I have to-day written an answer to the advertisement in the newspaper, and have posted it to my uncle. I shall go there, keeping my secret to myself, and shall get my own again!"

"Oh, how strong a spirit! Excellent!" cried Madame Danton. "But how, my dear lady, will you do this?"

"I do not know," said Dora. "But I shall do it."

Madame Danton, to whom this scheme presented itself in the light of romance, reflected an instant, and then remarked, with a shade of disappointment in her voice,

"But suppose you should not be the first. Some one else may have been before you. It is a long way from here to Ireland."

"This paper is only of yesterday's date," replied Dora. "But more than that, I feel sure that this will happen exactly as I have planned it in my mind. I have answered the advertisement; my application will be accepted; I shall go there and get back my own again."

Now we may follow the letter of the pretty schemer to its destination.

It is an inadequate way of describing Anthony's state of mind to say that he was dumbfoundered by the number and variety of the answers which were showered on him through the post. He was regularly bombarded with applications from all parts of the kingdom, the bombardment commencing on the very morning after the advertisement had first showed itself in the two journals named. On the second morning the postboy sought out John Maher in the yard, and threw out a suggestion that "the masther should provide him wud a dunkey, so he should, for the post was niver thrayted this way before, an' his back was fairly broke under the load."

It was just the kind of advertisement to bring in a shoal of begging letters in disguise, and before Anthony had got through the first half hundred he was as much disgusted as bewildered, and said he thought the world at large had turned pauper to spite him.

On the third day, after opening some half dozen letters which lay on the top of the pile, he swept the remainder of a hundred or so into the turf-bucket, and told Kate Quinn she might stitch them into a petticoat.

"And how long is this to last?" inquired Barbara.

"Troth, I'll put an end to it at once!" said Anthony, and dispatched telegrams to his newspapers, to have the advertisement withdrawn.

On the fourth day the bombardment slackened, and on the fifth day not a shot was fired. Not a single letter did the fifth day's post convey. Anthony's mind was relieved, but the real business was not yet begun, for he had not made choice of an assistant. Failing the help of Kitty, whose counsel and guidance he had relied upon, but who had not been at Carriconna since we last saw her, Anthony had to confess himself beaten.

But Kitty came at last. She generally rode her pony every morning after an early breakfast, and on the sixth day she arrived at Carriconna just after the second post, at about half-past ten a.m.

Anthony was at the hall-door, with an unopened letter in his hand.

"Well," said Lady Kitty, "have you had any answers?"

"I did," said Anthony; "I got a few. I think there's not a pairson in the three kingdoms but wants to benefit his species through the study of the stars."

"And have you got your assistant? Has she come? What is she like?"

"She's anything you could name. I never saw the like of her. She's a widow woman with children to support; and she's a young gyurul fresh from college, where she did credit to herself, and likes nothing so much as the stars; and she's a middle-aged daughter of Minerva, with a notion that the sun is nearly burnt out, and will be stone-cold in fifty years; and she's just anything and everything else that fancy likes to paint her; but she didn't come yet, and I don't know how I'll get her at all."

"Oh," said Lady Kitty, "I think it's a great pity you didn't let me choose for you."

"I'm sure of it. But, now, here's another of them, I think."

"That's a foreign letter, isn't it?"

"It is. The postmark on it is Paris. But I don't think I'll open it."

"And why not, pray?"

"'Tis a place I never had a fancy for."

"I didn't know you were ever there."

"I never was. Why would I? Don't I tell ye I've no fancy for the place?"

"Oh, but that is absurd. Excuse me, but it's the absurdest thing I ever heard. You're going to be a man of science now, and you must view everything and everybody in a calm and unprejudiced spirit. No scientific man has any prejudices. You had better open the letter at once."

"Maybe there'd be better luck in it if you'd open it yourself," said Anthony, handing up the letter to her.

Kitty, who had no reluctance to gratify her curiosity, took the letter from the envelope.

"It's a beautiful handwriting," she said.

"I know," said Anthony, "I know. Print 's not equal to it."

Kitty paid no heed, but began to read, pausing every now and then to quiet her pony with little slaps from her gloved hand:

"SIR,—If you have not yet found the help you need I beg to offer you my services. I am not unacquainted with astronomy; I am cheerful enough to live alone if need be, but to prefer living in company; I am sufficiently amenable to the will of others to be able to earn my bread, and I have never had occasion to find fault with my eyesight. I am twenty-six, and alone in the world. Faithfully yours,—(Mrs.) DORA LYTTON."

"Capital!" said Kitty.

"An elegant letter, I declare," said Anthony, "and 'tis a great point that the poor girl 's alone in the world, for ye see she might have whips (heaps) of relations who'd be wanting to benefit their species too if they heard of me little store. Maybe now Paris is not the foolish place one would take it to be."

"Well, she's English herself, evidently," said Kitty. "I think she is just the sort of girl you want. Barbara!" she called to Miss Nugent, who at that moment emerged from the kitchen-garden, with her old straw hat awry, and the first gathering of early summer peas in her basket, topped with half a dozen great red roses; "Barbara, have you the red room ready?"

"No, nor begun," said Miss Nugent.

"Well, but come here and read this. We only want your approval to close with the lady at once. That's it, isn't it, Mr. Nugent?"

"That's it itself," assented Anthony.

Miss Nugent read the letter, the tip of her nose elevating itself slightly while she did so.

"H'm! Where are her references?" she asked when she had finished.

This was a point the others had not thought of.

Anthony, however, was not to be defeated on a mere question of references.

"Don't ye see that she's alone in the world?" said he.

"But she must know somebody," insisted Barbara.

"Yes," said Lady Kitty in support: "and I really think a reference would be advisable."

"There's no telling who or what she may be," said Barbara. "How do we know but she's just a scheming creature with ends of her own to serve? for I will say, Anthony, that that advertisement of yours is nearly the queerest thing ever printed, and no other than a bait to adventurers."

"I've an answer to you there," said Anthony; "for if she was that sort she'd take care to be well set up with references and the like. And if we'd bucketfuls of references with her what better off would we be if we didn't know who wrote them? When ye're at the distance of Paris 'tis as easy forging references as blessing yerself."

This, in its way, was unanswerable. The stars that Anthony was so impatient to learn about, the stars in their courses fought for Dora.

However, after further discussion of the matter, it was decided that Anthony should ask Mrs. Lytton to furnish him with a reference, and he did so by the evening's post.

A very nice note came from Dora, regretting that "her friendless position in Paris did not allow of her sending more than the one reference which she enclosed."

The enclosure was a letter in bad but ardent English, signed "Félicie Danton." Félicie Danton said that Mrs. Lytton had been for some time a resident in her quiet mansion, giving English lessons to her (Félicie's) little daughter; that she entertained the highest opinion of Mrs. Lytton, and would not endure the thought of parting with so talented and charming a young lady, but for the young lady's own sake, and that she knew Mrs. Lytton to be deserving of a position much superior to her present one.

The reference was pronounced "good," and Dora was to come to Carriconna.

CHAPTER VII.—DOYNE ABBEY.

LADY KITTY was cantering home after helping to resolve the doubtful mind of Anthony.

Doyne Abbey, where she lived with her mother, the dowager Lady Frayne, was not more than an Irish mile and a half from Carriconna; but you could go to or from either place by three different roads, and as the longest of the three was the prettiest, her young ladyship generally chose that one. She had associations with the long road, too, for a grass-grown lane or "boreen" which traversed it at one point had been a trysting-place between a certain pair of lovers.

Crossing this lane, she always thought of Arthur, and her thoughts were doubly with him on this particular morning in early summer, when she remembered that he would soon be home again. There being nobody to overhear her, she said out loud, "I hope he will come before the summer is over;" and she went on, "I suppose I ought to be dreadfully stiff with him now that old Mr. Nugent is a rich man, but that's really too absurd. It's a perfectly sensible thing for people not to marry when they're poor, I've no doubt; but it's equally the height of absurdity to pretend that

you don't care for a man when he's rich whom you loved when he was *not* rich. I don't think mamma can behave stupidly any longer—I mean wisely—for of course she has been very wise about it all. Barbara will help me, I know; and as for Mr. Nugent, I don't think he'll care what anybody does, provided he gets his telescope. I loved Arthur very much when he was poor, and I intend to love him twice as much now that his father is rich. And if—oh, who's this?"

She had got beyond the lane, and was entering on the winding road that skirted the ridge of hills which rose up against the south side of the lake. All the country hereabouts was thick with legends. Over those hills was heard at night the rumbling of the coach with the headless horses. From out of the lake, whose silver borders were just visible at this point, issued on winter evenings the fairy hunt, which some of the peasants declared they had seen—stag, horses, and horsemen complete. The bit of road on which the hoofs of Kitty's pony echoed against the hills was the spot where the legendary black dog of Doyne was heard whining after nightfall. The worn and weather-beaten bell-tower of old Doyne Abbey was just visible in the distance through a break in the thick plantation of elm, beech, and ash. Along a bridle-path skirting this break a man was riding towards the cross-roads just in front of Kitty. He put his horse into a canter when he saw her.

"It's Mr. Trenchard!" said Kitty. "Is he going to the Abbey? I'll take him to lunch."

Mr. Trenchard, C.I.R.I.C., County Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary, raised his hat with a smile as he and Kitty met at the cross-roads.

He was, as an officer of that very soldier-like force should be, a man of military air, tall, long-limbed, and vigorously built; close-cropped, with a black moustache, and a dark face, very refined, and very soft and winning.

"Good morning, Lady Kitty. Lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Perfect! You've got a new horse, Mr. Trenchard, haven't you?"

"Yes; got him in Dublin yesterday. Just schooling him a bit. How do you like him?"

"Oh, I think he's a beauty. But his head 's rather big, don't you think?"

"A little too big for looks, perhaps; but awfully clever head!"

"Does he fence well?"

"He will do before November. A little green just now, but awfully willing; wants to take them flying. Chaser's blood in him. Are you going home?"

"Yes; won't you come, too, and have some lunch?"

"Thanks, I believe I will. Hungry work, schooling. Lady Frayne well?"

"Yes, thank you. She was saying only this morning that we hadn't seen you lately."

They were within a quarter of a mile of the Abbey, and presently rode in at the principal gate.

Doyne Abbey was the dower-house of the Fraynes. This, with the small farm of five hundred acres attached to it, and her jointure, was all that had descended to Lady Frayne on the death of the earl fifteen years before, the estate, which was strictly entailed, having gone to a nephew. And the Abbey was Lady Frayne's for her lifetime only, so she was now saving strenuously for Kitty, and this made her ladyship a pretty hard ruler on her small territory. Quite resolved that Kitty should not marry unless she married a substantial income, the countess had determinedly opposed any idea of a union between Kitty and Arthur; though, as the two families were on the most intimate and the best of terms, she was quite aware of, and in no way hostile to what she chose to consider as the merely childish understanding that Kitty had with Arthur and Arthur with Kitty. The countess and Anthony, who had a good deal in common, were in perfect accord on the matter.

Doyne Abbey was a small but exquisitely beautiful place. Of the abbey itself nothing remained but the bell-tower, with its delicate finials, a fragmentary cloister, and three mouldering walls, fretted over with scarcely legible tracery.

The residence was a small, fine old mansion of reddish-grey sandstone, with those projecting gables which are so beautiful in themselves and so much more beautiful in the play of light and answering shadow which they cause. The windows were of various shapes, and delightful in their variety; bays and oriels, with pleasant seats in them, for bookworms or for sweethearts. The chimney-shafts were carved and twisted, the roof tall, peaked, and pointed.

The drive leading from the gate was bordered, close to the house, by thick laurel hedges, on which the countess was fond of exercising her skill with the clippers. She emerged from one of the hedges, clippers in hand, as the horses came up the gravel.

A little overgrown and unwieldy in this her fifty-fifth year, Lady Frayne was still of an imposing and dignified presence. Very tall, and proportionately stout, she had massive and well-cast features, and her grey eyes were capable of a direct and formidable stare through the tortoise-shell *pince-nez* which she habitually wore. She dressed with the carelessness which is privileged to an elderly countess who has been a person of high fashion in her day; the chief articles of her out-door costume being a flapping, light-coloured felt hat, with a feather; a large loose jacket, with prodigious side-pockets; and a pair of great heel-less boots, with generally a button or two astray.

"Well, you're back," said she, to her daughter. "Well, Mr. Trenchard, and how are you? Very glad to see you. The lunch-bell has rung, but that's of no consequence, I suppose; we old people are the only ones with healthy appetites."

"Ah! wait till you see the Force at work," said Trenchard, assisting Kitty to dismount.

The dining-room at Doyne looked out upon the pleasure-garden, studded with gorgeous flower-beds, for Lady Frayne was a great gardener.

"Did you ride far?" asked Trenchard, when they were seated at table.

"Only to Carriconna. It's great fun up there just now. Mr. Nugent doesn't know what to do with his money, and he's going to buy a telescope to study the stars."

"Don't say so! Well, that's funny! But if you come to think of it, I suppose one ought to know something about 'em—the stars, I mean. Why didn't they make us at home in that sort of thing at school? Often try to make out what I did learn at school; never succeed, though."

"But it's the very height of philosophy to learn that you've learnt nothing," said Kitty. "I read that in a copy-book long ago."

"I'm on the side of philosophy then. And I'm on the side of cold pie, too, only your mamma doesn't choose to recognise that, as she has a theory of her own to keep up about appetites."

"Pass your plate, then, and don't chatter so," said Lady Frayne. "Anthony doing anything stupid, Kitty?"

"Oh, yes, mamma; thanks to me, he is breaking out into fresh extravagancies every day. You know about that advertisement. Well, there have been simply shoals of answers, *shoals* of them, and to-day there was only one, and we've accepted it, and she's coming, if her references are satisfactory."

"Pardon me, but these are wild and whirling words," said the inspector. "May I ask what is *it* that you have accepted, and who She is that is coming if her references are satisfactory?"

"The lady astronomer who is to assist Mr. Nugent to study the stars."

Trenchard laid down his knife and fork and laughed loudly.

"And have *you* been putting him up to all this? It's the best thing I ever heard," he said.

"Has the man positively written to somebody?" asked Lady Frayne.

"Yes, mamma, to a young English widow in Paris, who writes a charming hand, and says she is quite alone in the world."

The countess and the inspector now laughed in chorus, but Kitty maintained her gravity.

"Oh, you'll see!" she said.

"And does the lady state her age? Awfully important point that," said the inspector.

"She says she is twenty-six."

"Capital clever age, twenty-six."

"Well, wait awhile, wait awhile," said Lady Kitty.

"And what about the explorers?" inquired Trenchard, presently. "Any news of them?"

"Yes; Mr. Arthur is coming home invalided."

"Ah! hope not too much invalided. Just in time to share the sw—the spoils."

"And to fall in love with the prodigy from Paris," said Lady Frayne.

"Oh, yes, bound to do that; part of the story."

"Take care now, Mr. Trenchard, that might be your part, you know," said Kitty.

An Old-Fashioned Valentine.

O Maiden fair, O Maiden fair,
I pray you, tell
Where you do dwell!
Lo! said the Maiden, high in air
The turrets rise of the home I prize.
Oh no, fair Maid,
Say not so, fair Maid,
Not there, not there!
'Tis in a cell
That you do dwell;
My heart the cell—
You know it well.

O Lady bright, O Lady bright,
What are the rare
Jewels you wear?
Pearls, and the diamond stars of light,
And rubies red, the Lady said.
Oh no, bright Maid,
Say not so, bright Maid!
'Tis blushes red,
'Tis glances clear,
'Tis smiles sincere,
Pale Pity's tear—
Are your jewels dear!

O Mistress sweet, O Mistress sweet,
Say who doth wait
At your castle-gate?
A Minstrel poor with way-worn feet
For entrance sighs, the Maid replies.
O no, sweet Maid,
Say not so, sweet Maid!
Mine are the sighs,
The Minstrel I!
Sweetheart, reply,
Give smile for sigh,
Say not, Go by

to Valentine.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MRS. BROWNING died in 1861, the greatest poetess of England—and it is not, perhaps, too much to say—of the world.

To Mrs. Browning poetry was, to quote from one of her own letters, "as serious as life itself;" and, she adds, in words which may put to shame the poets who, like Pope, regard their art as an idle trade, "I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet." This devotion, not to poetry alone, but to ancient and modern literature, was combined with the most thorough womanliness. Gentleness and sweetness, a warmth of heart and a fulness of sympathy, were the characteristics that charmed Mrs. Browning's friends; and not all their pride in the poet was equal to the pride and love they felt for this singularly attractive woman.

More than twenty-seven years have gone by since Mrs. Browning died, and time has not lessened her fame; yet no biography worthy of the name has told the story of her life. Mr. Browning probably shrinks from throwing the full light of day on a woman who, though she belongs to England as a poet, belongs to him by a far closer and dearer relationship. The time has not yet come for such a revelation; but when it does come, and the life can be written with an ample use of Mrs. Browning's correspondence, the volume cannot fail to be dear to all who have fed upon her noble poetry, and gained from it strength and joy.

Meanwhile, Mr. John H. Ingram, by help acquired from various sources, has compiled a brief critical biography, and the little volume may serve as an excuse—if, indeed, an excuse be needed—for once more bringing our readers into the presence of one of the most gifted of Englishwomen.[1]

It is not certain where Elizabeth Barrett was born, and the date of her birth has also been disputed; but Mr. Ingram's researches make it highly probable that she was born in London on the 4th March, 1809. The child's earliest years were spent at Hope End, near Ledbury, Herefordshire, a lovely spot within sight of the Malvern Hills. There the young girl gained that love of nature which lived in her memory and heart through long years of pain and weakness; there she learnt to know the beauty of that English scenery which she describes with such exquisite felicity in "Aurora Leigh":—

> "Hills, vales, woods, melted in a silver mist;
> Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
> And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
> And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,
> And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,
> Confused with smell of orchards. 'See!' I said;
> 'And see! is God not with us on the earth?'
> * * * * *
> And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
> And clapped my hands and called all very fair."

Elizabeth Barrett may be said to have lisped in numbers. She wrote verses before she was eight, and produced an epic at eleven, of which her father, more proud than wise, had fifty copies printed. One of a large family, the girl found a special friend and companion in her brother Edward, who gave her the pet name "when names acquired baptismally were hard to utter."

Those were happy days, and as studious as they were happy, for the precocious girl plunged into ancient and modern literature when still a child in age, and, as she said afterwards, "gathered visions from Plato and the dramatists, and ate and drank Greek, and made my head ache with it." She read, it seems, every book she could find, and this passion continued with her through life. Writing at a later period to a friend, she says that she had read the whole Hebrew Bible through, and was never stopped by the Chaldean; that she had also read the Greek poets and Plato "right through from end to end;" that she had also passed through the flood of all possible and impossible romances. And then she adds, "Do I boast of my omniverousness of reading, even apart from the romances? Certainly not—never except in joke. I should be wiser, I am persuaded, if I had not read half as much—should have had stronger and better exercised faculties, and should stand higher in my own appreciation."

When about fifteen—owing, it is said, to an accident—Elizabeth Barrett became an invalid, and reading and study were more than ever indispensable to her happiness. And now one sorrow followed another. In 1828 her mother died; and, not long afterwards, Mr. Barrett's fortune being greatly reduced, the family left the happy home at Hope End, and lived for two years at Sidmouth. At this time Elizabeth published a version of the "Prometheus Bound," which was afterwards replaced by a far better translation; but the volume contained also some short original poems, which proved her rightful claim to the title of poet. From Sidmouth Mr. Barrett removed to London, a change not a little hurtful to the delicate invalid. On one account it was an advantage, for Elizabeth was able to enlarge her circle of friends. Among these was John Kenyon, a distant relative and a man of wealth, who "devoted his time to entertaining and being entertained by the makers of pictures and poems," and who, according to Crabb Robinson, delighted in seeing literary notabilities at his table, and was popularly styled the "feeder of lions." It was through him that the poet became acquainted with Mary Russell Mitford, whose summer brightness of countenance gladdened every one who saw it. This lady was destined to prove one of her warmest friends, and was at once charmed by the "delightful young creature, shy and timid and modest." Miss Mit-

[1] Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By J. H. Ingram. (Allen & Co.)

ford's description of Elizabeth Barrett in the joy of her youth and fame is not altogether that of an invalid. She pictures her as "a slight, girlish figure, very delicate, with exquisite hands and feet, a round face, with a most noble forehead, a large mouth beautifully formed and full of expression, lips like parted coral, teeth large, regular, and glittering with healthy whiteness, large dark eyes, with such eyelashes resting on the cheek when cast down, when turned upwards touching the flexible and expressive eyebrow, a dark complexion, literally as bright as the dark china rose, a profusion of silky, dark curls, and a look of youth and of modesty hardly to be expressed. This, added to the very simple but graceful and costly dress by which all the family are distinguished, is an exact portrait of her."

The look of health which Miss Mitford appears to have seen in Elizabeth Barrett's face did not last, for ere long her lungs became seriously affected, and she writes to her new friend that her strength flags a good deal, and the cough very little. Day by day the mind seemed to grow brighter—for some of her loveliest poems were written about this time—and the body weaker. In the autumn of 1838—a year signalised by the publication of "The Seraphim, and other Poems," Elizabeth Barrett's health became so bad that she was removed to Torquay. For a time she rallied, and then again the utmost weakness prevailed. Writing in the spring of 1840, Miss Mitford relates that since the previous October she had not been dressed, and for the last month had never even been taken out of bed to have it made. Yet, as Mr. Ingram observes, her mental powers retained all their vigour, and she still contrived to keep in touch, either by reading or conversation, with the outer world. The little strength that remained to this gifted poet was about to be fearfully tried.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of an oft-told tragedy. Enough to say that her favourite brother Edward, having left her for a sail, was drowned with his companions.

"For months Elizabeth Barrett hovered between life and death. 'I being weak,' as she said, 'was struck down as by a bodily blow in a moment without having time for tears.' Everything that love and wealth could do for her was done, and time and nature both soothed and strengthened her in her affliction. Some slight reflex of her feelings may be gained from a perusal of her poem, 'De Profundis,' published only after death had claimed her also. The earlier stanzas express the depth of her despair when she was first enabled to comprehend the certainty of her loss. After the full heart has given vent to its wild, passionate cry of utter hopelessness, a ray of light breaks in, the consolation of religion is sought and found; and the weary heart, as expressed in the remainder of the poem, is soothed to rest by faith in Divine goodness."

With the first feeling of improvement came a wish to escape from the painful voice of the sea, and to return to London. "I am longing to go," she wrote, "but I can't be lifted even to the sofa without fainting. And my physician shakes his head or changes the conversation, which is worse, whenever London is mentioned. But I do grow stronger; and, if it becomes possible, I shall go—*will* go! That sounds better, doesn't it? Putting it off to another summer is like a 'never.'" And at the close of the summer of 1841 she was conveyed by easy stages to her father's house in Wimpole Street.

Then by degrees a slight improvement in health cheered her friends, and in the following February we read that Miss Barrett was able to walk from the bed to the sofa. Through this long period of prostration it is remarkable how little she dwells on her complaints, and, still more, what a freshness of life appears in her letters, which were written as she lay upon her back. She read immensely; and her poetry, except perhaps for an occasional plaintiveness, bears no sign of her weak physical condition. Cut off from the society of men and women, and living in a "large darkened chamber," she turned to her books, and, most of all, to poetry, with ever growing delight. Some of Elizabeth Barrett's finest poems were written about this time, the "Cry of the Children," for example; yet, with a noble ambition, she exclaims, "Ah! but I hope to do something yet, better than the past. I hope and shall struggle to it." How the poet's days were spent in the confinement of a London house, and away from the refreshing influences of nature, is thus described:

"I live in London, to be sure; and, except for the glory of it, I might live in a desert, so profound is my solitude and so complete my isolation from things and persons without. I lie all day, and day after day, on this sofa, and my windows do not even look into the street. To abuse myself with a vain deceit of rural life, I have had ivy planted in a box, and it has flourished and spread over one window, and strikes against the glass with a little shake from the thicker leaves when the wind blows at all briskly. *Then* I think of forests and groves. . . . It is my triumph when the leaves strike the window-pane. And this is not to sound like a lament. Books and thoughts and dreams and domestic tenderness can and ought to leave nobody lamenting."

In 1844, while still lying on her couch, Miss Barrett published a volume which contains much of her maturest work, and some poems which, like the "Drama of Exile" with which the book opens, are perhaps more ambitious than successful.

The signs of a true poet, however, are visible on every page, and here in addition to the longer poems, written in a great variety of verse, she showed her hand for the first time, we believe, as a writer of sonnets. Not yet, however, or not till "love took up the harp" did she prove her title to rank with the greatest writers in this difficult form of poetry.

In 1845 Miss Barrett, after "drinking life at the sun" all the summer, was strong enough to travel, and there was a talk of taking her to Italy or to Madeira. Nothing came of it, however, but, in spite of London fogs and cold, her strength increased throughout the winter, and with the

next summer came a health-giving joy as exquisite as it must have been sudden and unexpected. The story is told in the "Memoirs of Mrs. Jameson," written by her niece. It appears that when that lady, who was about to revisit Italy, heard that it was advisable Miss Barrett should spend a winter abroad, she kindly offered to take charge of her. The offer was not accepted, but the poet wrote, "Not only am I grateful to you, but happy to be grateful to you. First I was drawn to you, then I was and am bound to you;" and at the moment of departure another note was written deploring the writer's inability to come in person and bid her friend good-bye as she was "forced to be satisfied with the sofa and silence."

Mrs. Jameson's astonishment may be imagined when shortly after reaching Paris she received another letter "telling her that Robert Browning had just arrived from London *en route* for Italy with his wife, the same E. B. B. who had so recently taken farewell of her."

"I have here," she writes, "a poet and a poetess—two celebrities who have run away and married under circumstances peculiarly interesting, and such as render imprudence the height of prudence. Both excellent, but God help them! for I know not how the two poet heads and poet hearts will get on through this prosaic world."

And now for a few prose facts with regard to this poetical story. Miss Barrett, though personally unacquainted with Mr. Browning until a short time before the marriage, greatly admired his poetry, and had corresponded with him. At length her cousin Kenyon brought them together, and it would seem to have been love at first sight. Miss Barrett was now thirty-seven years of age. Her youth had therefore long past, but the bloom and golden fruit of life was yet to come. Unfortunately her father, to whom she had been the most devoted of daughters, opposed a union which promised, as one of her friends said, an amount of happiness delightful to think of. How far the opposition was unreasonable from a parent's point of view, how far it was due to his absorbing love for a favourite daughter, it is not for us to say. On the 12th January, 1846, Elizabeth Barrett was married at the Marylebone parish church to Robert Browning, the "gracious singer of high poems," of whose love she herself has sung in those noble "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which, it is perhaps needless to say, are purely English, written with the fervour of a woman's heart and a poet's imagination. The first, and perhaps finest, of the series shall be quoted, for there is nothing comparable to good verse in relieving the inevitable monotony of biographical criticism:

"I thought, once, how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young;
And as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years . . .
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway, I was ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair:
And a voice said, in mastery, while I strove:
'Guess, now, who holds thee?' 'Death!' I said,
But, then,
The silver answer rang, 'Not Death, but Love!'"

For a time the married lovers stayed at Pisa, where Mrs. Browning writes of being well and happy, adding that she has not left her vocation to the rhyming art in order to marry. From Pisa they removed to Florence, and at the old palace known as Casa Guidi—a name now familiar in our poetical vocabulary—she spent, with some intervals of absence, the remainder of her life.

In 1849 her only child, Robert Barrett Browning, was born, and the joy of motherhood filled her cup to the brim. How proud she was of her "own young Florentine!" and great must have been her delight when, in 1851, she carried her "blue-eyed, golden-haired boy" to England. The following winter appears to have been spent in Paris, where for the first and last time Mrs. Browning met George Sand.

In the summer of 1852 the poets were again in England, Italy being their winter home. For that fair land Mrs. Browning felt far more than a local affection. With Italian patriotism she sympathised warmly—and in some respects blindly, for she regarded the third Napoleon with admiration as the deliverer of the country—and, as Mr. Ingram observes, all that he did was justified in her sight. Strange to say, too, Mrs. Browning believed in "Spiritualism" and spirit-rappings—the superstition of an age that prides itself on its intellectual freedom. What Mr. Browning thought of this strange delusion we know from his vigorous portrait of "Sludge the Medium."

And now Mrs. Browning published "Aurora Leigh," which she regarded as her most mature work. Although, after a foolish custom with some publishers, it bears the date of 1857 on the title-page, it appeared in the autumn of the previous year, and created a great sensation in the world of letters. It has been styled "A Novel in Verse," and so far as that title is correct "Aurora Leigh" is defective as a poem. But in reality the grossly improbable narrative is insignificant, and would be uninteresting were it not for the splendour of the verse which when the poet is in her highest mood sweeps the reader along with the force of a torrent. The rush of burning words and the wealth of imagery are such that criticism becomes impossible. Then again, he comes upon pages in which poetry folds her wings and gives place to prose, and, for the truth must be told, to a certain taint of vulgarity, and even, though no doubt quite unintentionally, of irreverence. Mrs. Browning, like Charlotte Brontë, was naturally shy, gentle, and truly feminine, but with the pen in hand she is bold, and expresses her meaning with a frankness that is occasionally a little startling. The poem, with its defects and merits, belongs to this century, and Barry Cornwall was not wrong in saying that "it is a hundred times over the finest poem ever written by a woman."

Indeed, this is but faint praise, for "Aurora Leigh" has passages that may rank with the noblest in English verse.

The first six books were finished before Mrs. Browning showed the poem to her husband, and there is a pretty story told of the temporary loss of the MS., which proves that the mother's pride was stronger than the poet's ambition, and that, to use her own expression, she was more proud of her child "than of twenty Auroras." Taking with them the precious manuscript the Brownings left Italy for England, and by some mischance at Marseilles the box containing it was lost. "In this same box," Mrs. Ritchie writes, "were also carefully put away several velvet suits and lace collars, in which the little son was to make his appearance among his English relatives. Mrs. Browning's chief concern was not for her manuscripts, but for the loss of her little boy's wardrobe, which had been devised with so much motherly care and pride. Happily, one of her brothers was at Marseilles, and the box was discovered stowed away in some cellar at the Customs there."

Our brief sketch is rapidly carrying us towards the close of Mrs. Browning's life; but in these latter years there was so much joy, so much intellectual activity, that one is inclined to linger, and not drop the curtain too hastily, So it may be well to quote here what two celebrated Americans said about the poet at this period. Mr. Story the sculptor wrote: "To those who loved Mrs. Browning, and to know her was to love her, she was singularly attractive. Hers was not the beauty of feature; it was the loftier beauty of expression. Her slight figure seemed hardly large enough to contain the great heart that beat so fervently within, and the soul that expanded more and more as one year gave place to another. It was Mrs. Browning's face upon which one loved to gaze—that face and head which almost lost themselves in the thick curls of her dark-brown hair. Her large brown eyes were beautiful, and were in truth the windows of her soul. . . . Mrs. Browning's character was well-nigh perfect. Patient in long-suffering, she never spoke of herself except when the subject was forced upon her by others; and then with no complaint. She was ever ready to accord sympathy to all, taking an earnest interest in the most insignificant and humble."

And Nathaniel Hawthorne, writing in a fanciful mood, says:

"Mrs. Browning met us at the door of the drawing-room and greeted us both kindly—a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all, at any rate, only substantial enough to put forth her slender fingers to be grasped, and to speak with a shrill yet sweet tenuity of voice. Really, I do not see how Mr. Browning can suppose that he has an earthly wife any more than an earthly child, both are of the elfin race, and will fly away from him some day when he least thinks of it. She is a good and kind fairy, however, and sweetly disposed towards the human race, although only remotely akin to it. It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her face. There is not another such figure in the world, and her black ringlets drop into her neck and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion."

Here, too, is a slight portrait of the "wondrous lady" from Mrs. Hawthorne's hand.

"A cloud of hair falls on each side her face in curls so as partly to veil her features. But out of the veil look sweet, sad eyes, musing and far-seeing and weird. Her fair fingers looked too airy to hold, and yet their pressure was very firm and strong. The smallest possible amount of substance encloses her soul, and every particle of it is impressed in her heart and intellect. I was never conscious of so little unredeemed perishable dust in any human being."

And on another occasion she writes:

"I saw Mrs. Browning more satisfactorily, and she grows lovelier on further knowing. It is sad to see such deep pain furrowed into her face—such pain that the greatest happiness of her life cannot smooth it away. . . . How has anything so delicate braved the storms? Her soul is mighty, and a great love has kept her on earth a season longer. How she remains visible to us with so little admixture of earth is a mystery."

This was written in the summer of 1858. Through these years Mrs. Browning's heart and brain were occupied with aspirations for Italian freedom, so filled, indeed, that when the Treaty of Villafranca was signed in 1859, it is said to have almost killed her.

"That it hastened her into the grave," says Mr. Story, "is beyond a doubt, as she never fully shook off the severe attack of illness occasioned by this check upon her life-hopes."

She consoled herself in her sorrow as best she could by writing lyrics on behalf of the country she loved so dearly. The end was now near. The last winter of Mrs. Browning's life was spent at Rome. In the spring she returned with her husband to Florence, and a week or two later caught a severe cold and became dangerously ill. After a few days there were some signs of improvement, and until the last day she did not consider herself sufficiently indisposed to remain in bed. That evening her "own bright boy," when he bade his mother good-night, was sent to bed with the cheerful words, "I am better, dear, much better."

"One only," writes Mr. Ingram, "watched her breathing through the night, he who, for fifteen years, had ministered to her with all the tenderness of a woman. It was a night devoid of suffering to her. As morning approached, and for two hours previous to the dread moment, she seemed to be in a partial ecstasy, and though not apparently conscious of the coming on of death, she gave her husband all those holy words of love, all the consolation of the oft-repeated blessing, whose value death has made priceless. . . . He knew not that death had robbed him of his treasure until the drooping form grew chill. Her last words were 'It is beautiful.'"

Many years before, in the final stanzas of a lovely lyric, suggested by a wonderful expression in the 127th Psalm, the poet had written:

"For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap—
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on *His* love repose,
Who 'giveth His beloved sleep.'

And friends, dear friends—when it shall be
That this low breath has gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

It was like a tired yet happy child that Mrs. Browning parted from life and all that made life dear. She had lived and done her work as Milton did his in the Great Taskmaster's eye, and with all her defects as an artist deserves to rank with the greatest of Christian poets.

In reading her poetry we are struck by its originality of form and by the personal emotion expressed in it. Mrs. Browning has not the dramatic instinct. It is her own heart that beats in her verse, and rarely, indeed, does she succeed in embodying a conception from which she stands apart. In that singularly fine ballad, "The Rhyme of the Duchess May," she trusts to the imagination alone; but this perfect poem, with three or four other less successful ballad-pieces, may be said to stand apart, and her fame rests almost entirely on the inspiration due to her own hopes and passionate desires, her own joys and sorrows. To this we owe "The Deserted Garden," "My Doves," "Hector in the Garden," "Wine of Cyprus," "The House of Clouds," "The Pet Name," and many more charming lyrics; to this we owe the sonnets, and especially the forty-three incomparable love sonnets, in which every line palpitates with life. "Aurora Leigh," too, a poem most faulty in construction, owes its fascination to the way in which writer and reader are brought together, so that while the personages of the book are scarcely more than shadows, the poet herself displays an abounding vitality. And the burning words of the lyrics devoted to Italy show the same characteristic.

Another and less pleasing feature of Mrs. Browning's verse is her frequent disregard of rhyme, of rhythm, and even of grammar; but, strange to say, she defended the wildest of her licences, and said that in no spirit of carelessness, or easy writing, or desire to escape difficulties, had she run into them. Something there certainly was defective in her ear and wilful in her taste, or she would not deliberately have injured some of her sweetest poems. "Bertha in the Lane," for example, is full of beauty until the final lines, which make one shiver. The pity of it is all the greater when a poem really worthy is thus irretrievably marred. But, after all, Mrs. Browning's defects are on the surface, and it would be unjust to dwell too long upon them. How much has she not left her countrymen for which they must be always grateful. What wealth for intellect and heart do we find in her verse, what sweet pictures of childhood, what lovely notes of music that lift the soul from earth to heaven, what brave utterances of faith and hope, what courage in piercing through the thickest cloud to the light that shines above it! Mrs. Browning is honoured in Italy—and well she may be; and in England there are few names that bring back sweeter memories to the lover of poetry. A poet's teaching is indirect, and in becoming dogmatic he ceases to be poetical. None the less may his song teach as well as charm, and many a man fretted with the perplexities of life has regained hopefulness and serenity upon listening to the voice of this truly Christian poet. In the latter portion of "De Profundis," a poem great in thought and noble in expression, Mrs. Browning utters in terse language the trustfulness which never seems to fail her even in the saddest moments; and that her words and not ours may be the last to fall on the reader's ear, we will close this paper with some stanzas from that poem.

"For us—whatever 's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good,
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever 's lost it first was won;
We will not struggle, nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear;
I praise Thee while my days go on.

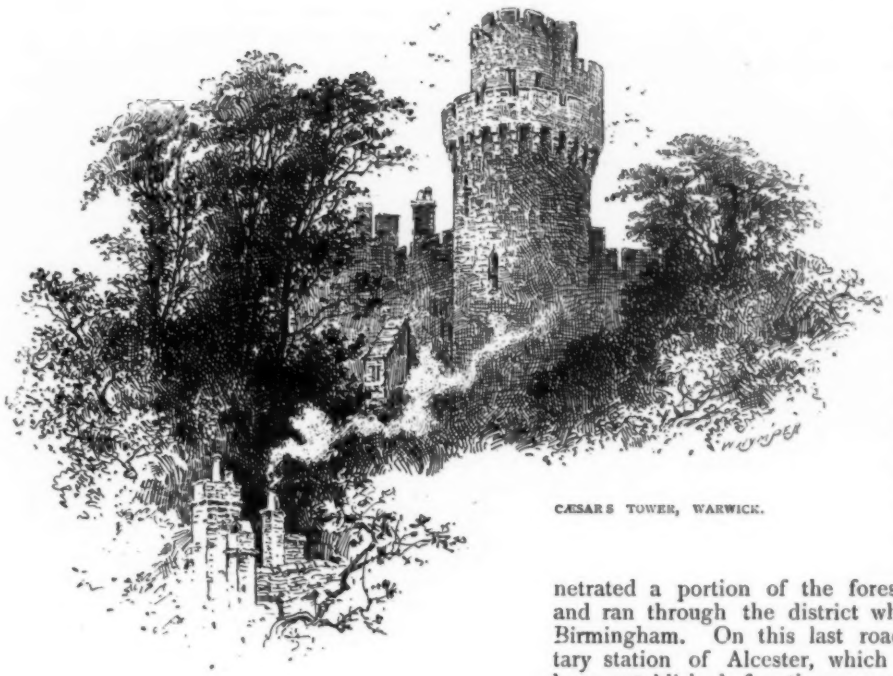
I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on."

JOHN DENNIS.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV CANON CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

WARWICK.—I



CÆSAR'S TOWER, WARWICK.

WARWICKSHIRE has many claims to be considered as the most typically English of the English shires. In position it lies almost in the middle of England, and so was unaffected by the special conditions which gave a peculiar character to the shires which lay along the Scottish and the Welsh marches, or those along the coast, which were exposed to foreign influences. Moreover, amongst the inland shires it always held a foremost place, and was connected with almost all the great movements in English history. The tongue which its people spoke is that which became the literary language of England, and the shire which produced Shakespeare can claim a commanding position in the history of the civilised world. Further, the district was favourably situated alike for the pursuits of agriculture and of industry. All the influences to which English civilisation is due are conspicuously represented in Warwickshire. Its three great towns—Warwick, Coventry, and Birmingham—are monuments of the work of the barons, the Church, and the manufacturer, and tell in an unmistakable way of the achievements alike of the past and of the present.

The district contained within the county of Warwick was in early days a huge forest, known in later times as the Forest of Arden, which occupied almost the whole of the triangle lying between the valleys of the Severn and the Avon. This forest district was left untouched by the Romans. Three of their roads enclosed it—the Fosse Way on the east, the Watling Street on the north, and the Ikenild Street, which, skirting the Cotswolds, penetrated a portion of the forest on the west, and ran through the district where now stands Birmingham. On this last road was the military station of Alcester, which seems to have been established for the purpose of guarding it where it had to traverse the forest. East of the Avon valley it is probable that there were a few settlements of the Roman colonists, but they were not of much importance till the line of Edgehill had been passed. Stratford still marks the place where the Romans passed the Avon on a paved road which could always be forded.

When the Romans had gone, and the English invaded Britain from the east, they found little to attract them in this forest region, which seems to have formed a barrier preventing the English from pressing farther west. It was the West Saxons who, after the battle of Deorham in 577, left to the tribe of the Hwiccas the Severn valley, whence the Hwiccas slowly penetrated to the Avon, and thence extended their settlements. It was natural for them to occupy the ruined walls of the Roman Alcester; but it was the western plain which chiefly attracted them. There the tribe of the Wearingas took up their abode on the spot to which they gave their name of Warwick, and they had neighbours at Leamington and Kenilworth.

The outlying tribe of the Hwiccas did not long remain united to their West Saxon brethren, but were conquered by the men of the great middle kingdom of Mercia, and fell back into heathenism; till in 660 the Mercian king became a Christian, and a bishop was set up in Lichfield. Soon afterwards it was found necessary to divide

the great see of Mercia, and Worcester was chosen as the seat of a bishop of the Hwiccas. Bishop Egwin tried to carry the message of the Gospel to the scattered dwellers along the outskirts of the Forest of Arden; and we catch a glimpse of their life in a story which tells us how, when the good bishop went to preach at Alcester, the demons who dwelt in the forest tried to drown his voice with the din of their hammers. But soon the monastery of Evesham rose on the bank of the Avon, and spread its influence northwards, bringing the forest dwellers into connection with civilised life.

We know little about the fortunes of this rude people till the resistance of Alfred to the Danes made their district of importance as a frontier. By the peace of Wedmore, in 878, the Danes agreed to leave to Alfred all the lands that lay westward of the line of Watling Street. The Mercian kingdom had come to an end in the Danish invasion, and Mercia was treated by Alfred as a dependent state. It still kept its own Ealdoman, Ethelred, to whom Alfred gave his sister, Ethelfled, to wife. Ethelred died in 912, and Ethelfled "the lady of the Mercians," as she was called, showed herself animated by the spirit of her house. To guard Mercia from the inroads of the Danes, she fortified the line of Watling Street, by erecting fortresses at Tamworth and Stafford. Then, to protect the centre of Mercia, she erected a like fortress to guard the Fosse Way, and chose as its site the place where the Wearingas had made their settlement on the Avon. There she raised a mound where the ground rose from the river, and on the spot which she then chose stands the stately castle of Warwick. Ethelfled lived almost long enough to succeed in driving out the Danes from Mercia, which after her death ceased to have an independent existence, and was divided into shires for convenience of administration. One of these shires received its name as the district which gathered round Ethelfled's fortress of Warwick.

Such is what history has to tell us; but legend has been exceptionally busy with Warwickshire, and speaks of a fabulous hero—Guy Earl of Warwick, who went to the Holy Land on a pilgrimage and signalised himself after his return by slaying in single combat a gigantic champion of the Danes. Then he returned to his castle, not as its lord, for he had laid all earthly vanity aside, but that he might have the satisfaction of beholding his wife whom he dearly loved. On the bank of the Avon he scooped out in the rock an hermitage at a place which bears the name of Guy's Cliff. Thence he came in hermit's attire to receive a daily dole of bread from his wife's hands at the door of his own castle. Not till he was on his death-bed did he make himself known to his wife, whom he had so long contemplated from afar. So runs the legend; but later times converted Guy himself into a giant, and romantically-minded visitors to Warwick Castle may still see the mighty weapons and huge vessels which belonged to Guy, though the sceptical may wonder how a man of such prodigious size could manage to conceal himself so effectually as to escape the suspicion even of his wife.

Legend has been equally busy with the rise of another of the towns of Warwickshire. The facts are that the attempt to centralise the Government of England were premature, and that the end of the tenth century saw the rise of earldoms which corresponded in some respects to the old divisions of the kingdom. The Mercian earl, Leofric, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, under the influence of his pious wife, Godiva, was a great benefactor of the Church. Amongst other monasteries which he endowed in his dominions he set up a home for monks on the waters of the Anker, at a place which took its name of Coventry from the convent round which it gathered. At this favourite foundation of his bounty Leofric was buried, and his widow, who long survived her husband, bestowed upon it many marks of her affection for her husband's memory. On this basis of fact local tradition built up the story of Godiva's compassion for the townsmen who groaned under the oppressive taxation of their lord. To her entreaties on their behalf Leofric answered that he would free them from all exactions if she was ready to put her interest in their welfare to the rude test of riding naked through the streets. Godiva did so; and the citizens made her sacrifice an easy one by having the streets deserted during her ride—all the citizens save one who peeping through his window-shutter paid the penalty of his bad faith by the instant loss of sight. Unfortunately for the legend, Coventry in Leofric's day had scarcely begun to be a town; it was only a monastery rising from the waste, and the growth of the town came in later days.

The Norman Conquest increased the importance of Warwickshire. When William I in 1068 began his conquest of the north he marched first to Warwick, where the English sheriff and his son Thurkill were on his side. Many of the smaller landowners had fought against the Conqueror, and their lands passed into the hands of the submissive Thurkill. The fortress of Warwick was surrendered to the king, who resolved to use it as a means of holding the Mercian earldom by a strong castle built after the Norman fashion. So on the mighty mound which Ethelfled had reared he raised a massive keep, which has long since been swept away to make room for more modern buildings. Over this castle he set one of his Norman followers, Henry, son of Roger of Beaumont, and he gave large lands in the shire to Henry's elder brother, Robert, Count of Melent. Thus Warwickshire was left with its English sheriff, a great English landowner side by side with a Norman, and a Norman garrison to secure its fidelity, that the old and the new elements in England might work towards a settlement.

Further, many smaller men made Warwickshire their home. In the north of the county, Robert Marmion built a castle on Ethelfled's mound at Tamworth, and in the reign of Henry I, Geoffrey de Clinton occupied a similar site at Kenilworth. He was one of the class of officials of mean extraction whom Henry I raised up as a counterpoise to the great barons, and the castle of Kenilworth, perhaps, was meant to act as a check upon

the lord of Warwick. Thus it came about that the central part of the county took the lead under its barons, and in the steps of the barons followed the establishments of the monks. At Coventry was founded in 1141. Along the fertile valley of the Avon and the pleasant pastoral lands that lay east of it, rural life waxed strong and vigorous, and we can trace the spread of population by the larger



LEICESTER HOSPITAL, WARWICK.

the town which gathered round Leofric's priory flourished under the protection of the Earl of Chester. The Cistercians made their settlements at Combe on the Sow, at Stoneleigh on the Avon, and Merivale in the north of the shire. Many religious houses were gradually dotted over the county, though it was some time before they penetrated into the present district of Arden, where, however, the Benedictine monastery of Wroxall

number of churches which still retain the traces of the work of architects in the Norman style. We see the growing importance of this part of England in the discontent with which the Norman bishops viewed the seat of the old Mercian bishopric at Lichfield. First Lichfield was abandoned for Chester, then the Church of the Abbey of Coventry was chosen in 1124 as a more convenient place to be associated with Lichfield as the second head

of a diocese which covered a large part of middle England. In things ecclesiastical as well as civil, the life of the midlands began to centre in Warwickshire.

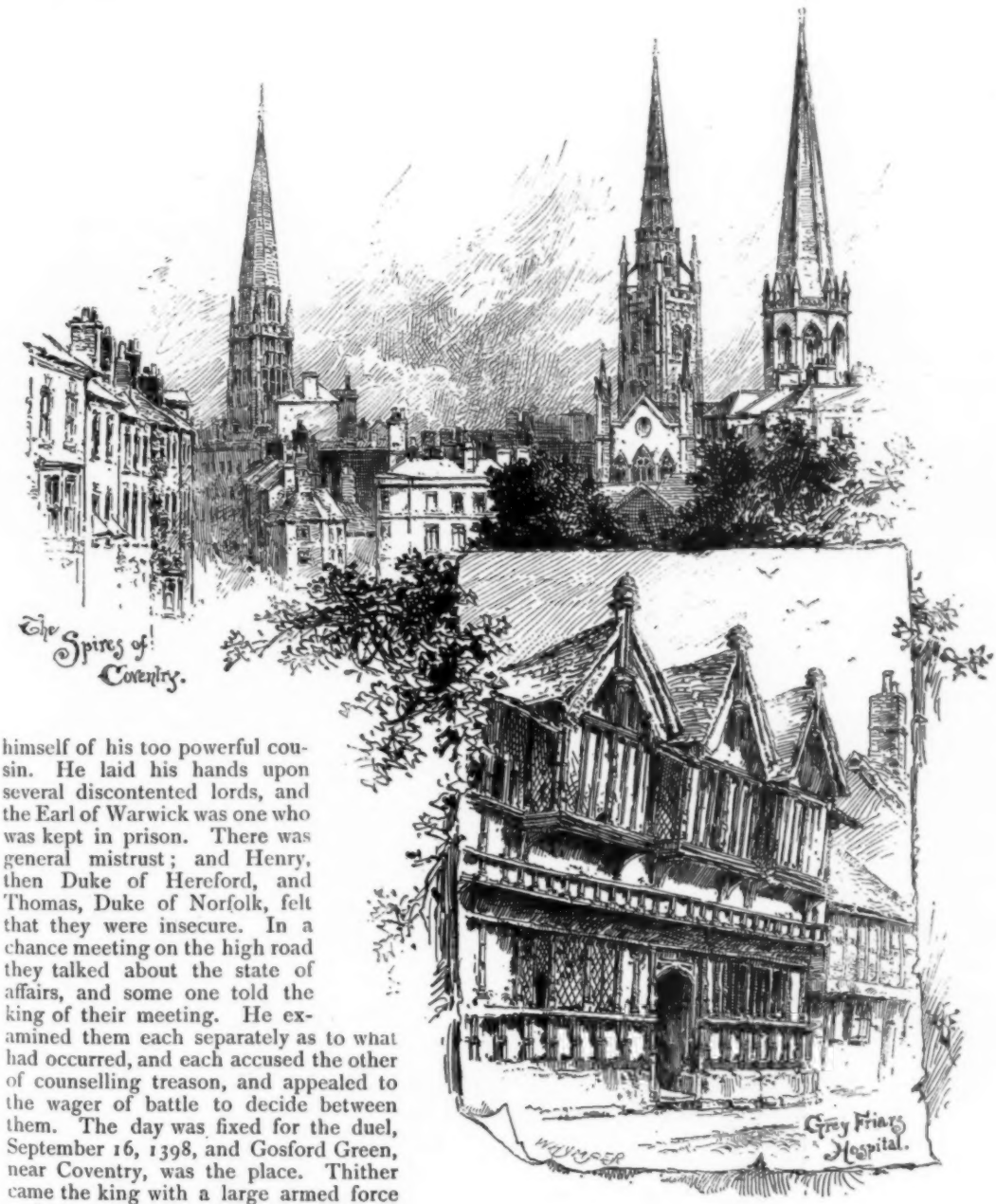
The monks of Coventry, however, did not appreciate the advantage of their bishop's presence. There were many disputes, which were at last ended in 1190 by the forcible expulsion of the monks and the substitution in their stead of secular priests. But this measure was felt to be too severe, and the monks on appealing to the Pope were restored in 1198. The event is worth noticing, for it was by quarrels such as these, and the constant reference of disputes to the Pope, that the papal jurisdiction was extended.

It is not, however, in the church so much as in the baronage that the interest of the history of Warwickshire lies. The line of the lords of Kenilworth came to an end in the twelfth century, and the castle passed into the hands of the Crown. In the reign of Henry III it became an important place; for after the marriage of Simon de Montfort to the king's sister, he was made Constable of Kenilworth Castle, where he did much to strengthen the defences, and made it into one of the strongest castles in England. When the barons rose against Henry III's misgovernment, Kenilworth was one of their chief strongholds. After the battle of Lewes in 1264, Simon de Montfort was practically master of England, as the king and his son Edward were both prisoners in his hands. But Edward succeeded in escaping from Hereford Castle, and Earl Simon had some difficulty in crossing the Severn in pursuit. He looked to his son Simon to come to his help, so that they might shut in the royalist army in the neighbourhood of Worcester. But Edward saw the necessity of preventing the junction of his foes, and marched against the younger Simon, who was loitering at Kenilworth. Despite the knowledge that Edward was not far distant, young Simon took no precautions. His troops were scattered about the village, and he himself preferred to sleep outside the safe defence of the castle walls. Early in the morning of August 1st, 1265, Edward marched upon the village and aroused the sleepers with the cry of "Get up! get up! ye traitors, or ye are all undone!" No resistance could be offered, and the chiefs of the baronial army were made prisoners. Young Simon managed to escape into the castle, which was too strong to be taken. But the victorious Edward marched to Evesham, where he caught Earl Simon in a trap from which there was no escape, and the great earl fell fighting on the field. Though the hopes of the baronial party were now destroyed, Kenilworth Castle, with a garrison of a thousand men, still held out, and proved too strong for its assailants. Before the castle would surrender, terms of a general pacification were agreed, and the Dictum (agreement) of Kenilworth was the ending of a long period of civil strife. After this the Castle of Kenilworth was given to Edmund, Earl of Leicester, the king's second son; and the next thing we hear of it is that it was the scene of a splendid tournament in 1279, where a hundred knights jousted against one another in the presence of a hundred ladies, and feasted at a round table so as to avoid any difficulties of precedence.

While this was the fate of Kenilworth, the neighbouring castle of Warwick had changed hands likewise, and by the failure of the male line of its first earls had passed, in 1268, to the family of Beauchamp of Elmley in Worcestershire. The first Beauchamp lord had to repair his castle, which the rebels from Kenilworth had attacked and dismantled that it might not be a support to their assailants. This was soon done, and William Beauchamp was a faithful follower of Edward I in his expedition against Wales, while his son Guy was a great captain in the Scottish wars. The misgovernment of Edward II was a sore trial to the English nobles, and none were more resolute in opposing it than were the lords of Warwick and Kenilworth. Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, headed the baronial opposition to his unworthy cousin, stung, it is said, by the insolence of the royal favourite, Piers Gaveston, who laughed at the old nobles, and nicknamed the Earl of Warwick "the black dog of Arden." The barons demanded Gaveston's banishment, but he was soon recalled, and was as offensive as before. In 1312 the barons rose in arms, besieged Gaveston in Scarborough Castle, and took him prisoner under promise to spare his life. But the Earl of Warwick was determined to wreak his vengeance; he carried off Gaveston from his captors and hurried him away to Warwick Castle. There he summoned the Earl of Lancaster and others of his friends to hold a council. As they deliberated, some one exclaimed, "You have now caught the fox; if you let him go you will have to hunt him again." Gaveston in terror flung himself at the feet of Lancaster, who spurned him away. He was carried to Blacklow Hill, close to Guy's Cliff, where he was beheaded—"in life and death a memorable instance of misrule," as the inscription which marks the spot records. His enemies paid the penalty of their lawless deed; for Thomas of Lancaster was beheaded at Pontefract, and after the death of Guy of Warwick in 1315 Edward II razed Warwick Castle to the ground during the minority of its infant heir. Nor was this the end of the sad story of retribution. In 1327 Edward II was seized by Henry, Earl of Lancaster (brother of the slaughtered Thomas), and kept prisoner in Kenilworth Castle, where he was forced to sign his abdication of the Crown before he was carried off to meet his death at Berkeley.

After these bloody deeds the French wars of Edward III arose to give employment in which the memories of such feuds might die away before the consciousness of a national enterprise. In the French wars the Beauchamps were famous captains. The line of Lancaster ended in a daughter, whom Edward III gave in marriage to his fourth son, John of Gaunt, in pursuance of his scheme of absorbing the great baronial possessions into the royal house. This policy, however, only carried the old rivalries of the great barons among the princes of the blood-royal, and the overweening power of John of Gaunt disturbed the beginning of the reign of Richard II. John's son, Henry, was regarded in his father's old age

as the natural leader of the opposition to the attempts of Richard II to exercise arbitrary rule; and few stories in English history are more strange than that of the way in which the king rid himself of his too powerful cousin. He laid his hands upon several discontented lords, and the Earl of Warwick was one who was kept in prison. There was general mistrust; and Henry, then Duke of Hereford, and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, felt that they were insecure. In a chance meeting on the high road they talked about the state of affairs, and some one told the king of their meeting. He examined them each separately as to what had occurred, and each accused the other of counselling treason, and appealed to the wager of battle to decide between them. The day was fixed for the duel, September 16, 1398, and Gosford Green, near Coventry, was the place. Thither came the king with a large armed force to keep the peace, while the two lords were accompanied by their friends. The lists were ready, and at the appointed time the king took his seat as judge of the combat, while thousands of eager spectators thronged around. The formalities were all concluded; the herald summoned the combatants, and gave the signal for the fight. Norfolk exclaimed, "God defend the right," and awaited his adversary's charge. Hereford made the sign of the Cross, raised his shield, and set his lance for a charge, but had only advanced a few paces when the king threw down his warder and cried "Stop!" For two hours the champions were left opposite one another while the king consulted with his counsellors. Then a proclamation was made condemning both Norfolk and Hereford to go into exile.



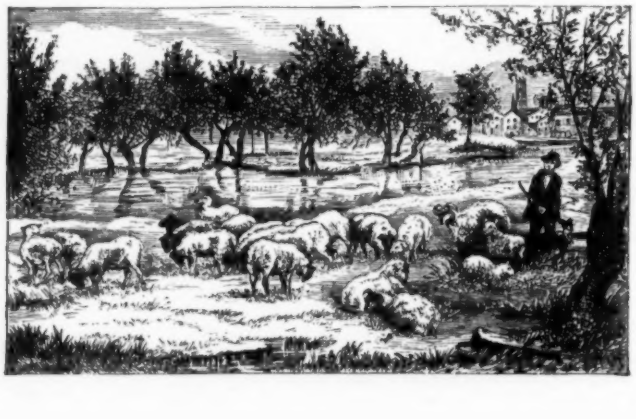
It was a strange and arbitrary proceeding, and

his hostility to Hereford cost Richard II his Crown. On the death of John of Gaunt Richard refused to give up his lands to his son, and Henry of Bolingbroke came back from exile to claim his heritage, but used that claim as a means of ousting Richard from his throne. With Henry IV's accession, Kenilworth Castle, which had been built up by its Lancastrian lords, passed to the Crown, and lost its importance for a time.

We have been following the fortunes of the barons, but all this time there had been going on a growth of civic life at Coventry, which, on the failure of the line of the Earls of Chester, fell to the Crown, and received many marks of favour from Edward III. It was a populous place because it was a convenient centre for weaving woollen cloths, and its ecclesiastical character marked it out as a place of peace. Its trade guilds of cappers, tailors, smiths, cardmakers, and the like, show the manifold activity of its townsmen; and it is computed that in 1377 only London, York, and Bristol, and Norwich, had a larger population. It still maintained, however, its ecclesiastical character, and welcomed within its walls the Carthusians, the Carmelites, and the Franciscans. Moreover, the men of Coventry resolved to make their town famous for its buildings, and in the middle of the fourteenth century the two great churches, which are the distinguishing features of Coventry of to-day, were begun and rapidly completed. Its civic life showed itself in the festivals wherewith our forefathers delighted to relieve the monotony of life. Probably the Grey Friars set the example by instituting a Mystery Play as a means of teaching the people. The guild brethren followed, and Coventry was renowned for its pageants, wherein the guilds, after a long procession through the town, assembled in the market-place and witnessed a play which was performed on a raised platform. Each guild kept a store of appliances and costumes for this purpose, and some of the "Coventry Mysteries" still survive to tell us of the way in which popular education was conducted in the past.

It is not remarkable that in 1454 Henry IV summoned Parliament to meet at Coventry to grant him supplies for putting down the Welsh rebellion. This Parliament is known as "the illiterate Parliament," because lawyers were excluded from it, and distinguished itself by an attack upon the excessive lands held by the Church. But Henry IV was not in a position to quarrel with the Church, and Archbishop Arundel won an easy victory over the discontented Commons. The troubled times which rapidly followed put all questions of reform into the background, and the Wars of the Roses profoundly affected the fortunes of Warwickshire. The last of the Beauchamp earls of Warwick died in 1446, and his sister and heiress married Richard Neville, son of the Earl of Salisbury. The Beauchamps, however, left their traces in Warwick in the two great towers of the castle, in the beautiful choir of St. Mary's Church, and still more in the Beauchamp Chapel, which was founded in 1439 to be a burial-place. The tomb of Thomas Beauchamp (d. 1369) in the choir of St. Mary's, and of Richard Beauchamp (d. 1439) in the chapel, rank amongst the finest examples of English sculpture and decorative art in the middle ages.

The doings of Richard, Earl of Warwick—"the Kingmaker," as he was called—form too great a part of English history to need telling again. When he fell at Barnet in 1471 he carried with him to his grave not only the fortunes of the great earldom of Warwick, but those of the English baronage. The Wars of the Roses left the great families exhausted; their chiefs were slain; they had lost their hold upon the people; they were regarded as the selfish authors of a century of disturbance. Of the two daughters whom Richard Neville left behind him, one was married to the Duke of Clarence; the other was the wife of Richard III. The hapless son of Clarence perished in the Tower, and all traces of the old greatness of the Beauchamps and Nevilles alike were swept away when England, under the Tudor kings, entered upon a new career. But this new career was only possible because the forces which had moulded the past were so far weakened that they were practically useless. The baronage was all but destroyed; the Church had ceased to represent the people. When the sixteenth century dawned the king and the middle classes were the only powers in the English State.



MINES AND MINERS,

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A MINING ENGINEER.

II.



A DAILY episode in the life of the miner imprints its influence upon his character. The descent of the mine-shaft is an experience that, after years of daily repetition, never wholly loses its impressiveness. About half an hour is commonly occupied at the commencement and termination of work in the singular journey to and from the depths of the earth. I can best enable the reader to realise the nature of this journey by describing it in a German mine, where I worked daily for many weeks.

Starting from a small town in the Hartz Mountains, the path winds through undulating meadows that lie embayed within the gloomy forests of the great table-land beneath the Brocken. The scene is singularly pastoral, and, except to a practised eye, presents few indications that beneath it lie the greatest and most renowned mining works in Europe—works which are the birthplace of modern mining, the scene of many centuries of progressive labour, and the real source of the chief improvements that have placed the miner's art amongst the most difficult and complex of industrial sciences.

Beneath those flowering meadows where the cattle feed untended, beneath those solitary pines, those picturesque wooden châlets, and those scattered spires, there extends a world of unceasing activity, where every form of mining machinery and every variety of mining art are applied with an energy and intelligence that maintains the value of mines which in other countries would long since have been abandoned. Scores of miles of subterranean canals extend at a depth of 1,300 feet, and for many hundred feet beneath this network of drains the shafts descend unimpeded by water, while the power required for the deeper works is furnished by the hydraulic pressure of the water discharged by the canals.

To reach these tremendous depths, to which the work has gradually descended in the course of centuries that have exhausted the upper portions of the mineral veins, is the first daily task of the Hartz miner. The simple, rough, and seemingly rude method employed is perfectly adapted to secure the greatest economy in the local circumstances.

The miner enters a wooden house that differs little from the other houses of the neighbourhood. Around it a few wooden sheds serve for the repair and construction of the machinery. Long beams that move on rollers extend to water-wheels erected beside the neighbouring streams. Simple contrivances place these wheels under absolute and accurate control, and the entire work of pumping, raising ore, and raising and lowering the miners is accomplished by their agency. The miner writes his name in a book, lights his lamp, and enters a small wooden chamber, in which a trapdoor appears in the floor. Out of this trapdoor rise the heads of two stout wooden beams, which are rising and falling in alternation. Each beam exhibits, as it rises, a small step, with an iron handle at a convenient height above it. The miner seizes the handle, and simultaneously places his feet on the step. The beam descends through the trapdoor, the man sticking closely to its surface. Meanwhile the other beam rises, bringing up another step and handle. Before both beams reverse their motion, the man springs from the one to the other. His new resting-place descends, while the one he has left ascends, bringing up a new step and handle, to which he again springs. So for some two thousand feet the miner descends, simply springing from step to step as the beams rise and fall alternately. Each change of position enables him to be carried down to the extent of the swing of the beams.

To ascend, he jumps on a rising step; and next, from that, on to the opposite step, that has just sunk to meet him, and that is just about to rise. He thus rises without once incurring the

labour of lifting his body, or descends with the same facility and convenience.

In many mines the steps are merely fixed on the double pump-rods worked by the chief water-wheel. Such was the original form of the machine, which was the invention of a Hartz foreman. Where timber and water power are abundant, it remains unsurpassed. In the deepest mines it has been improved by the substitution of stiff wire rope for the wooden beams, the whole arrangement closely resembling the ladders of a ship's rigging. If the machine breaks the wire ropes do little damage, whereas the heavy beams of the older form would carry all before them in falling down the shaft.

Shortly before my experiences of Clausthal, the machine broke in one of the mines of that district, killing eleven men in an instant; and during my stay the machine broke at another mine, but fortunately just at starting and before any men were on it. I had descended the mine in question a few days before, and had been especially impressed with the dangerous condition of the machine. A small bell continuously rang in a belfry above the shaft to announce that all went well below. Immediately on the occurrence of the accident the bell stopped, and the consternation in the neighbourhood was intense until the details were made known.

The longest descent to the lowest regions of the mine, especially when one descends alone, is by no means a dull or tiresome journey. The entire faculties are kept vividly awake by the necessities of the situation. The briefest inattention is almost certain death. If the head swerves to one side, if the hand or foot misses its proper situation, the traveller is crushed against the beams of a platform, caught between sliding timbers, or falls amidst moving pumps, rollers, chains, and levers, that grind him to pieces. Yet there is leisure enough to observe in passing the singular aspects of the shaft. It is not perpendicular but sloping. It is cased for the most part with round pine logs. These glisten with dropping water that preserves them from decay. Great pine-trees are braced against the sides by crossing beams, and a partition separates the end that holds the pumps and the man-engine from another section in which, with a thundering noise, great tubs of ore slide down and labour up. At intervals dark mouths of galleries open to right and left, leading to vast floors of workings that formerly were the active portion of the mine but are now abandoned to solitude and silence, unless disturbed by the gambols of the kobolds and the gnomes. From these gloomy regions there often rushes a somewhat boisterous wind, against which it is well to guard the lamp.

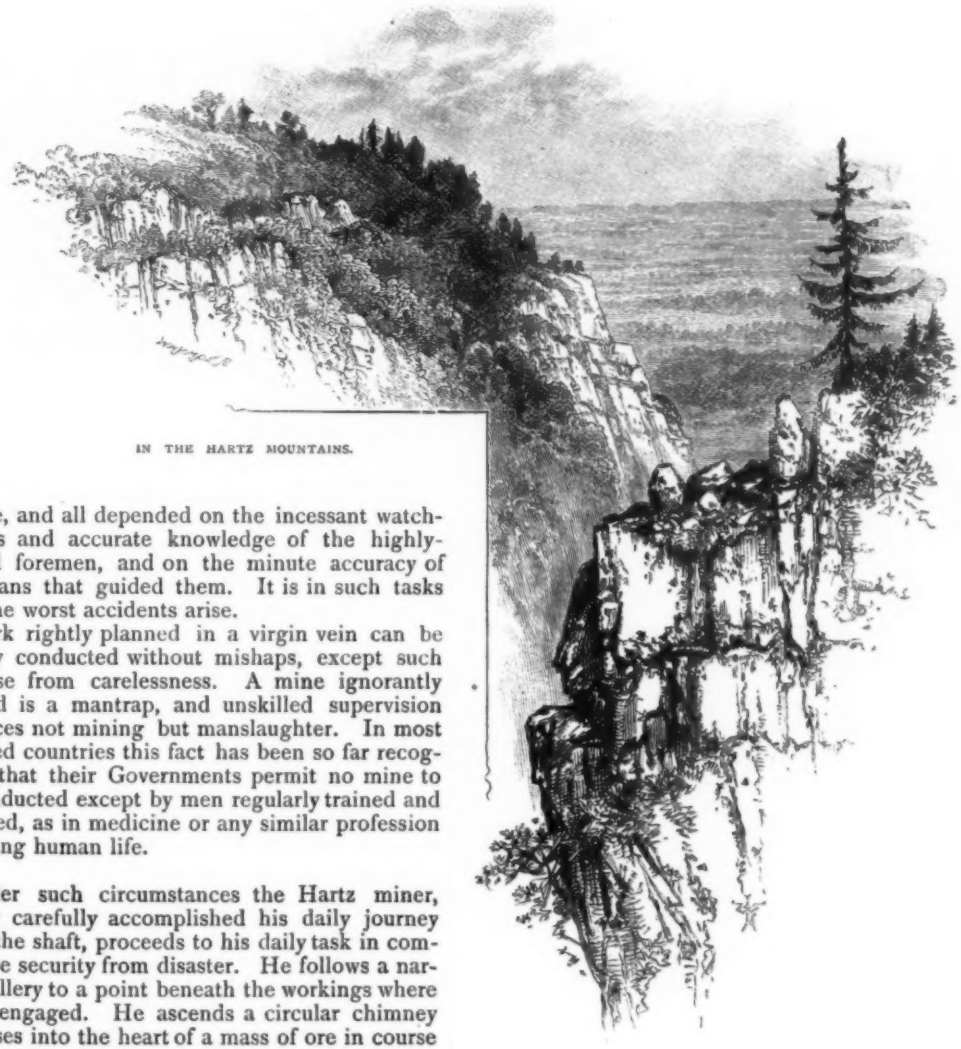
Every miner is expected to carry matches in case of mishap; without them, if the lamp goes out, you may be left swinging up and down in total darkness, on a step barely a foot square, projecting from a sloping beam, and over an abyss, which is fortunately hid from you by the darkness that envelopes it. Without the light to guide your foot and hand to their next resting-place, it is highly dangerous to proceed. A mining student, during my stay at Clausthal, forgot his matches, and his lamp went out. He seated himself on the step where he was standing at the moment, and for fully an hour and a half he was swung up and down in the darkness, till a miner happened to descend and furnished him with the necessary light.

Deeper and deeper the miner is swung by the alternate dips of the seemingly endless beams. At intervals he steps on platforms where obstacles intervene in the shaft. Hydraulic pistons at some points support the weight of the moving beams. At others a subterranean water-wheel revolves beneath the spray of a descending torrent, governed by a solitary watchman, and supplying power to special machinery. A simple ventilating machine, whose pistons are worked by the pump-rods or by the beams that carry the men, wheezes and groans at another point, supplying air to some distant gallery in course of excavation. At another place a rope, attached to the moving beams, is guided by rollers along a gallery, and works a temporary pump in some subterranean shaft. The atmosphere grows warm as the depth increases, and towards the bottom is tropical in temperature through the mere heat of the earth. At length, towards the lower floors, the sounds of work are audible, glancing lights glimmer in the branching galleries, and the miner steps upon the scene of his labours, receiving from every man he passes the salutation of "Gluckauf," which means "luck up," or "may you be well out of it." This somewhat lugubrious greeting is the ancient formula of the German miner. In some mines prayers are still read at the mouth of the shaft before the men descend to their daily work.

The dress of the German miner is uniformly black. It is cut precisely in the style of three centuries ago, and the usages and sentiments of the men still retain the impress of times when mining was incomparably more dangerous than now. There is, moreover, in these ancient mines a record of dreary traditions. Their vast and varied recesses are associated with innumerable stories of disaster, or enclose the grisly evidences of sudden death. Here opens the lower portion of an ancient shaft whose mouth has long disappeared at the surface, and which, many years ago, crushed together by unexpected pressure, still encloses the bodies of the workmen caught as in a trap. There rises an irregular chasm in the roof, from which a vast block fell on the heads of the men beneath, whose incautious labours had disturbed it. Or, again, a chaotic mass of blocks and earth shows where a fall of huge masses of running-ground has flattened in an instant a score of the stoutest trunks of pine-trees, and overwhelmed the workers who had trusted to their protection.

The entire removal of the ore in veins that are from twenty to sixty yards in thickness, as happens in many of these German mines, is perhaps the most dangerous work that exists. It would be simply impossible but for the rapid and vigorous scientific improvement that has characterised mining in Germany. By ignorant miners such

masses were formerly honeycombed and wrecked. The only task that now really taxes the skill of the German mining engineer is the attempt to remove ore thus ruined by former ignorance. The danger of this task is terrible. I have seen it successfully accomplished in several German mines. But every man engaged in it might at any moment have been literally crushed flat without a chance of escape, and all depended on the incessant watchfulness and accurate knowledge of the highly-skilled foremen, and on the minute accuracy of the plans that guided them. It is in such tasks that the worst accidents arise.



IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

Work rightly planned in a virgin vein can be usually conducted without mishaps, except such as arise from carelessness. A mine ignorantly worked is a mantrap, and unskilled supervision produces not mining but manslaughter. In most civilised countries this fact has been so far recognised that their Governments permit no mine to be conducted except by men regularly trained and qualified, as in medicine or any similar profession involving human life.

Under such circumstances the Hartz miner, having carefully accomplished his daily journey down the shaft, proceeds to his daily task in comparative security from disaster. He follows a narrow gallery to a point beneath the workings where he is engaged. He ascends a circular chimney that rises into the heart of a mass of ore in course of removal. Lifting a trapdoor that protects the ladders from falling stones, he emerges into a glittering space where his comrades are busily wielding the mallet and the boring-bar, their lamps fixed beside them in the rock, and their clothes suspended from the timbers that support the roof, for the heat permits little covering to be endured.

The scene in some of these spaces is magnificent. Rising like the tiers of an amphitheatre, successive ledges sweep to the lofty roof. Suspended on temporary platforms, or standing on piles of mineral, some fifty miners may be in view. The clang of their iron mallets, ringing on the steel bars that bore the blast holes, is deafening; the lamps glitter in the gloomy expanse like scattered stars in the firmament; trucks incessantly remove the mineral along the iron rails that wind across the slopes, and at intervals, upon the smeared and grimy walls, some glittering face of lead or copper shines with the magical fascination of the buried treasure that it truly is. To each miner the sight of mineral is a cheering and practical encouragement, for each is aware that the secure employment which he enjoys depends on the steady yield of ore that seems perennial in these Hartz mines.

In the mines of St. Andreasberg, which depend on rare and occasional discoveries of silver, I have seen the gloomy stolidity of men and overseers replaced by laughter, jokes, and merriment, when a thin streak of crimson-silver ore was unexpectedly disclosed by a shot. On the walls

of the St. Andreasberg offices, models of the cakes of silver, refined at various dates, are preserved like votive tablets. The occasional production of such a cake pays the cost of a mine which is nearly the deepest in Europe, and under Government management maintains in comfort a considerable population in a barren mountainous district, preserving to the German nation a harmless and patriotic people that would otherwise be driven to emigration.

Throughout the Hartz the mining population is thus employed directly by the Government. Financially a considerable profit is obtained, and the most complete school of mining in Europe is produced. Other Governments will doubtless in time adopt this reasonable socialism—by which natural resources are developed and industrial skill promoted, while no injustice is done.[1]

The Hartz miner usually works for eight hours, being relieved at the end of the time by others who take his place, since the work proceeds continuously. This practice is almost universal in mines. The continuous activity, in alternating watches or shifts, is one point in which mining work resembles that of the sailor. Eight hours of the atmosphere of a deep mine is ample at one time. In exceptional tasks of surveying I have spent as much as fourteen hours at a considerable depth; but in driving a mallet and borer, continuous work cannot be maintained for long. Driving a steel bar into hard rock by the rapid strokes of a heavy hammer is a peculiarly exhausting task in an atmosphere where the slightest clothing is oppressive. As a mining student this work was my first occupation, and I continued it until able to compete with an average miner in the rapidity with which a complete bore could be produced. In the selection of the best points of attack, in the direction of the bore, and even in every detail of the mode of operation, the miner finds scope for observation and judgment, so that the labour is by no means monotonous. The day's work may moreover vary greatly in its difficulty according to the variations of rock and mineral which continuously occur. The selection and arrangement of the ore blasted by the shots afford a change of work and a varied field for the exercise of intelligence. Miners are usually as much attached to their occupation as sailors, and rarely abandon it for other work.

In these large mines the division of labour is minute and the special aptitudes of different men find their field, while work of some description can be supplied to almost any male member of the population. Female labour is, however, entirely superseded by boys, the women being sufficiently employed at home or in the pastoral occupations of the neighbourhood. Boys separate, select, and dress the ores in the great sheds at the mouths of the mines, where innumerable machines are employed to reduce the necessary hand labour to a minimum. Boys act as messengers in the mine, carry tools to be sharpened, or assist in gleaning the ore from the worthless rock. Old men, no longer fitted to wield the mallet on hard rock, are entrusted with tasks requiring caution and experience rather than force, such as the re-excavation of old workings where valuable mineral has been overlooked by the miners of former times. Men with special intelligence or acquired skill are charged with the shaping and arrangement of the timber supports, which are ingeniously adapted to every variety of pressure. Tradition has furnished certain rules and forms for mining timbers; but in Germany the subject is a science, on which excellent treatises are in existence, and in which improvements and innovations are continually introduced, all acquired experience being recorded for general use. The best miners combine in gangs to take contracts for the sinking of shafts, the driving of galleries, and similar tasks, their profits depending entirely on their skill and industry. Pushing trucks and filling ore tubs in the shafts are simple occupations that employ many of the inexperienced hands. Others cut stone, and build walls and arching, to resist exceptional pressure and preserve permanent ways. Stone quarries exist in the depths of the mines, excavated in the surrounding rocks, and affording work of a simple description. But the trade of the waterman, pursued at a depth of 1,300 feet, is perhaps the strangest.

In one of the deep galleries you lift a trapdoor and descend a narrow chimney. From the last rungs of the ladder you step upon a landing-stage, bordering a dark and silent canal, where a range of long barges are moored. Shoots crammed with hidden mineral project from the arching roof of solid rock that spans the water. The place is the most silent and solitary in the mine, the utter stillness being only broken when distant blasting reverberates through the rocks with a hollow booming sound. At length voices echo along the watery tunnel, and in the distance you see the reflections of gleaming lights on the black surface of the canal. A long line of barges passes, and is shunted to a side tunnel.

The watermen spring ashore, raise the traps of the shoots, and the mineral, filled in from galleries above, thunders down into great boxes that exactly fit the barges waiting at the side. You step on board. For miles you glide rapidly along, the watermen merely pulling on a rope stretched overhead. At length you shoot suddenly beneath a rising shaft, amidst lights, electric bells, telephones, and all the appurtenances of an important station. Instantly the ore-boxes are hooked to chains and whirled aloft to the shaft mouth, where by self-acting apparatus their contents are tipped into wagons. In this manner the ore from various mines is cheaply conveyed to a central station, and distributed to the varied machinery of a single dressing-floor.

The saving of expense effected by such combinations as that above indicated, is of immense importance to the financial result of mining operations. But the steady success of the works is greatly owing to the manner in which the miners are directly interested in their prosperity.

[1] The Russian Government alone employs above 40,000 workmen in mining and smelting operations. This represents, of course, a considerably greater population.

The Hartz miner is not only secured from all avoidable dangers by the supervision of highly trained experts, but every provision is made to relieve him from anxiety regarding his livelihood. Corn magazines are maintained to supply him with corn at a wholesale and unvarying price; he receives it in grain, his wife takes it to the miller and herself bakes it into bread. Co-operative associations supply all other necessaries at cost price. Evening schools provide an excellent education for the boys who work by day, and a mining school trains young miners to fit them for posts as mining captains or foremen. Exceptionally industrious miners may, in spite of the exigencies of their daily work, occasionally acquire the knowledge necessary for a mining engineer. One of the most distinguished professors of the Clausthal School of Mines began life as a workman.

The Hartz miner has thus a fair field for his talents and a safe remuneration secured to his industry. No more contented population exists in Europe. A few slices of black bread, a morsel of sausage, and a bottle of buttermilk or light beer, form the dinner in the mine. A similar meal in the evening, a stew, with a fair allowance of superior beer on Sundays, and coffee or milk before starting to work, form the diet of the miner.



HARTZ MINER'S COTTAGE.

Whisky is obtainable at about sixpence a bottle, and many miners carry a flask underground, but drunkenness is almost unknown. Good beer costs about a third of its price in England, the beer drunk in the mines costs almost nothing. Of course both are proportionately light and unintoxicating. The care devoted to the supply of good and cheap provisions to the population is of course amply remunerated by the low price at which wages can in consequence be maintained. No subject is of more importance in works where large numbers of men are employed. In other countries such works are frequently the prey of local sutlers encouraged by dishonest intrigues. A mining enterprise, situated in a desolate region, may thus ruin its shareholders for the exclusive benefit of those who secure the monopoly of supplies.

EAU DE COLOGNE AND ITS HISTORY.

IN this age Eau de Cologne has ceased to be accounted a luxury; it is regarded rather as a necessity. It not only has a place upon the toilet of fashionable women, but is a requisite in the sick-room and in the hospital.

All beginnings are interesting and oftentimes romantic; and something like romance attaches to the history of Eau de Cologne.

A couple of centuries ago—1685—in Domo d'Ossola was born one John Maria Farina, a name common in that district. As he grew up to manhood he carried on a trade in Italian wares, silk, and perfumery. In 1709 he came to live in Cologne, opposite the Jülichs Platz, and, having discovered the secret of making a new perfume, he called it by the name of the town of his adoption, *Eau de Cologne*, and thenceforward made this new branch of business his principal one.

Until the qualities of this new perfume were known and appreciated, its sale was limited, and it was not till what is known as the Seven Years' War, during which time the French occupied the Rhenish provinces, that its reputation became established, and its sale increased. The French were at that time passionately fond of articles of luxury, and they at once availed themselves of the new perfume for their toilet, and soon spread its fame throughout France and over a great part of Germany.

From that period its use gradually extended over Europe and to all parts of the world.

Years went by, still the inventor was unmarried, and the secret of his perfume known to himself alone. Either because he was lonely, or because he wanted to extend his business, he sent in the year 1726 for his brother, John Baptist Farina, from Italy, and took him into his business; but six years later John Baptist died, and again the inventor was alone; and so he lived for three years, when he resolved to take the son of his dead brother, not only into the business, but into the secret.

At the inventor's death, which took place in 1766, he bequeathed by testament to his nephew, and to him alone, both his business and his secret; and by this nephew the business was carried on and the secret kept until he died in 1792, when he transferred the same to his three sons, John Baptist, John Maria, and Charles Antony; the second of these died unmarried, and left his share in the business to the other two.

The eldest, John Baptist, resigned his interest in the firm to his son, who was called after his uncle John Maria, and when he died in 1833 his widow and children succeeded as partners in the house. Charles Antony, who died in 1850, had nine years previously made over to his son John Maria his share, and from that date he was the head of the firm.

The two who now are the firm are John Maria Farina, grandson of Charles Anthony, born in 1837, and John Maria Hermann, born 1822, son-in-law of the widow just mentioned.

For nearly two hundred years the secret of the manufacture of the original Eau de Cologne has been known to ten people only, including the two who are now at the head of the firm.

It follows as a matter of course that whenever a person or thing is a success, imitators and imitations spring up in all directions so like the original that one is puzzled. In this particular instance the name, the mark, the bottle, the appearance, the address, were copied by those who had no cognisance of the secret of the inventors. The resources of modern chemistry and modern manufacture are many; but what makes the difference between "the true" and "the false"? What is the secret? How is the original made? Of what materials? In what quantities?

Being in Cologne, and having a letter of introduction to John Maria Farina, the real man, I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity of visiting his world-renowned establishment, to see what might be seen, though not expecting an answer to these questions.

The premises, situate opposite the Jülichs Platz. are very large, handsome, and aristocratic in appearance. In an inner room, where sit the two present heads of the firm, stands a monster book on an easel, containing letters and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe now living, and from many who have passed away, signed in many instances by the royal hands themselves. In this book there are also the certificates of merit from the Exhibitions of London, of Paris, Vienna, and New York, with which the heads of the firm intend to be content, as, in their own words, "their Eau de Cologne never varies and can never be improved." On the walls of this room hang the portraits of the true Farina family, seven in number, from the founder down to the father of the present head. I liked the face of the original John Maria Farina; it is open, shrewd, clever, and kind.

Leading out of this is a small room where the books of the firm are kept. The very first, written in neat Italian by John Maria himself nearly a hundred and eighty years ago (1709), is there in good preservation. The paper is very rough, rather like good blotting-paper; the ink, however, must have been very good, for it retains its colour well.

Out of this chamber we walked across a courtyard into a large room, where men and boys were filling and corking the bottles. The urns on the various tables looked like monster tea-urns used at large gatherings at home. Before each sat a man, who had at his side a hamper of bottles and a heap of corks. One after the other, with great rapidity, he filled the bottles from the tap, then, letting a few drops fall on to the cork to

make it slip in easily, he pressed it into the bottle. The bottles are rinsed with a little Eau de Cologne before being filled. They are never sold when first filled, being the better for keeping at least six months.

We were glad to leave this room, for we were beginning to feel giddy and stupid.

We next went down into the cellars, immense places under the mansion-house. In case of fire each cellar has a separate entrance from the street, and each can effectually be cut off from the others. On each side of these cellars are ranged monster casks full of Eau de Cologne.

There is something interesting to say about these huge casks. They are made of cedar from Lebanon, which is carried to Marseilles, and there made into casks for this firm. This wood is stronger than any other, and does not smell. Being made, they do not come to Cologne empty, but are filled with French grape spirit, the use of which is, I believe, peculiar to this firm. The duty on the grape spirit is very high, and has been raised since last summer something like a hundred and eighty marks—£8—on a hundred kilogrammes or two hundred pounds, and beyond this there is something to pay on the casks.

The spirit is distilled from the French grape by the firm themselves, as only in this way can they be sure of having it pure. Their distillery is near the Spanish frontier at Narbonne. One cellar is full of grape spirit, which in taste is like the strongest wine.

Some of the casks in the cellars are fifty years old. Outside each is a slate, bearing the date when it was filled. Sometimes a cask bursts; the cellars therefore want careful watching. Six casks are always left empty in case of accident. A cask is rarely empty twenty-four hours. More than two million bottles are sold in a year, and of these 150,000 go to one house in London.

Johann Maria Farina told me that it is quite impossible to analyse the perfume.

The process of making it is to fill a cask half-full of French grape spirit, then put in the essential oils, which they mix themselves, and lastly fill up with more grape spirit.

This stands a fortnight, when the Eau de Cologne becomes quite clear, and can be drawn off. The refuse or dregs looks like green mustard, and is so efficacious in rheumatism that it is supplied to the hospitals, or given to any sufferers who apply with a physician's order.

The cellars have to be cleaned and whitewashed twice a year, as the evaporation forms a crust on the roof and sides like that on old port-wine bottles.

We were next taken into a small laboratory, carefully locked up, and provided with wooden shelves filled with tin cans, in which are the essential oils. One small tin is worth more than 2,000 francs (£80.)

Now we cross the court and enter the room where the secret is kept, and where it still remains, for, of course, we were not allowed to see into it. The document is kept in a crystal goblet and under triple locks. This is the identical room where the inventor worked; and there is the huge churn-like machine in which the oils are mixed by moving a handle.

All this part of the building is of solid stone and iron, and the doors have double locks. Outside is an ancient carved wooden chest provided with taps, which was formerly used for filling the bottles, but which would be of little use in the giant work of to-day.

In the room opposite we found a number of compartments like wine bins, in which were stored the white boxes we know so well. There were 40,000 ready to be sent out.

These boxes are made of poplar wood, which grows in the neighbourhood of Cologne, and in order to get the boxes white they are sulphured, and must therefore be stored some time before they can be used. They have a fresh supply of bottles every Thursday; the long green bottles come strung together by a straw band in fives, and the ordinary bottles in rolls of six or eight.

There are only three families who make the basket work for the bottles, and these come every Friday with the two or three thousand bottles they have finished, get the money for their work and another week's supply.

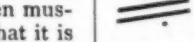
They have some Eau de Cologne in the store room which was made in 1750.

Every day twenty to twenty-five bottles burst, making quite a report.

The method of charging duty on this perfume varies, some countries charging according to weight and others according to size.

Spurious firms have been the cause of much vexation and expense to the true firm, but in a great measure the fraud has been stopped.

The genuine Eau de Cologne may be known by the label, which has no number, but the sign



and the word "Gegenüber dem, Jülichs Platz."

The visit to this building afforded us much pleasure, and we had the best guide possible, for it was none other than Johann Maria Farina himself.

E. BREWER.



Royal Academy, 1887.] THE WOOD GATHERER. [*Frank E. Cox.*

MUSICAL TASTE.

MEN of the most opposite characters and lives that history can produce have been more or less influenced by the power of music. And on the other hand many of the greater and most cultured minds have been utterly destitute of all musical ear. Why this should be so has long been a disputed question, but we can only answer—

> "Whence art thou? from what causes dost thou spring,
> Oh, music, thou divine, mysterious thing?"

Thus, for instance, if Alfred loved music, so did Nero; if Cœur de Lion was a sweet musician, so was Charles IX; if George III delighted in every kind of music, especially in that of a sacred character, so likewise did Henry VIII. Indeed, there is no forming any system of judgment. As it was observed some years ago in the "Quarterly Review," there is no broad mark to distinguish those susceptible of music's influence from the many who know not one tune from another. And, furthermore, it is not possible to form any theory of the class of minds most in harmony with music; for illustrations, however numerous, contradict us in every effort. Defect of vision, as we all know, may co-exist with the utmost vigour of intellectual perception, and so this physical inability, or lack of responsiveness, in music may be found in natures otherwise the most harmonious, while the musical faculty, on the contrary, may be highly developed where apparently other gifts are few.

Voltaire is generally reputed to have been a hater and despiser of the art of sweet sounds, and Goëthe says of him that he would sit with a discontented face while music was going on. Calvin and Knox, curious to say, regarded music as a snare of the evil one. Dr. Chalmers had also little musical sympathy in him, except that, after the manner of Scotchmen, he liked a Scotch air; but he had a remarkable taste for numerical arrangement, even in the most insignificant actions and habits of his life. It regulated every part of his toilet—down even to the daily stropping of his razor. Beginning with his minimum, which was two strokes, he added one stroke more each day successively, till he got up to a number fixed on as his maximum. On reaching this he reduced the process, diminishing the number of his strokes by one each day, till the lowest point was touched; and so, by what he would have called a series of oscillations between his maximum and his minimum, this matter of the stropping undeviatingly progressed. In short, he did much by numbers, for even his staff was put down to the ground regularly at each fourth footfall. And yet, in spite of this numerical method, he was not musical. In this respect, how different was Haydn, who is said to have been struck with the melodic intervals sung by men delivering bundles of firewood, which he made the subject of his finale to one of his symphonies.

There is a tradition at St. Paul's about Sydney Smith's musical predilection, which is not without interest. It appears that music in the minor key always had a most depressing effect upon him; he felt unnerved by it, and was actually compelled to forbid its introduction into the services whenever he happened to be in residence.[1] At the same time, Sydney Smith was a lover of music, and he was in the habit of remarking, "If I were to begin life again, I would devote much time to music. All musical people seem to be happy; it is the most engrossing pursuit, almost the only innocent and unpunished passion." He was very fond, also, of singing, and found this a pleasant diversion after his work was over. He was rather slow, however, in learning a song, though, when once he had accomplished the task, he sang very correctly. "As he never tired, too, of his old friends," writes Lady Holland, "and had always some new one on the stocks, there was a tolerable variety of songs to select from; and with my mother's beautiful accompaniment (she was a very accomplished musician), and his own really fine voice, our trios succeeded in pleasing him so much, that he would often *encore* himself."

Another famous man, who, like Sydney Smith, was much influenced by music, was the well-known J. P. Curwen, an amusing account of whose performances on the violoncello is given by Mr. Phillips[2]:—"It was when at the Priory he chose to exhibit on the violoncello. It was a very large instrument, and doubtless a very fine one, for his taste was fastidious. When, however, he got this machine between his feet, he gradually scraped himself into such a fit of enthusiasm as to render gravity painful, if not impossible. There he sat, beneath the shadow of the instrument, which high overtopped him, his under-lip, as usual, protracted, his face glowing with self-satisfaction, his head moving to the music he was producing, and his frenzied eye now fixed on the auditor and now uplifted to the spheres, as if invoking them to pause and listen. The music, no doubt, was excellent, but the muscles of man could not resist the drollery of its accompaniments." On the other hand, it is rather amusing to note that even Curwen's own countenance was occasionally as severely taxed by others, as we learn from the following extract from one of his letters:—

"I have got acquainted with a Miss Hume, who is an original in her way. She is romantic and sentimental, and, to crown all, she sings like a nightingale! As I have not the best command of my muscles I always propose putting out the candle before the song begins, for the greater romanticality of the thing. It is an expedient I used to have recourse to when I had the honour of teaching Nixon to sing. It is a pity when a poor girl is so mistaken in her qualifications as to display only her absurdities, and studiously

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1 "Life and Times of Sydney Smith." 1884. p. 366.
2 "Curwen and his Contemporaries." 1850. p. 29.

to conceal everything she ought not to be ashamed of."

But Curwen little thought how these remarks applied to himself.

Dr. Johnson, it may be remembered, could never tell one note from another, although he one day remarked that "if he had learnt music he should have been afraid he would have done nothing else but play. It was a method of employing the mind without the labour of thinking at all, and with some applause from a man's self." But, as it was, his musical perception only went so far that "he knew a drum from a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a guitar." Lord Byron, although he loved the music that came to him "o'er the waters," yet had no thorough ear for music. And yet in his diary he makes an entry: "Oh! there is an organ playing in the street—a waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London, between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing!"

Goldsmith was influenced by music, and played tolerably well on the German flute. It is recorded that when vexed by temporary annoyances he had recourse to this instrument, and blew it with a kind of mechanical vehemence till his equanimity of temper returned. In London, too, until a late period of life, he amused his friends with Irish songs, exhibiting much of the peculiar humour of his country. But Sir John Hawkins, who viewed Goldsmith with no favourable eye, mentions a piece of deception practised upon him, proving, he says, that the poet understood "not the character in which music is written, but played merely by ear." The story, however, has generally been received with caution. Roubiliac, the sculptor, a merry fellow, once heard him play, and minding to put a trick upon him, pretended to be charmed with his performance, as that also himself was skilled in the art, and entreated him to repeat the air, that he might write it down. Goldsmith readily consented, and Roubiliac, calling for paper, scored thereon a few five-line staves; which, having done, Goldsmith proceeded to play, and Roubiliac to write; but his writing was only rude random notes on the lines and spaces, such as any one might set down who had ever inspected a page of music. When they had done, Roubiliac showed the paper to Goldsmith, who, looking it over with seeming great attention, said "it was very correct, and that if he had not seen him do it he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him." It has been urged by Mr. Prior in defence of Goldsmith, that, supposing the story were true, it "indicates rather a good-natured acquiescence in what he did not stop to examine, or a degree of delicacy in charging ignorance or imposture upon the supposed musician, than total ignorance of the matter in question."[1]

Although Gainsborough never had patience to learn his notes, he was passionately fond of music, and played upon several instruments. One day he was so delighted with the playing of Colonel Hamilton on the violin that he exclaimed, whilst tears of rapture rolled down his cheeks, "Go on, and I will give you the picture of the boy on the stile, which you have so often wished to purchase of me." When once, too, he took a fancy to an instrument, no price prevented him from purchasing it. Having seen a theorbo finely played by Vandyke, he concluded that it must be a fine instrument, and, hearing of a German professor who possessed one, he called upon him for the purpose of purchasing it, when the ensuing conversation took place: "I am come to buy your lute; name your price, and here's your money," "I cannot sell my lute." "No, not for a guinea or two? But you must sell it, I tell you." "My lute is worth much money, it is worth ten guineas." "Oh, that it is. See, here's the money." So saying, he took up the instrument, went half way down the stairs, and returned. "I have done but half my errand. What is your lute worth if I have not your book?" "What book, Master Gainsborough?" "Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute; there's ten guineas for it, so once more good-day." He went down a few steps and returned again. "What use is your book to me if I don't understand it? And your lute, you may take it again if you will not teach me to play on it. Come home with me and give me the first lesson." "I will come to-morrow." "You must come now." "But I must shave, sir." "Do you think if Vandyke were to paint you he would let you be shaved?" This is only one of the many numerous anecdotes told of Gainsborough, showing what a curious fascination music had for him.

In early life Constable was a good flute-player, but laid aside this instrument when he found that painting required his whole attention. Preferring at all times simplicity and expression to an ostentatious display of art, it happened that on one occasion at a musical party, during a trio in Italian—with which his ears were stunned—he whispered to a friend, "I dare say it is very fine, for it is very disagreeable; but if these people were to make such a noise before your door or mine, we should send for the police to take them away!"

Another painter who was fond of music was George Romney. In the hours of solitary study, while engaged in transferring to the canvas the creations of his imagination, his violin was always at hand. As it was often necessary in the progress of his work to step back in order to judge of the effect, he would sometimes on these occasions amuse himself by playing a favourite air, till a new idea or alteration came across his mind, when the violin was instantly dismissed and the pencil resumed, "then the two arts conspired, and the harmony of the picture was improved by the harmony of music." His instructor in the violin was a man named Williamson, a watchmaker by trade, whom he once accompanied to Whitehaven to hear Giardini perform. So enchanted was he with the marvellous notes he brought out that it was afterwards sometimes a struggle in his mind whether he should devote himself to painting or music. Gainsborough also

[1] Prior's "Life of Goldsmith." 1837. Vol. I., pp. 424-5.

was equally enraptured when he heard the same performer at Bath, but with this difference of feeling—that he wished for the instrument, and Romney the art.

Another great lover of music was Jeremy Bentham, who had an organ in his house and a piano in almost every room. In one of his letters he thus writes on his musical outlay: "I have just been ruining myself by two pieces of extravagance: an organ that is to cost two hundred and thirty pounds. 'Tis half as large or twice as large again as the other; goes up to the ceiling and down to the floor of my workshop, giving birth to an abyss, in which my music-stool is lodged, looking like an elephant or a rhinoceros, and projecting in such sort that there is no getting the dinner-tray on the little table without a battle."

Equally strong was Samuel Rogers's musical taste, and when he dined at home and alone it was his custom to have an Italian organ-grinder playing in the hall, "the organ being set to the 'Sicilian Mariners' air, and other popular tunes of the south." He even kept nightingales in cages on his staircase and in his bedroom to sing to him. The morning was the time when he enjoyed music most, and nothing caused him greater annoyance than to hear the songs he loved profaned by inferior execution.

James Hogg, popularly known as the "Ettrick Shepherd," at the early age of fourteen evinced a strong love for music. We are told how he managed to save five shillings, with which he bought himself a fiddle, and with this amused and solaced himself during his leisure hours, which do not appear, however, to have been very numerous. His nocturnal performances on the fiddle when he had retired to his sleeping-place disturbed no one but himself and his associate quadrupeds, his usual refuge at this period being either in the stables or the cowhouse. It should be added that his violin continued to be a favourite source of amusement with him in all his after years; and the shepherd's violin, in its old red leather case with the brass nails, remains in the careful possession of his family.

George Grote possessed considerable talent for music, and he and his wife were in the habit of playing duets on two violoncellos, as well as pianoforte duets. But much to his regret he was ultimately obliged to give up his violoncello, finding too many other claims pressing on his time and attention to permit of his practising on this instrument.

Although Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, had most of his time occupied with his professional duties, he contrived to cultivate his natural taste for music, and thereby afforded his friends much amusement, for he not only performed on the flute and violin, but sang his own ballads with considerable taste and feeling. Like Jenner, we find Samuel Compton, famous as the inventor of the spinning-mule, a lover of sweet sounds. Accordingly, when through business debarred from company, and accustomed to solitude, he developed his musical taste, to gratify which he was led to the first trial of his mechanical skill in making a violin, upon which he commenced learning to play. With this musical friend, writes his biographer, he would beguile many a long winter night, or during the summer evenings wander contemplatively among the green lanes, or by the margin of the pleasant brook that swept round the romantic old residence of Hall-in-the-Wood. Compton's making his own violin reminds us of the celebrated musician John Daly, who died at the commencement of the present century. The story runs that he was accustomed to purloin horse-shoes, which he formed into an octave, so arranged and modulated as to imitate the chimes of a church—one of those interesting instances of the inventive power of true talent.

The eminent philosopher, Joseph Priestley, who allowed himself but little recreation, occasionally indulged in his favourite amusement, playing on the flute—an instrument on which he was rather more than an average performer. Indeed, music to him was almost a necessity, and he generally recommended it as a relief to those occupied in mental pursuits. In this respect he was no doubt right, for, apart from the measure of enjoyment which music affords to cultivated people, it frequently acts as a powerful and soothing solace. Hence it is not surprising that men engaged in occupations requiring much brain exertion should seek relief in music. Henry Fawcett, when he lost his eyesight, resolutely set himself to improve his taste for music, this being one of the few recreations he used to observe which a blind man may enjoy without immediate dependence upon others. Such was music also to Bishop Thirlwall, who was especially fond of the songs of Wales and Italy. When the business of the day was over, Charles Reade, who was accustomed to enter thoroughly into the concerns of life, would often have recourse to music as one of his recreations. "Late in the evening," writes one who knew him, "he would sit himself at the piano, and after playing a few chords would sing some old-world ballad, in a low voice which was full of tenderness. Those simple, pathetic songs seemed a fitting close to the long evening of talk."

In moments of depression, Sir Thomas More's favourite solace was music, and we are told how he prevailed on the sour Mistress Alice Middleton "to take lessons on the lute, the cithern, the viol, the monochord, and the flute, which she daily practised to him." A further proof of his great love for music was shown in the zeal he displayed in the service of Chelsea church, where he used to wear a white surplice and sit among the choristers. On one occasion, having invited the Duke of Norfolk to dine with him, that nobleman was not a little astonished to find him, on entering the church, taking an active part in the singing. "My Lord Chancellor a parish clerk? A parish clerk?" was the duke's exclamation. Whereupon More, with quiet self-composure, replied, "Nay, your grace may not think that the King—your master and mine—will be offended with me for seeking his Master, and thereby account his office dishonoured."

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, enjoyed a taste for music which helped occasionally to enliven

and cheer his leisure moments; and the late Charles Darwin had a true love of fine music, although he had not a good ear. At any rate, it was his delight to listen to some grand symphony or overture of Mozart or Beethoven's. On one occasion he attended the afternoon service at King's College, Cambridge, where he heard a very beautiful anthem. At the end of one of the parts, which was exceedingly impressive, he turned round to his friend, and said with a deep sigh, "How's your backbone?" He often spoke of a feeling of coldness or shivering in his back on hearing beautiful music. Unfortunately, in spite of his love for music, his bad ear prevented his recognising a tune, and he would often say when an old favourite was played, "That's a fine thing! What is it?" But, in this respect, Darwin was like many eminent men, some of whom, in truth, have found no pleasure in music at all, feeling towards it what Wordsworth has written of the "Ranz des Vaches":

> "I listen, but no faculty of mine
> Avails those modulations to detect
> When heard in foreign lands."

Thus, Sir Walter Scott had little ear for music, and in his "Autobiography" he tells us that his mother was anxious he "should at least learn Psalmody, but the incurable defects of my voice and ear soon drove my teacher to despair." It is true he loved dearly the hum of the bagpipes, but in his Diary we find this entry: "My little nieces gave us some pretty music. I do not know, and cannot utter, a note of music; and complicated harmonies seem to me a battle of confused though pleasing sounds."

Charles Lamb once admitted that he was incapable of deriving the slightest pleasure from music; and Barry Cornwall says that he never heard a song in his house, nor any conversation on the subject of melody or harmony; yet, we are told the sentiment, apart from the science of music, gave him great pleasure. Thus he reverenced the fine organ playing of Mr. Novello, and admired the singing of his daughter—"the tuneful daughter of a tuneful sire." But he strongly resented the misapplication of the theatres to sacred music, considering this a perversion of the original secular purposes of a playhouse.

It was curious, considering what a fine perception Sir Humphrey Davy had of the beautiful in nature, being, as Wordsworth says, able to grasp—

> "All that we behold
> From this green earth; of all the mighty world
> Of eye and ear, both what they half create
> And what perceive—"

that yet he lacked the musical ear. He could not even catch the simple air of the National Anthem, and whilst a member of a volunteer corps he could never keep step.

Many other men of genius might be quoted, such as Hume and Robert Peel, who have had little or no capacity for musical pleasure.

It is well known that Swift was not one of those who have "music in themselves." He was by no means complimentary to the musical folk of his day, but in reality could never distinguish much difference between one tune and another.

Among modern instances may be quoted Keble, who, although, it would seem, fond of music, had not a keen or accurate ear for it, and he used to complain of the dulness of his hearing to apprehend all the full beauty of harmonious sounds. Kingsley tells us that of music he knew nought, although he was fond of it, and used to say, "It is such a vent for the feelings." Dean Stanley, also, with all his culture, had no ear for music. Then there was Dr. Arnold, who, referring in one of his letters to his lack of musical taste, says, "I can no more remedy it than I could make my mind mathematical, or than some other men could enter into the deep delight with which I look at a wood anemone or wood sorrel." And, lastly, we may mention Henry Buckle, who, though remarkable for his versatile acquirements, was said to have a deficiency of musical feeling. Once in life there seems to have been an awakening, and that was when Franz Liszt played, a performer of whose influence Heine has thus written:

"With the exception of Chopin, all other performers whom we have heard in countless concerts this year are only performers—brilliant merely in the power of manipulation over the wood and wire. But when Liszt plays the piano fades utterly from our thoughts, we no longer think on difficulties overcome—our souls are bathed in music."

It is no matter of surprise that Buckle should have enjoyed such music; and as Mr. Huth has remarked, "his want of sensibility to the influence of this art may have been due to the imperfection of interpretation. As a rule music was mere noise to him, and he could not tell one tune from another."

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

THE FEEDING OF LONDON.

II.



THE LANDING STAGE AT BILLINGSGATE.

LONDON requires other meat to feed it besides the live cattle and cold carcases of which we have heard so much; and a large proportion of this comes from across the seas. Even in minor matters, mere sundries as it were, generally thought to be of home production exclusively, it is astonishing to what an extent we are indebted to the colonist and the foreigner. As an example, we have in the newspaper on the morning this is written, an announcement that a steamer has just arrived from the River Plate with 14,334 carcases of mutton; 1,051 half carcases; 26,110 tongues; 27,390 hearts; 119,050 kidneys; 50 tails; and 10 casks of tripe. Do not let this typical cargo be pooh-poohed as mere "frozen;" the cold-air storage chambers in which it made its voyage are on exactly the same principle as the huge larders of the Metropolitan Meat Market, in which meat, home grown and foreign grown, is kept side by side, and not one person in a thousand could tell the native place of the mutton when it comes to table, except perhaps that the meat that came farthest might be the best flavoured, owing to its having been fed on richer pasture.

Let us give as briefly as possible—for we have other food to interest us—London's share of imported meat sundries. Of salted beef, reaching us chiefly from the United States, London claims nearly 1,700 tons a year; of tinned meats, 84,000 cases; of hams, nearly 6,000 tons; of bacon, 18,750 tons; of salt pork, over 1,700 tons. The hams, bacon, and pork, like the salted beef, come chiefly from the United States. To them we may appropriately add the rabbits, chiefly from Belgium, of which London, in 1887, consumed 60,000; and with these rabbits, which weighed nearly 750 tons, we may as well mention the poultry and game, amounting to 2,550 tons. In short, to the live cattle, and meat imported, we shall be well within the mark in adding 33,000 tons of poultry and odds and ends. One item of meat that we have forgotten—vegetarian meat let us call it—runs into even larger figures. How many foreign eggs does the reader suppose come into the kingdom in a year? In 1887 the return presented to the House of Commons gives the number at 1,088,380,440! Taking London's share of this at an eighth, and that is a very low estimate, the metropolis consumed, in 1887, over 136,000,000 foreign eggs, of which Germany supplied more than a third, France about a third, and Belgium a sixth.

But we must say more about the poultry and game than this, for the London consumption runs into much larger quantities than would be suspected. One railway company alone, the Great Eastern—whose goods manager has very kindly supplied us with a detailed statement of the line's food traffic for the last ten years—brought into London in 1888, 2,587 tons of poultry! Let the Londoner visit the Central Poultry Market, and see for himself the quantities that are being handled, and let him consider that, unlike butcher's

meat, the amount of poultry that passes through Smithfield is a mere fraction of what London eats. Let him go to Leadenhall, and add what he sees there to what he has seen at Smithfield, and still he will be far off the gross total.

Leadenhall likes not statistics, and is somewhat of a mystery as a market, but it is the most interesting of lounges under Corporation control. It is a grand miscellaneous show of the living and the dead. All alive-oh!—and noisily alive-oh—are cocks and hens, and pigeons and turkeys, and peafowl and guineafowl, and ducks and geese, all tempting the amateur as ornaments for the back yard, and all meaning roast or boiled in the immediate future. And huddled with them are more unprofitable pets—hawks and canaries, larks and linnets, parrots and owls, rabbits and ferrets, dogs and cats, hedgehogs and goldfish, foxes ("that had been best unmentioned!") and "water-snails for the aquarium!" And close by are lofty displays of New Zealand mutton; and bins-ful of "frozen kidneys," and joints from the Plate, all doomed to the dish; and game innumerable, all hanging dead in plumes; and venison, skinned and unskinned, such as this market distributes in London alone to the tune of 350 tons a year.

Where does the game come from? Scandinavia and Russia, Germany and Italy, Manitoba and Wisconsin all contribute. Even "the quails of the desert" come to Leadenhall. The grouse come from Yorkshire and the Highlands of Scotland; the pheasants and partridges from Norfolk and Suffolk; the teal, the widgeon, and the wild fowl from Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire and the lowlands of Holland. A well-known salesman estimated that there are supplied in one year 100,000 grouse, 125,000 partridges, 70,000 pheasants, 80,000 snipe, 150,000 Irish plover, 30,000 Egyptian quail, 70,000 widgeon, 30,000 teal, 200,000 wild duck, 150,000 small wild birds, and 400,000 larks. And to this he added 400,000 pigeons, mostly from France; 100,000 geese, mostly from Holland; 350,000 ducks, a good many from Buckinghamshire; 104,000 turkeys, mostly from East Anglia; 100,000 hares, 1,300,000 rabbits, and 2,000,000 domestic fowls, mostly from Surrey and Sussex. This was some years ago, and we shall be within limits now if we add to these all that we have already mentioned as reaching us by sea. When we consider that fifty years since the sale of game was illegal, what a "development of commerce" have we here! And yet how small a matter it is after all! Add all the quantities together and it will be found that reckoning them all as equal, from the lark to the turkey, all as so many head, we have not allowed two birds a piece per year for the people of London. But how many of the Londoners we may be reminded taste not bird-flesh from year's end to year's end. Full well we know it. But take "the upper ten thousand," not as a figure of speech but as a figure of arithmetic, and allow each of the ten thousand a bird a day and you have accounted for 3,650,000 of the mighty flock!

In our salesman's estimate the large supplies from Ireland are included. Other provisions come from Ireland besides poultry—pork and bacon, for example, in large quantities—but no means exist of arriving at the amount of Irish produce consumed in London, and we must leave it as a margin for our other estimates. Large, though the quantity is, it is small in proportion to the numbers it has to feed. Butter, too, comes in large consignments from Ireland, but it is now having a hard fight against the importations from across the other Channel. Of home-made butter London is said to take 10,000 tons; its yearly share of foreign butter is about the same, and of margarine, the imitation, it receives nearly 9,000 tons. The margarine reaches us chiefly from Holland, but it also comes from Norway and Belgium. Butter comes to us mainly from Denmark, France yielding the next largest supply, and Holland and Germany the next.

Of milk, all of it produced in England and excluding all *Lac dubium* and the yield of *Vacca ferro-caudata*, London, at a moderate estimate, drinks 125,000 gallons a day or 875,000 gallons a week; and as a cow can be safely set down to yield ten gallons a week, we are faced with the formidable herd of 87,500 cows required to furnish the metropolitan milk supply. Of these some 14,000 are kept within the London boundary. The milk from the rest is brought in "churns" from almost every railway-station. Familiar objects are these churns to the railway traveller. In the early morning about four o'clock they are delivered full in hundreds, and again about one o'clock in the afternoon they are loaded out from the trains wholesale, and all day long the empty churns go back in the brakes and special vans. The farmer realises about as much per gallon as the retailer does per quart, the difference going chiefly in carriage. Of late there has been a great increase in London milkmen owing to a greatly increased consumption of milk. And there has been a great increase of business among the larger firms, one company, for instance, making as many as 11,000 calls a day at customers' houses.

In addition to the fresh milk there should be mentioned the condensed milk sold in tins, of which the London yearly consumption is 80,000 cases. And from milk we are easily led to cheese, of which the United Kingdom annually imports over 90,000 tons, and London uses 11,465 tons. Two-thirds of the cheese come from Canada and the United States in about equal proportions. And a sixth comes from Holland. Adding the home produce, we can put the consumption of cheese in London at 50 tons a day. With these "provisions" we may as well take lard, of which America supplies the Londoners every year with 5,000 tons. What home-made lard is used we know not, for of the home-bred pig and all connected with him we frankly confess we can make nothing, although we have tried our hardest. One astounding fact we have gathered, and that is that the London cookshops annually sell over 600 tons of black puddings, polonies, and saveloys.

Having disposed of the meat and provisions, we can now attack the fish, with which we might more fashionably have begun. And first for the oysters, which are not strictly fish but are certainly fishy. Forty years ago a calculation was published show-

ing that the London consumption of oysters was in round numbers 500,000,000. There can be no doubt that more oysters are eaten now than then, but as 500,000,000 would give us even now a hundred per head of the population, we may perhaps quarter the amount with advantage and be satisfied with two dozen each. The British oyster is of course in a minority, but in his competition with his Dutch, French, Portuguese, and American cousins it is emphatically a case of quality against quantity.

Billingsgate is the great centre of London fish distribution. There are other markets, but Billingsgate laughs them to scorn. Shadwell still exists, and the new Smithfield market has opened hopefully, but the confidence of Lower Thames Street is unshaken. Last year Billingsgate received toll on over 136,000 tons of land-borne and water-borne fish for the Metropolitan dealers. We put land-borne first, owing to its greater importance, for the river no longer brings in the bulk. From the road came 79,000; from the Thames only 57,000. The bulk of the water-borne fish is brought in by four fishing companies; the Great Northern Steam Fish Company brought in 14,000 tons, the Steam Fish and Ice Company 12,000 tons, the Grimsby Ice Company 10,000 tons, the Great Yarmouth Steam Carrying Company 9,000 tons. Of the land-borne fish, the Great Northern Railway are the largest carriers; they were accountable for nearly 19,000 tons out of the 79,000. Next came the London and North-Western, and Great Western, each with 9,000, then the Midland with 7,000, then the Great Eastern with 5,000, the London and South-Western with 3,500, the South-Eastern with 2,500, the Chatham and Dover with 2,300, and the Brighton with 1,300.

The chief characteristic of Billingsgate on a market morning is perpetual motion. An eager, bustling crowd, struggling and beckoning and bidding, is pierced in half a dozen directions by single files of hurrying white-frocked porters. Tracing back the files to the quay, we find them starting from the "steam carriers" moored in the river. A double gangway leads from the steamers into the market. Up one side come the white porters, one by one in close order, swiftly and regularly, each with a "trunk" of fish on his head:



AN AUCTION IN BILLINGSGATE.

down the other passes a less regular file of porters returning empty-handed—or rather headed—to dive into the ship's hold and join the laden stream. At the end of the pontoon are a couple of lighters, and down to them slopes a line of slippery boards; on to these boards the empty trunks are thrown, and down they slide toboggan-fashion till they are safe below.

From London Bridge to Water Lane, or say Lower Thames Street generally, there is a block of carts and railway-vans; the market has overflowed into the street. As an example of the long line, let us take one of the Great Northern waggons which stands opposite the main door of the Custom House. On it is a fish-tank the size of a railway-truck, which was loaded at Grimsby last night, and slung off the truck on to this London waggon this morning. On the tank is a small crowd peering down into two hatchways in the top, the lids of which are thrown back; and a white-frocked man amongst them is shouting at the top of his voice, "There's no better in the market this morning; now then, what do you say?—what do you say?" And a lazy, leisurely sort of bidding is going on: the bidders stooping down into the

mass of fish and picking up first one and then another, and throwing them back again with a flop. On the off-side of the waggon is a crowd of hucksters' barrows and spring-carts, and these extend right up Arthur Street and round the Monument and beyond.

The railway-van is one of many; the shouting group is one of many groups; and under cover in the market the uproar is deafening. There the salesmen, "bummarees," or what not, stand among heaps of fish and stacks of laden boxes. "Gigantic salmon, fresh caught from the firths and bays of Scotland, or from the productive Irish seas, flounder about, as the boxes in which they have travelled disgorge them upon the board; quantities of delicate red mullet, that have been hurried up by the Great Western all the way from Cornwall, for the purpose of being furnished fresh to the fastidious palates at the West End; smelts brought by the Dutch boats, their delicate skins varying in hue like an opal as you pass; pyramids of lobsters, a moving mass of spiteful claws and restless feelers, savage at their late abduction from some Norwegian fiord; great heaps of pinky shrimps; turbots, that lately fattened upon the Doggerbank, with their white bellies bent as for some tremendous leap; and humbler plaice and dabs, from our own craft; all this bountiful accumulation forms a mingled scene of strange forms and weird colours, that no one with an eye for the picturesque can contemplate without interest"—set off as it is by the bustling throng, the grey misty light, and the slippery, sloppy, filthy, greasy flags.

At five o'clock the big bell tolls, and the market opens; by six the West End mongers have taken the pick of the supply; by seven the costermongers have come on the scene and begun their bargaining; by nine the distribution is complete; and, after a feeble haggling with the late comers, lingering on into retail, there comes the close with a grand clean down at three in the afternoon.

Above the market are galleries of offices. Below it are "the shellfish vaults," where the curious explorer will find among piles of empty baskets, sundry unappetising-looking mounds of mussels, whelks, and cockles; and in one corner a steaming kitchen, from whose wide bubbling vats the once blue lobster comes a brilliant scarlet corpse. On the river front is a broad floating pontoon, alongside which are not only the steamers that have collected the takes of the North Sea smacks, but the little open barges in which the fish has been lightered from the docks; and out in the stream are three deep-welled Dutch galliots, quaint and clumsy, varnished and green-limed, in which most of the morning's eels have come to town.

And what is the year's fish bill? We have seen its weight, 136,251 tons; but what does that mean in quantities? Official figures there are none, but the following proportions are vouched for as being near the mark, and the quantities will total up to the tonnage required. 400,000 each of salmon and live cod; 60,000,000 soles; 12,000,000 whiting; 2,000,000 haddock; 22,000,000 plaice; 16,000,000 mackerel; 800,000,000 herrings; an eighth as many sprats; 6,000,000 eels; 300,000 dabs and flounders; and a million sundries. Add for the "dry" fish, 50,000 barrelled cod, and 1,000,000 salt cod; 15,000,000 haddocks; 100,000,000 bloaters; 30,000,000 red herrings—the "Billingsgate pheasant"—10,000,000 kippers; and 300,000 sprats. Add for the "shell-fish," over 125,000,000 oysters; 1,000,000 lobsters; 500,000 crabs; 300,000,000 shrimps; 3,000,000 whelks; 30,000,000 mussels; 40,000,000 cockles; and 100,000,000 "littorinas of the pin," the "wink-wink-winkety-winks," that curl out from their convolutions on so many Sunday tea plates, east and south of Paternoster Row.



WAITING.

"What an exaggeration!" says the incredulous reader, for a moment. Let him add together all the "wet," and the "dry," and the "shell;" let him reckon the sprat as the equal of the salmon, and count the cod, the shrimp, the bloater, and the periwinkle as each an "ego," and therefore entitled to an equal vote in the democracy of the seas; and he will find his total fall short of 1,800,000,000. Let him divide that by the days in the year and the number of London's people, and he will find that in our case, to speak within the limit, we have given the Londoners less than a single fish a day to feed on.

To give the people of London only a periwinkle apiece, you would require so many bushels that the baskets containing them, placed one over the other, would overtop the cross of St. Paul's.

W. J. GORDON.

THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

HENRY V.

THERE is a good deal of Henry V's writing extant at the present day. Amongst the examples are some tolerably long letters which show a very skilful power of expression. These are particularly interesting; since—with the exception of the few words before noticed, penned by Henry IV whilst Earl of Derby—they are the earliest examples of royal holograph letter writing we have. Two of these are written whilst he was Prince of Wales, and are addressed to his father Henry IV. The first congratulates him on the "blissid sacrament of mariage," which he (Henry IV) has concluded with Joan of Navarre, so that the letter belongs to the year 1402, when the writer was but fourteen years of age. He regrets that he was not present at the ceremony; his absence was evidently caused by the existence of the jealousy and suspicion with which Henry IV constantly regarded his youthful heir. The frank and open-hearted strain of the letter leaves us in no doubt about the genuineness of the grief which the boy says he feels at exclusion from his father's presence.

Transcript of the document above referred to. Holograph. Original in English, Public Record Office. See facsimile (1) *on following page, which shows the concluding portion of the letter commencing at "therefore my sovereyne lorde," etc.*[1]

"In all wyse my sov*er*eyne lorde I recoma*n*dde me to you*r*e moste noble grace wyghte alle the lowlinesse that any su*b*git kan thenkke or devise. Ande as you lieste my sov*er*eyne lorde to lete me youre most hu*m*ble liege ma*n* to have knowleche be yowr gracious lettris of the pees and mariage co*n*cludid, the whyche Godde knowyht I have desirid as herttyly as ever dide any poore creature, and that for Goddis worshipp and your moste noble herttis ese. And also for the sov*er*eyne gladnesse and co*m*forte that we yowre trwe pepil have and wyht*e* Goddis mercy shalle have in the lyklynesse of successione of your bodily heyrys y^{t} lorde thankke yow y^{t} is verray pees, ande wyhte all the hu*m*blesse that any su*b*git kan thankke hys sovereyne lorde, I thankke you my moste gracious sov*er*eyne lorde. Ande there as hyt lykyd yowre hynesse to wryte in zow*r*e forseid gracious lettris y^{t} ye pu*r*pose the time of youre mariage as sone aftir the feste of the trinite as convenable time comyhte, in the beste tyme of the yer I beseche Godde. And trwly my sov*er*eyne lorde, but if youre hynesse hadde commanddid me the quarie if I myht have be [been] to Goddis worship, and yourys at that blessid gladde mariage I wolde, for no thyng be thennys but Godde, blissid mote he be, wille not that I have in thys worde [world] y^{t} y^{t} I most desired of, the whyche to see that joyfulle day of your mariage haht ben on. Besechyng you my sov*er*eyne lorde to have in yowre noble remembraunce wyhte what conclusion of reste I dep*ar*tid last owte of yowre graciouse presence ande after that I have demended me syhte I kam in to thys youre reaume ande wyhte Goddis grace shalle to my lyvys ende lyk as I truste to Godde youre hu*m*ble lyge man, cousin Chaucer, hahte pleinly enformed youre hynesse or this time. Also my sov*er*eyne lorde whanne I was on the grette see I made awowe after time I were onys in youre reaume of Engelande I sholde no see [sea] passe, save on pilgrimage, unto [until] I hadde be [been] at Seint Jamys, ande for that cause whanne I was at youre toun of Calays for the grete desir I hadde to see the prosperite of your most dredde ande noble p*er*sone I wentte strehte fro thennys to your most gracious p*r*esence for if I hadde goone in to your reaume of Engelande I myhte not have come in to Normandie to [till] my pilgrimage hadde be doo [done]. Ande therefore my sovereyne lorde wyht all the humblesee that any subgit kan thenkke or devise I beseche your hynesse to take not to displeaunsse my nowhte comyng, for God knowhte I ne feyne n , ne no colour seke. Besechyng Godde in all wyse my sov*er*eyne lorde to save ande kepe you body and sowle ande sendde you in thys blissid sacrament of mariage, joy, p*r*osperite long to endure wyhte heyrys of your body to his blissid worshyp ande yourys in singuler comforte of all youre trewe peoyll of whyche I am on [one] ande ever shalbe. Wryten at Waltham the vj day of Juin.

Youre hu*m*ble su*b*git and trwe ligema*n*,
H. W.[1]

[Addressed] "To the Kyng my Sovereyne Lorde."

The second letter from Prince Henry to his father is written when the former jealousies had, at least to great extent, subsided. The Prince is now in enjoyment of his father's trust and friendship. The letter is written from Southampton, and with it is sent a muster roll of the soldiers of the companies under the command of his "brother of Bedford,"[2] and other captains. The companies here referred to were probably being dispatched to France, so that the date of the letter may be fixed as 1411 or 1412. At this time Henry IV was permitted by the more settled state of affairs at home to revive the old hostile feeling between France and England. In 1411 he sent military aid to help the Duke of Burgundy's party in its struggle for power against the party of the Duke of Orleans. The following year, however, he listened to the more advantageous proposal of the Orleanists and—withdrawing his friendship from the Burgundians—sent over ffesh men and supplies to help their cause. The domestic allusions in the letter are exceedingly curious. It is uncertain who the lady is that he refers to as his "cousin of York."

Transcript of the document above referred to. Holograph original in English, Public Record Office. See facsimile (2) *on following page, which shows the passages relating to "my cosne of York" and "Tiptot," and also the signature.*

"My sov*er*ain lord and fader, I recomande me to yowr good and gracieux lordship as humbly as I can, desiring to heere as good tydy*n*gg*e*s of you and of your hye estat as ev*er* did leige man of his sov*er*ain lord. And, sir, I trust to God that ye shal have now a companie comyng *with* my brother of Bedford that ye shal like wel in good feith as hit is do me wite, nev*er*thelatter, my brother's mainy [retinue] have I seyn.

[1] The words are written by the Prince with numerous abbreviations; the letters supplied to make the words intelligible to ordinary readers are printed in italics.

[1] Probably for "Henricus Walliæ."
[2] John, Duke of Bedford, second son of Henry IV.

Facsimile (1).

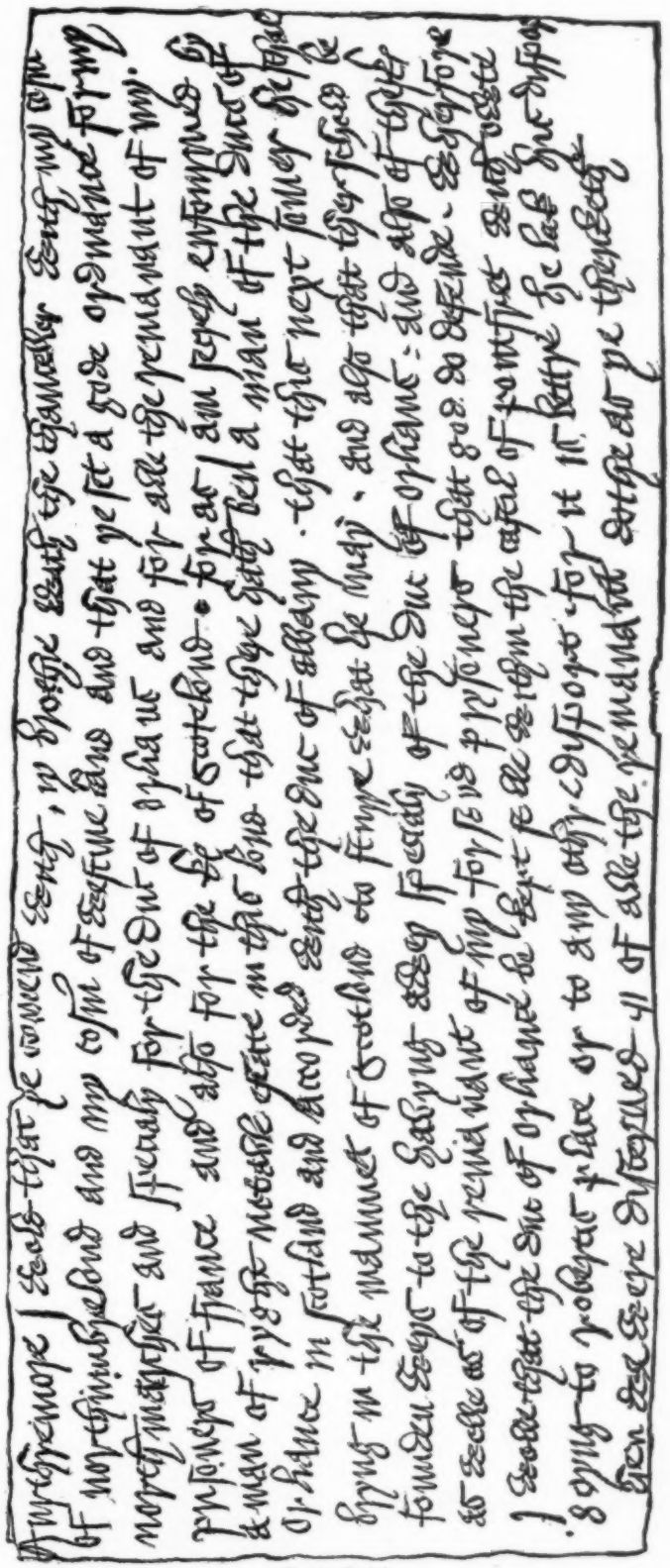
Facsimile (2).

which is right a tal meyny [retinue]. And so schal ye se of thaym that be of your other captaines leding, of which I sende you al the names in a rolle be the berer of this. Also so, sir, blessid be God, of the good and gracieux tydingges that ye have liked to send me word of be Herford your messager which were the gladdist that ever I mygt heve next your welfare, be my trouth, and, sir, with Godde's grace I shal sende all thise ladies as ye have commandid me, in al hast, beseching you of your lordship that I mygt wite how ye wolde that my cosine of York shuld reule her, whether she shuld be barbid[1] or not as I have wreten to you, my soverain lord afore this time. And, sir, as touching Tiptot he shal be delivered in al hast, for ther lakkith no thing but shipping, which, with Goddes grace, shall be so ordeined for that he shal not tary. Also, sir, blessid be God, your gret ship the Grace Dieu is even as redy and is the fairest that ever man saugh, I trowe in good feith. And this same day therle of Devonshir my cosin maad his moustre [muster] in her and al other have her [there] moustre [mustered (?)] the same tyme that shall go to ye see [sea]. And, sir, I trowe ye have on [one] comyng toward you as glad as any man can be as fer as he shewith, that is the King of Scotts, for he thanketh God that he shal mow shewe be experience thentente of his good will be the suffrance of your good lordship. My soverain lord, more can I not write to your hynesse at this tyme, but yt ever I beseche you of your good and gracieux lordship as be my trouth my witting [knowingly] willingly I shal never deserve the contrary, that woot God, to whom I pray, to send yow al yt yowr hert desireth to his plaisance. Writen in your town of Hampton the xiiij day of May.

Your trewe and humble liege man and sone

H. G."[2]

After Prince Henry's accession to the throne, we have a portion of a letter written by him whilst in France, probably in the year 1419, apparently to the person left in charge of home affairs whilst the king prosecuted his wars abroad. The French prisoners he refers to were, no doubt, those taken four years before at the Battle of Agincourt. His suspicions are, we see, aroused that the Duke of Orleans is endeavouring to carry on an intrigue with Scotland, so he directs the continuance of his close confinement at Pontefract, whither he had been removed from Windsor; he did not regain his liberty till 1440. The last ten years of his confinement were passed in the Tower of London, where he employed much of his time in sonnet-writing. Amongst his compositions, are three written in English, and expressed in a way which shows

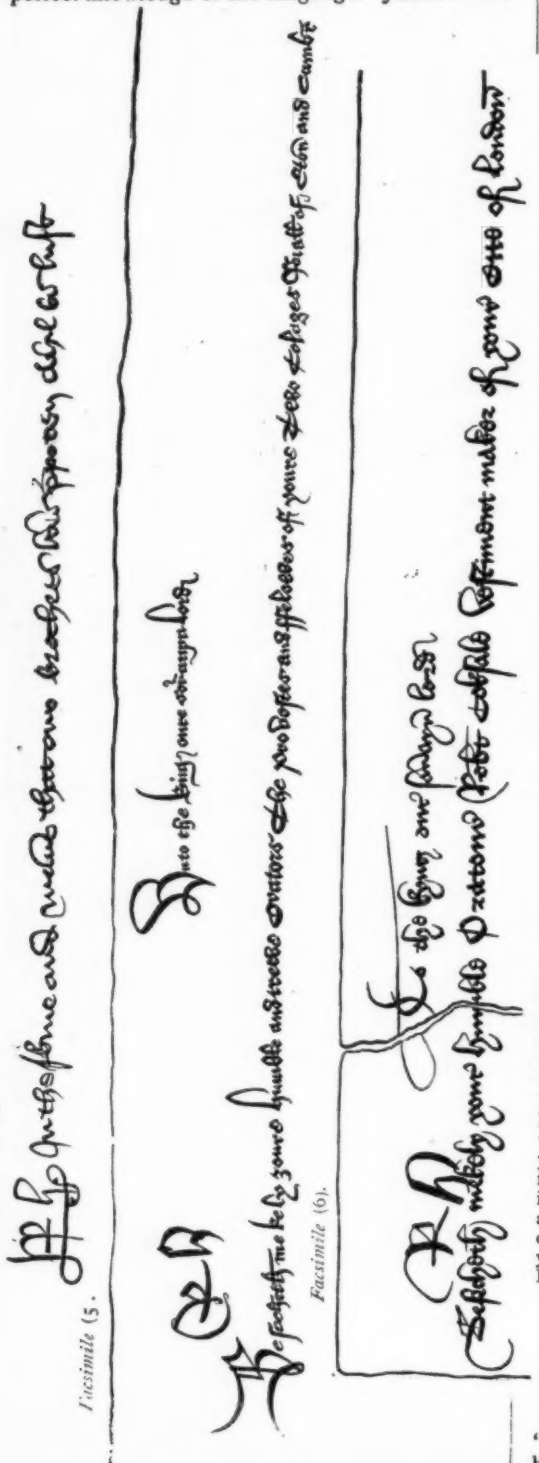


Facsimile (3).

[1] Probably refers to her hair being dressed in some particular way.

[2] Probably "Henricus Gwallia."

that during his captivity he had acquired a very perfect knowledge of the language. James I—the King of Scotland here spoken of by King Henry, and alluded to by him in the letter to Henry IV last quoted—had been a prisoner in England since 1405, and was liberated in 1424; he, too, has left us specimens of poetic composition written whilst in prison:



Facsimile (5).

Facsimile (6).

Facsimile (4).

Transcript of the document referred to above. Holograph original in English, British Museum, Cotton MS. Vespasian F. iii. folio 5. See facsimile (3) on last page.

"Furthremore I wold that ye comend with my brothre, with the chanceller, with my cosin of Northumbrelond and with my cosin of Westmeland; and that ye set a gode ordinance for my north marches, and especially for the Duc of Orlians, and for all the remanant of my presoners of France and also for the k[ing] of Scoteland, for, as I am secrely enfourmed by a man of ryght notable estate in this lond, that there hath ben a man of the Duc of Orliance in Scotland and accorded with the Duc of Albany that this next somer he schal bryng in the maumet [puppet] of Scotlond to sturre what he may, and also that ther schold be founden weys to the havyng awey specialy of the Duc of Orlians and also the k[ing], as well as of the remanant of my forsayd prysoners; that God do defende. Wherefore I wolle that the Duc of Orliance be kept stille within the Castil of Pontfret with owte goyng to Robertis place or to any othre disport, for it is bettre he lak his disport then we were disceyved. Of alle the remanant dothe as ye thenketh."

One more specimen of Henry's handwriting may be given, in the words with which he grants a petition addressed to him by a suitor for the continuance of an annuity granted by his late brother Thomas Duke of Clarence, who was slain at Baugy in 1421; the document therefore shows us the king's handwriting but a short time before his death. The allusions to "Castle of Hawardyn" give the document a present-day interest.

Translation of the document above referred to. Original in French. Public Record Office. The words "R. H. In the fo[r]me and man[er]e that our brother's l[ette]r is p[ur]poten whil us lust," *only in the King's handwriting, see facsimile* (4).

To our Lord the King.

Humbly prays your suitor John Kyngesley Esquire That whereas his most dread Lord, Thomas Duke of Clarence, your brother, whom God assoil, by his Letters Patent granted to your said suppliant an annual rent [of ten pounds during] the life of your said suppliant from the rents issues profits and revenues of his Castle and Lordship of Hawardyn within the county of Chester[1] by the hands of his receiver there for the time being at the feasts of Saint Mi . . . . . as in the same letters patent more fully is contained The which Castle and Lordship aforesaid, After the death of the aforesaid Duke have come into your hands by reason that the said Duke died without heir of his body . . . . . to give and grant to your said suppliant the said ten pounds to be taken annually for the term of his life at the feasts abovesaid of the said issues rents profits and revenues of the Castle and Lordship abovesaid by the hands of . . . . . according to the form of the Letters Patent aforesaid. Any gift or grant by you to your said suppliant before this time made notwithstanding. For God and as a work [of Charity].

HENRY VI.

Though Henry VI's signature—in its short form "R. H."—appears on a large number of signed bills and other documents of a like nature, as well

[1] For certain legal purposes the co. of Flint was annexed to the co. of Chester.

as on petitions which he grants, no letter of any length certainly in his handwriting is known to exist. Two of these granted petitions—each having some internal interest—are given in the present paper. They are both written in English, and are fair samples of the spelling and composition of the period—A.D. 1446-7. The first is addressed by the Colleges of Eton and Cambridge to the king, praying him to appoint a commission for purchasing books, vestments, etc. This commission, they beg, may consist of one of the king's chaplains, the king's stationer, "and othere suche as ben connynge and have undirstondynge in suche matiers."

Original in English. Public Record Office. "R. H." *only in the King's handwriting. See facsimile* (5) *opposite, showing the King's signature and part of the first line of the document.*

R. H.

Unto the Kinge oure Sovereigne Lorde.

Besechithe mekely youre humble and trewe Orators the Provostes and Felowes of your two Colages Roialle of Eton and Cambrigge, that forasmoche as thei bene of your Royall Funducione nowe late foundede and newe growynge and as yitte not so sufficianntely storede in suche thinges as in verre trouthe of necessete and honeste moste nedes be hadde, as bokes for divine service and for theire lybraryes and theire studyes, vestymentes and othere onouremente, whiche thinges may not be hadde withe owte grete and diligente laboure be longe processe and right besy Inquisione.

Please it to your most noble grace to yeve in specialle commaundement and charge to Maister Richarde Chestre oon of youre Chapellaynes that he take to hyme suche mene as shalle be seene to hym expedient and profitable and in especialle John Pye your Stacionere of London and othere suche as bene connynge and and have undirstondynge in suche matiers, chargynge hem and eueriche of hem to be assistant and helping hym with alle here diligence atte alle suche tymes as thei shalle be requirede be the seide Maistere Richarde for to laboure effectually, inquere and diligently inserche, in alle places that bene undir youre obeysaunse to gete knowleche where suche bokes onourmentes and othere necessaries for youre seide Colages may be foundene to selle. Grauntinge unto the forsaide Maistere Richarde youre fulle noble lettres patentz to be made in due fowrme undir youre grete sealle for to make suche bokes and ornementes where evere thei be foundene to selle and make theyme to be lawfully and reasonably be praysede be mene of gode conscience; and that doone, it be lefulle to hym to bye take and receive all suche goodes afore eny othere manne for the expedicione and profite of youre seide Colages, satisfying to the owners of suche godes suche pris as thei may resonably accorde and agree soo that he may have the ferste choise of alle suche goodes afore eny othere manne, and in especialle of all manner bokes ornements and other necessaries as nowe late were perteyninge to the Duke of Gloucestre. And of youre habundaunt grace like it youe to charge streitely the seide Maistere Richarde that he doo all his diligence, cesse not but alwey contynewe his laboure unto suche tyme that youre seide Colages be sufficiently stuffide of suche bokes and necessaries as is afore reherside takinge the forseide Maistere Richarde his servantes and theyme that bene assistaunt and helpars to hym in this occupacione unto youre graciouse protectione duringe the tyme of his laboure for youre seide Colages. And we shalle ever pray God for youe.

The second example of Henry VI's signature is on a petition addressed to him by Robert Coksale, a vestment maker of London, complaining of his inability to obtain payment for "certayn vestmentes of white damask of div[er]ses sortes rychely embrowedered," supplied for Eton College and for the king's "Colage Roiale of Our Lady and Saint Nicolas of Cambrygge." These he had supplied to one John Langton, Chancellor of Cambridge, and subsequently Bishop of St. Davids. Langton, however, died within fifteen days of the appointment to St. Davids, hence Coksale's difficulty in obtaining payment for his goods supplied.

Original in English. Public Record Office. "R. H." *only in the King's handwriting. See facsimile* (6) *opposite, showing the King's signature and part of the first line of the document.*

R. H.

To the Kyng our Sov[er]ayn lord.

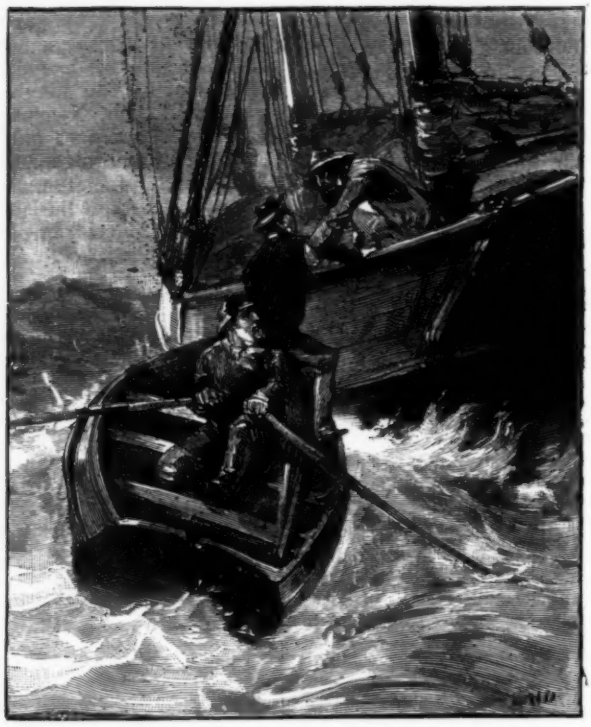
Besecheth mekeley your humble Oratour Robert Coksale Vestment maker of your Cite of London That whereas Maister John Langton late Bisshop of Saint Davids did get your seid oratour to make certayn Vestmentes of white damask of div[er]ses sortes rychely embrowedered, aswell for your colage Roiale of our lady of Eton as for your Colage Royall of our lady and Saint Nicolas of Cambrygge, for the which Vestments there is due unto your said Oratour ccxli ll xix^{s} iij ^{d}, as it appereth more clerly by a scedule of parcelles to this bill annexed, of the which scedule the seid Bysshop hadde the doub. . . to have shewed it unto yor highnesse for the payment of the seid some, whereof as yit he in no wise may have no payment. And in case the seid Vestmentes shouid been delivered fro your seid Oratour which as yit been in his kepyng without payment for the same it shuld be to his utter destrucoion and undoyng That it myght please you therefer of your most speciall Grace to considre these premisses and also how that your seid Oratour is gretely endetted to diuerses persones for the grete part of the stuf for the seid Vestmentes and to graunt unto your seed Oratour for his more suerte by your l[ett]res patentes that he his heirs executers or assignes may have and kepe the seid Vestmentes unto the tyme that your seid Oratour his heirs executours or assignes have been fully payed content or agreed for the seid Vestmentes of the seid some of ccxli ll xix^{s} iij ^{d} without any interrupcion lette or disturbaunce of you or of any of yor officers or Ministres or elles of any other persone whatsomever And he shall pray God for you.

The King g[r]aunted this bille at Newbury the xxx day of Aoust the yer of his Regne xxv. Present, my lord Bisshop of Sarum and my lord Say.

THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER VI.—DEATH AT THE DOOR.



"YOU'RE THE DOCTOR, I SUPPOSE?

RACKSTRAW had no intention of keeping his fears to himself. He had no sooner reached the pier than he made it known to all within hearing that the much-dreaded cholera was at their doors at last, seeking admittance.

"But she shan'na come in," he repeated.

The news spread in a few minutes through all the town (it almost seemed as if the storm made a pause to carry it and to see its effect) that the schooner, straining hard at her anchor in the bay—the Northcote of Bideford—had cholera on board! It saluted the ears of the curate as he stood in the office of the newspaper of the town asking if there had come any news of the missing yawl. It met Yeo himself as he was driven wet and weary into the town by the south road. The Northcote of Bideford? The very ship he had gone to seek.

Roused to fresh energy, he left the gig at once and hurried to the pier. He took a short cut down the cleft between the old town and the new, passing on the way many people straggling to the beach or to the vantage ground of the Cliff Gardens and Promenade, all evidently discussing the one topic and seeking to see the abhorred ship. On the sands he passed others, and, turning to look, he saw others still lining the sea-wall of the Promenade—townsfolk and visitors both, he could tell by their dress and bearing—all gazing now through the flying spray at the pitching, straining ship and then in each others' pale and frightened faces. A horrible feeling he could see expressed in the looks of all. If the gale would only re-awake, the cable would part or the anchor would drag, and the pestilent schooner would drive to destruction far off upon the rocks, and they would never again see more of her or of her crew but the battered hull and perhaps a bundle or two of drowned clothes. Only those who have ever seen or been caught in a panic of crush or fire can realise how the contact and the danger make of a crowd but one sentient creature, and that a terror-stricken beast, intent only on self-preservation, entirely and unreasonably cruel as to the means of attaining it. Yeo pushed his way through a similar crowd on the pier and found himself beside Rackstraw.

"What have you done, Mr. Rackstraw?" he demanded. "What have you done for the poor creatures?"

"What! It's thoo, is it, doctor?"

"Yes, it's me. What have you done I want to know? Don't they want any help?"

"Well, sir, they say as 'ow they want a doctor—but—"

"Row me out, then, will you?"

"Weel, sir," said Rackstraw, "thoo can go if thoo likes. But dost know it's cholera—two men and skipper's lass down—"

"Ah, my poor Helen, too!" Yeo could not forbear from crying.

"Ah, of course, doctor, thoo knows 'em," said Rackstraw, with some commiseration. "But think, now, what good canst do wi' cholera?"

"How do they know it's cholera? How do you know it's cholera? Row me off at once, please—at once."

"Nay," said Rackstraw, "not me. But—"

"Cowards! What cowards!" growled the doctor. "Will no one row me off?" he cried.

"Weel, then, I will, and chance it," said an old sailor.

In a second or two they were in a boat dashing through the waves which broke over them and drenched them. It took some hard rowing, in which Yeo himself was not slack; but in five minutes, which seemed almost an hour, he was against the ship's side. He clambered up and clutched the bulwark to steady himself.

"You're the doctor, I suppose?"

"What! Mr. Yeo, you here? In Noyscar?"

"Yes, Mr. Northcote," answered Yeo, considerably moved—scarcely, indeed, trusting himself to speak—"I'm here. Where is she?"

"She's aft—below. But I can't get over it," said he, as he led the way to the cabin, eyeing Yeo curiously; "I mean as to how you got here."

"I'm practising in the town, that's all," said Yeo; "I've left Bideford."

"Sure-ly!" exclaimed the skipper.

The cabin was rather dark. The skipper took the lamp to Helen's berth. Yeo, clinging to the edge of the pitching and sloping bunk, bent over the patient, who was lying quietly with her eyes closed.

"My poor Helen!" broke from him.

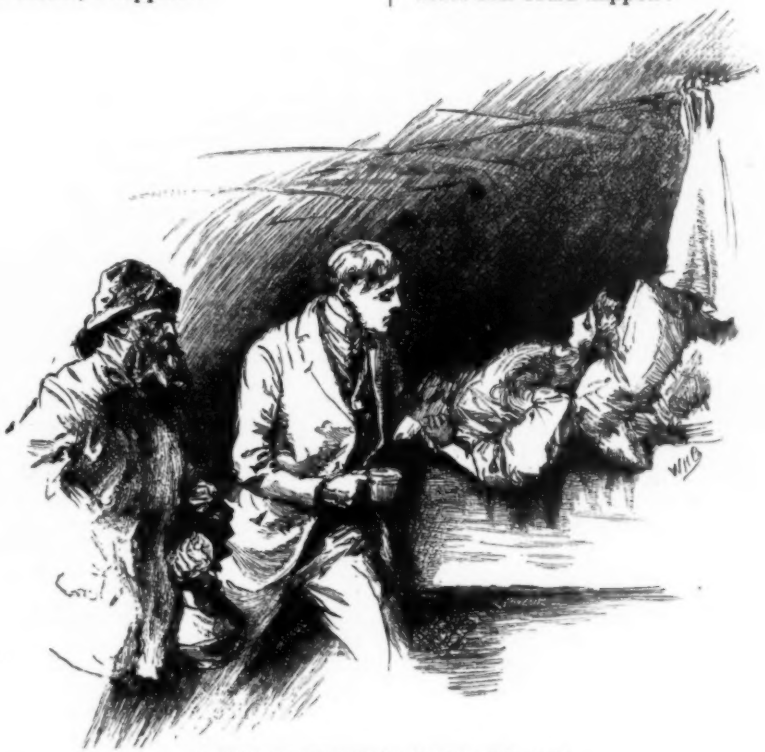
She opened her eyes, and a smile of recognition illumined her face. She took her lover's hand and pressed it, while her father stood silent by. Yeo looked in her face, noted her black-furred lips, tongue, and teeth, and performed other acts of diagnosis. He asked one or two questions, but she pointed to her mouth, smiled, and shook her head. The skipper anxiously watched him.

"This is not cholera," said Yeo.

"Not!" exclaimed the skipper, grasping his hand. "Thank God!"

Yeo smiled a thin weary smile.

"I suppose," said he, "you think cholera the worst that could happen?"



A SMILE OF RECOGNITION LIGHTED HER FACE.

He turned, and was face to face with a big, bearded, oil-skinned skipper, Mr. Northcote himself.

"Sure-ly!" said the skipper; but the doctor turned away.

"Mr. Yeo," said the skipper, impulsively laying

his hand on his arm; "save her! Save my lass, and I'll give you aught you like! I will!"

"I'll do what I can; but she's in God's hands, skipper."

"I see by your look it's serious. But, Mr. Yeo, if I can—well, there; I'm sure you'll do your best, whatever. Her cousin's on this side—down, too."

He led round to the other side of the cabin, holding on by articles of furniture, for the ship was pitching horribly. Salvation Northcote lay in far worse plight than his cousin. He tossed in his bunk, sighing and moaning as if he had a grievous weight on his breast.

"He is very bad," said Yeo.

"He is," said the skipper, with a curious tone of mingled reserve and resentment which made Yeo look at him. "He's made it worse, too, for himself and the rest by his goings on," he added. "I'm very much disappointed in that fellow."

They next made their way to the forecastle, where lay a sailor in similar plight to that of the other man.

"They're all very thirsty, aren't they?" said the doctor.

"Awful," said the skipper. "But I've nought but water to give 'em."

"And that not very fresh, I dare say. First, we must get her—her and the men—ashore. Why didn't you enter the harbour at first? Did they make you anchor here in a sort of quarantine?"

"I ran for the harbour, but somehow didn't make it, and the tug did not come out to take me in. Then an old chap, the harbour-master, rowed out and said it was near low water, I couldn't get in, and advised me to make for Flixenby."

"Humph! It *is* near low-water time, but what with the wind and the sea it is now at least as full as half-tide; you can get in well enough."

"Sure-ly! You say so!"

The doctor anxiously stroked his cheek; he saw plainly the harbour-master's meaning. He resolved, however, to get his dear patient and the two men ashore in spite of him. It was a task that made him set his teeth and tighten his nerves; for he knew he had not only Rackstraw against him, but all the town.

"Do your duty, come what may!" he said to himself half-absently, and then recollected he was quoting the saying of Benson's mother.

The vessel gave a painful lurch and threw him against the skipper. He apologised, saying, "I don't seem to have my sea-legs, but I was out last night in that bad weather in a yawl looking for you."

"Looking for me!" exclaimed the skipper, peering closely at him as if doubtful of his sanity.

"I got a slip of a note from—well, from your daughter, saying you were in desperate strait. It was picked up in a bottle by some fishermen off the Dogger."

"The lass must ha' wrote it unbeknown to me. And it was brought to you here! Well, that *is* the queerest! And so you came out in the dirty weather to find us!" The skipper again grasped his hand. "Look! It's the queerest thing! But the queerest thing of all is that we're afloat still. Our leak was something dreadful till the gale of two days ago. I suppose some of the timber has shifted close against it; at any rate she makes no more water now than the lad can easily keep down with pumping. It happened just in the nick o' time. It makes me believe there's a watchful Providence."

"If Providence," said Yeo, "regards the fall of a sparrow, surely it must care about the fate of human beings. But now I must help you. I have done a good deal of sailoring since I came here, not having my hands full of doctoring. This is a ticklish harbour to make. But I've learned to take a yawl or a smack into this harbour in a nor'easter, and that's what few can do except the fishermen brought up in the place. I don't know, though, if I can take in a schooner. Of course, a smack can back more into the wind."

"Ay, sure; but we can signal for the tug at wonst."

"You may signal, but the tug won't come."

Then the doctor explained the feeling in the town, and its selfish eagerness to keep itself from any risk of contagion. He spoke of the general dread of the cholera—perhaps, in some degree, fostered by himself—and the belief of the people, derived from the harbour-master, that the schooner carried the plague; and he expressed his own conviction that sooner than they would help her into the harbour they would see her drive away and become a wreck.

"Do you see all these people on the pier? Believe me, that's what they're secretly hoping will happen, because they fear worse if you bring the plague."

"Let us go on the rocks, and let us all be drowned or smashed up? I can't believe it, Mr. Yeo! They're Englishmen, sir!"

"They are, but their livelihood's at stake. We must be quick, though. The gale's rising, and there's more rain coming." (There was an increasing sound in the bare rigging like the rush of the wind through fir-trees.) "You can signal for the tug and see what will happen."

Yeo longed to return to the side of Helen, yet he did not like to go without her father's permission, considering the circumstances of their parting at Bideford.

"I should like to see my patient again," said he. (He may be pardoned for having the one patient in his mind.)

"We'll go down," said the skipper; and Yeo was pleased to think there seemed no constraint about his assent.

She smiled on them as they approached her. Her fevered mouth opened and attempted utterance. All the young doctor's heart went out to her; he would have liked to take her in his arms and cry over her.

"I think she wants a drink," said he, looking about for a water-vessel.

"She'd like me to give it her," said the skipper, dipping a china cup in a can that swung from the roof. But something in the look of his daughter when he turned, and the quiet of the doctor, made him pause. He looked from one to the other. "I do believe," said he, "she'd like you to give it her, and you'd like to

give it." The two men looked in each other's eyes a moment; the skipper said, "P'raps you'd better do it," handed him the cup and turned away. That was all the allusion made to the matter of dispute in Bideford, and Yeo felt that the skipper's opposition was breaking down.

He raised Helen up a little and put the cup to her lips. When she had drunk she gave him a look that pierced his heart and sank back again on her pillow. She then beckoned her father to come near. He went, and she clasped her fair round arm about his neck and stroked his cheek with her hand. He offered to kiss her, with a big sob in his throat, but she pressed him away, shook her head and smiled. She looked at Yeo earnestly, and, pointing to her father, tried to speak. But the words were thick and unintelligible. The doctor looked at the skipper.

"She says I ha'n't had sleep for four nights; and I must rest as soon as ever we get ashore. But I ail nought, bless you!"

Yeo, looking more closely at his face, noticed that the eyes were worn and red, and that the skin had that arid, cold look beneath its natural ruddiness which long want of sleep gives.

"We must get in at once," said he, turning to climb to the deck.

They ran out the signal for the tug, and while they waited, with the fierce, bitter wind searching into every seam and opening of their garments, the skipper turned to the doctor: "You're sartin sure, now, it's not the cholera? But what do she lose her speech for? That ain't gone for altogether, is it?"

"No. It always happens in this kind of fever, and she won't get it properly back till some time after she is quite cured of the fever."

"You think she'll be cured?"

"I hope they all will; I think she will."

"I see you're not sure of my nephew and t'other. Well, Sal is bad, but he made himself worse," he repeated. "I've been deceived in him."

Yeo did not inquire how he had been deceived, and he did not say.

"But what fever do you call it?" he asked.

"Typhoid," said the doctor.

"Anan. Never heerd on it afore."

"I dare say not. The name's rather new, though the fever's old enough."

"Eh, Mr. Yeo," said the skipper, "if she should not get better of such a fever! But here's the rain coming like a four-ply fog," he said, looking out upon the lowering, darkening sky, and the leaping, tempestuous waves, "and there's no tug! I believe you're right; they're not going to send it. What's this?"

The tug still lay at her berth, but a boat was being rowed out. When it came alongside, the man at the bow oar stood up and said,

"To take you ashore, sir."

"Me ashore?" said the doctor. "We want the tug to take the schooner in."

"Maister Rackstraw bid me to say it's low water, sir."

Then the young man was angry, and felt he did well to be angry.

"Tell Rackstraw that, though he may have fooled this stranger with that, he can't fool me. I know in a sea and wind like this there's more than enough water on the bar to float a full brig. I know what Rackstraw wants, but I'm determined to get my patient in in spite of him. Tell him that."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The boat fell away and returned to the harbour. The doctor turned to the skipper, who stood pulling his beard, wearily gazing out to sea, and then glancing wistfully for signs of motion in the tug.

"Skipper," said the doctor, "you needn't look for the tug. It won't come."

"It's going to be a wild night again," said the skipper. "You're sure there's water enough?"

"Quite enough, if you can once turn the pier. Does your schooner rise well to the sea when under sail, skipper?—and answer her rudder smartly?"

The skipper nodded over and over again, as if it were superfluous to ask.

"Then we'll do it! About the beating out for a good tack, you know better than I do."

"Ay, ay!"

"And about what sails you will set."

"Jib and mainsail. I can't manage more'n two wi' only the boy there," pointing to a leggy youth of eighteen or so.

"That'll do. Your bit of square rig will not interfere with you, then? Well, all the direction I have to give you is this—shave the end of the breakwater as close as ever you can; you get a good capful of wind between it and the lighthouse pier; then down at once with every sail, and round you go, and shoot alongside the lighthouse pier, if not past it."

The skipper gave the young man an undisguised glance of admiration.

"You do know something about it. We'll see if we can do it. Maybe you'd like to see your patients afore we raise the anchor?"

"I should," said the doctor.

CHAPTER VII.—TACKING OUT AND RUNNING IN.

THEY found the man in the forecastle, and Helen and her cousin alike more restless and fevered.

"They do say," said the skipper, "in our part of the country, that if sickness grows weather worsens. Pray God it bain't to be a horrible night again."

His nephew's case seemed so serious that Yeo at once applied for wet cloths to put on his head, and declared his intention of staying below.

"If Salvation," said the skipper, with that reserved air of resentment which Yeo had already noted in him when he spoke of his nephew—"if Salvation had been content wi' plain water inside him, he'd not ha' been so much in need o' 't outside. I've been deceived in that man."

When the skipper went on deck, the doctor sat on the bottom step of the companion-ladder, looking into the fusty gloom of the cabin; and, hearing the sighing of the one patient, his own

dear Helen, on this hand, and the moaning of the other on that—sounds which mingled dismally with the dash of the waves against the bow, and the steady "clink-clink" of the windlass in working the vessel up to her anchor—resolution gave way for a little under the strain of the past twenty-four hours, and dejection settled on him. What a whirl of incident, feeling, and decision he had been in since he left the gig with the news of the appearance of the Northcote buzzing in his ears! And what a world of opposition he must now have raised against himself in Noyscar! They had been passively suspicious of him before, now they might be rampantly clamorous for his punishment. Would he have been afraid to face all that opposition? Would he have hung back, as others did, in his assistance to the stricken people on board the Northcote if his own dearest and best had not been one of them? He did not think he would, though he admitted to himself he might have been tempted. "Do your duty, come what may," sounded in his heart again; and he inwardly thanked the gentle old lady for that sentence, and rose, nerved to do his utmost. The bump of the nephew in his bunk, and a louder moan than usual, drew him to his rival's side, whom he suspected to be his rival no longer. But rival or no, he ministered as tenderly and carefully to his needs as if he had been his own Helen. He gave him water to drink, and wrung out afresh a wet cloth for his head. He then passed round to Helen's side, and was distressed to perceive that she had no recognition for him. He put his arm about the dear form and raised her to give her drink. She drank a few drops, and sank down again in drowsy forgetfulness.

"In half an hour," he said to himself, "we shall be in, and then I can nurse you properly, my dear."

He was considering how he should wrap her in taking her from the ship, when a peculiar bound and lurch told him that they were under sail. He ran up on deck. The two jibs were set and the mainsail; the skipper was at the wheel, and the headlong waves flew over the bows and fell in spray on the deck. He looked at the shore and the piers, lined with people, and he fancied what a weight of dread and responsibility must be shifting from their craven hearts as they saw the schooner sailing away—to Flixenby, of course. He tried to imagine the exultation of Rackstraw at the apparent success of his policy, and the sophistical ease he and all of them would try to find for their consciences in the fact that Noyscar had at least put a doctor on board the ship, who if he was good for nothing else was at least good for the risks of cholera.

"The timid, pitiful creatures!" he exclaimed to himself.

And yet, considering his own recent mood of doubt he relented a little and allowed to himself, "If old Rackstraw himself were over here I dare say he'd be kind to my poor patients."

"Doctor ahoy!"

The doctor made his way abaft to the skipper, holding on by ropes and bulwarks, and getting drenched in the passage.

"How is she? Not so well, I can see. It was mighty cruel of me to bring her to sea like this, poor wench!"

Yeo observed there was a large drop swelling in the corner of each eye; but that might have been owing to the bitterness of the wind, which swept under the penthouse of his sou'wester, and found out every individual hair of his beard.

"And that cousin of hers," said the skipper again, "he have deceived me past everything."

Yeo was become very curious to know in what this young fellow's deceit consisted, but he did not like to put the question; it might seem meddlesome or self-gratulatory He could not help looking, however, at the skipper with an inquiring eye.

"Drink," said the skipper, who was clearly only waiting to be asked. "That's what he's been doing. I suppose he had it stowed away, and it was drink, drink from the day we knew there was sickness aboard. But," said he, breaking off, "this won't do. There must be a queer set of current here about."

The schooner had made but little way out to sea, and with keeping her head up to the wind the waves made great breaches over her deck.

"This *is* queer," said Yeo. "Of course, you're heavy with water, but that shouldn't make so much difference." He was puzzled and alarmed; it seemed as if they would not get far enough out to fetch a good tack in. He looked at his watch. "That's it!" he exclaimed. "The tide has turned and doubled the strength of the current. If we can only get well out, it will carry us in like a mill-stream."

"We must see if we can hoist the foresail," said the skipper. "Can you hold the wheel, Mr. Yeo, till she's up? So!"

Calling the boy from the pump to his assistance, the skipper hoisted the foresail. At length the schooner was got far enough out to sea, the foresail was again furled, and, while the skipper drew the wheel up, the lad stood by to swing the mainsail round. This was not accomplished a moment too soon, for the advancing storm, like a monstrous winged thing, could be seen flying over the gloomy waters. The ship trembled like a living creature in turning, as if she felt the approach of her dreadful enemy. Then she leaned over, and plunged and dashed through streaming green water and curling and hissing white, straight for the pier-head, against and over which the sea was madly flinging itself.

"We'll be in in five minutes," shouted Yeo at the skipper's ear.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE HARBOUR-MASTER DOES HIS DUTY.

WHAT were the astonishment and dismay of the spectators on the beach and the piers when the ship which was bearing away the terrible plague from their doors and the dread from their hearts was seen swiftly returning. Some laughed in a vacant fashion, and others loudly demanded an explanation of their neighbours.

"Ah, look ye! It's sight o' t' hurricane has sent her back!" cried some.

Rackstraw guessed more accurately. "I'se wager," he muttered, "it's that meddling young doctor's trick! Doctor 'ooney, eh? He's mad after tryin' his new-fangled cures, and he's mad, I'm thinkin', after t' skipper's lass. But he shanna bring 'em here. I mun do my duty. Ah, now, there!" he cried. "That's got her! She wean't stand another like that! She'll drive! Yes, she'll drive!"

The tempest had overtaken and flown upon the schooner with its blinding envelopment of rain and wind. She staggered and wallowed in the trough of the sea, and as the squall swept over her and mingled its streaming darkness with the gathering shades of evening she was obscured from those on shore. To their view sky and sea commingled in their wrath, and made of the scene one vast wild smudge. Would the ship reappear? Or, was she gone for ever, doctor and all? After some breathless minutes she was descried plunging valiantly, as before, straight at the pier-head; she had not been driven half a cable's length from her course. Rackstraw silently, doggedly watched her approach.

"She'll do it!" was the alarmed but admiring opinion that went round among the wagging heads and uneasy shoulders.

She came surging headlong as if she would be shattered on the breakwater; but a steady, strong hand was at her helm, and she rushed by the merest shave past the breakwater, dropped her mainsail in the true Noyscar fashion, and shot round the pier. While Rackstraw glared in discomfiture she was borne towards the lighthouse, carrying her offensive human cargo under his very nose. Even then, however, her way seemed exhausted, and the strong undertow might have carried her away, but that for very shame they could not refuse to throw her a rope. They were going to haul her in.

"Avast there!" cried the harbour-master; "thoo can't go into t' harbour, skipper."

"What's that for, Mr. Harbour-master? I must go in."

"Keep a civil tongue, skipper. Thoo mun go where thoo'rt told or go somewheres else; thoo mun moor here."

Benson, who was one of the anxious crowd, now pushed forward, exclaiming, "It's a shame, Mr. Rackstraw, to make them take up that exposed situation, whatever may be the risk we run!"

"Parsons," said Rackstraw, "can aye gi'e an opinion, if nought else. But I know my business and I mun do my duty."

So the schooner was moored just off the lighthouse, outside the mouth of the harbour and in its outdraught. The young doctor jumped ashore in a fine passion.

"You'll be sorry for this!" said he, as he passed Rackstraw.

"I mun do my duty," repeated the harbour-master.

"And I must do mine," retorted the doctor; "I must get my patients ashore."

"That's as it may be, doctor," said Rackstraw.

"What do you mean by that, harbour-master? I'm going to get these poor creatures ashore, and it will be at your peril that you refuse to help me. You're afraid of the cholera; well," he continued, addressing all within hearing, "I assure you there's no cholera aboard, if it is any comfort to your cowardly minds to know that."

An angry man has seldom got influence over dull people who are sturdy and obstinate as well. It was not surprising, therefore, that neither Rackstraw nor those about him gave any sign of belief in the doctor's statement. Benson now spoke: he had not yet been observed by Yeo.

"You seem to forget," said he, "that Dr. Yeo must know what he is talking about."

Rackstraw merely planted himself firmly on both feet, and stoutly declared,

"I mun do my duty, doctor or no doctor."

"We must get some vehicle," said Yeo, grasping Benson's outstretched hand (that was all the greeting that passed between them).

"I've arranged," said Benson, "that you shall have Mr. Williamson's old house up there on the cliff. That, I thought, would reduce very much the risk of infection—whatever it may be," he added, looking wistfully at Yeo.

"That's a capital idea!" said the doctor.

"There are four beds made up already," said Benson.

"Excellent! Now we must go and find some carriage or other. Will you come with me?"

As the two friends hurried away, Rackstraw doggedly muttered to himself, "I mun do my duty!"

The storm of wet and wind raged on, and darkness seemed to envelop sea and land. It blew with great and greater fury. Spectators vanished from the pier; and from the shore, too, which was made untenable by the rushing surf, which would, when least expected, sweep swiftly from the sands up into the yards and against the houses; and by the stinging, bitter rain, peculiar to such a storm, compounded of sea and cloud-spray and fine sand, driving through the garments, and almost through the skin. The calm light of the lighthouse was lit. Beneath it streamed the lurid flare of the brazier, and beneath it again on the pavement paced the dark, stormy figure of the self-constituted guardian of Noyscar health and reputation. As he tramped sturdily up and down in the lee of his house, careless and scarcely conscious of the persistent buffetings of the storm or of the showers of wet flung about him, in his tough, dogged nature his half-baffled resolution was growing to heroic proportions. As harbour-master his will had always been unquestioned as law, and it must be admitted that until this crisis it had ruled fairly and honestly; that it should be set aside and frustrated now was not to be borne, especially since the safety of all Noyscar was at stake. He had resolved and said that that schooner should not enter his harbour; and there it was, straining at its cables, emitting its contagion of pestilence, under his very nose—though, indeed, not quite in the harbour! The meddling doctor and the meddlesome parson would be back soon with cabs or other vehicles to carry away the cholera-smitten people on board, and spread the horrible infection through the town.

"He shan'na! he shan'na!" And the old man clenched his fists.

But what was to be done? They might be rattling down to the pier at that very moment. They must be prevented at once, or they could not be prevented at all; and that would be gall and wormwood.

Up and down, up and down, with a keen, revengeful eye on the deck of the schooner and the skipper who now paced it and now disappeared below. How the outward rush of the undercurrent made the vessel tug and "pace" at her cables, which had become somewhat slack, and cracked and creaked with every recurring strain, while the torn water hissed around it, and the wind sung in the rigging. If these cables would only snap, then—! All at once he remembered Sam's reminiscence of ships wrenched from their moorings even in the harbour by the outdraught in a nor'easter. He noted that the skipper was not on deck, and he went and examined both cables. That from the bows had the greater strain, and passed through the gap of a large double block and pulley of the kind commonly affixed flatwise to the edges of piers and quays; the other had less strain, and his heart leaped to observe it was loosely knotted about the mooring-post; one of the ties in the knot was already almost undone. He saw clearly now what he would do. But the skipper had returned on deck, and he must wait, though he fancied every moment that he could hear through the storm the rattle of wheels at the head of the pier. He entered his snuggery at the base of the lighthouse, and issued again with a hatchet in his hand. By-and-bye the skipper went below again; that was Rackstraw's opportunity.

He rapidly arranged the fastenings of the lower cable so that it would drag itself free when full strain were once put upon it. Then he went to the block and pulley, where the other was yawing to and fro and fraying itself, and he set the sharp edge of the axe for it to rub on. This done, he resumed his sturdy, measured tramp on the stones.



THE SCHOONER WAS DRIFTING AWAY, AND THE CABLES SPLASHED INTO THE SEA.

In the meanwhile, all unconscious of the fate slowly creeping upon him and his, the skipper wearily paced the deck, and wondered what delayed Dr. Yeo in coming to their rescue. Under the load of anxiety and exhaustion which oppressed him he resolved within himself that, once his dear wench were landed, never would he set foot on ship again. But why did not the doctor come? Was it only sleeplessness, or was it also presentiment that made his heart ache with dread, as he listened to the roar and hiss of the storm from which the pier sheltered, as he felt his ship groaning and straining on her moorings, and as he watched the wild flare of the brazier above, and the grim, sinister figure of that hard old man, who seemed, in his lonely, persistent pacing, like a wild beast waiting to spring on his prey?

Why did not the doctor come? He went below again and looked at his bonny daughter, now sleeping with wet cloths about her head. He reproached himself with sinning against her in his anger. What a brutal act it had been in him to make his own, his only child, sail with him the wintry sea, and all to punish her for placing her girlish affections where he did not approve! He looked at his nephew, Salvation, and then went forward to see the man in the forecastle: they were both tossing, and moaning, and mumbling. At the foot of the forecastle-ladder lay the lad asleep.

"Well, well, poor chap!" said the skipper. "He's as tired as a log."

He, poor man, could not rest, though it would have been a dear relief to the flesh to have lain down and not have waked again. He returned to the deck. Why did not the doctor come? At last he caught the rumble of wheels—cab wheels—upon the pier. The doctor was coming!

But the ear of that sinister, watchful man above had also caught the sound. In an instant he was at the edge of the pier and bending over, and before the skipper could conceive what he was about, the schooner was drifting away, and the cables splashed into the sea.

"Oh, you villain!" he yelled, and rushed to the wheel.

CHAPTER IX.—WRECKED IN PORT.

THE next quarter of an hour was to the skipper a desperate, almost delirious hand-to-hand fight with the rush and whirl and pitiless pelting of the storm. He reached the forecastle somehow and roused the boy, by dint of shouting and dragging; he handled the wheel, while the boy tried to let out the jib. The sail, however, flapped from his sleepy hold and flew about him in strips, and the ship was borne on by mighty hissing seas they knew not whither, except that it was farther and farther from the pier, whose light grew yellower and smaller. The skipper knew now that his schooner would become a wreck; it was of no use trying to run out to sea; he could only strive to run her ashore on the beach. But a vast wave swept on the ship broadside, burst over her, and knocked him down. He clung to the wheel, but in a moment he let it go. It was of no use; either the rudder or the rudder-chain was broken. The ship now lay helpless and was swept along at the cruel mercy of the waves—swept with wind and current away to southward against the dark cliffs, whose hollow roar, as they kept the breakers at bay, stunned the ears and made the blood run cold.

That his helpless sick, above all that his dear daughter, must be flung to be bruised and torn between these Titanic combatants was a distracting thought.

"Good Lord, deliver us!" murmured the stricken skipper, "and forgive that inhuman old man!"

It scarcely mattered that there was no boat left to launch, for it could not have lived a moment in such a sea. What, then, was to be done? He got some tow, lit it, and made the lad swing it to show a flare. But this was put out and the lad almost swept overboard by a heavy sea. He recollected his double-barrelled rifle in the cabin; he brought it up and fired it off. Surely now his distress was known, and kind souls would rush to his rescue, for kind souls there must be in Noyscar; it was an English town, and had seafaring men of its own. Yet, though he could see through the flying spray and rain lights burning steadily and brightly in windows on the cliff and in the town, he saw no lights appear along the shore. Were he and his quite forsaken? Was there no hope on earth?

It seemed to him that he had been driving thus for hours through the storm. His body was growing numb, and his mind stupid; the wind buffeted him, and the waves made clean breaches over the deck and drenched him, but he was scarcely conscious of them. His one thought, growing ever more wild and distracting, was only, "My child! my bonny Helen!"

In reality it could not have been much more than half-an-hour from the moment he knew he had left the pier before he felt the ship strike on the sunken rocks, and woke anew to the necessity for instant action.

The deck-load of timber! that was his only hope! They might get ashore on it! He descended to the cabin. To his dismay, he found it already flooded. Helen lay calmly asleep, with the few bedclothes she had endured upon her all wet. In sudden despair at the thought that she would probably never open her eyes again, he stood paralysed. Then he bent down and passionately kissed her. She turned to him and murmured; and then, as by a sudden inspiration (he remembered hearing among the old folk at home that sea-wet, if well wrapt, would not give cold), he wrapped her in the feather bed in which she lay, and which the water had not yet touched, swathed her tightly in all the blankets he could find, took off his oil-skin, and put it about her; and then, above all, wrapped a stout tarpaulin which completely encased her. He carried her thus on deck, and lashed her to the deck wood. He returned to his nephew, who fought him in his delirium when he sought to move him.

"It would serve you very well right," said he, "if I left you."

But he wrapt him also in what things he could find, carried him on deck, and lashed him also to the timber. He did the same by the man in the forecastle. Then he undid the fastenings which bound this improvised raft to the deck, and shouting to the lad, "Hold on for your life!" he waited for the next big wave to break over the ship and carry the raft away. It came, and they were swept into the seething, hissing cauldron of waters. . . . Then he knew no more—but that he clutched and clung with tearing nails and peeling fingers, that he was blinded and choked, beaten and bruised—till he came to himself on a ledge in the cliff, while a voice above him called through the hiss and shriek of the wild desolation around him.

"Ahoy! Is there any one below there?"

He had not presence of mind to reply immediately; he merely thought, "I suppose I am below. Yes, alone, all alone! I had better die!"

But on casting his eyes higher up the ledge his heart bounded to see the ruins of the raft, and to find close to his hand the line which connected him with the tarpaulin which lay upon it. Helen was near him! Then he answered the hail from above.

"Ahoy!"

He was answered by another hail, and then he turned to his daughter. Was she alive? Her eyes were closed, and her face was cold! It could not be she was dead! She must not die! She might only have swooned. He unbound her and was about to take her in all her wrappings in his arms when some one scrambled down the cliff beside him.

"Is that you, skipper?" asked a voice, which he recognised as the doctor's. "Where is Helen?"

"She's here."

Yeo knelt down with inarticulate cries of endearment over his sweetheart. He undid some of her wrappings and thrust his hand to her heart.

"She's alive!" he cried, and taking her in his arms, wraps and all, he made to climb the cliff.

"Wait a bit," cried the skipper, "till your nerves are steady again."

And they waited a minute or two, crouched as far back as they could against the cliff. The cruel wolfish waves unweariedly leapt up at them, and with cold, strenuous fingers tried to tear them and their precious burden down. In their disappointed fury they hissed, and roared, and spat at them. The wind smote them, and tried to whirl or snatch them from their place, and, as if to dizzy them, whirled great sponges of foam about their heads and away up into the cliff.

It was unendurable. They turned to climb from their perilous perch.

CHAPTER X.—AN INTERRUPTED FEAST.

THAT same evening the Managing Committee of the Cliff Gardens and Promenade celebrated their annual dinner in the banqueting-room of the Hall by the Sea. It was not a propitious night for festivity, but the function having been arranged for could not very well be postponed, and the night was made the best of. The sea, climbing up their massive wall, derisively flung spray and foam and masses of sea-weed at their lighted windows, but they caused the shutters to be closed to keep all thought of the sea out, and they rubbed their hands and sat down to eat and drink and to be as merry as became magistrates of the town and fathers of families. Now, it happened in Noyscar at that time, as it happens always and everywhere, that one corporate capacity attracted another; if a man was a magistrate, he was sure also to be on the "Cliff Committee;" and if he was on the "Cliff Committee" he was certain to be on the "Harbour Commission." So all the men who cheerfully bent over their soup knew of the odd fate of the cholera ship, and of the providential deliverance of the town from the risk of the plague. Still they were not free from care; an irksome sense of not having acted either in person or by proxy quite as became honest men and merchants hung heavy about their spirits—till the wine had circulated several times. The tongues wagged more freely; but it was noticeable that no one even yet talked of what each was thinking about.

At length the chairman, who was none other than the middle-aged banker whom we saw on the pier in the afternoon, rose to propose a certain toast.—("Hear, hear.")

"Gentlemen, I rise to propose the toast of the evening—prosperity to Noyscar and to the Cliff Gardens, which I believe I may say are the great attraction of Noyscar. Never before, as is shown by our balance-sheet for the past year and our programme for the ensuing season—never before has this committee met under such favourable auspices. The town, I believe, has entered upon an era of unexampled prosperity. The Gardens and the Hall by the Sea have entered upon an era of unexampled prosperity, which, by the blessing of Providence—"

There he stuck dumb, with all eyes fastened on him. He leaned back and clutched his chair, and the pallor of his face and the dumb movement of his lips were a study for Macbeth when the ghost of Banquo appears at the feast. The cause of his agitation stood in the door—a tall, wild-looking man with yellow, dishevelled beard and hair; coat and shirt clung in wet tatters about his strong arms.

"Feastin', gentlemen," said he, in a natural tone enough, while he stood aside from the doorway as if to permit another to enter.

There did enter another storm-beaten man, bearing in his arms a great tarpaulin package. He laid down his burden on the floor near the fire and knelt over it, regardless of the magisterial presence. The first man then advanced to the table with uplifted hand and delirious look (the committee observed that his feet were only half covered with torn stockings soaked with water and blood: he made dark stains as he walked across the floor).

"If she be dead," said he, "her blood will be on you and your town! God will judge you for this day's work!" Then with a great sob he put his hands to his face and entreated, "For mercy's sake, be men, and help us!"

"Who are you?—and that man there?" asked the chairman.

"I'm Dr. Yeo," said the second man, looking up, and he is the skipper of the schooner that your wretched creature Rackstraw cut from her moorings."

"What's that you say?" exclaimed several.

"Oh, you need not start and stare and frown at me! It's a fact I can prove! I'll publish it in all the newspapers of the country, and you may guess how public opinion will reckon you up! A parcel

of fools and cowards! You took no means to save your town from the pestilence, and yet you take fright at the first hint of sickness coming near you!"

Mutters of "Such language!" "Insolence!" "Madness!" were heard.

"It's not my business to pay compliments," said the doctor; "and I solemnly declare I'll denounce you to the world if you don't now atone for your cowardice by giving us what help you can. Let me tell you at once this is not cholera, and that there may be others still alive for you to save. The ship's on the mussel-beds. Hi, my friend!"



THE BANQUET INTERRUPTED.

The skipper had slipped from the chair in which he had sat down. In silence and in shame the committee gathered round to revive him, or to help Dr. Yeo and his charge.

"You'd better leave this to me," said the doctor, "and go out to see what has become of the others."

The doctor was astonished but delighted to find, on undoing the many wraps about his dear patient, that her skin was quite warm and soft and healthy. She did not need recovering from a swoon: he held salts to her nostrils, and she opened her eyes as naturally as from a deep refreshing sleep. He went to the kitchen and found and brought her some warm clear soup.

In half an hour the skipper and his daughter looked intelligently in each other's eyes, and grasped with fervent, thankful love each other's hands. Helen's fever was gone. Then the two lovers looked at each other; they could not embrace because strangers were by, but through their eyes there flowed a current of mutual gratitude, affection, and hope. Helen could not talk yet; she was in the passive mood of one who awakes from a long, refreshing sleep after fatigue, open to receive impressions, and drowsily arranging the dimmed experiences of the past.

The chairman of the feast so strangely broken up came forward and put his carriage at Dr. Yeo's disposal for his patient.

"I have done wrong," said he, "as it would appear, but I assure you I have done it unwittingly. We have all been misled, I fancy, by our dread of the cholera and of our liability to it, which, you must admit, doctor, you have yourself done a great deal to create."

"I only did," said Yeo, "what I conceived to be my duty."

"I believe," said the banker, "we have all done only what we conceived to be our duty—even Rackstraw, I suppose, thinks he has only done that. Of course, if he really cut the ship adrift, it is more serious for him than I thought. But we can do no good by recrimination. You assure us that these unfortunate people bring no infection."

"I do not say that," answered Yeo. "I merely say that it is not cholera."

"Oh!" said the banker. "Well, we must take them somewhere, at any rate; my carriage is at your disposal. Where do you propose to take them?"

"I was about to take them, when the schooner was moored at the pier, up to Mr. Williamson's old house, which Mr. Benson had kindly made arrangements for. I think I shall take them there now; the house is high and isolated, and therefore I believe there will not be the smallest risk of infection. Your carriage I shall disinfect for you in the morning."

Thus, then, it was settled, and Helen was taken with her father to the house on the cliff. The ship's boy had been rescued, and he also was carried to the temporary hospital, though all he needed, like his master, was rest. The bodies of Salvation and the sailor were not to be found either on the beach or about the cliffs—they had probably been carried out to sea. There can be no doubt that the chairman and members of the harbour commission were much relieved at that; for had the bodies been found an inquest would have been necessary, at which the skipper and the doctor would have been examined, with very disagreeable results to the reputation of Noyscar and its chief citizens; for mankind have always shown

a detestation of cowardice, and have agreed, as by instinct, to hold the consenter to an evil deed almost as guilty as its perpetrator.

Dr. Yeo, who at first had been aflame with indignation, gradually discovered that his anger was abating. He considered that, after all, Rackstraw had not been a coward: he had been true to his narrow sense of duty, and he told himself and the skipper (who was now very subdued) that had Salvation and the sailor not been drowned they were almost sure to have died of their fever on shore.

"But look at Nell," said the skipper. "She had fever, too."

"Ah! her case is different," said Yeo, "and most surprising. I think I have made a wonderful discovery in that. I shall see by-and-bye."

But the doctor's view of the whole affair was still more modified by the new and more cheerful circumstances of his daily life. As the days passed Helen grew well with amazing rapidity under the constant care of her father and of Benson's betrothed; and Yeo himself was astonished by a sudden burst of popularity. He was fast assuming the enviable position of the doctor in whom rich and poor alike believe.

One day he spoke of this to his old friend Mrs. Benson with something like wonder.

"It is quite natural," said she. "It is as I said it would be; because, though we may be poor, mean creatures ourselves, we admire and trust a man that can be faithful and true to himself and that can do his duty come what may. 'Do your duty, come what may.' That, you know, is my favourite line."

The doctor's popularity received a fresh impulse (of which it was in no need) in less than a month after the storm, when the spring seemed really to have made up its mind to stay and delight all human hearts. To the general curiosity the doctor was visible in his new landau driving about in the afternoon sunshine with a young lady in his company of the most sumptuous and surpassing beauty. One asked of another who she was, and soon the word passed round and pervaded all the public part of the town, that she was "t' skipper's lass," who had been ill and well-nigh drowned, but who now was well. It was inconceivable to most people that she should be so completely recovered so soon.

The interest rose to fever-height with the publication in that week's newspaper of a letter which Dr. Yeo had addressed to the editor. The letter told all the circumstances of the wonderfully expeditious cure from typhoid, through the patient having been casually wrapped in a certain way by her father in his attempt to save her from cold in the shipwreck. Dr. Yeo declared that the rapid and effectual cure confirmed his belief in theories which he had held for some time, and upon which he based a new method of "fever treatment."

* * * * *

The same evening as the readers of "The Lancet" and the "Noyscar Weekly Post" were poring over that letter, Helen and her father sat with Benson and Clara Williamson in the drawing-room of the new house on the cliff. The bell rang, and presently Dr. Yeo entered.

"I have just been telling our good friends, Yeo," said the skipper, before the doctor had had time to greet everyone, "that Nell and me must be gettin' home to Bideford."

"Home to Bideford!" said the doctor, blankly.

"Aye," said the skipper, "that same. We ha' no call to be hangin' about here any more; we must get about our business. Things 'll be goin' to sixes and sevens without me."

The doctor said nothing, but stood meditative. Benson and his betrothed slipped from the room.

"Mr. Northcote," said the doctor, "I have not formally asked your consent to our marriage."

"What marriage?" said the skipper with a twinkle.

"Helen's and mine," said Yeo, taking his sweetheart's hand. "But you know what I asked of you months ago in Bideford, and you have not forbidden my seeing Helen while you have been here. We were just thinking of coming to you for your consent to our marrying at once."

"Hold on there, my lad!" said the skipper. "I will not say as how I'll make any objection to your marryin' my wench, you havin' proved yourself to be what you are, an uncommon clever lad, and a heart of oak, as is the boast of Englishmen, Devonshire and Yorkshire, and I don't care where. Not as how it hasn't been my fault a goodish bit that all this here has happened; I own up and say it has, and a man can't do no more. But for all that, my lad, no marryins nor givins in marriage will keep me and my wench from goin' back next tide, so to speak, to Bideford."

"What do you mean, Mr. Northcote?" asked the doctor.

"I mean this, lad, that Helen Northcote ain't the sort to be married away from her kindred and her home."

"I see," said the doctor. "We only thought, Helen and I, that since I have settled now to stay in Noyscar, and since my practice is growing so that I have scarcely an hour to myself, it would be a pity to waste so much time in the common wedding formalities. But, of course, if you think that for the sake of the family—"

"Decidedly I do. Helen shall be wed in a proper way from her own home; no hurry and no scampin' of the work, as if 'twere a runaway match, or a light-o'-love affair."

"I think father is right," said Helen, blushing and looking down.

"Of course he is," said her father. "A girl must buy weddin' traps—and you can arrange to take a holiday and come to Bideford—well, I suppose when Nell says she'll be ready."

TRADE SCHOOLS.

STRAY WORKERS.

ALL researches into the condition of the unemployed and abject poor reveal the sad and startling fact that large numbers are not only unskilled, but seem to be entirely without useful knowledge of any handicraft or trade whatsoever.

Come to this early Sunday-morning breakfast given to poor creatures found wandering, houseless and homeless, in the streets of London last night. The meal and a short service are over, and among other questions put is, "How many of you know trades?" Few, indeed, are the hands held up. When the counting is over we find that on their own word not many more than a quarter of their number know anything of a trade. Closer inquiries would probably reduce this proportion, for a man may say he knows something of a trade, but whether he knows enough to be a skilled workman, or even earn a fair wage, is quite another matter. In fact, the Rev. Andrew Mearns, the well-known secretary of the London Congregational Union, is strongly of opinion, as the result of his experience of working among the poor, that only eight out of every hundred of the unemployed and casually employed know a trade.

This alarming fact is fully borne out by other and independent witnesses. Investigation reveals the fact that many classed as "labourers" are simply those who pick up what odd jobs of work they can. Many, no doubt, would return themselves as hawkers of fish, fruit, and flowers; some are cheap-jacks, vendors of penny toys, costermongers, etc.; and skilled workmen also may be found, it is true, among the poorest, though it too often happens that they are there through drink or improvidence; but the majority of those who patrol the streets in hunger and destitution have had no trade training of any kind. Now how can such men, in these days of keen competition, earn a decent living in this country or elsewhere? It is impossible; they seem to be absolutely perishing for lack of knowledge.

Testimonies to the same deeply-rooted cause of much social misery are multiplying on every hand. Lord Brabazon, writing recently on the urgent importance of industrial training in elementary schools, quoted the statement of a well-known representative of the working classes, giving evidence before the Mansion House Committee on the distress in London, to the effect that "the depression of trade, the misery to be found in our large towns, the drunken habits of some of our people, are in a measure owing to the want of proper training in youth in industrial handicrafts and technical arts on the part of the boys, and in household work on the part of the girls, so that able-bodied men are unable to find work, and women when they marry have no idea how to make a home neat or happy, or to make the most of limited resources."

The same fact appears in the dry official language of the report of the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade. The Commissioners point out that "in the matter of education we seem to be particularly deficient as compared with some of our foreign competitors," and it is explained that it is not only in technical education, but also in the training which fits men for business, that this deficiency is felt. Foreigners often obtain situations in Britain because of their better training. The apprenticeship system has almost entirely broken down, or at all events, if ever taken advantage of, yields often but poor results, for the lad picks up what he can without precise and definite teaching. The introduction of machinery, the tendency to keep a man at one part only of his trade, the fact that a master who is supposed to be a thorough adept at all branches of his business does not now work with his men—all these things show that the apprenticeship system cannot meet the needs of the nineteenth century.

APPRENTICESHIP.

In Queen Elizabeth's days no one could work at a trade without having served an apprenticeship of seven years, and this system, without doubt, produced good handicraftsmen.

In the old days, as any one may read in that brilliant first chapter of Mr. Froude's History, describing the social condition of England in the sixteenth century, this country was overspread by an immense organisation, which "penetrated the entire trading life of England. . . . . No person was allowed to open a trade or to commence a manufacture, either in London or the provinces, unless he had first served his apprenticeship; unless he could prove to the satisfaction of the authorities that he was competent in his craft." By a law passed in the 27th year of Henry VIII's reign, to quote again Mr. Froude, "Every child, so far as possible, was to be trained up in some business or calling. . . . . The children of those who could afford the small entrance-fees were apprenticed to trades, the rest were apprenticed to agriculture; and if children were found growing up idle, and their fathers or their friends failed to prove that they were able to secure them an ultimate maintenance, the mayors in towns and the magistrates in the country had authority to take possession of such children, and apprentice them as they saw fit, that when they grew up 'they might not be driven' by want or incapacity 'to dishonest courses.'" The City Companies, of which the "names and shadows" still haunt London, are the remains of that vast organisation of which Mr. Froude speaks.

Since then many new trades, and changes in the old trades and mechanical arts, have arisen, and we do not mean to maintain that such an organisation could be applied, or would be advisable to be

applied, to all the mechanical arts, trades, and manufactures of to-day. We do not know whether every one of the mechanical arts and industries was under the dominion of a company or a guild then; but in the England of the middle ages—and no doubt in the western part of Europe as well—in the England that won the Armada and fought the battle of the Reformation, the idea prevailed, and was largely acted upon, that necessitous lads were to be taught trades, and that they were to be made efficient workers.

How can this principle be adapted to our day?

In considering this question, the answer seems to resolve itself into two parts, first, that of manual instruction in schools, as so ably advocated by Sir Philip Magnus, formerly the director and secretary, and now the Educational Adviser, of the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute; and second, the establishment of trade schools where lads and young girls can be taught the theory and practice of their trade. The difference between these two branches of instruction may not at first be apparent, but a few minutes' thought will make the matter clearer. By manual training or instruction is intended the teaching that will enable boys and girls to acquire dexterity in the use of their hands, just as other lessons are given to train the mind and memory. This manual training enables a lad to become a better mechanic either if he attend a trade school or drifts into a trade without further technical instruction. It tends to make a man generally "handy," and develops and teaches him to use his hands and arms; while a trade school is intended to make him thoroughly proficient in some trade or art, and, one might almost say, a scientific workman.

A NEW START.

Some of our ardent social reformers, seeing the lamentable deficiencies of the present system—or rather want of system—have endeavoured to fill the breach. The Rev. S. A. Barnett and a few of his friends have fitted up a workshop at their own expense in the school attached to St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel, where instruction is given in turnery and carpentry to boys, and in wood-carving and modelling to girls. The results are most satisfactory. It is found that a few hours' manual instruction during the week gives pleasant variety, and so quickens and brightens the perceptive faculties, that the children are better able to learn their other and ordinary "book-lessons." At the Beethoven Street Board Schools, Mr. Tate, the energetic head master, has introduced a small workshop class with similar results.

But perhaps the greatest and most important effort in this direction has been made by the City and Guilds of London Institute. A joint committee of representatives of the Institute and of the London School Board was appointed to manage handicraft classes in elementary schools, and held its first meeting on October 25th, 1887. Two sub-committees were appointed to report on suitable schools for experimental classes, and to consider questions of fittings and methods of instruction, etc. It was decided that the subjects should be working in wood, and the nature of materials and use of tools; also that children below the fifth standard should not enter the classes. Six centres of instruction were also chosen—three north and three south of the Thames, free use of premises being granted by the School Board.

Before three months had passed classes were collected, and had begun to work. At most of the centres the date of commencement was about January 9th, and the number of pupils was over 570, the head master selecting them from the standards prescribed. Wooden benches were fixed up at each of the centres, and provided with sets of tools to be used in turn by the several classes. It has been estimated that the gross cost of furnishing a centre with five benches, each for six pupils, and with a set of tools for each pupil, is £64 12*s*., but this does not provide for a museum of specimens. The first cost of these classes, up to the amount of £1,000, was defrayed by the Drapers' Company. Members of the committee who visited the classes expressed their satisfaction with the teaching, and—what is in our opinion most noticeable—with the interest and attention of the pupils themselves.

Our neighbours on the Continent and our kindred across the sea in America seem to be quite alive to the value and necessity of manual training. In Sweden it is reported there are over three hundred schools where manual instruction is given in the use of tools. "In Paris," says Sir Philip Magnus, in a pamphlet on the subject recently published, "out of a hundred and seventy-four primary schools supported by the City of Paris, ninety-five are now provided with workshops, ninety for instruction in carpentry and wood-turning, and five for metal-work. In these schools the manual teaching has hitherto been given either before or after the ordinary school hours; but the Municipal Council of Paris attach such importance to this training that it is proposed to make the workshop instruction a part of the regular school curriculum." Manual instruction is incorporated in the public school systems of Philadelphia and Boston; and in New York schools are now, or are shortly to be, opened all over the city, where children are similarly taught.

LOCKE'S TRAINING FOR GENTLEMEN.

The idea of incorporating instruction in manual labour in schools is not so new as some people may suppose.

Locke, long ago, in his "Thoughts Concerning Education," after speaking of a regular course of education, "all tending towards a gentleman's calling," says: "I would have him learn a trade, a manual trade; nay, two or three, but one more particularly. The busy inclination of children being always to be directed to something that may be useful to them, the advantages proposed from what they are set about, may be considered of two kinds: 1. Where the skill itself, that is got by exercise, is worth the having. Thus

skill not only in languages and learned sciences, but in painting, turning, gardening, tempering and working in iron, and all other useful arts, is worth the having. 2. Where the exercise itself, without any consideration, is necessary or useful for health." And he goes on to argue that "manual arts, which are both got and exercised by labour, do many of them, by that exercise, not only increase our dexterity and skill, but contribute to our health, too, especially such as employ us in the open air."

In another paragraph he writes, "for a country gentleman, I should propose one, or rather both these—viz., gardening or husbandry in general, and working in wood, as a carpenter, joiner, or turner; these being fit and healthy recreations for a man of study or business . . . . by being skilled in the one of them he will be able to govern and teach his gardener; by the other, contrive and make a great many things both of delight and use . . . ."

If all gardeners and "country gentlemen" of every kind and degree were really instructed in the art and mystery of husbandry, it may not be out of place to suggest that thousands of English pounds now sent abroad for fruit, flowers, and dairy produce might find their way—as they ought—to the pockets of English people.

Locke goes on to say that "The great men among the ancients understood very well how to reconcile manual labour with affairs of State, and thought it no lessening to their dignity to make the one the recreation to the other . . . Gideon amongst the Jews was taken from threshing, as well as Cincinnatus amongst the Romans from the plough, to command the armies of their countries against their enemies; and it is plain their dexterous handling of the flail or the plough, and being good workmen with these tools, did not hinder their skill in arms, nor make them less able in the arts of war or government. They were great captains and statesmen as well as husbandmen . . . and, as I remember, Cyrus thought gardening so little beneath the dignity and grandeur of a throne, that he showed Xenophon a large field of fruit-trees, all of his own planting." Locke recommends many of these manual arts as recreations for gentlemen engaged in other pursuits, and mentions that "an hour in a day, constantly employed in such a way of diversion, will carry a man in a short time a great deal farther than he can imagine; which, if it were of no other use but to drive the common, vicious, useless, and dangerous pastimes out of fashion, and to show there was no need of them, would deserve to be encouraged. If men from their youth were weaned from that sauntering humour, wherein some, out of custom, let a good part of their lives run uselessly away, without either business or recreation, they would find time enough to acquire dexterity and skill in hundreds of things . . ." Among the arts that may be acquired, Locke mentions, "perfuming, varnishing, graving, and several sorts of working in iron, brass, and silver;" also the cutting, polishing, and setting of precious stones, or the grinding and polishing of optical glasses. "Amongst the great variety there is of ingenious manual arts, it will be impossible that no one should be found to please and delight him, unless he be either idle or debauched, which is not to be supposed in a right way of education."

We need not pause to consider why these sensible ideas have not been more widely acted upon. There have been various causes, no doubt, but for some time past there have been signs of a return to the less scholastic methods of education. The example of such men as Thring, of Uppingham, has had its influence on public as well as private schools, while in many a home the value of manual pursuits has long been recognised. The question now, however, takes wider and more practical form. It is this—why should not the State, which has undertaken the elementary training of the young, incorporate manual training in all its schools?

EDUCATION IN HOUSE WORK.

For girls, the two subjects of sewing and cookery are generally recognised as of the utmost value. The Committee of Council of Education in their recent Report say, that after the three elementary subjects and sewing, no subject is so important as cooking, and they add that lessons in it, if properly given, will be found to be not only of practical use, but to have the effect of awakening the interest and intelligence of the children.

Lady Caroline Leigh wrote most sensibly to the "Daily News," on the question of educating girls in housework. "Our people are perishing, drinking, fighting, murdering, 'for lack of knowledge,'" she says. In thousands of homes are peace and order, but is it the general rule for those with small means? And Lady Leigh continues:

"What a welcome is that which many an honest man receives after hours of hard work, and when he puts his hardly-earned wages into his wife's hand—a poor fire, a dull light, a dirty room, cold, tasteless, unsatisfying food. Where? oh! where is the pretty girl with whom, on a bright May morning, he went to church not so long ago, with the clean fair face, the spotless gown, the snowy riband? What stands in her place? A careworn, frowsy woman, with careless hair, gown coarsely patched, all the beauty and attraction of woman lost, her voice rising to a fretful scream as she threatens the children who should be the rosebuds of the family, but who, like pigs in every sense, and to every sense, quarrel on the dirty floor. 'Strange indeed!' her old teachers would say; 'she was a good grammarian, and could repeat long pieces of poetry, and could scramble very fairly through the needlework that had been cut out for her—without a thought, it is true, of the purposes to which the work was to be adapted; and she was in Fractions in her sums.' And she was for a short—all too short—a time in service, and then she was married; and then very soon she was called upon to become purveyor and cook and laundress and dressmaker and needlewoman and nurse and family doctor, all in one; and she had not had the smallest training in any one of these important

offices! Then she failed in health for want of the most ordinary knowledge of the rules of hygiene; and then her looks went and her temper suffered, and love flew out of a very dirty window, and she became the unlovable object I have represented. Talk of Wellington and Napoleon! Why, they were very cowards to any men who can endure such a state of things day after day—through the long winter and chilly spring evenings—without flying to a bright, clean, cheerful public-house away from the fretful face and miserable entertainment that awaits them at home, where their minds are neither cheered, nor their bodies refreshed, nor any of their senses gratified, nor their hardly-earned wages put to profit... Government has insisted upon having every child given over to it for education. It is taken away altogether in many instances from the training which a judicious mother might have imparted. How infinitely responsible does Government now become for the judicious and reasonable training of the young creatures entirely committed to its care, and unable to procure any other teaching than what is provided at school, and where they naturally conclude that the instruction given is that of all others which the wit and wisdom of their betters has, after weighty consideration, pronounced to be that which it is most imperative for them to acquire! I believe that every afternoon in girls' schools should be yielded to the managers with permission to occupy it on domestic economy, and that unelastic and tyrannous thing, the time-table, should be altogether banished; then there would be time to teach cutting out, and thorough needlework, and cooking, and everything that bears upon the happiness and very existence of the home. Many a child who now makes but an indifferent scholar might prove a good, happy, sensible wife and mother if early taught the beauty of cleanliness, methodical habits, and how to sew and cook thoroughly."

COST OF MANUAL INSTRUCTION.

No doubt a serious objection to systematic manual instruction in Board Schools is the cost; but if it took the place, as we believe it should, of some other subject—and, as a rule, only children who have passed the fifth standard, as Sir Philip Magnus suggests, were admitted—the cost would not be nearly so great as at first sight might appear. In the case of science teaching, one master has been employed for the various schools in one district, and the cost has thus been minimised.

Sir Philip is of opinion that two lessons per week of two hours' duration should be the rule, and that about twenty-five children should be taught at once. The cost of fitting up the workshop might be distributed over several schools, as different classes might succeed one another in the same shop.

This manual training, however, will not alone supply the need for improved technical instruction. It may largely do so, but six months or more at a trade school is necessary to qualify the skilled artisan.

Now, what is a trade school? Until recently, with the exception of the technical classes of the City and Guilds of London Institute, of the People's Palace, and the Polytechnic in London, the Wedgwood Institute, Hanley, and a few institutions of a similar kind thinly scattered throughout the country, we had no trade schools in England. Can it be wondered at then that complaints are rife that so many workmen are unskilled? How are they to become skilled? And how can they take pride in their work?

CONTINENTAL SCHOOLS.

Continental countries and our American brothers are before us in respect of trade schools as in manual training, The report of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction, 1884, shows this. It describes schools in Europe for silk and wool weaving, for the building trades, for furniture-making, for pottery, iron-work, clock and watch making, and in short for almost every industry now engaged in by mankind. Thus it being found that the silk trade was decreasing at Crefeld in Prussia, because of the superiority of the French training schools, a superb training institution was established to which the State and the municipality both contributed large sums, which were further increased by private subscriptions. The town now exports thousands of pounds' worth of silk goods both to England and to the United States.

At Verviers, in Belgium, there is a fine technical school, principally for weaving and dyeing. At Chemnitz, in Saxony—a centre both of the hosiery trade and of the iron trade—there is an excellent training-school. According to the report, there is not a manufacturer in the place whose assistant, or son, or foreman has not attended this school. Zurich has its "polytechnic," Dresden its free instructive school, and there is also a very fine Imperial technical school at Moscow, costing a large sum per annum, while at Munich and at Berlin there are technical high schools on which from £15,000 to £20,000 are yearly expended for maintenance.

AMERICAN PRACTICE.

In the United States also trade technical schools are established. Many of these are agricultural and engineering colleges.

Among the best known institutions of a more general character are the New York trade schools, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, the Plumbing Schools of Chicago, the Hampton Institute, and the Worcestershire Free Institute.

At the Massachusetts Institute (as we gather from a paper by Mr. Richard T. Auchmuty in "The Century" more than two years ago) the course of instruction lasts no fewer than four years, and the curriculum is of a very superior order. Mathematics and chemistry form part of the education. To show the thoroughness of the treatment, the pupil in weaving has to first design or copy a pattern, and then work it out in the loom. In moulding, the pupil makes draw-

ings of patterns, then models them in wood, and finally casts them in metal. It is not surprising that "graduates" from this "college" are to be found all over the States in good positions as foremen and superintendents of industries.

This institute, however, is, perhaps, the perfection of a trade school, and would be too high for the average journeyman. A few such in Britain for masters and superintendents—such an one as has happily been established in Kensington by the City and Guilds of London Institute—might suffice, at all events, for the present. But the New York trade schools are rather the kind of thing that is wanted for the average mechanic. These schools were opened, according to Mr. Auchmuty, in the autumn of 1881, and from his account we judge they have been successful. They are intended to ground young men thoroughly in the science and practice of a trade. Youths attend who are already engaged in their trade and acquire a skill and proficiency not usually attainable in the average "shop;" and young men not in trades also attend in order to become sufficiently skilled to obtain work. All industrial subjects seem taught—branches of bricklayers' work, plastering, wood-carving, plumbing, fresco-painting, etc., etc. Thirty-three young men only attended the first season, when but two subjects were taught, but the pupils increased tenfold in five years, and they came from all parts of New York. The average term which a youth stays appears to be about six months, which, with three good lessons per week, gives seventy-eight lessons.

These New York trade schools occupy a plot of land 200 feet by 114 feet; the buildings are substantial and light, being of brick and glass. They are but one storey high. A portion of the buildings was erected by the pupils themselves.

Now to work all day, and then give up three evenings per week to work again, requires and develops both self-denial and energy, and it is easy to see that young men thus trained are not likely to be found by-and-bye helplessly and aimlessly wandering about the streets of a great city with no work to do. Not the least value of these trade schools will be, we hope, to train up an intelligent, self-respecting, and self-helping type of artisan of which any country will be proud. They will do much, we trust, to give that dignity to labour of which we often hear so much, but which sometimes seems sadly wanting.

LONDON TECHNICAL COLLEGES.

But, though this country is deficient in technical training, it must not be supposed that nothing has been done in England to supply the want. During the past ten or twelve years (since 1874, in fact, when the Artisans' Institute was founded) very much interest has been aroused in the question, and large sums of money have been spent in providing instruction. The classes of the Artisans' Institute were transferred in 1881 from St. Martin's Lane to the City and Guilds of London Technical College, which is now domiciled in Leonard Street, Finsbury, and doing a great work in instructing youths in various branches of mechanical trade.

Great impetus was given to the cause of technical education by the report of the Royal Commission appointed in 1881. The existence of the City and Guilds of London Institute is due to the recognition by various Livery Companies of London of the altered conditions of apprenticeship, and the desire to devote a part of their funds to the improvement of the industries of the country. A suggestion was made that these companies might combine for this purpose, and after various committee meetings a scheme was elaborated which provided four things—firstly, the foundation of a "Central Institution for Higher Technical Instruction;" secondly, provision for Trade Schools; and thirdly and fourthly, the giving of instruction at other centres, the holding of examinations, and the subsidising other technical schools.

Now, as to the first. The stone of the building, which is in the Exhibition Road, Kensington, was laid by the Prince of Wales on the 18th of July, 1881, and the object which it worthily and successfully fulfils is to give to London a college in which advanced instruction is provided in knowledge bearing upon various branches of industry, whether manufactures or arts. It will be seen, therefore, that this Institution answers somewhat to the Massachusetts Institute at Boston. The Clothworkers' Scholarship of £60, tenable for two or three years, is annually competed for, and a diploma is granted for those passing successfully through the complete course.

But, secondly, the scheme provided for the establishment of trade schools for artisans and others, which schools are now located in Leonard Street, Finsbury. Here workshop practice and instruction are afforded to apprentices in numbers of trades; there are courses of lectures in physics, chemistry, and mechanics, also instruction in machine-drawing, applied art, designing, decorating, etc., electrical apparatus, and laboratory work. The special trade classes are very comprehensive and thorough, including cabinet-makers' work, with classes for draughtsmanship, blackboard lessons in construction and design, etc., masonry and brick-cutting in all its varied branches, including mortar-making, building of arches, etc.; carpentry, plumbing, gas-fitting, metal-work, etc. These branches of trade are all taught thoroughly, and are coupled with instruction in the properties of metals, etc., and setting out work from drawings. The fees for the separate evening classes range from six shillings to twelve shillings and sixpence for a session of eight months, but apprentices are admitted to any evening course at half the ordinary fees. Thus it will be seen that this Finsbury Technical College answers completely to the need for a "trade school." There is also a Technical Art School in connection with the Institute, where students are instructed in various branches of plastic art, designing of various kinds, wood-engraving, china-painting, art metal-work, etc., etc.

The third and fourth parts of the scheme of the City and Guilds of London Institute include the

holding of examinations to which other than their own students are admitted, and the subsidising of other technical colleges and schools in London and the provinces. Before these technical examinations are held, instruction is given to those who are afterwards examined. Though the teachers have not all been trained in the Institute—for sufficient time has not yet elapsed—yet the teachers are approved before the establishment of a class under the Institute is permitted. The examiners are appointed and remunerated by the Institute and are gentlemen of scientific attainments. This part of the Institute's work arouses great interest in the country. Letters are received from the correspondents of the Institute minutely and earnestly entering into particulars of the syllabuses prepared. Some 10,000 students are probably now or shortly will be under instruction.

The success of the examinations is very great. Every year has seen a marked increase in the number of candidates; and, in fact, the Institute, as an examining board, might be spoken of as a sort of technical university for Britain. The Polytechnic Institute, Regent Street, W., certainly comes under this head, and also answers admirably the requirements of a trade school. Its students are examined by the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, or by the City and Guilds of London Institute. The Polytechnic classes have been wonderfully successful. Commencing only in 1881, they had attracted no fewer than 6,875 individual students in the fourth year (1885-86). There are over 180 classes, arranged in four great divisions—viz., practical trade classes, such as carpentry, brickwork, wood and stone carving, lathe-work, tailors' cutting, etc., etc.; secondly, technical classes, such as engineering of various kinds, mine and land surveying, manufacture of painters' oils, colours, varnishes, etc., etc.; thirdly, science classes, consisting of building, construction, drawing, modelling, organic and inorganic chemistry, geometry, and the like; fourthly, there are general classes which hardly come under the heading of trade schools, such as Civil Service preparatory class, book-keeping, shorthand, French, German, preliminary pharmaceutical, etc.

It is to be borne in mind, moreover, that this Institute is intended for artisans and apprentices, and that not only are there these technical classes, but there is also a Christian Institute, affording many advantages to its members. It was due to purely voluntary effort, and the name of Mr. Quinton Hogg must ever be honoured for the great work he has done at that place for the youth of London. The fees are very low, and are somewhat similar to those just mentioned.

The People's Palace, Whitechapel, and the Technical and Recreation Institutes now rising, or soon we trust to rise, in every part of London, will further in large measure supply the need for Trade Schools. Writing at a time when they are in process of establishment we most earnestly commend the projects, which will ring London round with centres of instruction and recreation.

These establishments for trade and technical teaching show that London is taking action in this most important matter. In the country, also, the subject is attracting increased attention. At Luton efforts are being made to teach straw-plaiting. There are also pottery classes in connection with the Wedgwood Institute at Hanley. At Manchester, Nottingham, and Leicester there are technical schools which receive timely help from the City and Guilds of London Institute. Similar schools have also been established at Oldham, Bradford, Huddersfield, Belfast, Leeds, Glasgow, Preston, etc., all adopting the Institute programme. A department for practical instruction in engineering and metallurgy has also been lately added to the Firth College, Sheffield; and in various parts of the country there are signs that more and more attention is being given to this most important question.

Thus it will be seen that a new order which is to take the place of the decayed apprenticeship system is gradually being evolved. Possibly it will be more enduring if its growth be slow, but of the urgent need which it represents there can be no doubt. We trust a new industrial era is dawning.

F. M. HOLMES.

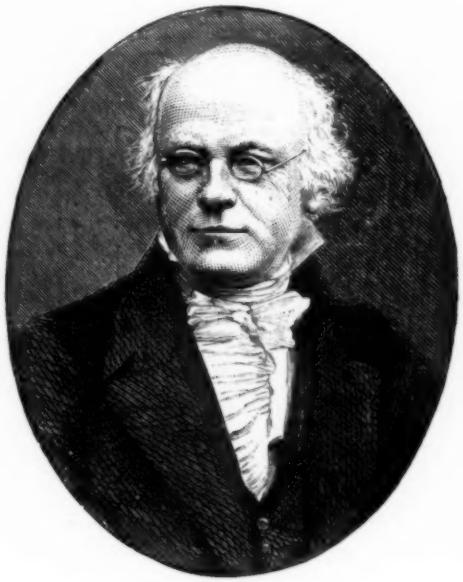
BERWICKSHIRE NATURALISTS' CLUB.

Founded in 1831.

IN the winter of 1830 a Scottish border clergyman, the Rev. Andrew Baird, of Cockburnspath, was visiting a well-known medical man at Berwick-on-Tweed, Dr. George Johnston. The conversation turned on the natural history of that region, and Dr. Johnston suggested the formation of a field club for exploring various localities on or near the border. The idea was mentioned to others, and in September, 1831, the club was instituted. A week later, the first meeting of the British Association was held at York. Dr. Johnston was present at York, and in a letter to a friend gave an account of the proceedings, adding that, in his opinion, the meeting at York was not so enjoyable as that of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club held the previous week at Grant's House. The partiality for his own child was natural; and though destined to be of less importance than the great institution which saw the light at York, the Berwickshire

Naturalists' Club, like its giant brother, held its jubilee anniversary in 1881, and still continues to flourish.

Field clubs are in our day numerous, and in every part of the kingdom. But it is due to the Berwickshire Club to record that it was the earliest of the race; that for fifteen years it stood alone, and that, in 1846, two of its members formed similar clubs in other localities to which they had removed, Mr. Carr-Ellison, of Dunstan



DR. GEORGE JOHNSTON.

Hill, and Sir Thomas Tancred, Bart., in Gloucestershire. The example spread, and the Cotteswold, Woolhope, Malvern, and other celebrated field clubs were formed on the model of that of Berwickshire. Little did the small band of enthusiastic naturalists who met for the first time at Grant's House, near the Scottish border, know the significance of the step they were taking, when they inaugurated a new movement destined so greatly to influence the progress of scientific research in all parts of the empire.

There were some remarkable men among the founders of the Berwickshire Club, the members of which were drawn from both sides of the border. Among the early members were Sir William Jardine, Bart., and Prideaux J. Selby, Esq. Mr. Selby's address, as President of the Club in its third year (1834), is now before us, and is a most interesting document. In fact, the whole series of the annual proceedings and presidential addresses may be consulted with pleasure and advantage. It was stated at the jubilee meeting in 1881 that a copy of the proceedings to that date was marked in the catalogue of a London bookseller at a price surprising for a work that might seem to possess only local interest. But the subjects, not merely in natural history, but in archæology and other departments, were treated in a style which attracted many who might be repelled by more dull scientific treatises. The Jubilee address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Brown, now of Edinburgh, formerly at Langton, near Dunse, one of the original members of the club in 1831.

The early success of the club was mainly due to the personal influence and character of its founder and first president, Dr. George Johnston, of Berwick-on-Tweed. He was an accomplished naturalist in various departments, and a man of most genial and "club-able" spirit. Every one loved him, and every one looked up to him as their chief. Although the duties of his profession were incessant, it was rarely that he missed the meetings of the club. He found time, also, to write many works, charming in style, as well as accurate in information. His work on "British Zoophytes," on its first appearance in 1838, formed an era in the department of science to which it belongs. A still more attractive book was "The Flora of the Eastern Borders." In this work Dr. Johnston's powers as a writer and a naturalist appear to the best advantage. In addition to the scientific details in which the systematic botanist delights, it sparkles all over with the attractions of his literary style, and is pervaded by a spirit not always found in treatises on scientific subjects. To behold the hand of God in all the works of nature, and to mark the traces of His wisdom and power and goodness, this was the spirit with which the founder was imbued, and the tone thus at the first given has been prominent in the subsequent history and proceedings of the club.

Dr. Johnston was a fellow and honorary member of various scientific societies. For many years he was an Alderman and Magistrate, and three times Mayor of Berwick. During the Highland Society's Show he discharged his official duties with so much spirit and success, that his fellow-citizens presented him with a handsome service of plate, in testimony of the manner in which he had sustained the honour of the ancient town. For nearly forty years he was one of the medical officers of the Berwick Dispensary. He was ever a friend to the poor, and especially to the fisher-folk, by whom he was greatly loved and honoured.

Dr. Johnston's house in the Woolmarket is still occupied by a member of his family, and in autumn there have occasionally been meetings of the club in the rooms which formed his museum. After an interval of half a century, the writer of this memorial had pleasure in revisiting some of the delightful scenes of the early times of the Berwickshire Naturalist Club. Whether there are any other survivors he does not know, but he found the memory of Dr. George Johnston still lovingly cherished in the Borderland.[1]

J. M.

[1] Dr. Johnston, born July 27th, 1797, at Simfrin, in Berwickshire, died July 30th, 1855, at Berwick-on-Tweed. Our portrait is from a miniature lent by his daughter, Mrs. Barwell Carter, who occupies the old house in Berwick. A younger daughter was married to Dr. Philip Whiteside Maclagan, brother of Professor Sir Douglas Maclagan, of Edinburgh, and of the present Bishop of Lichfield, and successor of Dr. Johnston in his medical practice. His only son entered the Royal Navy. The illustrations in Dr. Johnston's books were by his wife, a sympathetic naturalist and accomplished artist.

A COLONY THAT FAILED.

OF the saying that "trifles guide the course of empires, and make the world their slave," there is no more striking illustration than in the early history of Australia. Australia on one side was surveyed by the Dutch, and claimed by the Dutch; and, had it not been for the antics of a real live pirate, there can be little doubt it would be Dutch now. How it all came about is very strange; and, as it is easy to philosophise about the might-have-beens, let us employ our space to better advantage by telling the story.

Of the Dutch attempt to colonise New Holland we have been recently reminded by the publication of a volume bearing the title of "The Captain-General,"[1] which in not a few quarters has been assumed to be a romance pure and simple. The assumption is erroneous; the strange conspiracy so graphically described therein is no fiction. In the preface to the book there is an allusion to an "Ongeluckige Voyagie," which seems on the face of it to be a joke; but a search in the British Museum has brought to light a copy of this rare volume—a quaint little undersized quarto, printed in black letter, illustrated in the peculiarly rough style of the times.

Its full title is "Ongeluckige Voyagie van't schip Batavia Nae de Oost-Indien Gebleven op de Abrolhos van Frederick Houtman. Jan Jansz tot Amsterdam. Anno 1647." It is not an easy book to read, for it is not very clear in type, and it is written in the long-out-of-date Dutch tongue used in the "bonds." But this is the story that it tells—a story it is as well to say that is not told by it alone, and is reprinted in many of the folio books of voyages of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries from it and other sources. The compilers of these accounts, however, being more concerned with the explorations of Pelsart, summarised very briefly the proceedings of Cornelis, so that his peculiarly dramatic career seems to have been overlooked till now by the playwright and novelist.

It was in 1628 that Pieter Carpenter, who gave his name to the Gulf of Carpentaria, returned to Holland from his Australian explorations; and on October 28th of that year there left the Texel a fleet of eleven vessels under Francoys Pelsaert, or Francis Pelsart, to found a colony on the newly-discovered coast. Pelsart's own ship was the Batavia. The other ships need not concern us, for when the Cape was rounded they were separated from the Batavia in a storm, and nothing else is said about them.

Pelsart's second in command, or supercargo, or "Onder Koopman," was a certain Jerome Cornelis, who had previous to the voyage been keeping an apothecary's shop at Haarlem. This ex-apothecary was an adventurer of the most enterprising type, who had shipped on the Batavia with a view to capturing her, and in the most matter-of-fact way commencing business as a pirate. He had not come alone, but had brought with him a few unscrupulous followers, in whom he trusted to win over the rest of the crew, and stand by him when the crisis came. The crisis was longer in coming than Cornelis anticipated; Pelsart was an able and popular captain, and the pirates simply wasted their persuasive powers on the crew. Owing to Pelsart's arrangements an outbreak did not promise to be successful, and during the weary months the Batavia rolled along down to the Cape an immense amount of intriguing went on, but few recruits were gained, and Cornelis and his friends were in a hopeless minority.

At last, owing much perhaps to the tedium of the voyage, they began to win over the passengers, and matters became sufficiently advanced for the date of the mutiny to be fixed. On the day named, however, a storm broke out which was of so terrific a nature as to give all on board quite enough to do to save themselves from destruction. The storm lasted for some days, and the ship was driven much farther on her course than her officers thought, and on the 4th of June she ran ashore on the coral islands known as Houtman's Abrolhos, close to what is now Geraldton, on the western coast of Australia.

In the efforts to get her off, the mainmast was cut away, but it did not fall clear, and remained by the side; the cannon were thrown overboard, and other measures taken, but all in vain. The Batavia was aground on a rocky ridge close to a long, narrow saddleback of an island, which was almost bare of vegetation.

Pelsart, seeing no help for it, began to land his people. Among the first to get ashore were the companions of Cornelis, who broke out into disorder. To quell the disorder Pelsart went off with assistance and left Cornelis in charge of the ship. And then a storm came on, which cut off all communication with the land. During the storm Cornelis disappeared, and when communication with the shore was reopened, and the ship was cleared, it was supposed he had been drowned. He had, however, been left behind.

Not far from the long island was another on which Pelsart had landed a detachment; and so well had he cleared the ship that plenty of provisions were available, but, unfortunately, there was little water. The want of water led to much murmuring, and on the 6th of June Pelsart started with a boat's crew to find a better supply; and he eventually made his way, as it happened, to Java. Thinking Cornelis was dead, he had made excellent arrangements for the government of the islands, and all would doubtless have gone well, and the colony been rescued and taken to its destination, had not the supercargo strangely reappeared. On the 15th of June the people on the island saw him they had treated as dead come floating towards them on the broken mainmast, and then vanish

[1] "The Captain-General: being the Story of the Attempt of the Dutch to colonise New Holland." F. Warne & Co.

into the darkness; on the 16th all day he was drifting about in the bay, and on the 17th the yard detached itself from the mast, and on it, almost dead with fatigue and starvation, Cornelis came ashore.

He had by no means abandoned his pirating scheme, but he had now modified it so that his intention was to entice ashore the first ship that came in sight, and then capture and sail away in her. To do this he had to restore confidence in himself among the passengers and crew; and the island became the scene of what was practically a political agitation. To win over the majority to his views so as to settle the minority and then seize the hoped-for ship, he encouraged unlimited discussion as to the management of affairs. A meeting was held, at which the long island was named Batavia's Grave; then a bond was signed, "to be faithful to each other in everything, and to give each other brotherly love, that we the undersigned will not hurt in the least each other's body or goods before having broken the peace by word of mouth." The peace was soon broken. One of the ship boys, Rogier Decker van Haarlem, stabbed to death Isbrant van Purmerent, probably at the supercargo's instigation. The murder gave an excuse for reforming the laws; and the end of the political turmoil was that Cornelis at a great meeting of the islanders was elected Captain-General.

The same "bond" that gave him his authority allowed him to strengthen his bodyguard; and now he was safe he began a reign of terror. To be sure of his election he had sent away a boat's crew of soldiers, faithful to Pelsart, in search of water. This crew consisted of five Frenchmen and a quite heroic sort of man named Webbe Hays.

Hays eventually found water on a little island to the north-west of Batavia's Grave, and lighted three signal fires in token of his success. But at the very same time a disturbance had occurred on the long island, which gave Cornelis the opportunity he sought, and he had set about massacring all who had opposed him. There was an awful scene round the camp—one of the pirates was afterwards convicted of killing twenty-seven victims with his own hand—and finally Hays appeared to help, and on planks and rafts thirty-nine survivors reached the island on which the water had been found.

The next day the partisans of Cornelis massacred their opponents on the third island, so that the Captain-General found himself at the head of a considerable following. All the children he had killed, and all the women but six.

On the morrow, the 2nd of September, he broke open many of the chests saved from the wreck, and then found two dozen scarlet and silver uniforms, in which he clothed his guard. And he found other finery, and, to show it off, resolved to hold a "ceremonial." The ceremonial took place on the 4th of September. There was the scarlet guard, and the gay chief pirate, and things generally as like a coronation as could be managed. The Captain-General proclaimed himself, gave his subjects a book of laws of his own composition, took to himself as wife one of the women, found partners for two of the others, and left the three remaining to their fate.

On the 5th of September he sent off two boats to attack the small island. But Hays had provisioned himself from the third island, and, at the head of the five faithful Frenchmen and the rest, drove off the boats with disgrace. Then Cornelis led a grand attack on Hays in person, and after a stubborn fight Hays was again triumphant. Then Cornelis took to treachery; he tried to bribe the Frenchmen to sell Hays. The Frenchmen pretended to agree; he came himself to take over the victim, when he was suddenly seized from his boat's crew and made prisoner by Hays the indefatigable.

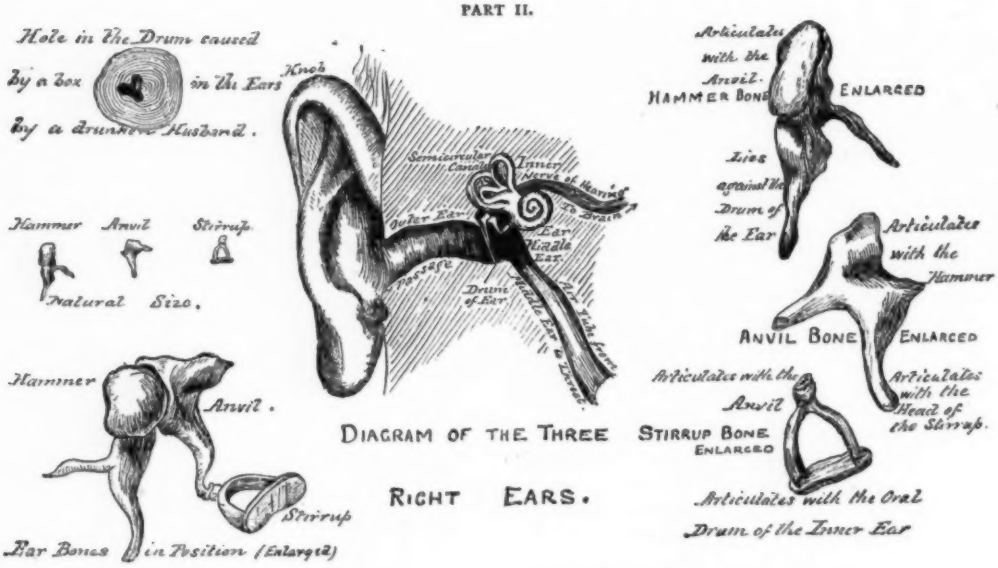
Then the red-coated pirates, under a new chief, came from Batavia's Grave to rescue him, when in the nick of time—a ship appeared. Hays was off to the ship first. The pirates, knowing not of his visit, came up to capture the vessel, and were running aboard when out came the newcomer's guns, and at the gangway stood Francis Pelsart, master of the situation!

The old quarto enters at much length into the charges against the different pirates, and in the driest official way gives the evidence and sentences. Fourteen of them, including Cornelis and Decker, were hanged on the spot, and on the 28th of September Pelsart was off in the Saardam to Java with all that was left of his unfortunate expedition.

The "Ongeluckige Voyagie" seems to have thoroughly discredited attempts to settle on the Australian mainland; and we hear no more of Australian colonisation until the British convict fleet cast anchor in Botany Bay. Bennett, in his "History of Australian Discovery," reprints a summary of the Dutch record, and says very truly that "the career of the Captain-General affords materials for a story which would require the pen of a Defoe to do it justice."

HOW WE SEE, HEAR, AND SPEAK.

PART II.



THE EAR.

I WONDER how much my intelligent reader really knows about the exquisite organ of hearing he has been blest with so many years, and without which life would be such a blank. Presuming him not to have read any special article about it, it would be an interesting exercise for him to set down on paper his present views on the subject. This preliminary effort may perhaps reveal to him the fact that his knowledge of applied acoustics in the genus *homo* begins and ends with the word "drum," and perhaps lead him to look leniently on the very imperfect attempt here made to give a slight sketch of ears and hearing.

To begin, then: we have six ears, three on either side I will briefly describe them, proceeding from without inwards. About an inch and a quarter from the external appendage that adds so considerably to our beauty, whether in its natural state or used as a jewel-stand, is the drum of the ear. This is a piece of parchment-like skin stretched across the end of the passage and about the thickness of a piece of foreign note-paper. It is frequently damaged by accident or wilful injury, commonly by a box on the ear; schoolboys often suffer in this way. Loud explosions have been known to produce the same results; the best plan to avoid injury, if cannon are fired close by, or any other loud noise occurs, is to open the mouth. Any instrument inserted in the external ear is extremely dangerous. The aurilave is most objectionable, but it is nothing to the common or domestic hairpin, or the end of a penholder, which produce truly tragic results.

Since nearly all deafness arises from causes beyond this impassable drum, the value of eardrops frequently used for this defect, under what patients describe as "medical advice," can be rightly estimated. As we not unfrequently meet with a belief that after all the two ear passages communicate, and that if we wish to drive any foreign body out of one ear it is best to inject water into the other, which, flowing through the head, if it does not produce water on the brain on its way, washes the offending body out at the other, it may be well to state clearly, once for all, that such is not the case.

THE MIDDLE EAR

The drum separates the outer from the middle ear, which is in direct communication with the back of the mouth, or throat, by a tube nearly two inches long. Now, although continuous loud sounds—by rupturing the drum or straining the nerve of hearing—are a frequent cause of deafness, by far the most common cause are neglected colds, especially what are known as colds in the head.

In these affections the lining membrane of the nose and throat is thickened and inflamed, and this inflammation rapidly travels up the tube to the middle ear. Cold follows cold until the thickening becomes permanent and deafness ensues. Deafness is, therefore, quite as frequently cured by treating the throat as by treating the ear directly.

Across this middle ear, which forms a little chamber immediately behind the drum, stretches a curious chain of three bones slung from the roof and all articulating with each other, and which are represented in this sketch. The first is like a

hammer fastened by its handle to the back of the drum and resting by its head on the top of the next, which is shaped like an anvil. This, in its turn, is joined to the head of a most perfect stirrup, the foot of which is firmly fastened against a smaller drum in the inner wall. These bones carry the vibrations by which sound is produced from the outer across the middle to the inner ear. The little stirrup moves up and down like a piston-rod sixteen times a second for the lowest musical note up to forty thousand times a second for the highest. Between these extremes lie all the sounds we can hear, but there are many sounds as well as colours that are quite imperceptible to us. The chirp of the cricket, the squeak of the bat, and many of the notes of the sparrow, are too shrill for us to hear.

Sounds are caused by undulations of air of certain definite lengths; thus they vary from the great waves 64 feet long, which constitute the lowest notes, up to the tiny ripples, one-third of an inch long, which follow each other at the rate of 38,000 per second, and are excessively shrill. The waves of an octave above any note are half as long and twice as fast as the waves of that note. The ordinary range of hearing extends to about nine octaves.

AURAL CURIOSITIES.

Before speaking of the inner ear we will just notice two curiosities about the outer. One ingenious observer has discovered that by playing on the edge of the outer ear with a small violin bow an octave of notes can be produced! This observation has not yet been turned to any practical result. The second is positively offensive; it is suggested that a study of comparative anatomy shows that the little knob at the top of the ear, more easily felt in some than others, is the turning down of the original pointed ear of the lower animals, more especially of the domestic ass!

THE SEMICIRCULAR CANALS.

Another interesting point is that a muscle is attached to the inside of the drum of the ear which tightens it up when needed so as to deaden any loud noises that fall on it. This is turned to practical use every day. The drum of the ear, moreover, is unevenly stretched across the opening so as to receive and transmit accurately to the chain of bones behind it vibrations varying from 30 to 5,000 per second.

To proceed. In the inner wall of the middle ear are two small drums, one across an oval opening, into which, as we have seen, the stirrup bone fits, the other across a round opening. Just behind these two drums lies the internal ear, in shape like a small periwinkle-shell with its broad end against these two openings, only instead of having one spiral canal it has two, one of which lies behind each of these small drums. Immediately behind the oval aperture lie also three semicircular, bony canals containing the organ of equilibrium, alluded to in previous papers, formed on the principle of spirit levels, and arranged in three directions; by means of which we maintain our erect position and our balance at all times when this organ is not unduly affected by our own acts or by disease. These three canals join in a common opening where some minute stony fragments float about in the watery fluid into which project a few nerves. This again communicates with the tube that forms in two and a half turns one of the double spirals of the inner ear. When it reaches the top it communicates by a minute hole with the other spiral, and, descending by another two and a half turns, terminates behind the round drum that separates it from the middle ear.

It will be seen therefore that a great hubbub, such as would be made by a street mob, may be transmitted by air vibrations across the middle ear against the round drum, causing the fluid behind to strike on the nerve ends; while an articulate noise such as a speech in the House of Commons, requiring to be more accurately interpreted, may be carried by the special chain of bones to the oval drum, and thence to the inner ear.

THE INNER EAR.

The inner ear itself is a perfect museum of marvels; we will only speak of one or two. Round and round these double spirals, resting on the fine membrane dividing them, are about 3,000 little headed rods, graduated in size, and just like pianoforte hammers, each resting in a hollow pad made for it; these are supposed to interpret the vibrations of the fluid around them into their meaning. Besides these, the membrane itself on which they rest is supposed to consist of an almost infinite number of strings, getting shorter and shorter as they reach the apex, each of which responds to certain vibrations. Anyhow, by means of this wonderful apparatus the sounds are all made intelligible, and carried finally by the great nerve of hearing to the brain itself. It is to be hoped this somewhat incoherent explanation will not obscure the subject, but the fact is it is not yet known precisely in what way the nerve of hearing actually receives the vibrations of sound. In a general way it may be said that, if a band be playing near, the sound transmitted by the outer ear through the drum, partly across the middle ear to the round inner drum and partly by the chain of bones to the oval inner drum, will enable the semicircular canals to determine the position of the band and the direction of the sound; the common opening to them, called the vestibule, with its vibrating particles, the intensity of the noise they are making; and the hammers and strings of the inner ear the tune they are playing.

HEARING AND LISTENING.

All this complicated apparatus, however, is only for distinguishing and transmitting sounds to the real centre of hearing in the brain itself. A large nerve as thick as a thread of Berlin wool actually forms the link between the two, and if it is once injured all the three ears we have described are useless. It may be noticed here that just as

there is a real distinction between looking and seeing, so there is between listening and hearing. A person who merely *sees* a thing may have no clear account of what he sees sent to the brain at all; as, for instance, when gazing out of a train while in a brown study; while, if he *looks* at a thing, not only does he direct the most acute part of his eye to the object, but he prepares his brain to listen to and understand the eye-message sent. So a person may *hear* a great deal with his ears that never intelligibly reaches the brain at all; whereas, if he *listens*, he not only places his ear in the most favourable position for catching all the sound, but he holds his brain centre ready to receive and understand the ear-message.

Some thoughtful mind may here ask, why have we two ears if we can manage all this with one? In addition to the obvious answer that the duplication increases our powers in all these three ways, it is found that it enables us to listen to two things at a time more easily, as, for instance, a clock striking while a conversation is going on.

DEAFNESS.

The outer ear, no doubt, helps us to determine the direction of sounds as well as serves to collect the waves and transmit them to the outer ear drum. This latter power may be considerably increased by placing the hand behind the ear.

The short passage leading down to the drum of the ear is frequently the seat of aural troubles.

Small peas or beans often get fixed here in children, and, if the ear be syringed, of course swell to an enormous size and cause great pain. Wax accumulates, causing deafness, and frequently inflammation occurs.

The ear drum again, as has been pointed out, may be broken, or "perforated" by disease, or by violent noises, or by injury from some instrument, or even by taking a sudden dive into the water. If, indeed, the drum of the ear be already broken, a dive in the sea might prove fatal by admitting the brine into the middle ear. A good protection is a little cotton wool in the ears. Proceeding further, the ear bones may be damaged or become fixed by the extension of repeated neglected colds in the head—particularly those in children, when the nose is blocked up, the tonsils enlarged, and the child "speaks through the nose"—up the tube from the back of the mouth to the middle ear.

And, once again, deafness may arise from some affection—generally, alas! more or less incurable—of that exquisite machinery of the inner ear we have vainly tried to describe.

That the nerves of taste are closely connected with the ear is seen in the epicure's habit of applying a little rose-water on a napkin just behind the ear to stimulate the palate, while the connection of the nerves of the teeth with the sense of hearing is seen by a harsh sound setting the teeth "on edge;" the fact being that these two nerves lie side by side, and it is supposed any jar given to one is transmitted to the other, such as, for instance, the screeching of a slate-pencil on a slate.

HOW TO AVOID DEAFNESS.

From what has been said, it is obvious that the ear is such a delicate structure that great care of it must be taken in all circumstances likely to affect it, such as all fevers, particularly measles, repeated head colds, loud reports or shocks. No instruments must ever be introduced into the external ear, the old saying that you must never touch your eye save with your elbow being a good one also for the ear; and all blows on the ear should be forbidden.

All "runnings" from the ear should be at once seen to, for if neglected they may set up serious brain disease.

Lastly, if the reader should at any time suffer from a painful ear-ache, he may often relieve it by inserting a little cotton wool with a single drop of chloroform on it; unless, indeed, he prefers to follow the prescription of the learned Æginætus. He says: "When without heaviness, ear-ache indicates a windy spirit that cannot get vent. The remedies are the tepid juice of leeks and onions. If the pain is clearly caused by a windy spirit [*sic*], you must inject into the ear the fat of a fox."

THE THROAT.

Let me now inflict a few remarks concerning the throat on my long-suffering reader. Though, after all, I do not see why he should be pitied. Surely if it be worth the Creator's while to place these three instruments of such matchless and exquisite design and workmanship—the eye, the ear, the throat—in us for our enjoyment, it is not very outrageous to ask that one "leisure hour" be spent by my reader in glancing through this hasty sketch of some of their wonders.

The vocal organs consist of an arrangement for producing sounds, and of another for forming those sounds into speech. The former is the function of the windpipe, the latter of the mouth. In both cases the arrangements are purely and simply mechanical in principle, though in detail far beyond any human work. The larynx or windpipe is, then, the instrument whereby all sound is produced. It is constructed partly on the principle of the American organ or *harmonium*, and partly on that of the violin, and very partly on that of the trumpet. It is like a harmonium in that it essentially consists of two vibrating bands stretched across the windpipe, between which the air forced out of the lungs is formed into waves of definite lengths, which, issuing from the mouth and beating on the drum of any one's ear, produce sounds. It is like a *violin* in that these vibrating reeds contain strings, which enable them to be stopped at different lengths, varying the note as the finger does on a violin. It is like a *trumpet* in that we may consider the two reeds represent the vibrating lips by which the sound is formed, and the mouth and upper throat the trumpet or sounding-box by which the vibrations are amplified and transmitted.

PRODUCTION OF SOUND.

In ordinary breathing these two bands or vocal cords leave a triangular opening, through which the air passes to and fro with only a slight rustling noise. In coughing they are closed altogether, and are burst open by puffs of wind from the lungs; while in emitting any sounds they are placed parallel to each other. Carrying out the simile of a reed instrument, then, we may consider the lungs the bellows, the muscles the feet that work them, the vocal cords the reeds, and the mouth the sounding-board.

In blowing a trumpet the larynx is left wide open, and the two lips are formed into artificial vocal cords, allowing the air to vibrate between them and produce a sound.

The pitch of a note depends on the size of the chink and the tension of the cords, the sound or tone on the amount of vibration of the edges, while the loudness is regulated by the strength of the blast of air. The edges can be made to vibrate little or much; the falsetto voice, for instance, is supposed to be produced by an enforced very partial vibration of the edges of the cords. The vocal cords of women are about the same length as those of boys, being about one-third shorter than those of men.

ARTICULATION.

Articulation can only be produced in the mouth. The vowels, indeed, are continuous musical sounds, but the differences between them, said to be thirteen in all, are produced by changes in the mouth. In all the sounds from "ah" to "oo" the mouth, at first wide open, is gradually closed, while the vocal cords are gradually opened.

Consonants are unmusical sounds, and cannot be sustained, and are entirely formed by the lips and tongue. The letter "h" is only an extra expiration of air before the vowel following it.

The causes of defective speech are mainly mal-pronunciation of vowel sounds. The Yankee twang, the Cockney omission of the "h," the Devonshire and Lancashire dialects, the Irish brogue, are, moreover, all matters of habit, resting on the important fact that the ear and the organs of speech are in such close harmony, that the child reproduces, to the minutest tone and defect, exactly what it hears, and the difficulty is great of afterwards eradicating such curiosities of speech impressed on the plastic nerve centres in early youth. The moral is obvious.

LOSS OF VOICE.

Loss of voice occurs most generally from a "cold" of the larynx producing thickening of the vocal cords and dryness of the throat; it also occurs from hysteria following often on the previous cause, that is, after a temporary loss of voice from cold has gone, the idea persistently remains that one still cannot speak. Such cases are among our most successful pseudo-miracles. One sees them continually. A patient arrives, explaining with difficulty in a strained whisper that he or she (for we find it in all ages and classes) has been unable to speak for two months, or two years, that some situation has been lost in consequence, and that every known remedy has been tried in vain. A short examination shows the windpipe to be in perfect working order, and then the pseudo-miracle begins by suitable treatment. The patient, off his guard, shouts, "Oh! sir! oh!" and by the power of gentle suasion is induced, at first softly, then more loudly, to articulate, and lastly to shout or shriek every letter of the alphabet, and all this in half an hour. In these cases the patient is guilty of no deception whatever. He really *could* not speak, because—he thought he could not.

The third cause of loss of speech, and least frequent, is paralysis.

This may be of different kinds. For instance, the muscles of the mouth and tongue may be paralysed, so that all is present except the power to articulate, though, by-the-bye, the sins of speech cannot in anatomical accuracy be all laid to the charge of the little unruly member, as people can learn so to use other muscles as to speak without their tongues. Again, the articulation may be perfect, but the vocal cords being paralysed, no sound is produced. In both these cases the patient can write what he wishes to say. Again, articulation and phonation may be perfect, and the patient may know what he wishes to say but has forgotten the words, and lost, maybe, to a greater or less extent, the power of forming them in the brain. Lastly, the patient may have lost both the power and desire of speech altogether.

Some of these cases are very curious, though by no means very rare. Dr. Bristowe tells a story of a lady he knew who in a shop forgot her own name and address, and had to go to the carriage and ask her coachman for it.

Then, again, some people are unable to write anything—even their own names—"out of their own head," though they can write anything if they hear the words dictated. A person, again, of failing speech and memory of words often gives striking instances of the persistency of well-used sound combinations, as in words that have been so habitually employed as to be uttered without thought.

In many cases the loss of power of speech is the result of injury to the left side of the brain, where it alone resides—save in left-handed people. It has been found, however, that in some such cases the power slowly returns, being apparently taken up by the right side of the head.

No special rules need here be given as to the management of the throat and voice. We add but one word, and that is,—Always—*always* as to the eye, the ear, the throat, and especially the latter, attend to every warning nature gives. If a girl finds her voice gets husky and her throat relaxed by prolonged singing, or a clergyman by long speaking, it *must* be rested, and a careful attention to early symptoms will once more prove, by quick and speedy recovery, the sterling value of the maxim, more true than new, "Prevention is better than cure."

ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

Varieties.

An American Beast of Prey.

I have lately made the acquaintance of the mosquito. But to describe him is impossible. Niagara may require a Ruskin. Purgatory may need a Dante, but a mosquito is for ever a thing beyond description. Oh, the tricks of the creature!

You are strolling along on the shore of the lake, hushed, devout, and admiring the beauty of the scene, the gorgeous hues of sunset, the reflections of the woods, the white lines of silver where here and there the wind ripples the surface, when poised on fairy wing and singing its song of untroubled peace a gnat hovers about you, adding to the charm, and suggesting profitable meditations on the marvellous mechanism which sustains its delicate balance and holds it thus in mid-air. And so the balmy evening passes amidst shades that deepen from gold to green and to dark olive tints. Oh, dear! What can it be? How my hand does itch! and my neck! and head! And here is a lump full of irritating poison.

Scratch! scratch!—but the more you scratch the worse it gets. Here is another of those horrid lumps—and another. Why, they have crawled up my clothes and left a score of such mountains of itching.

"What is it?" I ask, showing my swollen hand and scratching myself in a score of places at once. With a grin—for nobody sympathises with you in the least—it is one of the most aggravating symptoms of mosquito agonies that people only laugh—you are told—"Wall, I guess them is musqueeties."

From that moment the terror of the mosquito begins. You enter your bedroom and put down your lamp, and at your ear is a little brazen hum.

It is the battle cry. The bloodthirsty wretch, he scents his victim and sings his song of triumph. Were it a great roystering laugh like the giants' of old—

"Fee, fi, fo, fum. I smell the blood of an Englishman,
And I must, and I shall, and I will have some,"

you would at least know what was meant, and would be prepared to act accordingly. But that little hum is of all things the most perfectly expressive of innocence and sweetness. But no. I have learnt now that terrible "grace before meat." You close the windows, and the glass at ninety, too! fancy.

There is another hum at my ear, this time it is satirical.

"Close your windows and bolt your doors. What care we? Ha, ha, ha!" And he dances to the tune of his own trumpeting,

You make an indignant snatch at him, and cry triumphantly—"Ah, sir, I have got you this time! Who is master now!" And squeezing the fingers quite tightly, running the nails into the palm of the hand, you are determined there shall be no escape. Then, spent with the effort, you unclasp the grasp, and there goes that miserable thing, sailing coolly away and singing his innocent little hymn more innocently than ever.

You would be still and devout—but again that hum. You feel him on your ear, and you box it vigorously. You are sure he is on your forehead, and with a sounding smack you strike there. No, it is on the back of your neck, and by a feat of agility you come down *thud* on the spot. And there he is humming triumphantly still.

Endurance is impossible. So you get up, and taking a flat book of somewhat heavy literature, and mounting on the bed, you crack each thing that looks like a mosquito flat against the wall. Then perturbed and distracted you seek to rest. You are beginning to be soothed, when trum, trum, trum goes the adversary at your ear.

Really this is dreadful. You snatch the towel and sweep at him, and then look about hoping he is done for. No, there he flits above the lamp. He rises, and you catch sight of a speck on the ceiling. Ah, *there* he is. Now for it. You climb a chair, but it is not high enough. You clamber on to a rickety washstand, and, balanced gingerly, you smite violently. But the speck remains, and there is the horrid trum, trum, trum louder than ever at your ear. Then, half undressed, towel hanging despondently from the right hand, the left hand clutching at some hold, then should my enemy write a book, and put my likeness in as frontispiece!

I get into bed, and creep down, down under the clothes—and the glass at ninety, too! Oh, dear, it is hot. But I am forgetting my trouble. Yes, I shall sleep, and I am just off, when the trumpet rings close at my ear, such a song of lovely innocence.

"I *will* slay him," I cry, springing from my couch, and ready for any deed of desperateness. I light the lamp again, and then the chase commences—on and on, up and down, here and there, high and low, until, at last, with a crack like thunder, startling the next door neighbour, there I leave the carcass flattened on the wall.

Now I am happy. Now I will sleep the calm sleep of the avenged. Once more in bed and soon asleep, sweetly as an infant slumbers.

I awake in the morning. As I rise there staggers from beside my pillow a heavy mosquito drunk with blood. Yes, there he goes with unsteady flight, hiccuping snatches of song. The spirit of my ancestors rises within me clamouring aloud that I wipe out this insult with his blood—and mine. He lights upon the wall. I smite, and there remains the token of my rage. I turn to the looking-glass. And then I find the havoc of that night. I knew, alas! that my little stock of beauty was but skin deep, but I hate such hideous reminders of it. Four huge lumps rise up on my head. My benevolence is enlarged to twice its natural size. Bah! there is nothing in Phrenology, for I am full of ill-will. My reflectiveness is increased a third, and yet I am all destruction. There is another lump on my head and on my fingers half a dozen more. Itch! itch! itch! itch!—and the more you scratch the itchier you get; and each lump grows redder and bigger every time you touch it. Disfigured, laughed at, itching, life itself becomes an anguish.

No, no. Don't talk to me. Lions—pooh! you can kill them. Elephants can be trapped and tamed. The great leviathan you can avoid, and Job's war-horse can be broken in for the plough. It is arrant nonsense to talk of them. The king of beasts is—"Not there, not there, my child!" For utter and complete triumph over us, the boasted top and crown of all creation, there is one creature and one only—*it is the mosquito.*

MARK GUY PEARSE.

Adventures of a Gold Watch.

There has been a good deal of controversy lately as to the exact scene of the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, famous in history, and made more famous by the grand stanzas of Byron in his "Childe Harold." One of the correspondents in the papers, supposed to speak from personal knowledge, is Lady Louisa Tighe, who was at Brussels with her mother in 1815. In the "Diary of an American," by Mr. Hurlbert, there is a most interesting account of a visit paid by him to the now venerable Lady Louisa at the mansion of Woodstock, near Inistiogue, which he considers the finest place in Ireland, if not in the British Islands. It was the seat of the late Colonel Tighe, head of the family, one of whom was the authoress of "Psyche."

Lady Louisa was only ten years old in 1815. Her mother made her be brought down from the nursery to the ball-room before Wellington left. The Duke took up his sword. "Let Louisa buckle it on for you," said the mother; and when the little girl had girded it on, the great captain stooped, took her up in his arms, and kissed her. "One never knows what may happen," he added, and, taking his small gold watch out of his watch-fob, he bade her keep it for him.

"She keeps it still," says Mr. Hurlbert. "For more than sixty years it has measured out in this beautiful Irish home the hours of a life given to good works and gracious usefulness. To-day, with all the vivacity of interest in the people and the place which one might look for in a woman of twenty, this charming old lady of eighty-three, showing barely three score years in her carriage, her countenance, and her voice, entertained us with minute and most interesting accounts of the local industries which flourished here mainly through her sympathetic and intelligent supervision. We seemed to be in another world from the Ireland of Chicago and Westminster!"

In driving back from Woodstock, Mr. Seigne, the land agent, who had taken us to visit Lady Louisa Tighe, told Mr. Hurlbert of a wonderful escape which the Duke's watch had a few years before, the story of which we quote from his book.[1]

"Lady Louisa had a confidential butler, whom she most implicitly trusted. One day it was found that a burglary had been committed at Woodstock, and that with a quantity of jewellery the priceless watch had vanished. The butler was very active about the matter, and, as no traces could be found leading out of the house, he intimated a suspicion that the affair might possibly have some connection with a guest who had not long before been at the house. This vexed Lady Louisa, and, after consulting her agent, a capable detective was sent for from Dublin. The detective came to Inistiogue as a commercial traveller. He wandered about and made the acquaintance of the butler, the lady's maid, and other people about the house, and formed his own conclusions.

"Two or three days after his arrival he walked into the shop of a small jeweller in a neighbouring town, and, after some slight dealing, he said, in a confidential manner, he wanted to buy some of those things from Woodstock. The man was taken by surprise, and going to the back shop produced one very fine diamond and a number of pieces of silver plate, of which the butler had said nothing to his mistress.

"This led to the arrest of the butler, and to the discovery that for a long time he had been purloining property from the house and selling it. Many cases of excellent claret had found their way in this fashion to a public-house which had acquired quite a reputation for Bordeaux with the officers quartered in the neighbourhood. The wine-bins at Woodstock were found full of bottles of water. Much of the capital port left by Colonel Tighe had gone, but the hock was untouched. 'Probably the butler didn't care for hock,' said Mr. Seigne. The Waterloo watch was recovered from a very decent fellow, a travelling dealer, to whom it had been sold; and many pieces of jewellery were traced up to London. But Lady Louisa could not be induced to go up to London to identify them or to testify."

Jubilee Picture of the Queen and the Royal Family.

Among the souvenirs of the Victorian Jubilee, one of the most interesting is the painting executed by command of Her Majesty, of the Queen and the whole of the Royal Family. The picture is one which will be memorable for its historical importance, as well as its artistic merit, and is now in a place of honour at Windsor Castle, among the paintings representing the principal events connected with the Royal Family since the accession of the Queen. The painter is Laurits Tuxen, a Danish artist, one of the most talented and versatile painters of our time; having attained the highest fame, not only for his portraits, but for landscapes, marine subjects, and almost every department of his art. In 1882, he was commissioned to execute for the City of Copenhagen a large painting, representing the King and Queen of Denmark, their family, and the relations of the Danish Royal House. Among the likenesses were the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and their families. Queen Victoria, having seen a reduced copy of this painting, honoured M. Tuxen with a command to paint a similar picture as a memento of the Jubilee.

In May, 1887, the artist was summoned to Windsor, and during the summer, both at the Castle and at Osborne, had frequent sittings from all the royal and distinguished personages in this country. The sketches for other portraits to be included in the painting were taken in Frederiksborg, in Denmark, in Berlin, and other places; in every instance direct from life, and in no case from photographs. There are nearly sixty likenesses in all, of every age, from Her Majesty, aged 68, to her numerous grandchildren and five or six great-grandchildren. Among the infant portraits are Princess Victoria of Connaught, aged 1; Princess Alice of Battenberg, aged 2; Prince Adalbert of Prussia, Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh, and Prince Charles Edward of Albany, aged 3; and the youngest of all, Prince Alexander Albert of Battenberg, aged 6 months.

The artist has shown great skill and taste in grouping and arranging so many figures, having to take into account considerations of rank and consanguinity as well as artistic and pictorial effect. The Queen has expressed her high approval of the picture, and there are few who will not agree with Her Majesty's praise of the artistic treatment of the subject. The Queen, in black dress, wearing the insignia of various orders, is seated in the central foreground. The Duchess of Albany, in widowed dress, holds up her infant boy, who is handing a bouquet to the Queen. The Prince of Wales, the Empress Frederick, the Crown Princess of Germany, are on the Queen's right; the Crown Prince standing behind, in the stately form which all had admired on the Jubilee Day. In the central foreground the most conspicuous figure is the Prince of Wales, and in the same group, Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia, and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The others are grouped with equal care and view to effect. Conspicuous figures are the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia, Prince William, now Emperor of Germany, and his children.

With interest, increasing as years pass, the key to this painting will be scanned. In the brief time since the completion of the picture, some changes have occurred, most sad of them all the removal of the noble Prince and Emperor Frederick. A limited number of photogravures, 300 proofs before letters, and 300 prints, has been subscribed for, so that this historical picture will become familiar in many homes. The publisher is J. P. Mendoza, of King Street, St. James.

Sir Richard Temple and the Rev. Stephen Hislop.

In Sir R. Temple's interesting and valuable book, "Men and Events of my Time in India," he says: "At Nagpoor the best schools then existing belonged to the mission established many years previously by the Free Church of Scotland, under the leadership of the Rev. Stephen Hislop. Indeed, the mission establishment had been for many years a little focus of enlightenment in an isolated and uncivilised part of the empire. Hislop was among the most gifted and accomplished missionaries whom this generation has seen in India. Besides having much ability for organization and education generally, philology, and antiquarian research, he had a taste and aptitude for physical science, especially botany and geology. His varied talents were all brought to bear on the work of his sacred profession as an evangelist. He was a good teacher and preacher in the Marathi language, and had much knowledge of Hindoo philosophy. He also perceived that the aboriginal tribes formed a not inconsiderable part of the population, and were as yet free from any preconceived notions, having minds quite open to the reception of Christianity; unless, owing to tardiness of Christian missionary work, they should fall under the proselytising influence of Hinduism. He therefore specially studied the unwritten languages and dialects of these aboriginal tribes, collecting carefully their ballads, legends, proverbs, and gathering much information of great value and originality. He acquired an insight into the geology and botany of the province, as affecting the soil, products, and climates. He had also a predilection for observing the

[1] From "Ireland under Coercion: the Diary of an American," by W. H. Hurlbert, a book which, apart from its political bearing, abounds with interesting notices of Ireland and the Irish. We give the narrative as it stands, but Lady de Ros has pointed out, in "Murray's Magazine" for January, 1889, some errors in detail. She says, "there is no truth whatever in a ridiculous story lately published about my sister, Lady Louisa Tighe, having buckled on the Duke's sword." Also, the watch was not the Duke's own, but one he had given as a present to Lady Louisa Tighe.

prehistoric remains scattered about the country, and pertaining to the so-called Scythian era, before the coming of the Hindus to India. While still in his prime, he had become a shining light, a power for good, and, had he lived, he would have become, under Providence, an incalculable benefit to the people. It is sad to think what holy aspirations, what lofty hopes, what bright promises were buried in his grave."

This is indeed *laus a laudato*. The appointment of Sir R. Temple as Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces was one of the very last acts of Lord Canning before leaving India, and one of his best. Wonderful, truly, was the effect of a wise, energetic, and experienced ruler on a country so lately annexed to the British Empire, after generations of misrule and disorder under native princes. The papers of Hislop on the aborigines were edited by Sir R. Temple, a truly generous and useful labour to undertake by one so busy with public affairs. A full biography of Hislop has since been written by Dr. George Smith, the biographer of Duff and of Carey, who, from his own long connection with India, was well qualified to write of the Nagpoor Missionary and his work in the Central Provinces.

Post Office Benevolent Fund.—Every undertaking connected with the Post Office is so well organised, and so prosperous, that we are surprised to hear that the "Rowland Hill Memorial and Benovolent Fund" is not well supported by the postal employés through the country. In a letter to the Lord Mayor, as chairman of the trustees of the fund, Mr. Chalmers suggests that the system of charitable succour should be replaced by a mutual benefit fund, such as exists in many large establishments. It would be easy to arrange for a small deduction from wages, according to the rank and payment of members. Were only a penny a week given by 50,000 out of the 75,000 employés of the Post Office, this would be a minimum of £10,800 to found such a benefit club. The income would be larger for higher and graduated payments. The writer condemns the house-to-house begging at Christmas, as well as the appeal for voluntary gifts, even when the memory of Rowland Hill is invoked. The whole fund should be put on a business footing.

Temperance in America.—It was stated by Archdeacon Farrar, at a meeting of the Church Temperance Society, that through his long tour in the United States, he saw less drunkenness than he had seen in London in a single walk. Legislation also was far ahead in America, as there are over five States now with total prohibition of the liquor traffic. Alcoholic liquids can only be legally procured in chemists' shops. Official statistics prove that the decrease of crime and pauperism is in accord with the extent of restraint of the liquor traffic in other States.

The Parent's Cabinet.—In the early years of the reign of Queen Victoria, one of the most popular and useful books for home teaching was "The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction." It made its first appearance in thirty-six monthly numbers, commencing in 1835. While mainly designed for the young, each number contained articles suited for general reading in the family circle. In its subjects and tone, the work seemed like a continuation of the "Evenings at Home," and other pleasant story books of the Aikin and Barbauld period, with the addition for elder readers of popular information on natural and scientific subjects. The work met with the high approval of Maria Edgeworth, and also of some of the chief members of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, then in its youthful zeal for the education of the people. Successive editions were called for, till, about the year 1860, a change in the publishing firm led to change in the form and the title of the work, and it almost disappeared from public notice. After a long interval, the "Parent's Cabinet" has reverted to the family of the first projector and chief writer, Martha Cowper, afterwards Mrs. Frederick Hill. A new edition has now been issued (Allen & Co.) by Miss Constance Hill, a daughter of Mrs. Hill; the articles on mechanical and scientific subjects being revised and brought down to date by Mr. E. A. Cowper, C.E., son of Professor Cowper of King's College, London, who had been one of the contributors to the early editions. The work now consists of six volumes, well illustrated, and of handsome appearance. Although there is now a constant and varied supply of juvenile literature, this old favourite is likely to have a new lease of useful life, meriting more than ever the commendation of Miss Edgeworth, who said of the book, "It is full of information, perfectly suited to the comprehension of young people of different ages. The moral tone, also, is excellent, and the sympathy of the reader kept always on the right side."

Speeches of the Prince of Wales.—"Mr. Murray announces for speedy issue a work of wide-spread interest. It is 'Public Speeches and Addresses of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during twenty-five years, 1863-1888.' It is edited by Dr. James Macaulay, and is issued with the sanction of the Prince. It is well known that his Royal Highness is a good speaker, but it will surprise many to learn the number and diversity of subjects on which he has spoken, and of the public affairs in which he has taken part during the past twenty-five years. The work will, in substance, be the public and official life of the Prince during the past quarter of a century, narrated by himself. The task of arranging the materials and presenting them in a readable form could scarcely have fallen into more efficient hands than those of Dr. Macaulay, whose 'Victoria R.I., her Life and Reign,' is one of the best memorials of the Jubilee year."—*From the "Bookseller."*

Anti-Slavery Society.—Mr. Allen, Secretary of the Anti Slavery Society, has announced the donation of fifty thousand francs (nearly £2,000) sent from Pope Leo XIII, through Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers, whose eloquent appeal last year in London moved many hearts to renewed efforts for the suppression of the slave trade in Africa.

Charcoal Burners on the Banks of the Doubs.—The painter of our frontispiece this month is one of the first of French landscapists, another proof of the fact than genius in France, so far from being exhausted, has more freedom to develop itself than ever. At the age of twenty-seven, Léon Germain Pelouse was a commercial traveller, to-day he is not fifty years old, and yet he is accomplished enough to have risen to the first rank as a painter in a city where clever critics abound. But any one can see there is something masterly in this work, and that of so simple a kind that it compels the admiration of all. Born at Pierrelaye (Seine et Oise), he was, notwithstanding his predilection for art, placed in a house of business in the unpicturesque town of Roubaix, a French Bradford, and like its Yorkshire rival, wholly devoted to the woollen trade. He was in due course advanced to what business men call "the road," but at last, in 1866, he determined to quit commercial life and throw himself into art. After some struggles Pelouse went to live at Cernay, and, becoming known to the dealers, soon obtained means of progress. His first Salon painting was exhibited in 1878, since which time he has been a regular and indefatigable contributor, until this picture, which was exhibited in 1887. He appears to love combinations of land and water, such as river scenery constantly presents. The Doubs passes through the department of that name, famed for its varied industries. Thus it is certain we have before us no solitary charcoal burners, such as we sometimes read of as inhabiting the depths of great forests, but citizens who form part of a great industrial life.

Erratum.—Page 64, col. 2, line 31, for "*one in five*" and "*one in two*" read "*one in two*" and "*one in one.*"

Astronomical Almanack for February.

1	F	♋ rises 7.40 A.M.
2	S	Mars near ☽
3	☉	4 SUN. AFTER EPIPHANY [Venus near ☽
4	M	♋ sets 4.53 P.M.
5	T	Clock before ♋ 14m. 16s.
6	W	Venus the evening star
7	T	☽ 1 Quarter 8.58 P.M.
8	F	Half-Quarter Day
9	S	☽ greatest dstnce. from ⊕
10	☉	5 SUN. AFTER EPIPHANY
11	M	Orion's belt S. 8.2 P.M.
12	T	Venus sets 9.37 P.M.
13	W	♋ rises 7.20 A.M.
14	T	Saturn near ☽
15	F	Full ☽ 10.17 P.M.
16	S	♋ sets 5.15 P.M.
17	☉	SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY [Venus grst. elongation
18	M	Mars sets 8.13 P.M.
19	T	Jupiter a morning star
20	W	Daybreak 5.13 A.M.
21	T	Twilight ends 7.18 P.M.
22	F	☽ 3 Quarter 11.55 P.M.
23	S	Taurus S. 6.15 P.M.
24	☉	SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY [☽ least distance from ⊕
25	M	Saturn S. 10.49 P.M.
26	T	Clock before ♋ 13m. 2s.
27	W	♋ rises 6.51 A.M.
28	T	♋ sets 5.36 P.M. [Day's increase 3h. 3m.



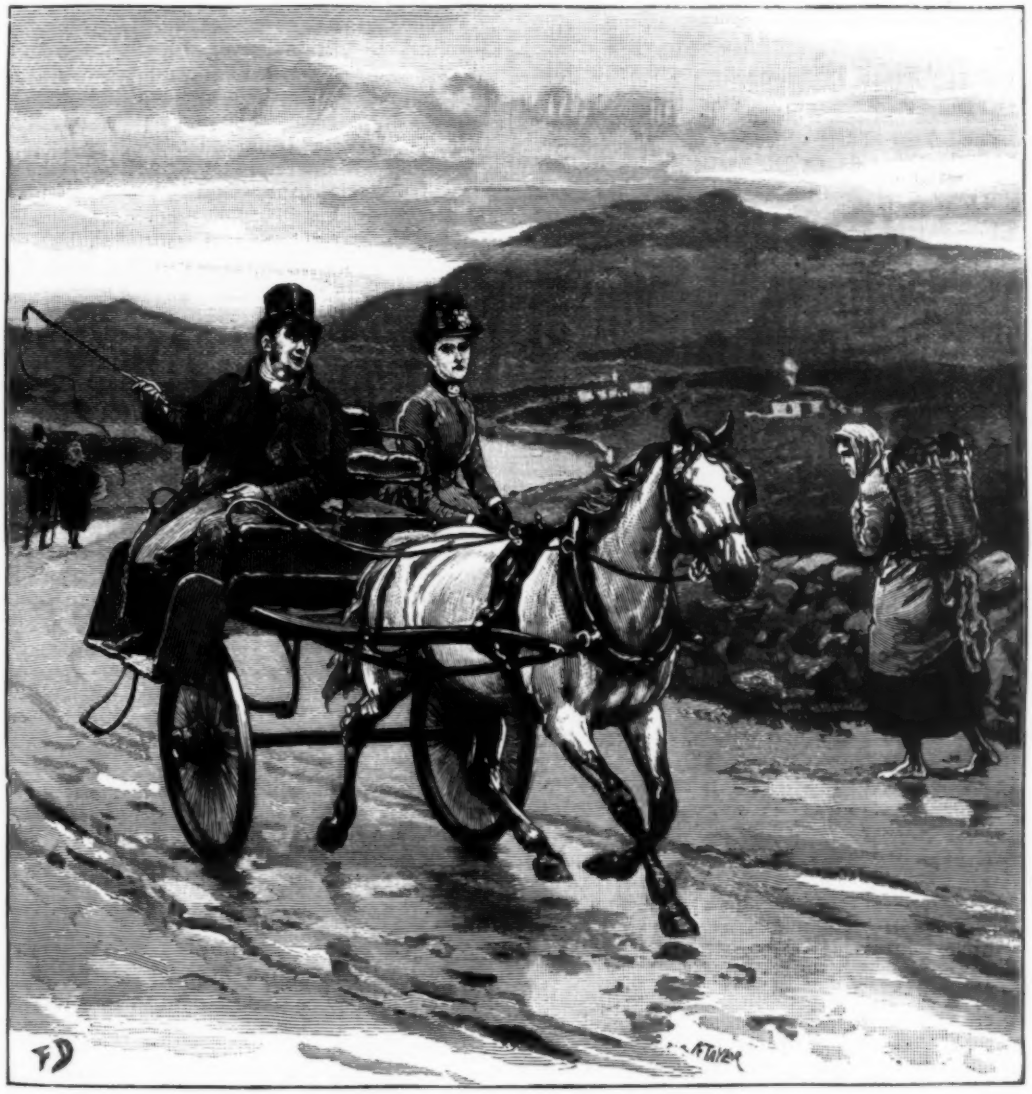
A SPANISH SOWER. [*Sketched in Segovia.*

CARRICONNA:

A STORY MORE OR LESS IRISH.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER VIII.—CARRICONNA RECEIVES A NEW INMATE.



NOT A HOUSE ON THE ROAD BUT MAHER TURNED IT TO CONVERSATIONAL ACCOUNT.

DESPITE her two nights and a day of travel, Dora looked deliciously fresh in the Irish train that was bearing her across country towards her new home. It is needless to say that she was charmingly dressed, for she was never dressed otherwise; her slight—very slight—widow's weeds were as elegant as they were simple; and, indeed, Madame Danton had thought it a pity, and said so, that they should be wasted on the "uncombed Irish," whom her fancy depicted as "a people *tout-à-fait* ridiculous."

Dora travelled first-class; she would rather have travelled hungry than without a well-padded cushion at her back, and her survey of the train before it started from Dublin had sufficiently assured her that the second-class carriages were not at all the style of conveyance she had been accustomed to. But she was not travelling hungry because

she was travelling first-class. She had provisioned herself, lightly but pleasantly, for the journey; she had lunched, and was in a happy temper.

Mrs. Lytton was a little philosopher in her little way. She had tasted some of the bitters of life, but they had not soured her. Some of us, whose natures expand and grow philanthropic under a kindly sun, corrode or grow acid in the season of adversity. But Dora was not one who cried out upon the world when it showed her an unamiable face. "Your turn to-day, mine to-morrow!" she said to that phantom evil genius whom she lightly reproached for her misfortunes. And the shocks she had received during her brief, unhappy marriage had done her much more good than harm, for they had taught her that folly, like virtue, has its day of reckoning, and that she who has sown the wind shall reap the whirlwind. Having weathered more storms than one, Dora was not afraid of any wind that blew; and when one storm was passed she was never troubled to forecast the next.

She had burst now upon an unknown sea, and was sailing it deliberately, with no fear of missing her port. Being, indeed, determined to fetch it, she would not have admitted the possibility of a misadventure. She had no notion in her mind, not the most spectral, as to the means by which she would accomplish the scheme she had proposed to herself; but, the scheme being built up, she did not doubt her ability to transform the imaginary into the actual.

The train dragged lazily along. There are no expresses in Ireland, as expresses are understood in England, and Dora's train was not even an Irish express. Ireland and Italy (as any one who has travelled in both countries will admit) have many institutions, as well as many features, in common, and the two countries are peculiarly in accord in their notions of railway travelling. No traveller in either country is ever supposed to be in a hurry to reach his destination. The passenger is regarded as a person of leisure, who would as willingly spend an hour or two in a railway cutting as anywhere else, or as a person who selects the railway train as the vehicle most certain to carry him latest to a destination which he would prefer never to reach at all.

And the porters and all the officials on the Irish as on the Italian lines take such a kind, almost affectionate, interest in the first-class passenger. If the porter or porters at every little shanty of a station at which the leisurely train made a leisurely stoppage had been first-cousins to Dora they could scarcely have shown her more gallant attention; and she liked the roll of the brogue after the crispness, the *netteté*, of the French tongue.

In its deliberate progress the train came presently to a junction, and seemed indisposed to go further. Dora got out to stroll on the platform, and mentioning to a porter (who, with some luggage beside him waiting to be labelled, was taking an observation of the sun, with his hands in his pockets) the station she was booked for, asked if the chances were in favour of her reaching it that day.

"Ye must change here, me lady," replied the porter.

Dora said that she had carefully inquired her route before she left Dublin, and was positively told that she had not to change there.

"Dobl'n's a quare place, so it is," mused the porter. "I wouldn't think too much of anythin' I'd hear in Dobl'n." And then he called about him three other porters who were waiting on Providence at a little distance, and the station-master, and slowly put the case to them. They all assured Dora that no one had ever proposed to go to the station she was booked for without changing at that junction, and their cumulative arguments induced her to have her luggage taken out of the train. Directly the train had started she found, on consulting a time-table, that by not following her original directions she would be two hours longer in getting to her journey's end. The station-master, in real distress, offered to call back the train, which was just creeping round a bend about three hundred yards away; but Dora had compassion on the passengers, and would not let him.

She had two hours and a half to wait; but amid new scenes Dora was always patient of delay, and somehow or other she was not unwilling to be tardy in reaching Carriconna. The tedious hours of the journey, alone in the railway carriage, had been favourable to reflection; and, however plucky her spirit, she could not but acknowledge to herself that the engagement she was entered on smacked a good deal of audacity.

I have compared Ireland to Italy. I may compare it also, in one respect, to India. There are parts of India where the peasants are so polite, that when a question is put to them they will answer it solely with a view to pleasing the questioner. A pedestrian, obviously on his last legs, asks how far it is to the next village. "Sahib," is the answer (the village may be five miles off), "it is round the next corner." But if the sahib be walking with a pretty lady, whose company is evidently pleasant to him, the answer will probably be (though the village may be within bowshot), "Sahib, you have at least ten miles to go." Dora, who began to be anxious for afternoon tea, inquired if there were an hotel in the town. Her porter, who saw that she had got out of a first-class carriage, perjured himself to the extent of an assurance that the hostelry in the town was the only one worthy its name in the county. Following his directions, Dora chanced on an inadequate inn, with pink walls and a pale green door, managed by a neuralgic landlady, who said she might have tea and a boiled egg for sixpence in the general room, with two jockeys and a herd, or for a shilling in a private apartment. While tea was preparing she walked through the pretty and dirty little town, with its stone bridge, which Cromwell had built, its disreputable court-house in the centre of the square, its oddities of colour and irregularities of line—in Italy once more.

She was back for the train a quarter of an hour before it was timed to start, but there were no signs of readiness. Half an hour later, four or five unsteady carriages were made fast to an unsound engine; the unemployed of the neigh-

bourhood, including, as it appeared, the chief part of the population, assembled on the platform to assist Dora and her baggage into the least unsafe of the compartments; the driver extracted a whistle from the engine, and the catafalque on wheels set out. Ten minutes later it withdrew into a cutting, the main line being occupied by a series of baggage trucks, with which a guard and a porter were playing a popular national game. The guard, standing some distance down the line, called to the porter: "Send her along." The trucks then moved in the direction of the guard, and when they had reached him, the porter, standing behind, cried, "Send her back;" and the trucks returned to him. This pastime went on for a quarter of an hour, after which Dora's train was allowed to resume its course. It set Dora down at her station three hours and a quarter later than the official time.

John Maher was waiting for her with the horse.

"I am so sorry," said Dora. "You must have been waiting for me half the day. And the poor horse, I hope he has not been standing all this while."

"Ah! don't be throublin' yersel' about the horse, miss," said John, a dark, stalwart man, with a face more than ordinarily intelligent (he could neither write nor spell his name); "he's joost the greatest horse at standin' in the counthry. There's no batin' him at it. He's the skilfullest horse to stand I iver come acrass. An' 'tis glad I am to see ye, miss, for I'm sure ye're downright bate wud thravellin'; and thim Irish trains—well, I'll say no more, but just fix yersel' up there, miss, an' I'll have ye home in no time."

"You are very kind, but I'm really not tired at all. What is your name, please?"

"'Tis John, miss, axin' yer lave; an' I'm up there at the great house since a boy. I didn't git me new coot yet, miss, but 'tis comin', and silver-plate buttons frum me throat to me hales. Get up, now, miss, an' don't be worritin' about yer luggige, for I'll see 'tis all brought down. Oh! but 'tis yersel' has the swate face, an' I'm tould—more power to ye!—that ye have the blessed heav'ns aff by heart like a book."

Dora's luggage being safely bestowed behind, and the easy-going horse having been induced to show his paces, they were presently well forward on their nine-miles' drive to Carriconna.

Dora's heart began to give a little, despite her efforts to stay it.

John Maher, bent on improving his acquaintance, made every changing feature of the landscape serve his turn. Not a house, hillock, or hayrick on the road but he turned to conversational account.

"Ye see that empty cabin there beyant, miss; 'twas Jim O'Shea's."

Then he would pause for a sympathetic question.

"No, he's not there now, miss. Jim's dead this good while."

Another question.

"Well, miss, 'tis this way: they hanged him."

Another question.

"'Pon me honour, miss, I couldn't tell ye why. An', to spake in fairity, I think there's no one knows. But there was a murdher done hereabouts, an' some o' the bhoys was took, an' Jim O'Shea was one o' them, an' they hanged him. That's all any one iver knew about it, miss, exceptin' this—that Jim O'Shea was five mile away, sellin' bastes, the day the murder was done. But 'tis a great thing to hang some one when there's murdher done. Take a good hould o' the sate, miss, for we've a nate corner to turn here, an' Miss Barbara was spilt onct at this same spot."

The long, winding road was hilly and desolate. Except some little peasants' carts, mostly laden with turf, and drawn by a mule or donkey, they encountered almost no traffic whatever. There were cabins here and there, at pretty frequent intervals, and occasionally one of those small stone houses which are beginning to replace the cabins in many parts of the country. At intervals much less frequent a glimpse was obtained of larger and more pretentious habitations. Two policemen, patrolling in company, in their dark, semi-military uniforms, and bayonets in their belts, nodded to John Maher as they passed.

The evening was soft and fresh; a shower had fallen, and the earth and the leaves smelled strong and sweet, their fragrance mixing with the pungent, pleasant odour of the turf smoke from the cabins.

Dora was in no hurry for the drive to be over, but the road at length entered between two stretches of poor-looking bog, the turf on which, piled in long, low stacks or clamps, was of the light-coloured inferior quality; and John Maher, extending his whip over this uninviting landscape, said, with an air of semi-proprietorship, "We're on the masther's land now, miss!"

"Is the house near?" asked Dora.

"We'll be wheelin' in at the gran' gate in a few minutes, miss."

Another dip in the steep road and another sharp corner, and then there came into view, a few hundred yards ahead, the cracked stone pillars of the "gran' gate"—a rusty iron structure which was the "grand" or principal entrance to Carriconna.

Dora's heart was full of strange emotions as those few hundred yards were being traversed; she scarcely heard John Maher's extravagant descriptions of the schemes his master had in mind to restore the ancient glories of the family dwelling of the Nugents.

Then they turned in at the gate, which always stood wide open, and the horse was made to put his best leg forward up the drive.

One glimpse of the house and the neglected pleasure grounds, divided by a sunk fence, and wire railing patched in places, from a meadow of standing grass, told much of the fallen fortunes of this generation of the Nugents. The last glow of the setting sun lit up the faded walls, discoloured, and with here and there a gaping chink which might have alarmed the tenant of a modern house, but which in a solid old building like Carriconna was probably not of much consequence. The high, gorse-grown hill known as the "black hill" rose up behind and a little to

the right of the house, and down away to the left was just visible, where the sun touched it, a silver curve of the lake.

At a window which opened nearly to the ground, in full view of the drive, sat Barbara, on the old cushioned window seat, intent upon getting the last of the daylight for her task of darning the table-linen, which, it may be noted, Anthony had not yet found time to replace. She looked up through her spectacles as the wheels came near, and rose in her black silk flounced gown, drawing the light shawl of China crepe which lay over her shoulders more closely about her as she laid down her work and hastened out to the front door.

"Anthony," she called, "Anthony. Well, Mrs. Lytton, you have come at last, and, indeed, I am sure, you're just as tired as tired can be. Oh! but that's a terrible long journey you've had, travelling these two days and nights all the way from Paris."

Barbara was not even in pretended sympathy with the project of her brother, which had brought this pretty stranger to Carriconna. But that overflowing sense of hospitality, which is a second nature to the Irish, was not to be repressed in her, and there was nothing lacking in her reception of Dora. "Anthony!" she called again.

But the ponderous step of that would-be astronomer was now behind her, and Dora beheld the gaunt form of her uncle towering above his sister in the doorway.

To Dora, at all events, this was a very strange meeting. Her foot was on the threshold of her father's old home; her father's brother and her father's sister were welcoming her to that home, —but as a stranger.

If Dora's nature had not been a strong one she must have shed some tears, and, indeed, the muscles of her throat contracted a little as she thanked her aunt and uncle for their generous greeting.

"And to think," said Anthony, "that ye've come all this way to us. D'ye know, now, Mrs. Lytton, Paris is a place I never had any opinion of at all, but see how wrong I was! Though, ye know, ye're not French yourself. And wouldn't ye think now, Barbara, to look at her, she had good Irish blood in her? Barbara, did ye introduce yerself, my dear? This is me sister, Miss Nugent, Mrs. Lytton. John Maher, put down those things here and take away the horse. The supper 's just waitin' for ye, Mrs. Lytton, and I hope ye're famished."

"She has a right to be; but will ye not give her leave first to go upstairs and arrange herself? —though doesn't she look as if she'd done that this minute? And, oh! but, Anthony, will you look at the lovely style of her! Was it in Paris, now, ye had this made?" And Miss Nugent laid an admiring touch on the sleeve of Dora's long, silver-grey travelling coat.

"Yes, in Paris," said Dora, who as yet had scarcely had an opportunity of opening her lips. "You are both very kind. I am really not so tired; travelling agrees very well with me; but if I may go upstairs for a minute—"

"I'll take ye myself," said Miss Nugent. "Anthony, like a good man, will ye see that Kate doesn't bring in the fowls and the fry till they're wanted? She's hovering below there with dishes and the like this hour past."

"I really ought to have been here three hours ago, I think," said Dora. "But the railway people made me change at some junction where I was kept waiting all the afternoon."

"Oh! I know them, I know them, the craytures!" exclaimed Anthony. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I built a quiet little line of me own, from this to Dublin, one o' these days. It's a notion I have."

"Oh! indeed, it's queer notions ye'll hear in this place, Mrs. Lytton, I can assure—"

"Will I bring in the supper, Miss?" inquired Kate Quinn, whom John Maher's eulogistic description of Dora had filled with a burning curiosity to see her.

"Is it now?" said Miss Nugent. "No, to be sure ye won't. Don't you see that Mrs. Lytton didn't change her gown yet? Will ye come with me, Mrs. Lytton?"

Barbara led her across the low wide hall, almost bare of ornament, and up the wide heavy stairs to her room on the first floor. The window, shaded by curtains of old blue chintz, was open, and the night air blew in cool and sweet from the lake.

"Oh! how lovely," exclaimed Dora. "What a great lake! It is as good as living by the sea. And a ruin, too! What a beautiful old tower!"

"Ah! ye'll know more of that very soon," said Miss Nugent. "That's where me brother 's going to put up his grand telescope that you've come to help him with."

"Oh, indeed! Mr. Nugent is quite an ardent astronomer I suppose, at least I should imagine so from his advertisement in the newspaper."

This was Dora's first feeler.

"Ardent, is it?" laughed Barbara. "Well, then, me dear Mrs. Lytton, I tell ye that ye'll have to teach him the very A B C of it. I don't suppose now that Anthony ever looked through a telescope in his life."

"Capital!" thought Dora. "But very much the case I suppose it to be."

"Oh, how curious," she said to Barbara. "Then Mr. Nugent wants to—to—"

"My dear," said Miss Nugent, "I don't quite know what he wants, and I'm doubtful if he knows himself. But between ye I hope ye'll arrive at something. Now if there's anything you want don't think twice about asking for it. Dear! but you're young to be a widow, and to have lived alone by yourself in Paris there," and without waiting for Dora's reply, Miss Nugent smiled kindly on her and left her. She popped in again to say, "Come down as soon as you're ready."

"Was anybody ever in a stranger situation?" thought Dora. "If they only knew me! They used to say in Australia that I was like my father. Have my aunt and uncle thought that, I wonder? This room might have been his. He must have sat out under those trees, and climbed that tower, and rowed upon the lake there. But there was a

son, my cousin, where is he? And my uncle knows nothing of astronomy, and I am here to teach him! I was half inclined to cry a little while ago, but really it is all very funny. This room would make four of Madame Danton's. I wonder how old the furniture is. And they've put me a new wicker chair; papa's money bought that, I suppose. And a brand new chart of the heavens over the chimneypiece, I declare. That was very thoughtful of Uncle Anthony."

Meanwhile she was making a rapid toilette, and that finished she groped her way down the dark staircase to the hall.

"We're in here, Mrs. Lytton," called her aunt, and Dora found her way into the dining-room.

A rather serious shock awaited her here. The first object her eye fell upon on entering the room, was a picture of her father, an old coloured photograph in a gilt-edged morocco case, which stood open on the mantelpiece. It was unmistakably her father, though the features were younger than Dora remembered them.

Kedagh had had the picture taken in Dublin the day before he sailed for Australia; and, for all Anthony's old bitterness against his brother, he had never let this picture from his sight.

Dora's memory of her father was not a sentimental one—perhaps it hardly could have been such—but her heart tightened a little as her eye fell upon his portrait, and she hoped that her cheeks bore no witness to her feelings.

Beside her father's picture was one of a handsome and vigorous young man, whom she at once guessed to be her cousin.

The dining-room was dimly lighted by candles placed in an old silver candelabra on the centre of the table, at which Anthony and his sister occupied their usual positions. The supper itself was a mere oasis amid a desert of table-cloth, but that was only because the table was so big.

Miss Nugent had her urn before her, and Anthony was entrenched behind the very Irish dish of boiled fowl, flanked by another dish of what Miss Nugent had called "fry," and what is otherwise known as eggs and bacon. The turf fire, which had probably been lighted chiefly with a view to decoration, gave the great dreary room an almost comfortable air.

"And is this your first visit to Ireland, Mrs. Lytton?" asked Anthony.

"Yes," said Dora. "I have smelt turf and heard the brogue for the first time to-day."

"Were you long in Paris?" asked Miss Nugent.

"Some little time. I went there with my husband, but since his death I have always wanted to get away from it."

This Dora said in a tone which suggested that the subject thus opened was one she did not care to pursue, and Anthony and Barbara waited for another cue from her.

The telescope seemed a safe topic.

"And what kind of telescope are you proposing to get, Mr. Nugent? What diameter, for instance?"

"I've been thinking," said Anthony, gravely, "that that's a matter 'll want some nice consideration. What's your own opinion now, Mrs. Lytton?"

Happily for her astronomical reputation, Dora had kept her business well in mind while journeying from Paris, and on her way through London had spent an hour at a first-rate instrument-maker's, where her acquisitive mind had primed itself to some purpose. She said:

"I was not quite sure from your advertisement whether you had built your observatory or were about to build it. I called at an instrument-maker's in London, and brought away a catalogue."

"Did ye now!" said Anthony, delightedly. "'Twas, I do assure ye, the best thing ye could have done. For I haven't me telescope yet, and—"

"And you were just waiting for counsel, in fact," said Barbara. "Mrs. Lytton has her plate empty, Anthony."

"Ah! ye may put it that way if ye like," said Anthony. "I'm not one to be too hurried in me movements in matters I'm not pairfect in. If 'twas beasts I'd been wantin' to buy, I'd not have asked a word of help from a soul in Ireland. But me acquaintance with telescopes, ye see, Mrs. Lytton, isn't as full yet as I hope it will be."

"We shall get all the help we want from my catalogue, I'm sure," said Dora.

"You and your catalogue together," said Anthony, "will beat the Royal Irish Observatory."

"And if Mrs. Lytton will eat no more," said Barbara, "she'll be better able to beat it if ye'll wish her good-night and let her go to bed."

But Dora pleaded for five minutes' stroll on the terrace, where the air blew up from the lake and made a pleasant rustle amid the branches of the trees. The old tower was just visible in the still shimmering light of the summer eve. The comedy and pathos of the situation were equally strong in Dora's mind; she did not know whether to laugh at the curious old man, her uncle, beside her, or to weep over the wilful past which was responsible for bringing her, a disingenuous stranger, to her father's home.

CHAPTER IX.—BARBARA FINDS AN ALLY.

ANTHONY and Barbara were first at the breakfast-table on the following morning. Dora was a brisk riser in general, but she had lain awake through more than half the night thinking, wondering, making afresh and unmaking her impossible projects; and her sleep, when it came at last, had been dreamful and disquieting. She was not awake when Kate had called her.

"Well," said Anthony, "and how d'ye like me astronomer from Paris?"

"I haven't had her out of me mind since I said good-night to her," said Barbara. "Anthony, I wonder whether ye'll laugh at me, but time after time, last night, when she was talking, I thought I was listening to the voice of Kedagh. And ye

may laugh or not, Anthony, but I declare she has a look of him."

"Faith, I'm with ye there!" said Anthony; "the very same thought was with meself. And did ye mind the way she rubbed her ear with her forefinger, just as Kedagh used to be doing?"

"Well, I'm glad she puts us in mind of him. I won't feel so strange with her. 'Tis as if we were bringing home to us some one that had belonged to Kedagh to share Kedagh's money."

"What became of Kedagh's Bessie, I wonder?"

"I wonder," said Miss Nugent. "It could scarcely have been that he left his own daughter no share at all."

"It wouldn't have been right," said Anthony.

"No, nor right of us to take it all to ourselves if we knew that she were alive."

"No, that wouldn't be right either," said Anthony. "I think it's more likely than anything else that she's dead."

"I think that, if so, Kedagh must have told us," said Barbara.

"I don't know whether he would," said Anthony; "we were three or four years hearing of his wife's death. But if—"

Dora's step upon the stairs broke in upon this sentence.

Dora's thoughts had been busy while she was dressing. Though she had slept but poorly, the summer morn invigorated her. And after her bath, and a draught of air from the lake, she was as much refreshed as though she had slept the sleep of a babe. She was in excellent spirits, too; her adventure and its success up to this point delighted her. The course seemed to open out fair and smooth before her. She had been kindly received, and her new employers were, she thought, persons who might be humoured to any extent. But she did not for a moment lose sight of the end, however remote and shadowy it then seemed, which she had proposed to herself. She had not come to Carriconna to settle down for life as secretary, amanuensis, or astronomical assistant on a small salary, paid out of that fortune of her father, of which she was firmly persuaded that she had been wrongfully dispossessed.

The soi-disant astronomer, her uncle (she was rather afraid lest in some unguarded moment she should give him that title), was, as she had imagined him, an infinitely crotchety old gentleman, whose head had been completely turned by his new-gotten riches. People of this sort, however, are always awkward to deal with when one's object in dealing with them is a predatory one; and this Dora had wit, or experience, enough to know.

Her method of procedure with him must be a cautious one. Miss Barbara, as she gathered, was to some extent a restraining influence, though weak at that, upon her brother, whose present impulses were all in the direction of spending.

Now, would it be to Dora's interest to help her uncle to scatter his money with unrestrained freedom? Clearly not; if Miss Nugent were on the side of prudent economy, that, certainly, must be Dora's side, too.

She was puzzled about the handsome cousin. Where was he, and what would be his part in the romance? Other devices failing, what simpler or pleasanter one than to entangle the cousin himself in her web, and thus along with the fortune secure a husband, too?

As she finished dressing the question came into her mind, was it really possible that Anthony and Miss Nugent should know nothing whatever about their niece? They could scarcely, she thought, have been told that she was dead; though her whereabouts, after she had quitted her Australian home, could not have been known to them, since they had never been known even to her father. Indeed her father's death was made known to her only through the medium of the Australian papers which had been regularly received by her husband. She thought it even possible that her father might have described her to his brother as dead, since he had told Dora herself that she was dead to him. If not, if they had not had some such intimation as this, had they no curiosity about their niece and her fortunes? Dora's own identity with the Bessie Nugent of whom her aunt and uncle must occasionally have heard, in days gone by, was very little likely to be discovered. Dora (her second name at baptism) was the name by which her husband had always called her.

"We didn't begin yet," said Anthony, when Dora made her appearance in the dining-room.

"You really should have allowed me to send your breakfast upstairs," said Barbara. "You can't be rested yet, after two sea voyages and two days in the train."

"Well, I declare she hides her fatigue in the most elegant way," said Anthony, in whom this courtly employment of the tongue was unwonted.

But there was excuse for it. Dora's brightness made the great dingy room show dingier than ever; that fresh young beauty of hers seemed to assert its need of a more gracious setting.

"Have ye the catalogue with ye?" asked Anthony.

"Here it is," said Dora, producing the catalogue from her pocket.

"Capital. We may go to work upon it this very morning."

"But before ye do anything else," said Miss Nugent, "I hope ye'll get Mrs. Lytton to give a good look at the tower, for I'd like to have her opinion whether it's fit for this work. And I think, Anthony, you should put it plainly before Mrs. Lytton whether she's willing to risk limb and life for your scheme or not. For I'm sure it will be an hourly peril to both of ye, to be sitting up there with your telescopes."

"The tower looks solid enough from here, at any rate," said Dora. "I should think it would support a weightier telescope than we shall be likely to want."

"Ay, and wait till I take yer to the top of it," put in Anthony, eagerly. "If there was space enough a regiment might dance on the floor, for the thickness of it. The moment ye've finished I'll take ye to the top."

"Ah! now, don't be hurrying her. Sure ye didn't get eggs like these in Paris, Mrs. Lytton;

they're poached in milk. Won't ye take another of them?"

"They are the best eggs, and the best cooked, I ever tasted," said Dora, who on subjects connected with the table always spoke from her heart.

Anthony excused himself and rose from the table.

"My dear," said Barbara, "take your time. He has his boots to get, and the maids to lecture, and the groom to scold; he'll not be ready for you this half hour."

So Dora went on with her breakfast, regretting only that the absurdly early hour of nine prevented her from playing as good a part as usual at a meal she was especially fond of.

"You must humour my brother, Mrs. Lytton," began Barbara, when the door had closed on Anthony. "He's not quite himself these times. 'Tis but a moment almost since he became master of a fortune that neither of us ever dreamed of having."

Dora wished that her aunt would not begin an interesting conversation before she had done the justice she was anxious to do to the eggs poached in milk. But even the eggs were forgotten at this moment. She said nothing to check Miss Nugent's evident desire to enter on a confidential discourse. The subject broached had, of course, an absorbing interest for Dora; she only hoped that she might be kept from betraying her own familiarity with it.

"It was left by a brother in Australia who died a short time ago," continued Miss Nugent.

"Had he no family?" said Dora.

"He died a widower," said Miss Nugent, "and, we think, childless. We know very little of his family life, which did not begin until after he had settled himself in Australia. He had a daughter, but I'm afraid she was not much good to him, and we can't but think that she died before her father, for he left his whole fortune to my brother. Latterly he scarcely wrote at all, and his letters, when they did come, never told us much."

"And Mr. Nugent, has he no children?" asked Dora, quietly, quite willing for the present to acquiesce in her own demise.

"My brother Anthony is a widower too," said Barbara, "but he has a son. Isn't that a fine handsome fellow you see up there on the chimney-piece? That's our boy Arthur."

"A son to be proud of," said Dora.

"You may say that, indeed!" chimed Barbara. "I am as proud of him myself as if he were a son of mine."

"He is not with you at present?"

"No, but I'm delighted to think that he will be soon. He went away from us with our neighbour Lord Kilcreevy, to take part in an exploring expedition in Africa. His health has given way, and he is coming back now. He may be home any time."

"And the portrait beside Mr. Arthur's?" asked Dora.

"That is my brother Kedagh's—he who left us the fortune."

Barbara found it pleasant to have secured a new and interested listener. The poor lady's life during the past three months or so had been a series of excitements, anxieties, upsets, and quite unwonted changes, subjective as well as objective. She had dreaded Dora as likely to be the most disturbing change of all, and could hardly understand the happiness she found in being able, within a few hours of their acquaintance, to talk to Dora scarcely less intimately than she talked to Kitty.

"What in the world put it into Anthony's head that he must turn astronomer I don't for the life of me know," she went on. "My dear Mrs. Lytton, the Nugents are a very queer people, and when they've money in their pockets there's no knowing what they will or what they won't do with it."

"Mr. Nugent seems rather anxious to make a large use of *his* money, at all events," said Dora.

"That's the very thing," said Barbara. "He'll be making too large a use of it if there's no one to hold him back; and to hold a Nugent back when he has money to get rid of is about the same as trying to put the willingness of a dog into a mule."

"I suppose Mr. Nugent knows," said Dora, that astronomy is a rather expensive amusement."

"'Deed he doesn't!" said Barbara, emphatically. "And, me dear Mrs. Lytton, I'd like ye just quietly to try and put that notion into his head."

Barbara was already persuaded that Dora would prove not an enemy, but an ally.

CHAPTER X.—A HAT FROM PARIS.

THIS conversation, which had gone far enough to produce at all events the germ of an understanding between Dora and Miss Nugent, went no further; for Anthony's voice was heard on the terrace hailing an early visitor, and Lady Kitty brought her pony to a standstill outside the dining-room window.

"Oh, here's Lady Kitty!" said Barbara. "How are you, Kitty? Come in here, and let me introduce you to Mrs. Lytton. Kitty's a neighbour of ours," she explained to Dora. "Her mother, Lady Frayne, has Boyne Abbey, near this. You'll probably see a good deal of them; Kitty's up here most days."

Dora, whose back was to the window, turned to look at the equestrienne, but she and her pony had already disappeared. Dora had been gazing, with no special intent, at her cousin's portrait on the chimneypiece, and concluded, with somewhat illogical logic, that as Mr. Arthur had been wandering two years in Africa, her ladyship's fascinations were probably not formidable. And though, when she saw Kitty, her instinctive admiration for everything that was pretty made her look with pleasure on those bright and dimpling cheeks and that childish perfection of person, she was still in no way taken aback.

"Lady Kitty Chevenix—Mrs. Lytton," said Barbara.

Kitty's very rustic curiosity to behold in the flesh the young widow from Paris whose introduc-

tion to Carriconna she had helped to bring about, was not in any way disguised. She devoured Dora with her eyes while tugging frantically at her small glove, and before she had tugged the glove off she knew the precise shade of Dora's sunny hair, and that she, Kitty, had no dress in her wardrobe equal in style to Dora's plain white batiste, touched here and there with black ribbons.

"Catch mamma paying the washing bill for goffered frills like those!" was her ladyship's inward comment.

"How do you do?" she said to Dora. "You managed to find out Ireland?"

"Yes; I began by looking it out on the map," replied Dora, whose smile it was not always easy to tell for a friendly one or otherwise.

"But you didn't find Carriconna on the map," returned Kitty; and added, in her sleeve, "*I* can talk repartee, too."

However, they both laughed, and the scratches were invisible.

Kitty knew no pride of birth; and as for Dora, no position of dependence could mar her rather well-developed sense of her own dignity. Besides, Dora's present position could scarcely be described as a dependent one; it was, on the contrary, one of considerable importance. Anthony and Kitty especially regarded the astronomical assistant in a much more serious light than (from that particular standpoint) Madame Dora regarded herself.

"We were going," said Anthony, "Mrs. Lytton and meself, to look at this flimsy shadow of a tower. Will ye come, Kitty?"

"Yes, of course I will. You know, Mrs. Lytton, I was Astronomer Royal before you arrived. It was I who conspired with Mr. Nugent in his scheme; and Barbara, Miss Nugent I mean, has had me in her black books ever since."

"No, not a bit of it. It's the lives of you both I was afraid of; and I'm telling Mrs. Lytton just now that she'll need to have a care of her own."

"Well, I have come to the conclusion," replied Dora, "that I am prepared, I won't say to sacrifice, but to risk mine in the interests of astronomy. But I must confess that, looking at the tower from here, I can't persuade myself that the risk is a very heroic one."

"Ye'll find it a great deal less so when ye're comfortably seated above on it," said Anthony.

"Come, then," said Kitty, "let us make the dreadful ascent. I wonder how many times I have made it already!"

"And I wonder in whose company?" thought Dora.

The famous tower has been briefly described in a former chapter. It had, at this period, a height of something less than eighty feet. Its original height had probably been about one hundred feet, but the upper storey had long since fallen and crumbled away—crumbled by reason of age, and fallen during the storms that sometimes raged with quite extraordinary violence on the lake whose shores the tower guarded.

I have used the term storeys, because, in fact, the tower had been divided into several storeys, or floors, the floors consisting of very flat stone arches, which rested on the sets-off in the walls. The walls were nearly four feet thick, slightly diminishing in thickness as the tower rose in height. It had three external sets-off with projecting weathered string courses; and the door, which was circular-headed, with a three-inch torus round it at the angle of the jamb, was placed about three feet from the ground. The masonry of the door was put together in a careful and laboured manner, and finely chiselled, each stone apparently having been worked as it was required. Of the original floors, one only—the topmost—remained in a perfect condition; it had been worn absolutely flat. The floor immediately beneath it remained in an imperfect state, about two-thirds of it having fallen away from the set-off in the wall. There were stone steps within, mounting to the top, but they were newer than the rest of the structure, and doubtless the floors had formerly been reached by ladders, which were drawn up from one storey to another, as occasion might require. The uppermost floor, and the imperfect one beneath it, had circular apertures in their centres, and over the aperture in the top floor a stout wooden trap-door had been placed. During recent years the tower had been strengthened at various points by iron clamps; but, despite these aids, and the circumstance that it had a very slight inclination from the perpendicular, it had still a stable and enduring air.

"Oh, the sweet hot sun!" said Barbara, as they emerged upon the terrace. "I declare the summer's upon us. Mrs. Lytton, hadn't you better get your hat?"

"I brought it down with me," said Dora; "it's in the hall."

Dora could certainly have had no malicious purpose in view (for in Paris she had imagined no rival at Carriconna) when she selected in a shop in that well-known street of milliners, the fairy straw hat which she fetched from a peg in the hall. It was not a useless trifle to wear under a sunshade, but a fair wide-brimmed hat, as soft as silk, with just that suggestion of a "shape"—nothing and yet everything—which only your Paris milliner can effect. But, purpose or no purpose, the Paris hat asserted itself, as everywhere and at all times a work of genius must do.

"Oh!" cried Kitty, in tones of rapture; "what a beautiful, what a lovely hat!"

Dora would have liked to be able to say "I bought it for five francs," but as it had cost her more than six times that sum she had to content herself with a smiling,

"I am glad you like it; I bought it in Paris an hour before I left."

"Yes, I am sure you didn't buy it in Dublin," said Kitty.

"Oh, but the Dublin shops are charming," said the good-natured Dora. "I walked through Sackville Street, Westmoreland Street, Dawson Street, and Nassau Street yesterday morning, and I am sure the things in the shops there were quite as pretty as in Paris."

"No," sighed Kitty, "they don't make hats like that in Dublin; at least they never show them to mamma and me."

"Well, good-bye to ye till ye're down from the tower," said Barbara. "I'll go and see what peas I can get for lunch."

Seven o'clock dinner, by the way, had been instituted since Dora's invitation to Carriconna.

Anthony led the way up the tower, and Kitty followed Dora, for a more critical view of the Paris millinery. It was one of the charms of mounting the tower that ladies had to be pulled through the hole in the top floor, but this was an exercise of gallantry which Anthony had no proper feeling for. When the trap-door was let down the floor presented a smooth and even surface, of considerable extent. The wall formed a secure parapet, and this top storey was a delightful coign of vantage on a clear summer's day.

"Oh, what a lake!" cried Dora, who until now had seen but a corner of it.

"'Tis a good three miles from this end to the other," said Anthony.

The green, haunted hills that skirted one side of the lake of Carriconna were spotted with gorse and new springing fern, and the middle hill was topped by a curious little group of stunted oaks, around whose base was one of those magic rings which no peasant on the estate would dare to efface. On the opposite side the country stretched away for many an emerald mile to the faint horizon. Not all emerald, though, for a dark brown line of bog divided the landscape; the bog wherein that heifer of Anthony's had sunk, which he had sentenced to perpetual immersion "to encourage the others." It might be comforting to add, however, that the steward, with two or three of his bhoys, had long ago drawn the heifer out, alive and rheumatic.

"Look, Mrs. Lytton," said Kitty; "there's Boyne Abbey, where I live."

"There, through the trees?"

"Yes, you can only see a bit of the ruin of the abbey from here."

"Well, tell me," asked Anthony, "isn't this the one spot in Ireland for me observatory?"

"It's an ideal place," answered Dora. "But we shall have to build this over, you know."

Then the recollection of her conversation with Barbara occurred to her, and she bethought her that she must give Anthony no lavish notions.

"A very simple little structure will do," she hastened to add; "we just want a protection for the telescope."

"We will, to be sure," responded Anthony. "We'll want to build up here no end. We'll want a grand dome of plate-glass to start with, and we'll fit this floor up in the greatest style that ever was. There'll be floods of people coming down here to ask after me discoveries, and 'twould be a great plan to have one of these new American elevators to fetch 'em up from below. And as the winter comes on, I don't know but we'll be wanting the electrical light to help out the moon."

"Oh, but you'll find very soon," said Dora, "when we begin our studies, that the less moon we have the better. The moon's not at all the blessing to astronomers that it is to poets."

"Sure, how will we see the stars without the moon?" said Anthony.

"Really now, Mr. Nugent," said Kitty, "'tis the sun ye'll be wantin' next to help ye see the skies at midnight!"

"Whisht!" said Anthony. "Go down quickly! there's Barbara with the tail of her skirt fixed in the hen-coop, and the red hen's chickens in the lettuce-bed!"

CHAPTER XI.—THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

KITTY stayed to luncheon, and she and Dora got to know a little more of, and rather to like, each other; though in a decidedly lukewarm fashion. Kitty could not pretend to disguise the admiration—her feeling was strong enough to warrant this term of description—which Dora's appearance, Dora's dress, and Dora's general self-possessedness excited in her; and it would have been difficult for anybody to do other than like Kitty. But they parted, as they had met, on neutral ground.

After luncheon came a local builder whom Anthony had summoned to assist in a consultation as to the alterations and additions to be made to the tower, and Dora had to keep up her reputation by talking very learnedly and dogmatically on matters she was not acquainted with, and also to prevent Anthony, as adroitly as she might, from allowing the builder to dip his hand too far into the purse. The afternoon was spent in this way.

After dinner, Anthony, not yet accustomed to this late function, showed a disposition to nod, and Barbara settled down to the newspaper. Dora, who had not had five minutes' solitude since morning, strolled out on to the terrace, thence into the garden, and beyond the garden into the plantation that skirted the road. A wicket-gate opened on the highway, and Dora presently found herself sauntering along the bog-road she had traversed on the previous evening. It was between a quarter and half-past eight, and the horizon was beginning to grow dim.

Dora's nature was always at its kindliest after dinner; and the green peas which Barbara had gathered that morning, and the ducklings reared by the tender hand of Kate Quinn, might have stimulated the sensibilities of a harder nature than hers.

She walked leisurely, and with no object but to enjoy the evening and her thoughts, both of which were soft and soothing. She had strolled perhaps for half a mile, and was thinking of turning back.

She liked the great dark bog stretching wide on either side of the road, covered in parts with long reaches of heather, thickly studded with stacks of new-cut turf, and interspersed in all directions with treacherous swamps and pits of black-brown water. It was to her so fresh and strange a landscape.

She watched in the distance the disappearing figure of a peasant, whose back was bent under a huge basket of turf, and wondered to see him tread so firmly on ground that seemed no better than a swamp. But she wondered much more when, a

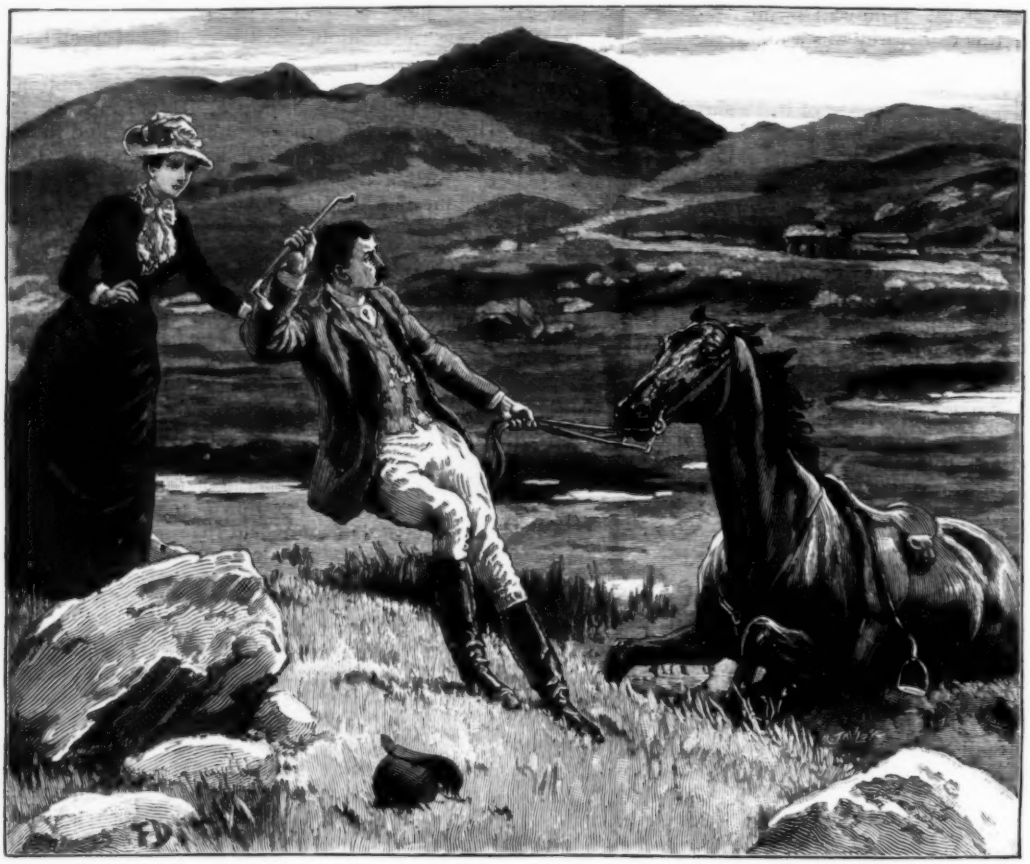
few minutes later, she saw riding over the bog, at a rapid and even reckless pace, a horse and horseman, who seemed to be making direct for her.

Was it customary, she asked herself, for Irish squires to traverse bogs at evening in that break-neck style? Dora stood still and watched.

At every few paces the sodden ground gave beneath the horse, and now and then he appeared to sink over the fetlocks. But the rider seemed careless of danger.

With a movement that showed him both agile and powerful, the man instantly flung himself forward over the horse's head on to the bank, almost at Dora's feet, and seized the bridle of the still sinking horse.

Dora jumped down the bank and seized the bridle on the other side. The horse ceased sinking, and getting partly clear of the swamp began to plunge violently. A few struggles succeeded in giving him a grip of the bank with his fore legs,



A STOUT TUG AT THE BRIDLE.

Horse and man were now quite close to where Dora was standing; that is to say, not more than thirty yards from the road. Even at this distance Dora could see that the man laboured under strong excitement of some sort. His face was pale, and so rash was his riding that he seemed deliberately to choose the least secure bits of ground in his path. He stooped slightly over the horse's neck, and did not see Dora. And neither horse nor man saw that the ground immediately beside the road, at the point they were blindly making for, was a mere quagmire. Nor did Dora see it, for it was all grown over with heather. But in another moment the horse disappeared to the saddle flaps.

and another stout tug at the bridle on either side landed him firmly.

During these brief seconds the horseman had been conscious merely that a female figure had come with exemplary promptitude to his assistance. It was his turn to exhibit wonder when he saw the Paris hat and the face it shaded; the face wearing an expression half-amused and half-angry, with just a *nuance* of disdain over all.

"Dear me! I really am dreadfully sorry," was his first utterance.

"For your horse chiefly, I hope," she replied. "Pardon me, but I think so good a horse deserves a——"

"A better rider."

"A more considerate, may I say?" For the horseman had shown no lack of ability in the saddle.

"Say whatever your indignation prompts," he answered, looking full at Dora with eyes of womanish softness.

"This is the most charming man in Ireland!" thought Dora. "But what is the matter with him?"

The sudden shock, and the exertion called forth by the horse's danger, had carried off the poignant excitement which Dora had observed in the gentleman; but there was something strange and unquiet in his air; those woman's eyes seemed to look through a haze, and the courteous, pleasant voice was deliberate and even constrained in its utterances, as though it were with some difficulty that it obeyed the speaker's will.

"I must say that a swamp like that seems to me an extraordinary place to ride full gallop on," said Dora, looking from the gentleman to his horse, which was still nervous and trembling.

"Oh! but I do assure you the bog is not a swamp at all. It is safe enough in most places. I admit, however," he added, turning to and stroking his horse with an affectionate hand, "that it was not wise to ride at such a pace across this particular corner. We passed the hole"—this in a slow, musing tone, and more to himself than to Dora—"where Ned Conolly was drowned one night last winter. So, boy! So! It's over, it's over! Come now, have you no thanks to this lady for her gallant help? She did as much as I to save you. Thank her, sir."

He touched with his hunting-crop the near fore-leg of the horse, and the horse at once raised and extended it towards Dora.

"Oh! you beautiful creature," she cried. "And to think that a moment ago I nearly saw you drown before my eyes! I am very glad I was able to help you, you beautiful, clever horse."

"Thank you, for both of us," returned the horse's master. "But, dear, dear! see how we have splashed and stained you!"

Dora had changed the white batiste for a black cashmere for dinner. That garment was now plentifully bespattered with the thick turf-dyed water of the bog, a circumstance which Dora had already regretfully noted.

"Yes," she said; "I see. Altogether, may one venture to hope—for the horse's sake above all — that when you are for a Gilpin's ride again, you will choose *terra firma* for your course?"

"Indeed, I am very sorry to have spoiled your dress."

"Well, never mind the dress," she smiled. "It is more easily replaced than your horse would have been. Good-night, and please take care of the horse."

"But you are going my way, I see," he said, quickly.

Dora's face seemed to fascinate him. He had scarcely taken his eyes from it. He looked at it as one gazes for the first time upon the most beautiful object that has ever met his vision.

"I am going to Carriconna," said Dora.

"To Carriconna!" He seemed on the point of saying something further, but stopped. Then, after a moment, he added:

"We are within a quarter of a mile of Carriconna. It is growing dark; do allow me to bear you company to the gate."

"Thank you," she said; "if—if you don't think you ought to hasten home with the horse."

"A quiet walk will give him time to recover himself."

When they were within sight of the gate Dora's companion turned to her suddenly and said, with a grave little smile, "May I ask how Carriconna strikes you after Paris?"

Dora could not prevent herself from starting, but her features were allowed to express no sort of emotion. Determined not to give the stranger an advantage by any token of surprise at his question, she replied, quietly, "In Paris nobody is allowed to ride full gallop."

"A wise injunction. My question was abrupt, and therefore rude. I must ask your forgiveness again. And now, here we are at the gate. My friends Mr. Nugent and Miss Barbara will want to know how you spoiled your dress. Please tell them you saved Mr. Trenchard's horse from drowning."

"Certainly the most charming man in Ireland," thought Dora again; "but a man not quite himself, I fancy." A shade came on her face, and she stood still on the drive. "No, not that—not wine, I think. I hope not. But what then? He rode like a madman. Well, I don't believe Carriconna will be too dull a place after all."



COUNT LEV TOLSTOI: HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

AN autobiographical style is commonly a characteristic of writers who exercise great influence in their own day. If, as in our age, they speak to the public through the form of a novel, the scenes are frequently drawn from their own experience, thinly veiled by a change of names and places. The study of an author of this kind cannot fail to be profitable to those who wish to understand their own times, and whither they are tending, for he will almost always be found a representative man, and that none the less because he may be full of faults and heresies.

Such is the kind of interest that surrounds the works of Count Tolstoi; they are, one after the other, expressions of the interior life of a man who not only influences the world by his genius, but still more by the workings of his conscience. Although he appears to have passed through so many phases of belief, there is a true unity in his life and works, a consistent development which shows itself in an ever-growing moral purpose. No one who makes such a study can fail to quarrel with Tolstoi at some point or other, but such quarrels will even be more profitable than agreement, for he forces you to think, and to think earnestly and sincerely as he does himself.

Lev Nikolaivich Tolstoi was born at Yasnaya Polyana, a village near Tula, in the Government of Tula, on August 28th, 1828, O.S. His father, Count Nikolai Tolstoi, was descended from Count Petr Tolstoi, a companion of Peter the Great. His mother, Princess Maria Nikolaevna Volkonskaya, died in 1830, before he was two years old. In 1837 he lost his father, and his aunt, Countess Alexandra Osten-Saken became the guardian of the four brothers and their sister Maria.

These events occurred before Lev Tolstoi was ten years of age; but his lively imagination, aided no doubt by the reminiscences of the little circle in which he lived, preserved distinct impressions of the persons and scenes of his early life, and in an early novel, "Childhood and Boyhood," he has given the world every reason to believe that he has embodied those impressions. The qualification of the title implies that it is a work of imagination; but it is difficult to doubt that the figures of his parents and of his tutors are modelled from family traditions. If this be so, then his father was a nobleman of the type common in the earlier half of this century, pleasing everybody by his fine person and agreeable manners, living on excellent terms with his wife and family, devoted to music, and otherwise refined in his tastes, yet, withal, a man of pleasure, yielding himself up to all the characteristic vices of the age, except drunkenness. When he died he left his estate so impoverished that the strictest economy had to be observed in the education of his children.

Lev and his elder brother were accordingly sent to Moscow in 1837, under the charge of their tutor, a German, named Rössel. Here, again, we may believe that Tolstoi has sketched a portrait of his early pedagogue in the touching story of Karl Ivanovitch, the good, honest, but sad-hearted tutor, who is so prominent a figure in "Childhood."

But the picture Tolstoi there draws of his mother reveals the tenderness of heart which lay at the bottom of the nature of the man who is at the present moment perhaps the most austere figure in Europe.

It is a picture of one of those gentle but pure natures who resign themselves without a murmur to their lot, mingling with unsullied soul in all the evil of the world, bearing all things, enduring all things, hoping all things. Here is a portion of the picture. It is at least a hint which may suggest the longings of his heart as a child:

"She takes me by the neck with her other hand, and her slender fingers rouse and tickle me; she touches me, and I am conscious of her perfume and her voice. All this makes me spring up, encircle her neck with my arms, press my head to her bosom with a sigh, and say—

"'Oh, dear, dear mamma, how I love you!'

"She smiles her sad bewitching smile, takes my head in both her hands, kisses my brow, and sets me on her knees.

"'So you love me very much?' She is silent for a moment, then speaks. 'See that you always love me, and never forget me. If you lose your mamma, you will not forget her? you will not forget her, Nikolinka?'

"She kisses me still more tenderly.

"'Stop, don't say that my darling, my precious one! I cry, kissing her knees; and the tears stream in floods from my eyes, tears of love and rapture.

"After that, perhaps, you go upstairs, and stand before the images in your wadded dressing-gown. What a wonderful sensation you experience when you say: 'O Lord, save papa and mamma!' In repeating the prayers which my mouth lisped for the first time after my beloved mother, the love of her and the love of God are united in some strange fashion in one feeling."

Tolstoi appears again to have portrayed the characteristic features of his father and mother in the figures of Count Rostoff and of Maria Bolkonsky in "War and Peace;" but though the type is the same in the case of the former, one's sympathies are attracted rather than repelled, while in the latter we have a much more life-like picture of aristocratic religion of the orthodox Russian type: self-sacrificing, self-depreciatory, but a little morose.

Brought up in the orthodox Greek church, he was about twelve years of age when he heard from the boys of the Gymnasium at Moscow that it had been discovered that there was no God. This they seem to have thought delightful, and they nicknamed the elder of the two Tolstois-Noah, because he was so religious. In 1843 Lev Tolstoi went to the university of Kaizan, where he studied Oriental languages, and where he stayed a year, and then proceeded to the department of law. At this time he read philosophical works, and lost all his early faith; at the age of sixteen he abandoned prayer and fasting, and from conviction ceased going to church. However, he continued to believe in the possibility of perfection, and to this end he read all he could, formed a set of rules to live by, strove to strengthen his will, to develop his physical powers, and inure himself to hardship and privation.

At the age of eighteen he became a landowner, the estate of Yasnaya Polyana having fallen to him by the division of the patrimony. He thereupon determined to leave the university and take upon himself the management of his property. The state of mind which made him repel the advice of the university authorities and of the aunt who was his guardian, is set forth in his admirable sketches of peasant life, entitled "A Landowner's Morning."

It commences with a letter to his aunt, in which he informs her that having left the university, assured of his vocation, he had found his peasantry in a wretched, miserable condition, and felt it an obligation, sacred and clear, to labour for the welfare of the seven hundred human beings for whom he was responsible, and that he feels himself capable of being a good farmer, and that in this pursuit he needs neither the diploma of B.A. nor the rank she is so anxious he should assume. The youthful landowner had his own ideas of the way in which he could ameliorate the lot of his serfs; but he was surprised to find they did not understand him, and would not assist in their own elevation. At last he grew so disheartened, that going to visit his brother Nikolai, who was an artillery officer in the army in the Caucasus, he joined the Yunker corps, and spent the next period of his life in this wild and beautiful region.

An insight into his thoughts and experiences at this time is to be found in "The Cossacks," where the author is plainly depicted in the hero, a young Russian noble, very wealthy, but who, out of humour with civilised society, hurries off to live in a Caucasian village on the banks of the River Terek. Here Olenin—or, rather, Tolstoi—falls from the simple and beneficent career he had proposed to himself into the common vices of his class. Having lost large sums of money at cards, Tolstoi made over his property to his brother-in-law, with direction to pay his debts and to allow him only five hundred roubles a year; meanwhile he promised never to gamble again. However, he did not resist the temptation, and, losing five hundred roubles, he gave a promissory note to the winner. As the day of payment drew near he could not sleep for thinking what he should do. One night he began to pray for deliverance from his perplexity, and this so composed him that he went off to-sleep. Next morning a packet was handed to him from his brother, and the first thing he saw on opening it was the dreaded note, torn in half. "Sado," wrote Count Nikolai, "won your note from K—— and brought it to me; he refuses to take money from my brother on any terms." The terrible reminiscences of the time are recorded in his "Recollections of a Scorer," in which the humanitarian prince, who tries to reform the condition of his serfs, comes to a sad end.

Tolstoi remained in the Caucasus until 1853, and whilst there wrote, besides the works already mentioned, "Albert" and "Lucerne." Both these tales have for their heroes poor men of musical genius, whom young noblemen try to help, and find they have only blundered. Setting aside the admirable pictures of man considered socially, whether in wild, primitive nature or at a *soirée* in Moscow, at a continental *table d'hôte* or as a crowd in the street, or the equally clever sketches of individual character, these books all have one burden, and that is—the hopelessness of one man struggling against the iniquities of a social system which the people he wishes to benefit themselves consider the only one possible, and the futility of any one really helping his fellows whose

philanthropy is only a sublimated form of self-gratification.

Of this period of his life Tolstoi speaks, in the autobiographical sketch:—"How I came to believe," in strong terms of loathing and horror. He describes the moral standard around him as miserably depraved and low. His description of himself at this time, seen, as it is, in a light which opened his eyes to the real character of the sins of which he accuses himself, must seem exaggerated to those who view things from the world's standard.

While in the Caucasus he was on the same footing as a private, and entered into all the hardships of a soldier's life. Transferred to the Army of the Danube, he took part in the campaign of 1854; and in May, 1855, he was sent to Sevastopol, and appointed a commander of a division. The Crimean War was drawing to a close. Tolstoi was present at the Battle of the Red River, August 4th, 1855, and again at the storming of the Malakoff and the Redan on the 8th of September. It was during this period that he gathered his materials for his three sketches: Sevastopol in December, 1854; Sevastopol in May, 1855; and Sevastopol in August, 1855.

After the war was over Tolstoi left the army and went to St. Petersburg, where he was welcomed into literary society, and found himself, both in fame and money, one of the most successful writers of the day. "Here," he says, "he soon came to regard life as a development, in which the thinkers played the chief part." He had, in fact, entered into his second way of thinking. He no longer expected any good from individual philanthropy, but expected all from social regeneration. During the third year of his life in St. Petersburg he became disgusted with the society in which he moved and with himself, and decided that the theories he had accepted about development were a delusion. He withdrew to his estate at Yasnaya Polyana, became a country magistrate, and devoted himself to the education of the people. The agitation in favour of the emancipation of the serfs was in progress, and he thought that elementary schools, which did not then exist in rural Russia were an absolute necessity. In order to study the subject he made two journeys abroad. He also started an educational journal in which he advocated methods founded on his own experience in trying to teach children. The novelty of his views consisted in the absence of all system. Education in his idea would be best effected by friendly and unrestrained intercourse between the teacher and his pupils, the efforts of the former being directed and limited by the pupil's desire for instruction, and the necessities of his surrounding life. However, after publishing an "alphabet" and a "reading primer," he became so dissatisfied with himself that he came to the conclusion that he was quite incompetent for the task he had set himself. He conceived that he was trying to teach when he had not himself found out what he ought to teach.

During this period he was also active in a literary way, publishing "Family Happiness," "Youth," "The Two Hussars," "Polikouchk," "Three Deaths," etc. Now he sought a change of air on the Steppes, and determined himself to seek the kind of happiness he had come to consider the best form of earthly felicity. He married in 1862, the daughter of a German physician in Moscow—Sophia Andreena Bers. For the next fifteen years he lived the life of a good *pater familias*. To use his own words, "My life was concentrated on my family, my wife, and children, and consequently in the care for increasing the means of supporting them. The effort to effect my own individual perfection, already replaced by the striving after general progress, was again changed into an effort to secure the particular happiness of my family." It was during this period that he wrote his greatest works—"War and Peace," and "Anna Karenina." If any one who had not read these works were to judge of them by what Tolstoi says was their animating motive he would hardly wish to peruse them. His object, Tolstoi declares to have been a desire to improve his material position, and his purpose to teach "that the objects of life should be our own happiness and that of our family."

"War and Peace" is a national epic interwoven with innumerable idyls, pictures of individual and family experiences, happening coincident with and more or less dependent on the great national movement. It reveals to us the soul of Russia in the moment of her greatest agony, the invasion of Napoleon in 1812, and the burning of Moscow. But what intensifies the interest and throws a flood of light on the historical narrative is the effect the national troubles have on the lives of certain typical individuals, developing their characters.

The historical philosophy which underlies this powerful representation of the greatest crisis Russia has ever had to pass through is interest ing because it proves that Tolstoi has never really been the thorough sceptic he imagines. The events connected with the invasion of Russia in 1812, and which historians explain as produced by such causes as Napoleon's insatiable ambition, the Czar's vacillations, the unexpected determination of the Russian people to fire their sacred city, the extraordinary severity of the winter of 1812-13, Tolstoi attributes solely to the workings of the predetermined plan of the Ruler of the Universe.[1] The will, he says, of a man called Napoleon or Alexander counts for something, but only in connection with the innumerable circumstances produced by the action of millions of persons more or less obscure in France, Russia, and the rest of Europe. The apparently fortuitous working together of these forces Tolstoi refuses to call chance. It is the working of the collective life of the aggregate of human beings, and that working he held to be not the result of some great guiding intellect—a Peter the Great, a Frederick II, or a Napoleon I, but of a certain interior will, which, if possible, controls most completely those who are highest. "The hearts

[1] See a remarkable passage on the same events in "Dr. Arnold's Lectures on History," III., p. 140.



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of kings are in the hands of God. Kings are the slaves of history." In Tolstoi's view history ought to occupy itself with the movements of those who are most unconsciously affected by this interior will:—the vast mass of mankind who concern themselves little with affairs of state, but are chiefly absorbed in thinking of those of their own circle. When a crisis comes, and the heart of humanity begins violently to throb, then all these little circles are agitated, and merging rapidly into one, emperors, kings, popes, parliamentary leaders, newspaper editors, and field marshals are borne on by the torrent, and go whithersoever it leads them.

Such is the philosophy of "War and Peace," and it is never lost sight of in this story. The autocrat of Europe and the autocrat of all the Russias are seen to be—not the puppets of their courts, for Napoleon's marshals and Alexander's courtiers are but shadows touched in with the pencil of an artist in the far-off perspective—but as the puppets of great human movements, or like wisps of straw on a fast-flowing river.

Nevertheless, Napoleon and Alexander, as well as every other famous figure appearing on the scene, are portraits such as only the very greatest artists can give. We see not only the well-known face and costume, but we catch a glimpse of the real soul which shines through all. The most complete portrait of any notability is that of the old Russian General Kotzebue, for whom Tolstoi has an admiration as the only man who sees that the true general's art consists in waiting and waiting and waiting, and only acting when circumstances force his hand. But Kotzebue, and Rostchopine, the Governor of Moscow, also finely drawn, only appear in the middle distance; the foreground is occupied by certain types of Russian high life at the time—Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, Nikolai Rostoff and his sister, Natasha, the latter a creation so novel and yet so human that it cannot fail to live with India's Seventy Bey, England's Ophelia, and Germany's Marguerite.

Morally the two characters most deeply interesting are Petr Bezukhoff, a wealthy Russian landowner, and the peasant Plato Karataïeff. Petr, an ungainly young man who takes life seriously, inheriting immense estates, is entrapped into marrying a beautiful but wicked princess. Travelling aimlessly, he is met at a roadside inn by a mysterious personage who unfolds to him the wretchedness of his life, without God or any true aim, and inspires him with a wish to lead a virtuous life devoted to the good of his fellow-man. Petr becomes a Freemason, the brotherhood at that time being a sort of centre of evangelical mysticism. He seeks to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry on his estate, but is thoroughly duped by his stewards, and the evils go on as before. Indolent and dreamy he lives at Moscow, the figure-head at dinners, balls, and clubs, universally liked as he allows every one to dip their hands into his purse. Alarming and dramatic scenes in connection with the two people he most cares for bring out the nobler side of his character. The invasion of Russia takes place, and, though a man of peace on principle, he is present at Borodino in the costume of a civilian, and in the midst of the fight. He studies the Apocalypse, is convinced that Napoleon is the Beast whose name spells the mystic numbers, and that he, Bezukhoff, is destined to be the St. George who is to destroy the French dragon. To this end he lingers in Moscow disguised as a working man during the occupation by the French, but, failing to get near the Emperor, is arrested while doing some disinterested and heroic act during the fire, and is within an ace of being shot as an incendiary. Borne away as a prisoner, and sharing in the horrors of the flight of the French army, he has for a companion a poor peasant whose kind heart, calm faith, and practical philosophy fill him with admiration.

The first time the peasant noticed Petr the former said, with a kindly voice, "Have you gone through much misery, master?" Petr felt the tears choking him, and the little man, to give him time to recover, went on: "Ah, my friend, do not take it too much to heart. We suffer for an hour and we live an age. Thank God we are alive! Here, master," he said, untying his handkerchief and showing a potato, "would you like something to eat?" Petr thought he had never eaten anything better, and he accepted a pinch of salt from the same hospitable handkerchief. When they stopped and sat round the camp fire, Plato talked in a sing-song tone, but his words were eloquent and his stories full of deep morality.

One morning Petr saw Plato standing with his back to a beech-tree. To the pathetic expression of his face was added one of sweet, calm gravity. His eyes were misty with tears, and seemed to appeal to Petr, but Petr was afraid for himself. Glancing back he saw two French soldiers, then he heard two shots, and the soldiers, with their guns still smoking, ran before him, while a little dog howled round the spot where Karatïeff had been sitting. Such was the end of the peasant: but Petr lived to reach Moscow once more to learn of the conversion of his wife by the Jesuits, and her sudden death. The outcome of this wonderful Odyssey is so unexpected as to prove almost an anti-climax. Petr marries the heroine, and lives happily in the midst of his family.

The deeply-religious character of wedded life, with the terrible results attending its sacrilege, is the object of the other great novel of this period, Anna Karenina.

There is in this work, as in "War and Peace," more than one subsidiary drama working out at the same time as the main story. In one, Tolstoi himself appears, but the gentleman-farmer Levin is by no means so attractive a personage as Petr Bezukhoff; both, however, have the same character—simple, earnest, sincere, strongly individualistic; they are full of vacillation, irresolution, and as often as they gather up all their strength to make some moral advance they again fall back into the old bad way. If Bezukhoff and Levin represent the author, they are also said to be a true type of the national character.

When Tolstoi wrote these books he was living in the earthly paradise to which he brings these two men. A good wife and good children,

wealth, fame, and a fine estate perpetually increasing in value, bodily health equal to mowing side by side with a peasant, mental strength that felt no exhaustion after sitting at his desk ten hours at a stretch—what more could a man desire? Nevertheless, Tolstoi felt himself in the condition of the man in the Eastern fable, who, running away from a wild beast, jumped into a well, but, beholding a dragon at the bottom, clung to a tree growing out of its side. Very soon he perceived two mice gnawing at the branch to which he was hanging, and he knew in a given time that he must drop into the jaws of the dragon. Nevertheless, perceiving two drops of honey on the leaves of the wild plant, he put out his tongue to lick them up. Tolstoi's two drops of honey were his family and his writings, but he felt that he and they must alike be a prey to the dragon at the bottom of the well—there was no escape.

"What, then," he asked himself, "is the meaning of a life that cannot overcome this inevitable catastrophe? Why and wherefore do I live?" Science and philosophy said: "Study the life of humanity as a whole, and you will know what this great unity means and what your place is in it." But he replied: "How can I study this mysterious humanity as a whole when I know neither its beginning nor its end and am ignorant of its parts?" Then he saw that there were four ways in which men met the difficulty: I. By living in ignorance of it. II. By epicureanism: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." III. By energetically putting an end to it. IV. By weakly living on, seeing the evil, without courage to end it. To this last class he felt that he himself belonged.

But in the end he saw that the reason he did not succumb to the fearful temptation was because in some confused way he had an inkling that all his ideas were wrong. He began to perceive that he had made the mistake of believing that the ideas of men outside the small circle of the learned and wealthy were not worth considering. Thanks, however, to his instinctive affection for the working-classes, the thought occurred to him that the true way to find out the meaning of life was to seek it among those laborious millions without whose exertions we could not live. He soon found that the unlearned and poor came under none of his four classes, but that, so far from supposing life to be without a meaning, the Russian peasantry had an explanation for everything.

His cogitations led him to see that it was not so much their explanation of life as their method of looking at it that it was necessary to follow. However various, and even absurd, their explanations, they never left out the relation of the finite to the infinite. And this, as long as reason was his sole guide, he had been forced to do, for the infinite was beyond its pale. Hence such efforts at solving the problem must fail; without the chief factor the answer must infallibly come out wrong.

Tolstoi accordingly determined to follow the course the toiling mass of humanity had always taken. He asked himself, "What am I—a part of the infinite?" and sought the answer where the people found it—in traditional religion.

He studied the sacred books of every religion, and conversed with believers of various shades of faith in his own circle. But finding that, without exception, they lived, as far as he could see, exactly as he did himself, struggling to increase their wealth, and to preserve it, and afraid as he was, of suffering, privation, and death, he felt convinced that they could not be sincere, and that their explanations would not help him at all. So he drew near to the believers among the poor, the simple, and the ignorant. They held the same doctrine as the believers of his own class, and mixed it as the latter did with much superstition. But the more he knew of the lives and doctrines of the people the more convinced he was that a true faith existed among them, and after two years spent in the study of life from the people's point of view, such a change came over him that the pursuits of the rich and learned appeared to him as mere child's play, and the great and mighty life led by the millions of earth's toilers the only real life in the world. He accepted their beliefs as something infinitely wise and true, and he saw now that he had been unable to understand life—not because life itself was inexplicable, but because he had led the exceptional life of an epicure.

He saw, too, what his mental torture meant. His heart had been seeking after God, but had been constantly driven back by his reason. And for a long time still it was a battle between the two; as often as he began to reason darkness and doubt returned, and life seemed to die down, whereas he had only to admit for one instant that God was, and life rose again in him, and he rejoiced in existence. And this experience recurred not once or twice, but hundreds of times.

It was spring time, and he was in a wood. "What is the meaning," he said to himself, "of this discouragement and revival? I do not live when I lose faith in the existence of God, I only really live when I feel and seek Him. What more do I seek? And a voice within me seemed to cry, 'This is He! He without whom there is no life!' To know God and to live are one. God is life. And stronger than ever rose up the life within and around me, and the light that then shone never left me again."

Thus Tolstoi describes his return to faith in that Will which had brought him into being—to a belief that the one single aim of life should be to live in accordance with that will, and to the idea that the expression of that will was to be found in what, as he rather darkly expresses it, the great human unity had fashioned for its guidance in the dim obscurity of the past. Henceforth he renounced the life of his own class as unreal and blinding, and accepted that of the labouring class as the only true life, and that which gives the existence of the world a meaning.

That meaning he thus understood:—We have all come into the world by the will of God, and God has so created man that each of us is able to ruin or save his soul. To that end a man must live after God's word; and to live after God's word

he must renounce all the pleasures of life, labour, be humble, endure, and be charitable to all men.

But this meaning of life, at least with the orthodox working-classes, was bound up with sacraments, fasts, bowing to images, relics, etc. But here the new theologians, who, in the Greek Church as elsewhere, have such wonderful ways of proving that black is white, came to his help. So in attending the rites of the Church, he strove to read into everything that revolted him some beautiful and charitable meaning of his own. This easy method of living in unity with the very things which the unsophisticated conscience says are most opposed to the spirit of Christianity, broke down at the crucial moment when he was about to partake of the Communion. The confession, the prayers, all filled him with the glad conviction that the meaning of life lay open to him. The Communion he explained to himself as a remembrance of Christ, and as signifying a cleansing from sin and a complete acceptance of Christ's teaching. But when the priest called upon him to say that he believed that what he was about to swallow was the true body and blood of Christ, he felt a sharp pain in his heart, and the shock was such that he never could do it again. It was the first and the last time he ever partook of the Communion.

However, he continued to attend the rites of the Church and to believe its doctrines, but meanwhile a strange thing happened to him. He listened to an unlettered peasant-pilgrim speaking of God, of faith, of salvation, and a knowledge of what faith was seemed to draw upon him. The "Martyrology and the Prologues," the old popular religious literature, became his favourite reading, and he felt that he believed this testimony of unlettered foolish men, who believing that life does not end with death, were ready to suffer all that men could inflict. His doubts concerning the superstitions of the Orthodox Church did not, however, drive him away so much as certain of its actions, which were clearly contrary to the elementary principles of the faith by which he lived.

In his search after God he had become acquainted with professors of various creeds, and had found among them men with whom he felt true brotherhood. But the Orthodox Church regarded all not in its communion as heretics, and however much it tried to conceal it, as enemies. And again,—Russia was at war, Russians were slaying their brother men, and in the churches prayers were offered for their success.

Whence came it that the Church thus mingled truth and error, thus consecrated and taught the most opposing thoughts. Both were included in its sacred traditions and writings. He was thus brought to see that he must study these traditions and writings, and he accordingly made, first, an investigation into the interpretation of Christ's teaching, according to the Orthodox Greek Church, and according to the Church in general; second, an independent study of the Gospel, and a summary of his way of understanding it; third, his explanation of the true meaning of Christ's message, the reasons of its distortion, and what he believes will be the result of its real promulgation.

A translation of the third of these works, and a summary of the second, have been published in England, from which it appears that Tolstoi conceives Jesus Christ to have taught an entirely New Way of Life in several important particulars, and in its spirit quite opposed to the old way.[1]

Reading the Sermon on the Mount with a Jewish rabbi, the latter said again and again, "That is in the Bible, that is what the Talmud teaches;" but when they came to the words, "Resist not evil," or "the evil man," the rabbi was silent. "Is that also in the Talmud?" said Tolstoi. "No," replied the rabbi. And then he added, smiling, "But do Christians attempt to obey that command?" Tolstoi did not reply, but, having already felt the power there was in the words of Christ to give a true meaning to life, this very unfaithfulness of Christians assured him that Christ was different to every other teacher. And this view caused Tolstoi to attend more particularly to those points in the Master's teaching which He himself declared opposed to what had previously been taught. This being especially characteristic of the five commands given in Matthew v. 21–48, Tolstoi began to conceive them of special importance as revealing the peculiar nature of Christ's teaching.

Believing, again, that the spirit in which Christ wishes His teaching to be received is conveyed in the words, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven," he asked himself, "How would a labouring man or a peasant have understood Christ? for in that sense I will understand Him." Again, Tolstoi is extremely strict, both with regard to the letter of the text and to its translation, thereby rendering the precepts still more directly antagonistic to all other teaching. Thus in the twenty-second verse he eliminates the words "without a cause," as not appearing in ancient manuscripts. He understands Christ not only to forbid the taking of human life, but even anger, and that when it only amounts to treating its object as beneath contempt, or saying that a man is bereft of his senses. With reference to the second of these five commands, by a retranslation of the saving clause in the thirty-second verse, he represents Christ as refusing to allow of divorce under any such consideration, and seems to draw the conclusion from our Lord's further teaching with reference to marriage that His disciples must be strict monogamists. The third of the series, "But I say unto you, swear not at all," he understands with the Friends, the Moravians, and many other Christians, as forbidding all forms of oath-taking. The fourth he holds to forbid not only personal acts of resistance to evil men, but all those vicarious acts of resistance which can be committed by an appeal to law. The fifth, which he says he once thought only an amplification of the precept "Resist not evil," he now refers to those who hate our race or our country—and probably he would add, our religion. Thus, he would say, Russians ought to love

1 "Christ's Christianity." By Count Leo Tolstoi. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Englishmen, Poles, Russians; and the Russian sectaries the Orthodox believers.

He knows that this way of understanding Christ's teaching is not only condemned by the Russian Church, but also by the practice of Christendom at large, the reason being that any such mode of obedience is impracticable.

In answering this he brings forward another doctrine which he has educed from his studies of the Gospels, the existence of a higher life within us which he calls the Son of Man, the Life which is the Light of Men. If men would live in the light which is within them they would, he says, find it not only reasonable but easy to obey the Son of Man. Under a slightly different phraseology this is evidently the doctrine of "universal



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and Saving Light" taught by the early Friends, and this taken with what has previously been stated shows Tolstoi in remarkable unity with the Christianity of such a book as Barclay's "Apology." In practice, however, his doctrines of the dignity of manual labour, and his evident desire to maintain the old Russian agricultural communism, threatened with destruction by the invasion of the European commercial system, put him more in harmony with Russian socialism.

And then he carries the war into the camp of his opponents by attempting to prove in various ways that it is the general disobedience to Christ's teaching which is rendering any proper life within the limits of Christendom impracticable. For, according to Tolstoi, the conditions of earthly happiness are—1. A life which does not break the link between man and nature, a life in the light of the sun. 2. A life of labour freely chosen and liked. 3. A life surrounded by a family. 4. Free and loving intercourse with all the various classes of mankind. 5, Health and a natural and painless death. And these conditions are becoming more and more impracticable through disobedience to the laws of Christ. In this century alone, he says, 30,000,000 of men have died by war.

He describes a market-place in Moscow; it is a type of what is going on in every great city in Europe. Thousands of people, jostling each other, abusing, cheating, hating each other, passing the evening at public-houses and places of entertainment, the night in their corners and kennels. And barely one out of a thousand has earned what the world considers necessary, and "no sooner has he won it than he is called upon to obtain more and still more; and so on and ever on without end progresses that Sisyphus-like labour which is ruining the lives of men."

Christ teaches men that they need not act thus foolishly. But they believe the world's teaching, and excusing themselves by saying that Christ's teaching would bring them into collision with all the institutions of the world, they never even try to fulfil it. Thus, he affirms, the teaching of the Church has made Christ's way not a doctrine of life to us, but a bugbear.

Such is Tolstoi's reading of the Gospels, a striking sign of the times, and especially so when taken in connection with the very extraordinary evangelical movement which is proceeding spontaneously among the Russian peasantry, and is already believed to number a million followers. Tolstoi has thrown in his lot with the people, and will in future write for them, and not for that society to whom his former novels were dedicated. "The millions of Russians who can read," he says, "stand before us with open mouths and cry: You gentlemen that know how to write throw us a little intellectual nourishment worthy of yourself and of us: write for us, we are thirsting for a living word written in good Russian, free from all your stories about lords and ladies and such like gilt gingerbread." And this cry he has begun to answer in several short stories: "Where does Evil come from?" "The Weaver," "The Two Old Men," "What makes Men Live," "A True Story," "The Mujik Parkhom," "A Fire which burns never goes out;"—some being illustrations of passages from the Gospels. He has also written in recent times, "Ivan the Simple," "The Power of Darkness," a dramatic poem; and "The Death of Ivan Iliitch."

This last is a masterpiece, equal to anything Tolstoi has yet written. It is a narrative of the

death-bed repentance of a highly respectable legal functionary, a man who has made a good position in the world by walking diligently and discreetly on the world's highway. Ivan Iliitch knows that he must die, Conscience awakes. "How is this?" he says. "I have always done my duty." But the inner voice repeats the very words which the crier used in announcing the judge's arrival in the Court. "Judgment comes! Judgment comes! Yes," repeated the voice, "it comes—this judgment! Look, for it is already at hand—Judgment! But I am not culpable," he said, angrily; "how could I be? Then why such horror?" Ivan Iliitch thought over the legality, the perfect propriety of his life. "It would be explicable had I not lived as I ought, but that it is impossible to admit."

One night he wakes up suddenly, and the thought occurs, "But what will happen if in reality my life has not been what it ought to have been? Supposing the hypothesis I have so long resisted proves after all the truth, supposing what I have counted the folly of struggling against everything society holds to be good turns out after all to be the only way that is true and real, and the one I have pursued mere vanity. Supposing all my career, all my arrangements to promote my social and professional interests prove to have been founded on nothing." He tried to defend his old principles, but his arguments appeared weak and futile. Then said he, "I quit life conscious of having hopelessly lost all that has been given. What *is* to be done?"

In the morning his wife, irreproachable before the world for which she lived, arrives at the bedside of the tiresome invalid. She advises "extreme unction." It is administered, but so far from feeling better he begins to groan terribly, and continues to do so for three days and three nights.

At the end of the third day his little son, whose blue, anxious eyes were the only eyes in the family that seemed to pity him, this little college-boy stole into his room and drew near the bed. His



IN THE FIELD.

father was crying and throwing his arms about. His hand came in contact with the head of his son. The boy caught hold of it and kissed it.

It was exactly at that moment that Ivan Iliitch dreaming that he was precipitated into a dark hole, saw that something lit up the bottom. Suddenly he comprehended that his life had not been what it ought, but that the possibility of its redemption was not passed, and that it had in fact commenced at the very moment he had cried "What is to be done?" And it was just as this thought flew through his mind that he felt the kiss on his hand. He opened his eyes, and seeing his son he had pity on him. His wife came, tears trickling down her cheeks. He had pity on her. He tried to speak, but could not. With a look he pointed out his son to his wife. "Amen. I have pity. . . . and on thee also. . . ."

He would have added, "Prosti! pardon," but he said "Pro posti! let it pass;" and having no more strength he dropped his hand, sure that he was comprehended.

He was no more afraid of death, for death for him was ended, and in its place there was light.

"Ah! look there," said he, in a loud voice; "what joy!" All this passed in a moment, but it was the decisive moment.

His agony continued for two hours. Then he heard some one whisper above his head, "It is all over." "All over," he said to himself. "There is no more death." He made a movement of aspiration, but did not finish, became rigid, and died.

Does Tolstoi himself carry out what he teaches? The sketches of the Russian painter Répine, which are here reproduced, show us some of the occupations of Count Tolstoi in that life of labour, which he considers the only true one. We see him engaged in agricultural labour, harrowing and mowing, but we do not see him at his indoor occupation of making boots, or mending the huts of peasant women who are widows.

A friend of the writer, as much in earnest as Tolstoi himself, and as deeply interested in religion, but who imagined it could be reconstructed on purely scientific grounds, being in his native country after years of absence in the United States, made a pilgrimage to Yasnaya Polyana. He found Tolstoi living in a room at the top of his former palace, the rest of the apartments being occupied by several peasant families. His visitor, who perhaps went beyond him in the doctrine and practice of voluntary poverty, was received in apostolic fashion. Tolstoi acted as his servant, washing him, and attending to all his wants himself. Long and earnest were the conversations of these two men, both of whom had, for the sake of leading what they thought a right life, quitted the higher ranks of Russian society and made themselves one with the poorest. Tolstoi's visitor lithographed his recollections of their conversations, which were privately distributed in Russia, being eagerly sought after and read.

The most careful study of the writings of Count Tolstoi can only be an account of Tolstoi as far as these writings reveal him. This sketch confines itself to what may be gathered on that field, and cannot therefore be regarded as a complete account of his views on Religion, now the subject which supremely occupies his thoughts. On this important point the writer has felt unable to avail himself of the statements of recent visitors to Yasnaya Polyana. Thus, a Positivist has said that in his opinion Tolstoi was not a Christian at all but only a philosopher. A French writer has even asserted that Tolstoi did not believe in the immortality of the soul. But the most recent of his visitors assures us that this is now one of his most cherished beliefs. It is therefore obviously dangerous to draw any positive conclusions except from Tolstoi's published writings. Taken in connection with the present condition of Europe, and above all of Russia, it is impossible to pass by such an important experience and the many hopes it raises. Certain it is that Tolstoi raises questions upon which the future of religion and the form of the new society depend, and which can only be effectually answered with an earnestness, a simplicity, and a sincerity equal to his own.[1]

RICHARD HEATH.

[1] This paper is published as dealing with a matter of European interest. With a life and experience so peculiar, and a nature so intense as that of Count Tolstoi, there cannot fail to be much in a narrative setting forth the great motive thoughts of his life which must excite question and even opposition. But no true impression could be given of the man without stating as conscientiously as possible his peculiar ideas. So far as they are erroneous, or represent rather the struggle of a soul after truth than its complete attainment, our readers will be better placed on their guard by an account which gives such views their due import in Tolstoi's system than by any other less candid method of treating the subject. It is a matter of no small moment that the actual factors of Russian life should be understood. The interest that Count Tolstoi has awakened both in Europe and America is evidence that he himself represents one of those currents of thought on which he has laid stress in his teaching.—Ed. L. H.

THE DIARY OF A SELFISH MAN.

Extract from the Diary of Walter Maldon, M.D.

October 16th.—Had quite an angry discussion with Jack Hedginton this evening. He was holding forth about unselfishness in the most absurd manner, and was shocked at my opinion that selfishness was needful for success—that selfish people get on best in the world. Hedginton, with that way of his that makes me think he missed his vocation and ought to have been a clergyman, insisted that there is something better than getting on in the world, and that selfish people are not happy. I assured him I am an essentially selfish person, and am as happy as a man can be in this world of indigestion and worries. He begged to differ. Bah! he's such a good little fellow that he thinks every one else good, too. I am accustomed to analyse my motives, and know I *am* selfish—very. Well, what of that? I am glad of it; I shall have a better chance of success. That reminds me!

Watts told me to-day of a vacancy in the W. Hospital, and advised me to apply for it. With my talents and influence, he assured me it was a certain thing, and it is not honorary. I shall try. I own I am ambitious, and though the money is not all the world, still the appointment is good, and this may lead to something better.

Fortunately I have not, like Hedginton, encumbrances in the form of a wife and two infants. That's another mark of selfishness in me; my bachelor instincts arise entirely from that. I must say I like my comforts, and a woman would have to be a good deal above the common run for me to take a chance in the lottery. Let me see! Intellectual, but not blue; beautiful; a good figure; no scandal-mongering propensities. Money? Yes, that's a desideratum (the fault of the age); not more than I have. I couldn't be dependent on a woman—proud, unselfish (else I can't indulge *my* hobby), social, but not a society woman! Well, I've only seen one woman at all like that, and she turned up her nose at me. I beg her pardon; she did *not* turn up her nose—that's not her style. She begged to state she thought we should not conduce to each other's happiness; shocked by my sentiments, I suppose. What twaddle I am writing! Well, better confide in your diary than your friends. Good night, diary. Now for a fresh pipe, a chapter of Darwin, and that haven of rest—bed!

October 17th.—Saw Watts to-day about the appointment, and have determined to go in for it. Have applied. Hear that several candidates have sent in their names. Competition nowadays is frightful. However, Watts, who ought to know, thinks none of them have a chance against me. There's a spice of excitement in this sort of thing after all, and I don't intend to be beaten. That prig Hodgers has put up, and I hope I shall get it, just to spite him. Can't bear that fellow; he is a quack.

Jack Hedginton, Charing Cross, to Mrs. Jack, at Gunnersbury.

"My darling Bell,—Don't expect me back to-night, as I am going to sleep at Hodgers'. I am in a state of great excitement, having just heard that there is a vacancy in the W. Hospital. Hodgers is trying, but I think my chance equal to his. The appointment would be a splendid thing, and we should be quite—well—quite prosperous, my dear. As to-morrow is Saturday I shall send a note to Maldon, and see if he will dine with us and talk it over. He is a rattling good fellow, and you will like him better when you understand him as well as I do. Love to the chicks, etc., etc.

"P.S.—You might ask that pretty Miss Robertson to dinner on Saturday. She would make it livelier."

Extract from the Diary of Walter Maldon, M.D.

Just come back from Gunnersbury, where I dined with Hedginton. Have sustained two severe shocks there. First, learned from H., who is in a very excited state about it, that he is trying for the appointment. He didn't seem to have the remotest idea that I was trying, too. I didn't wish to check his ardour by telling him of it, he's so sanguine; at the same time, I don't think I ought to let him cherish too great hopes, for I don't believe he has a chance against me. That's a charming little wife of his, wants knowing, as most people with anything in them do. I wish they were better off. The people who would know how to use money are the very ones who never have any.

Shock second! Who should come to dinner but a lady I used to know. Had to take her in and talk to her, which was awkward, but I did my best. She looked very sad and ill I thought, but prouder than ever. Mentioning to Mrs. H. after dinner that I had met her before and was shocked at the change, the little woman said she believed she had lost her money and would have to earn her own living. The idea of *her* having to work, companion to a snappy old lady or some such thing. Well, then some swell visiting at the house would be sure to fall in love with her and marry her, à la three volume novel. Worse and worse. If I were a man given to confidences I should confide in that dear little Mrs. H. What is there to confide? How I drivel!

Found a letter here on my return from Sir Philip Brereton, promising to use his influence for me. That is worth something.

Nov. 1st.—Hedginton just been here, evidently

very well satisfied as to his chances of getting the appointment. Poor little H.! Brought me a note from that charming wife of his, asking me to dine there at Christmas; she wrote early, she said, because she knew I always had so many engagements. I ought to go to my uncle's, but I think I shall accept her invitation and dine with Uncle Jacob on New Year's Day. That's not selfish, surely! I should be much more comfortable at Uncle's. I believe Hedginton is pecuniarily embarrassed. Everyone appears to be pecuniarily embarrassed. Thankful I'm not.

Nov. 2nd.—Had a sleepless night, bothered about the appointment. What a nuisance one's friends are to one! Couldn't get H. and his pecuniary embarrassments out of my head. At last I came to the most absurd resolution merely to get an hour's sleep. I shall abandon my share in the proceedings and use my influence for H. My reasons for doing so are good, and arise from purely selfish motives.

First: I can't go to his house in comfort if I cut him out, and I particularly want to go to his house.

Second: Hodgers will be more enraged at being beaten by Hedginton than by me, and Hedginton shall beat him. Yes, that's my great reason. It will enrage Hodgers. I can't bear that man.

Letter from Jack Hedginton, Gunnersbury, to Mrs. Jack (at Brighton for a day or two).

"My darling Bell,—News! Maldon is a brick, and I the happiest of men. Listen! I went to the W. Hospital this morning and found Mr. Watts in a terrific rage about something. When I asked what was the cause, he told me that the very man he most wanted to get the appointment, and the man with the most chance and the best capacity, had for some unaccountable reason withdrawn. Then I found out it was actually Maldon, who had never even hinted at such a thing as trying. Watts says, however, he was most anxious for the post a week ago.

"I went round as soon as I could to M's. He was out. His littie 'buttons,' who was in, and whom I sounded, beguiled the time by telling me of all the wonderful things his master was always doing. How he had rescued him (Buttons) from the workhouse, and took him into his service, because he had no relations, to be fed at Maldon's expense. 'That's wot he said, sir,' says Buttons, grinning, 'but I knows better. Why, he's allurs a-feedin' some one at 'is expense, 'e is!'

"When Maldon came in I let him know I had heard about his proceedings at the hospital. In his anger he let out he had done it for my sake; then he pretended he didn't want it, and made all sorts of absurd reasons for withdrawing. I wonder I didn't know he was trying for it sooner. I said I would give up all idea of it rather than this should happen. We had quite a row. Of course he conquered, and is now using his influence for me. He is a man in a hundred. If, as you think, there is anything between him and Miss Robertson, let her know of this, etc., etc."

Extract from the Diary of Walter Maldon, M.D.

Dec. 25th. — Heard yesterday that Hedginton had got the appointment. He keeps insisting that it is my doing, and worries me with thanks. I made him promise not to allude to it when I was down at Gunnersbury. But when I arrived here last night Mrs. H. began about it. You might have thought I'd saved their lives. I hope now they will have a new dining-room carpet; the present one can never have been new.

This morning, before church, Mrs. Hedginton had a little private talk with me. She is wonderfully clever, that woman; seems to know things by instinct. I'm sure *my* manner could never have shown anything.

Saw Miss Robertson in church. She looked very sweet. I watched her a good deal. The sermon was not good; I forget what it was about.

12 *p.m.*—Miss Robertson came to dinner, and we were very comfortable, though she and I talked even less than last time.

It must have been Mrs. Hedginton's remarks that upset me. H. put me in a great rage by breaking his promise and alluding to that appointment. Miss Robertson appears to have known of it too. How people talk! H. has such a way of putting things! I declare you might have thought I had given up the throne of England; and what he wanted to drink my health for, and to bring in all that about Christmas-time and goodwill towards men for, I can't think. He made me feel quite lumpy, and there were tears in *her* eyes. What right had he to bring them, I should like to know?

In the drawing-room H. was suddenly called away; some one eaten too much pudding, I suppose. Mrs. H. heard the baby cry. I have good ears, but *I* didn't hear the baby cry. Miss Robertson and I left alone.

What does she do but begin to apologise for having had wrong thoughts of me! These women have such consciences! They tell a lie like truth, and when they draw right conclusions they harrow their hearts up.

What could I do? With my usual selfishness I took advantage of her error by telling her there was only one way she could atone for it.

She has consented, my darling, and I am the happiest man in the world.

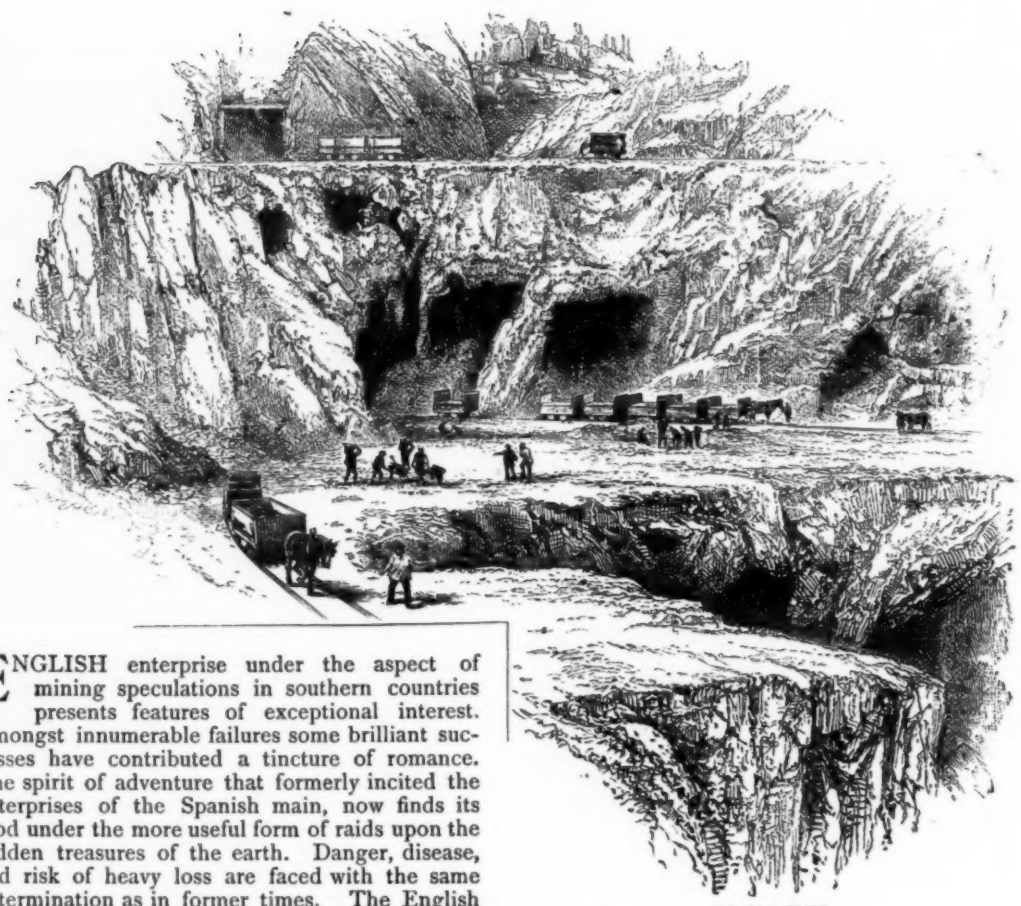
I can't reward the dyspeptic patient, but I shall keep my eye on that baby of H.'s, which I am persuaded did *not* cry.

IDA J. LEMON.

MINES AND MINERS,

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A MINING ENGINEER.

III.



AT RIO TINTO

ENGLISH enterprise under the aspect of mining speculations in southern countries presents features of exceptional interest. Amongst innumerable failures some brilliant successes have contributed a tincture of romance. The spirit of adventure that formerly incited the enterprises of the Spanish main, now finds its food under the more useful form of raids upon the hidden treasures of the earth. Danger, disease, and risk of heavy loss are faced with the same determination as in former times. The English name is rendered familiar, the English qualities are made known, and the benefits of abundant work and steady remuneration are conferred upon the barren regions where metals chiefly abound.

Publicity and competition will doubtless mitigate in time the more glaring abuses that have hitherto disgraced the annals of English mining. Apart from those abuses, there are certainly few more honourable and useful fields of work. Nor is there any reason why the shareholders in a mining enterprise should not insist upon honesty and openness in the management of their business. An unfortunate habit of regarding mining property as the private domain of mine directors is the source of nearly all the harm. In time the necessary rules and usages adopted in most civilised countries will be followed in England. The necessity for reform is pressing, unless Germany is to supersede us in mining matters. Meanwhile, in spite of all deficiencies, English capital and prestige has still maintained its place. The scale on which some foreign mines are worked by Englishmen is peculiarly imposing. The concise description of a typical specimen will be of general interest.

Starting from some English seaport where a healthy atmosphere redeems the surroundings of grimy smoke, dark skies, and hideous structures, you reach a seeming paradise, whose brilliant landscape and romantic architecture conceals foul life and deadly fever. Upon the soft and languid scene some features of the rough activity you have left behind have already set their mark. The slender pillars of an iron pier divide the waters of the tropical lagoon, the smoke of black Newcastle steamers mingles with the roseate vapours of the southern sky, engines pant upon the quays, cranes rattle on the landing-stages, and

a grand hotel distributes the benefits of electric lighting, French cookery, and northern comfort. The neighbouring mines have transformed the sleepy southern town that once seemed forgotten and falling wholly to decay. Brass plates of city patterns painfully contrast with the almost Moorish houses. Shops, furnished with English groceries, quack medicines, and gin, tell the familiar tale. The boatmen swear in English.

Amongst the usual signs of an English colony there is one striking and peculiar feature. The pier, the railway, and the vast workshops of the mining company are guarded by sentries in a peculiar uniform, whose rifles, belts, and corded bandit hats are unlike those of any recognised European Power. These are the private guards of the mining company, the armed police who keep order among the many thousand hands employed. Along some fifty miles of railway, beside the innumerable shafts, furnaces, and engine-sheds among the mountains, and on the lonely roads where the officers of the company ride their rounds, these private troops are a characteristic and time-honoured feature of the country. On a smaller scale and in remoter districts the institution is both customary and amusing.

In one mine I at one time employed a corps of two. One was a sturdy miner armed with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, the other was the justice of the peace of the district, armed with an ancient blunderbuss that was a legacy from the Carlist wars. War very nearly broke out with the younger inhabitants of a neighbouring village, whose curiosity had rendered them meddlesome. I had some difficulty in persuading the corps to load with salt in place of bullets, in view of an expected night attack on the mining stores. Some Government surveyors, with their assistants, shortly afterwards excited the animosity of the same community, and had to retire in disorder after a combat in which revolvers were freely used on one side and more ancient firearms on the other. In my case, the local justice, the village priest, and the mining interests of the neighbourhood averted all serious misunderstanding. The priest's sister sorted ore at the mine, and maintained order amongst the other girls. The son of the justice was in training as a miner.

Things go smoothly in Northern Spain if managed in a rational manner, but in the southern regions of the great mines here in question the guards are a serious necessity amidst the constant stabbings and disturbances produced by fiery temperaments and potato-spirit.

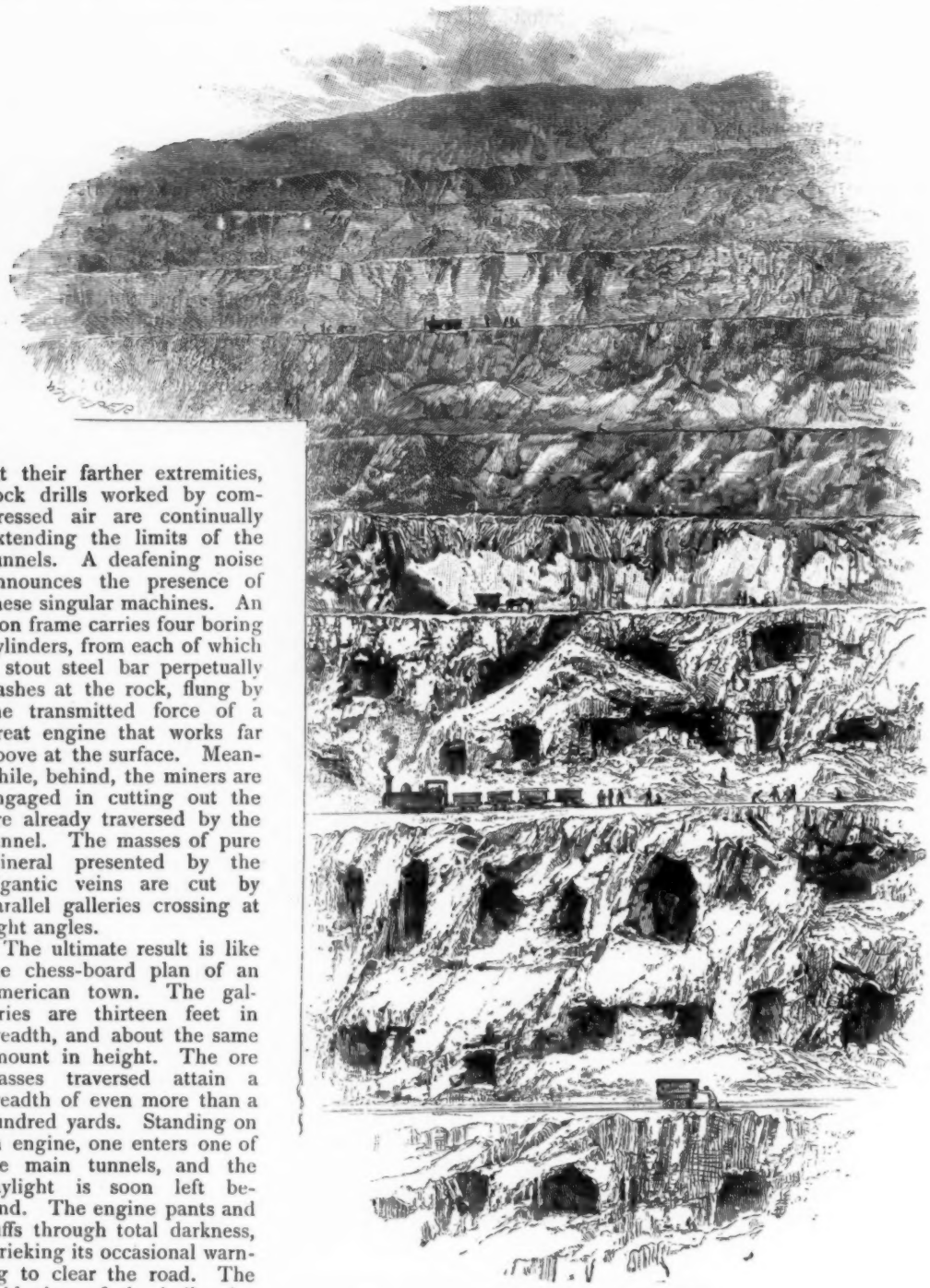
The trains that convey the mineral to the pier and return with stores and provisions to the mines, are fitted with comfortable first and second-class carriages when required. The line crosses extensive marshes and enters a long mountain gorge. Through numerous tunnels and precipitous cuttings the train follows the windings of a river which is of the colour of blood. The singular colouring of its waters, and their tinted shores, is derived from the waste products of chemical processes by which copper is extracted at the mines. As you approach the works every blade of grass disappears from the mountains, and a bare and ghastly landscape replaces the varied beauty of the southern clime. But soon new tints replace the colouring of nature, and novel forms are substituted for the familiar outlines of natural scenery. The train emerges from the gorge, and plunges suddenly into a vast mountain amphitheatre that is like nothing but the visions of Dante or the landscapes of the "Paradise Lost," unless, perhaps, in telescopic revelation of the moon one may detect analogies not altogether forced. A stupendous cloud of white volcanic smoke hangs overhead, fed by the white jets that rise from innumerable cones of burning ore. Across a chaos of chimneys, furnaces, and lagoons, the spires and windows of a high-perched town loom dimly in one corner of the enormous basin. In all directions, high on the slopes of the mountains or deep in the lowest excavations, countless locomotives course through the wreaths of blinding smoke, signalling their presence with hideous howls and shrieks that are carefully cultivated to the highest pitch of effect.

When you have time to realise the separate elements of the landscape, there is no difficulty in understanding the unequalled effect of the whole. From long anterior to the Christian era, the place has been the scene of human labour on the largest scale. The accumulated slags of ancient furnaces form literally ranges of mountains, whose black flanks of clinking scoria present imposing buttresses of unnatural outline. The excavation of vast bodies of superficial mineral has utterly transformed all natural features of the surface. The smoke of incessant calcination has destroyed all traces of vegetation, and bared to the torrential rains the last remains of natural soil. The streams are no longer fed with water, but with poisonous chemical solutions of a vivid green, deep blue, or fiery red, that course in brilliant rivulets, sparkle in foaming cascades, or fill deep basins with their opaque expanse. Still brighter rivulets of burning slag pour down the hills from furnaces that glow at night with a volcanic splendour, and that by day are shrouded in the drifting smoke. A vegetation of peculiar character replaces that which has been destroyed. The combination of iron, copper, arsenic, antimony, and other metals, that arise from the calcination and decomposition of the ores, have encrusted with their brilliant efflorescence the slags and refuse that form the soil. Every tint of green, blue, red, yellow, brown, and white diversifies the surface. Even the most elevated pinnacles of the mountains are alternately of a fiery red, or of a ghastly whiteness. Black iron pipes wind like enormous snakes across the vast expanse, and lose themselves within the gorges of the mountains. Over all are scattered groups of labourers in picturesque and strange costume. Guards in quaint uniform stand on mountain pinnacles or saunter by the burning streams. The combination of brilliant sunlight, lofty mountains, picturesque circumstances, and engineering appliances, seen through the drifts of sulphur smoke, is such as can only be witnessed at the mouth of these great southern mines.

The train that brings you from the distant seaport can bear you on for miles into the deepest

recesses of the mines. Great railway tunnels form the main arteries of the subterranean workings. At their farther extremities, rock drills worked by compressed air are continually extending the limits of the tunnels. A deafening noise announces the presence of these singular machines. An iron frame carries four boring cylinders, from each of which a stout steel bar perpetually dashes at the rock, flung by the transmitted force of a great engine that works far above at the surface. Meanwhile, behind, the miners are engaged in cutting out the ore already traversed by the tunnel. The masses of pure mineral presented by the gigantic veins are cut by parallel galleries crossing at right angles.

The ultimate result is like the chess-board plan of an American town. The galleries are thirteen feet in breadth, and about the same amount in height. The ore masses traversed attain a breadth of even more than a hundred yards. Standing on an engine, one enters one of the main tunnels, and the daylight is soon left behind. The engine pants and puffs through total darkness, shrieking its occasional warning to clear the road. The lurid glow of the boiler fire casts flickering gleams on walls and roof of rough and dripping rock. After a seemingly interminable transit, the engine shrieks more wildly than before, and dashes into the busy labyrinth of the workings. To right and left the countless galleries open their dim vistas like endless streets of a subterranean town. Innumerable lights hang aloft like stars upon the faces of dark ore, or circulate in the



MINING TERRACES AT RIO TINTO.

hands of passing foremen and trammers. Great iron waggons, with suspended lamps, pass rapidly along the network of rails. A dim atmosphere of smoke and dust envelopes the scene, and exaggerates the dimensions of its lofty and far-extending recesses. Through smoke and dust and fumes there echoes from every side the incessant clang of iron mallets upon boring bars, and the half-naked forms of the miners are twisted in the strained contortions of their Cyclops' task. At intervals a pause ensues, the lamps disperse on every side, and long-drawn lugubrious cries of warning resound throughout the labyrinth. A few moments of absolute silence follow. Then the blasts thunder in rapid succession, the walls shake with repeated reverberations, and a storm of conflicting echoes dies gradually away amongst the remoter recesses in the distance.

A series of similar floors extend overhead. Their presence is announced by the hollow rolling thunders that proceed from them at the hours of blasting. You enter them by numerous shafts, either climbing from the level of the engine tunnels, or descending from the surface. The district is honeycombed for miles by these successive tiers of workings. As the ore is removed the vast weight of superincumbent rock remains supported by a forest of mineral pillars, whose rapid decomposition produces an intolerable temperature wherever the ventilation is deficient. In time this decomposition weakens the pillars, and formidable catastrophes ensue.

The older portion of the mine became in this manner so dangerous that the only possible mode of working was to remove the superincumbent rock and cut out the whole as an enormous quarry. This stupendous excavation, cut in the flanks of a mountain, extends to a depth of three hundred feet, with an enormous breadth, and a length approaching a quarter of a mile.

Numerous benches are cut in its sides, each bearing rails on which the engines circulate to remove long trains of mineral. The precipitous slopes are literally honeycombed with the mouths of mining galleries; the whole mountain appears to stand on a mere crust of rotten pillars. Stalactites of copper and iron vitriol festoon the decaying ores, great stains of blue and green spread from the vitriolic droppings, and chaotic portions of the mass show where tremendous falls have resulted from the decay of the pillars.

Over the flat floor of the excavations, and along the rising tiers of benches, some thousand labourers swarm like bees, incessantly breaking, dressing, and loading the mineral; while, on the intervening tiers of precipices, miners slung by ropes bore the great blasts that shatter the decaying mass.

When the shots are prepared a horn sounds from the guard-house. The workers take refuge in the mouths of the tunnels and galleries. The fuses are simultaneously lighted over the whole expanse. After a few minutes' interval a spectacle like a bombardment is presented. In all directions the blasts explode. Across the entire expanse, or high in the overhanging smoke, stones are hurled with the sound of artillery. With a deeper and more hollow explosion vast masses are more gradually dislodged. These slide upon the rugged slopes, break and disperse upon the benches, or thunder down to the deep final floor. One wonders that the whole riddled mass of the decayed and crumbling mountain does not crash down in sudden ruin through the reverberations that are thus daily repeated.

At night the aspect of the works is not less imposing than by day. In the great open quarry innumerable lights move to and fro. A dim atmosphere of smoke and steam exaggerates its vast dimensions. On the successive benches that lie tier below tier like the circles of Dante, the red glare of many a panting engine moves slowly on or dashes swiftly past. The ghastly precipices of the mountain rise high above, crowning with their fantastic pinnacles the rim of the gigantic pit. The clang of hammers, the shouts of men, the shrieks of engines, the crash of falling blocks, rise into the night, while immediately around you, beyond the edge of the gulf, all is silent and asleep. But from other points of view another singular spectacle may be witnessed. Over the immense calcination ground countless blue and flickering flames play over the surface of the burning mounds of ore. They are precisely similar to the flames that characterise the *solfataras* of volcanic districts. Above them, on the mountain sides, the glare of furnaces lights the sky, and torrents of glowing slag pour down the slopes like lava streams. Around, among the silent hills, scores of shafts are guarded by solitary sentinels; but in the depths beneath them some thousand miners are actively at work, and the thunder of machines and dynamite proceeds as by day.

The workers in these southern mines are drawn from every province of both Spain and Portugal. Cool, wiry Basques, and stout Galicians mingle with slim Andalusians and small, active Portuguese. They are an orderly, reasonable, and singularly docile population. Compared to French, Belgian, or English miners, they are singularly easy to be dealt with. In tricks of craft and means of shirking work they are by no means skilful. With intelligent treatment as good work can be obtained from them as from any miners in Europe, and they are free from all obstinate stupidity. What they do not know they readily learn; and they exhibit no stupid envy of foreigners, no fanatical bigotry, and no opposition to innovations.

An English company employing large numbers of such people might easily do much to raise their moral and intellectual condition. Beyond fulfilling the ordinary obligations enforced by law, my experience has been that such companies do simply nothing. No attempt, within my knowledge, has been made to provide rational amusement, means of instruction, or any influence for good. French, Belgian, and German companies attempt to train, elevate, and attach their workmen, and to identify their interests with those of their employers. English companies will spend many times the necessary amount in building preposterous Hampstead villas for their staff, and hesitate to spend a few pounds in providing their workmen

with the most embryonic library. An exceptional mine director may provide schools for children, and earn much ridicule thereby; but for any decently adequate effort to improve the condition of the men employed in English mines abroad one may look in vain. The reasons are very simple consequences of the whole state of mining speculation in England, and cannot here be discussed in any sufficient detail.

A simpler question is that concerning the manner in which the numerous population attached to a great isolated mine are fed. The company holds in its hands the means of communication. The neighbourhood is utterly barren. A population of many thousands is dependent upon the company's railway for its food. In these circumstances a monopoly necessarily exists. The number of empty trucks available for transporting food cannot be foreseen, and the subordinate officers on the railway can therefore accept or refuse the parcels presented according to the hints or influences which they receive. Either, therefore, the company retains a monopoly in its own hands, or that monopoly is disposed of to certain favoured persons. In the first place, good provisions can be supplied at cost price, and the consequent price of labour is maintained at a minimum. In the second case, bad provisions are supplied at an enormous profit by private monopolists, whose profits are met by steady increase in the price of labour, and are thus taken from the pockets of the shareholders of the mine. In the first case no illegitimate profits can be made except by detectable and dangerous fraud; in the second case large fortunes may be realised with impunity, at the cost, in all probability, of rendering work unprofitable at the mine.

There is no more lucrative trade than that of supplying potato-spirit to large bodies of southern workmen. One means of checking it is successfully practised: the company keeps a store, and supplies it with good provisions at cost price. The men, being paid monthly, are allowed to draw provisions in advance to the extent of, say, three-fourths of their pay. Their families are thus fed, they live in comfort, they have little cash for the grog-shops, and on the pay-day they have little to receive when fines are met and all deductions paid. They are preserved, moreover, from the friends and relations of contractors, who practise a truck system at mining centres which beats all such impositions on a larger scale. Miners, like sailors, peculiarly deserve all efforts short of compulsion to rescue them from the temptations of their most peculiar lot. In no other craft will such reasonable care for the labourers' welfare be more certainly rewarded in actual cash. Probably not an hour passes in any important mine in which money is not either saved or lost to the proprietors, according as the miners are well or ill disposed towards them. However elaborate may be the system of supervision, this will still be true. Certainly, many mines have owed their ruin to the simple fact that ignorant persons placed in charge have regarded foreign miners as mere beasts of burden, or have never cared to acquire a knowledge of the peculiarities that distinguish them from English workmen.

The food of these southern miners is peculiarly simple. A slice of melon, an orange, or an onion, forms, with bread, the midday meal; at night, a stew of vegetables and bacon, or rice and fish, supplies, with a small allowance of wine, the customary repast. On pay-days, if much actual cash is received, there will be dancing, singing, and music, frequently accompanied by a bull-fight. On such occasions, if potato-spirit is at hand, the sensitive southern temperaments are simply maddened by its poisonous qualities. Quarrels easily occur, and frequently end in stabbing, which is encouraged by the peculiar leniency of the law. Attacks on the officers of an English mine are, however, of very rare occurrence. The men complain of the high price of provisions, but find compensation in the high rate of wages, and in the heavy gains which result from the loose supervision and mismanagement that very commonly prevail. A momentary outburst of passion may produce a murderous assault, but systematic vindictiveness or planned attack are singularly rare.

OUR ENGLISH ORCHIDS.

OF late years orchids, especially foreign ones, have attracted a great deal of attention. So various and brilliant are their colours, their forms so changing and fantastic, and their scent often so ravishing, that they have quickly become favourites. The demand for rare specimens is now so loud that immense prices are often asked and given for them. Florists have received and executed orders to supply a thousand at a time of these flowers at a guinea each. It is fair to say, however, that in one such case at least payment was refused, and an action brought to recover the amount. These plants have not yet become emblematic with us as they have in China, where there is a "Society of the Golden Orchid."

Although it is known by most that this country has orchids of its own, yet their number and the generality of their distribution are not always realised. Since they do not grow by the road-side, and many of them are difficult to find, they remain for the most part unknown. Two or three, such as the Early Purple, and the Green-winged Meadow Orchid, are too common to be entirely overlooked. In some places they are sold in the streets with bunches of bluebells as soon as the Fritillaries have ceased flowering. The former is said to grow in "copses and pastures," but I have invariably found it in hazel woods among bluebells. Its leaves are covered with dark purple spots, similar to those on the leaves of the Arum. The legend is that these plants grew on Calvary near the cross, and that the sacred drops of blood which fell upon them have so marked them for ever. The leaves, however, are often found without these dark patches, and their presence seems to depend upon local conditions. Their origin or use is at present a mystery.

The Early Purple, like many other flowers, has different names in different parts of the country. In Sussex it is called "Ram's Horns," and in South Devon it is the "Cuckoo Flower," probably from the time of flowering.

Early Purples are by Shakespeare called "Long Purples" or "Dead Men's Fingers," and the latter name still survives in some places. In Germany it is one of the magic plants, which are believed to grow thickest over hidden ores, and so to act as a guide to the miner. It is a native not only of Germany but is found all over Europe, and also in the north of Africa and in Western Siberia. As in the case of most orchids, its root consists of two tubers, one of which is the old one by which it lives this year, the other, a new one, sprung from the first, which will send up a new plant next year. This new tuber forms at the side of the old one, so that the position of the plant is continually changing. It is said that a group of orchids will, year by year, move slowly down a steep hill-side simply by means of this arrangement. The tubers of the Early Purple contain a starchy substance from which, in Persia and Turkey, Saloop, or Salep, is made. This drink was at one time very popular in England, and was prepared as follows: The tubers of the Early Purple or of the Green-winged Meadow orchids were dug up at the end of summer when the seed was fully formed, and were baked until they had acquired a horny consistency. The outer skin was then broken off, and the residue boiled in water as long as required to make a beverage of the proper strength. The tubers when powdered are among the many substances a moderate proportion of which is said to be a useful and economical addition in making bread. The amount of nourishment contained in them appears to be considerable, since there are cases on record in which an ounce a day has been sufficient to support a man for nearly a week. Before the Early Purples have disappeared from the copses, the short leafy spikes of the Green-winged Orchis may be found in the meadows. It is a much smaller plant, and is easily distinguished, even by beginners, from the fact that its two wings are delicately striped with green lines. Its colour varies from almost white to the darkest purple. Although south of Northumberland it is very generally distributed, yet country people for the most part have no common name for it. In Yorkshire, however, it is sometimes called "Crake-feet," and in Kent "Keat-legs," or "Neat-legs." The last is, of course, from the Anglo-Saxon word for cattle which still remains in our "neat-herd."

Single spikes of its flowers have a faint, pleasant smell, which sometimes is scarcely perceptible; but the odour of a large bunch is sickening. Most of our orchids are capricious as far as their scent is concerned. Often they seem to have none at all; sometimes it is pleasant and at others unbearable. The most strongly scented of all is the bright rose-red Fragrant Orchis, which smells like carnations. I have noticed the Early Purples which smell but slightly in the daytime, are quite offensive at night; whereas, the Butterfly Orchis must be smelled late in the evening before any idea is obtained of its delightful scent. In the daytime it is so faint that after a few seconds it becomes imperceptible, although it may be noticed when tried afresh.

Nor is the reason why these flowers give out a strong scent at night far to seek. They can only produce good healthy seeds when the pollen from one flower is carried to the stigma of another flower of the same kind. How this transference is managed may be easily seen by pushing the point of a pencil into the flower of almost any of our common orchids. When the pencil is withdrawn it will bring with it two little gelatinous bags of pollen which have become firmly attached to it. These bags are at the end of short stems which at first stand upright, but in a few minutes slowly bend over toward the point of the pencil. If the pencil be now reintroduced into a flower it will be found that the bags of pollen

have taken up such a position that they come into contact with the gummy surface of the stigma, on the surface of which a certain amount of pollen remains when the pencil is again withdrawn.

If in the place of a pencil the head of a bee or the trunk of a moth be pushed into the flower precisely the same thing would occur; and the insect would pass on with its burden of pollen to another flower. Now Mr. Darwin has seen moths with as many as a dozen pairs of these pollen-bags attached to their trunks, and it seems probable that these insects do the work of carriers for most orchids. But moths fly chiefly at night, and then generally on the borders of dark woods. Under these circumstances, if they are to find the flowers which they are destined to help, they need some such guide as is furnished by their scent. In the daytime the colour of the flowers is amply sufficient to attract any insect capable of being useful to the plant. The Butterfly Orchids, of which there are two, one rather less than the other, grow generally in thick damp woods, where there are but few day-flying insects to attract. Accordingly, their colour is greenish white and their appearance by no means striking. They seem to be entirely dependent upon moths for the transference of their pollen, and, as was mentioned above, give out their scent chiefly at night.

In spite of their smell and their long honey spurs, they are not very often seen except by the botanist who searches for them. I hunted for this flower for a long time unsuccessfully in the neighbourhood of Bath; but at last I found a dozen specimens in one corner of a thick wood. Although I looked carefuliy over the rest of the ground several times, yet only in that particular corner were the white spikes to be seen. In other localities the search has been more successful. In the south of Somersetshire, just where the Quantock Hills sink to the sea, the red sandstone of the cliff ceases, and a grey, chalky soil takes its place. On this latter is a wood literally crowded with Butterfly Orchids, though on the sandstone all around not one is to be found.

In the same wood grows the Spotted Orchis, which is readily recognised by its pale lilac colour and its spotted leaves. It grows in damp places, and is very commonly distributed. Side by side with it is often found the leafy stem and rosy flower of the Marsh Orchis; a variety of which has lighter flowers and narrower leaves.

Very characteristic are the two large root-leaves, and tall green spike of the Twayblade. It grows in woods and pastures, and differs from most orchids by having a large, fibrous root, which it is by no means easy to unearth. There is also a "Lesser Twayblade," which is found only in the north, in woods or on the moors, chiefly under heather. Very well known to the flower hunter is the rosy spike of the Pyramidal orchis, common on the chalk downs of Kent and Surrey.

Here, too, in greatest abundance may be found the Bee Orchis, which gets its name from the resemblance of its lower lip to the brown furry body of a small bumble-bee. The likeness is too striking to be reasonless; and it is interesting to know that this orchis is so constructed as to be able entirely to dispense with the pollen-carrying services of bees or moths. Its flowers will preserve their freshness for a long time if placed in water, and the buds will open one after another, beginning from the bottom. I have generally found it on steep slopes where the grass is short; although in one place I have seen it growing in the middle of a hayfield, thus causing a severe struggle in the rightly constituted but botanical mind. More like the last mentioned than its name would suggest is the Spider Orchis, of which there are three varieties. They may be found in copses and on the downs in chalk and limestone districts from Northampton and Suffolk to Dorset and Kent. The specimens which I have seen were gathered on the warren at Folkestone. Another orchis, which grows in similar localities, is the Fly Orchis. It is easily recognised, since its flowers look like a row of the insects from which it takes its name, climbing up the stem. They are reddish brown, with a blue patch on the lip. I have found it by the roadside near Bath, and it grows in the woods at Freshford.

Another scarce and very peculiar flower is the Bird's-nest Orchis. It gets its name from the shape of its root, which is made up of interlaced succulent fibres. The flowers are greyish brown, and in general appearance the plant is not unlike toothwort. It grows in damp woods, especially beech, from Banff and Argyle southwards.

Commoner than this last is the Man Orchis. Its flowers are green, and present to the imaginative the appearance of the arms and legs of a man straggling from beneath an exceptionally large hat.

Several of our orchids are now practically extinct, and happy indeed is the wanderer who lights upon a stray specimen which has as yet survived. The pale purple flowers of the Military Orchis may still be found here and there in Oxfordshire and Berkshire. It grows in the valley of the Thames near Pangbourne, and between Goring and Whitchurch. So also does the curious Monkey Orchis; and where they grow together a cross between them sometimes occurs.

Even rarer than this is the Lizard Orchis. It has been found in Darenth Wood, near Dartford, in Kent, and also on the downs near Canterbury. It flowers in July and August, and its scent is said to be detestable. Though, however, the hunter for orchids can hardly expect the good fortune of finding these floral curiosities, still there are scores he may have for the searching, which, if less rare, are almost as interesting. The search for our English orchids, and the study of them when found, is not only intensely interesting, but would prove a stimulating form of out-door recreation to the many who can secure no better exercise than walking. As the number of orchis-hunters increases, however, one word of warning is becoming more and more necessary. They should not forget that it is not fair to others to root up or carry off more specimens than they can possibly need for their collections. There is risk of some of our orchids, at present fairly plentiful, being numbered with those which have become extinct.

S. W. SCADDING.

THE FEEDING OF LONDON.

III.



A SNAPPER UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

AS with the meat and provisions, so with the fruit and vegetables. We could not feed our people without our imports. Last year there came into this country £600,000 worth of miscellaneous vegetables, 2,000,000 bushels of apples, 5,000,000 bushels of oranges and lemons, 25,000,000 bushels of fruit "unenumerated," 35,000,000 bushels of onions, and 140,000 tons of potatoes. The last is but an insignificant proportion of the consumption, it is true, for the United Kingdom produces 5,000,000 tons of potatoes in a year; but still it is noteworthy. The Great Eastern Railway brought into London in 1888 78,600 tons; the other railways together brought in about five times as much, and the potatoes we find among the imports are nearly all early varieties that come to Covent Garden.

Covent Garden is the great vegetable market of the metropolis. Columbia sells from 300 to 400 tons of potatoes and roots in a week; Farringdon sells chiefly watercresses; Spitalfields does a much larger and more miscellaneous trade; the Borough deals in larger quantities than Spitalfields; but taking all four together, and adding the Great Northern potato market—the main source of the London supply of that vegetable—the united trade would not be a third of what is done at "the Garden."

As Billingsgate extends into the streets so does the great vegetable market. Garrick Street, James Street, Long Acre, Great Russell Street, Bow Street, are thick with carts and vans on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings. About seven o'clock the sight is at its best. The towering waggons that have been crawling to the centre all through the night are half unloaded, and the dealers are bearing away the spoil. Flowers there used to be many, but now there are few; those who wish to see the flowers must be up at three in the morning to see the new Flower Market in full glory.

Under a clear sky, with the early sun beaming down on the cool deep green of the vegetables, the warm reds and rich yellows of the fruits, and the clean white and brown of the baskets, heaped among the crowd, there is a freshness and fragrance about that few can help enjoying, and a pleasant out-in-the-air feeling characteristic of no other market. All round the waggons are being unloaded by the salesmen's men, and the contents carried into the crowd, and from the salesmen's desks the green stuff is being borne outwards again by the buyers' porters—a constant stream in and out from the waggon to the cart.

The gardeners' waggons are loaded ten or a dozen feet high with a hundred and fifty dozen each of cabbages or cauliflowers, the sides as level and true in angle as the cells of a honeycomb; the railway waggons are loaded almost as high, but with boxes, barrels, baskets, and crates, held firm by visible cords. The cabbage waggons have no cords, and how their contents are kept wedged together is a mystery; but not so great a mystery as the number of cabbages the many waggons bring to market in a year, for no one seems to know what the consumption really is.

Combining our information from many sources—much of it vague and evidently misleading, although appearing in type—we shall not be very wide of the mark in the following figures: Potatoes for the whole of London, 400,000 tons, being about half a pound per head per day; cabbages of all descriptions, 110,000 tons; turnips, 60,000 tons; onions, 50,000 tons; cauliflowers and brocoli, 30,000 tons; Brussels sprouts, 15,000 tons; carrots and parsnips, together, about the same; green peas, 20,000 tons (the Great Eastern alone brings in over 4,000 tons); beans, 13,000 tons; lettuces, 2,000 tons; vegetable marrows, 2,000 tons; cucumbers, 300 tons—200,000 gherkins have been cut in one morning by one gardener; rhubarb, 900 tons—rhubarb first appeared at Covent Garden in Waterloo year, Mr. Miatt after much trouble managed to sell three sticks the second day he sent it to market!—celery, 800 tons; asparagus, 300 tons; radishes, 200 tons; turnip-tops, herbs, and unspecified items, say 500 tons, which amounts, duly cast and divided, yield an average of about six ounces a day of green vegetable food for each inhabitant of the metropolis. Give them each another ounce and you would require another 50,000 tons.

Dealing with such large numbers we can afford to throw into the bargain the thousand tons of watercresses for tea, which we may as well confess we forgot, but which we are glad have a sentence to themselves so as to include a note as to the quite remarkable speed at which they are cut. The quickest harvesting imaginable is watercress cutting; it is quicker than even walnut shelling and pea shelling as practised by the scores of women who are huddled together at work in the thick of the crowd on market morning at Covent Garden.

A good deal of the vegetable supply is grown within the London area on the flats that every

year are encroached upon by the ever-unsatisfied builder. One grower will sometimes send to one salesman in one day five or six thousand pecks of

rows of lettuce or colewort being interposed between the rows of celery; when the celery is removed, the ground is cropped with winter greens,



EARLY MORNING IN COVENT GARDEN.

peas and twelve hundred dozen cabbages. Lowly as the crop may be, the cultivation is the highest of the high. Take one market garden as a sample. "Towards the close of October cabbages are planted out; in November, when these are off, the land is trenched and cropped with early celery,

which form a speedy and profitable crop for the London market; by the beginning of March the colewort is cleared off, and is speedily replaced by onions; when the onions are gathered, more cabbage or colewort is put in; and then come cauliflowers, gherkin cucumbers, French beans, or

scarlet runners. So the gardener proceeds, never allowing his ground to remain idle for a single day, and acting upon the well-assured maxim that the enormous expense of manure and labour will be more than repaid by the enormous returns per acre per annum. It is said that in November this garden contains more than twenty acres of London greens; every hole and corner under trees, and every bit of spare space being filled with them. There are fifty acres of apple, pear, and plum plantations; the trees are pruned after the manner of currant bushes; and the ground under them is cropped with rhubarb, currants, and gooseberries in summer, and with colewort and cabbages in winter."

But the bulk of the produce comes from beyond the London district, from every part of the kingdom, in fact, even from Cornwall and Cheshire, and Norfolk and Northumberland. And from beyond the sea, from France and Holland and Germany, from Spain and Italy and Algiers do many of the London vegetables come. And the fruit comes even farther. Australia is sending us an ever-increasing supply of all sorts; America is swamping us with apples; Spain and Portugal, the Azores, the Madeiras, the Ionians, Italy and Sicily pour in their lemons and oranges; grapes, nuts, chestnuts, pineapples, cocoanuts come in from the Mediterranean and the West Indies; even South Africa, the Mauritius, India, and China add their quota to the feeding of London. In one year alone over £300,000 has been paid to the shippers for foreign fruit sent to Covent Garden.

The centre of the foreign fruit trade is, however, the square round the Monument. There the apples, the oranges, and the lemons in their millions of bushels mentioned at the outset are chiefly distributed. But of what does the "unenumerated fruit" consist? Pears, cherries, grapes, pineapples, cocoanuts, plums, currants, tomatoes, pomegranates, melons, bananas, mulberries, and samples of every commercial fruit that grows. But wearisome is the repetition of numbers. The fruit, home-grown and imported, consumed in London is not far short of a hundred thousand tons a year.

But then there is the canned fruit; and what of the dried fruit and the groceries? The canned fruit we can disregard; the dried fruit for London only can be set down very closely at 50,000 tons of currants and 30,000 tons of raisins. Tea is an important item, say 10,000 tons; coffee, 1,700 tons; cocoa, 880 tons. It is not so long ago that in this magazine we dealt rather fully with the grocery trade and noted the stocks in the docks; we need not travel again over the same ground; a list of leading quantities will suffice us. Here is the list for London only: cinnamon, 62 tons: ginger, 470 tons; pepper, 1,600 tons; rice, raw and manufactured, 22,000 tons. Rice takes us into the grain, which need not trouble us much, for a convenient statist enables us to estimate all the flour and meal yearly consumed in the London limits as equal to 827,520,000 half-quartern loaves of two pounds each.

Of the flour of which these loaves were made less than a third was ground from wheat grown in this country. The most serious item in the whole of our food question is this of imported grain. Out of every three loaves we eat, two have to come to us from over the seas. Bread is not eaten in waste; among our people, as a rule, bread is kept from being wasted with almost superstitious care, and only enough is provided to satisfy necessity. Think what it would mean, then, to cut off two-thirds of that supply. In London alone there



THE BUYERS' PORTER.

would be over three millions by whom bread would not be procurable.

It is an old cry, but we can never try to drive the lesson home too often. Our country has to be fed from its rivals or its dependencies. In 1887



HAGGLERS.

there were imported into the United Kingdom 55,784,685 cwt. of wheat, and 18,056,545 cwt. of wheat meal and flour; of barley we received 14,277,180 cwt.; of oats, 14,468,733 cwt.; of peas, 2,990,296 cwt.; of beans, 2,477,293 cwt.; of Indian corn or maize and Indian corn meal we had 31,128,923 cwt. Of the eighteen million hundredweights of flour, nearly fifteen came from the United States, a million and a third from Austria, a million from Canada, and half a million from Germany. Of the fifty-five million hundredweights of wheat twenty millions and a half came from the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, and ten millions from the Pacific seaboard, eight millions and a half came from India, five millions and a half from Russia, four millions from Canada, two millions and a quarter from Chili, a million and a half from Germany, a little less from Australasia, over half a million from Roumania, and nearly two hundred thousand from Egypt. The other grain supplies we need not trace; sufficient has been said to show how dependent we are for our existence on our keeping clear the highways of the ocean.

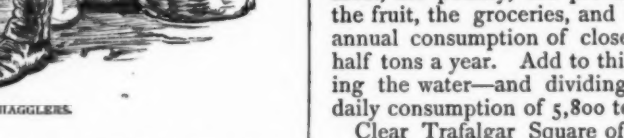
Of sugar in all its forms, all from abroad, the Londoners would require for a year's supply 150,000 tons. Sugar naturally leads us on to beer, of which a thousand million pints is the annual metropolitan consumption. Add to these thousand million pints, equal to 125,000,000 gallons, 4,700,000 gallons of spirits, and 1,800,000 gallons of wine, and you have a drink bill to make a teetotaler shudder. To comfort him a little we may mention the 45,625,000,000 gallons of a less harmful liquid supplied yearly by the metropolitan water companies, the proportion of which used as food we will leave him to estimate for himself. As a curiosity we may as well end in smoke, and add the 2,630 tons of tobacco that floated in clouds from London's lips in 1888.

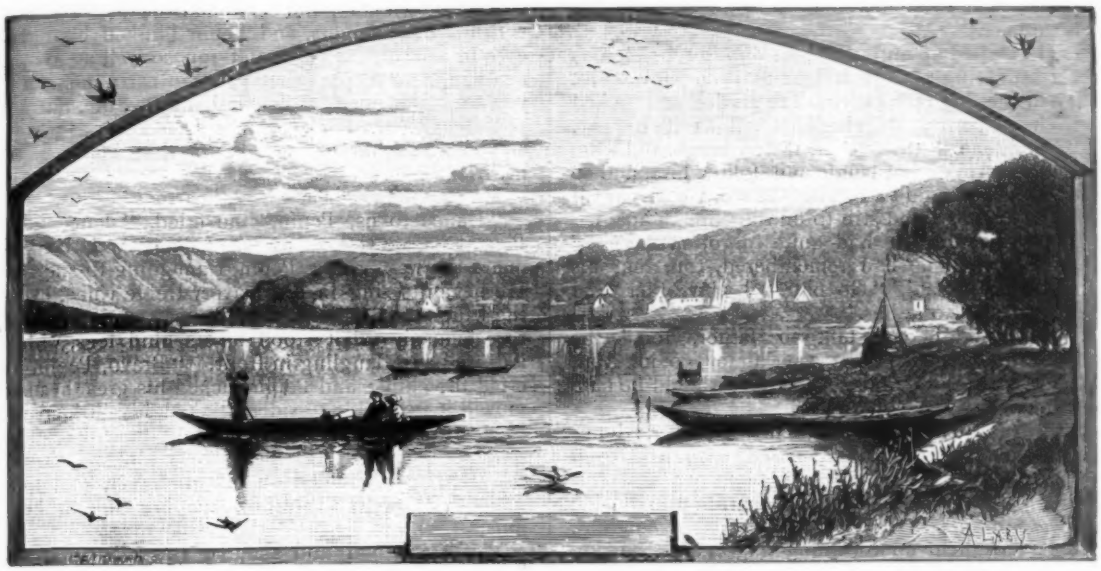
Taking all London's food together, the fish, the meat, the poultry, the provisions, the vegetables, the fruit, the groceries, and the bread, we get an annual consumption of close on a million and a half tons a year. Add to this the drink—excluding the water—and dividing by 365, we have a daily consumption of 5,800 tons.

Clear Trafalgar Square of its fountains and its monuments, pack it with one day's supply of the great city's food, as solid and straight as the cabbages are packed on a market gardener's waggon, and you will have a mass higher than Nelson's column.

Even the half-quartern loaves eaten in London in a single day would, if placed side by side in single line, extend from London to Leeds.

W. J. GORDON





THE DANCING BEAR.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

PART I.

IT is a fine April morning, and on this sunny side of the Isère valley every blade of grass quivers in the flood of golden light that pours down on it. Overhead the deep blue sky is without a cloud; all the leaves and flowers seem to look their best. The sides of the valley are parti-coloured with fields of yellow-green maize and blue-green corn; there are vineyards, too, on the slopes of the cliffs; and here and there a plot of silver-leaved olives.

Just here, near to the road, is a small wooden cottage, wreathed with vine branches, which being now in full leaf, throw flecks of purple shadow on the grey walls, and climb along under the broad eaves till sometimes they reach the edge and fling themselves on the wooden tiles that roof the little dwelling.

There is an air of homely comfort about the place. Outside one of the small windows is a green and white bird-cage in which a little golden bird sings merrily in the sunshine. The patches of cabbage and potatoes are free from weeds, and so, as far as one can make out, is the tall plot of hemp that backs the little property; the side nearest the dusty road is bordered by a broad row of large-leaved sorrel. But the sunshine does not only fall on green leaves and brown vine stems, the cabbage plot is bordered with glowing roses and with tall spikes of red and pink and orange flamelike flowers—while the whole place is perfumed by seringa bushes that stand in the corners covered with snowy blossoms.

A buzzing sound, altogether in harmony with the bright and fragrant place, comes from a row of small white wooden cupboards against the side of the cottage; these are sheltered by the broad projecting eaves, and just in front of them the ground is planted with herbs and bordered by pink-blossomed thrift.

A little boy, with a square, sturdy body and stout brown legs, planted wide apart, stood looking at the bees as they sucked the honey from the flower-cups of the herbs; he was bareheaded, and his round head looked like a golden ball in the sunshine. His mother had told little Pierre that the bees dipped their tongues into the tiny flower-cups, but though he had been watching with wonderful patience he had not yet caught sight of the tongue of one bee.

"It is not true!" Then he looked grave. "But all mother says must be true." He sighed and put his finger in his mouth; next minute he turned round and clapped his hands. "I will ask mother again!" he cried.

Pierre had such a merry face, short and broad, with laughing blue eyes, roguish red lips, and a turn-up nose. As to his skin, it was like a golden pippin in July; it seemed as if he must have lived in the sun to ripen it.

He ran towards the cottage door. An ugly brown dog, with a smooth coat, and the head and ears of a spaniel, came out and wagged his tail when he saw Pierre.

The little boy patted him, and then the dog jumped up and kissed him, and nearly knocked him over with his boisterous welcome.

"Down, Ami!" the child said, "I can't play

now, I must ask about the tongues of the bees—down, I say."

But Ami evidently knew how to manage his little master.

He leaped up and gave him another boisterous caress, crying out his delight at each movement. Then the dog raced across the garden and looked back defiantly, wagging his tail as if to say, "Catch me, little master, if you can," and what could Pierre do but laugh and follow him, and so they ran races up and down the stony pathway till Pierre had to stand still to find his breath again.

By this time he had quite forgotten the bees' tongues, and he had remembered, too, that his mother had said, "Go out and play, Pierre; I want to talk to father."

"I would like to talk to father, too," the little fellow said, "but we cannot go in, Ami, when mother says not, besides, we should be sure to make a noise, you and I."

Ami's tail and his long curly ears both hung down as if this news depressed him, and even Pierre's face looked less merry.

He took a block of wood from the pile outside the door and seated himself. Ami jumped on him, but Pierre held up a warning finger, and the dog curled himself round at the boy's feet.

"Listen here, Ami," he said; "you don't know what is going to happen, so I will tell you. Father is going away, and he will take Pepin with him, and there will be no more walks with father, Ami, and mother will cry and will look sad, and there will be no one to play with us."

The dog looked up gravely, as if he understood.

"Listen then," the child went on. "This is the best part, father will come back with bon-bons and chocolate, two boxes, perhaps; and he has told me, Ami"—(he put his little mouth to the dog's ear) "this is a secret—father means to bring mother a new gown from Strasbourg."

Ami evidently understood that this was good news; he jumped up and frisked about, and whined with delight till he was again called to order.

"Now we'll go and see Pepin;" and Pierre led the way to the back of the cottage.

Here, in a comfortable sort of shed, littered with clean straw, was a big brown bear, sitting erect, and blinking his eyes at the sunshine.

A chain was made fast round his neck by a padlock, and the other end was fastened to one of the posts of the wide door. He was a comical-faced bear; he had little slits of eyes, and when he saw Pierre he peeped out of them slyly, and opened his red mouth as if he was going to make a mouthful of the merry-faced little boy.

But, in truth, the bear was only laughing; though he was big he was still young and playful, and he was so very glad to see his little friend. He had carried Pierre on his back ever since the child was a baby; he liked Ami very much, too, and only growled gently when the mischievous dog played too roughly with his great hairy toes. Now he gave a low growl of pleasure.

Pierre went up and leaned his rosy cheek on the bear's shoulder.

"Good Pepin," he said; "I shall miss you every day. I love you better than Ami, don't I, dear?" He nestled his face lovingly into the shaggy brown coat, and scratched the bear's side with his little fingers, and Pepin blinked his red eyes in answer. "You can't run so well as Ami, can you, dear Pepin? but you can carry me, and you are never mischievous, and you love me, don't you, dear? Mother says she wishes I was as wise as you are; what do you think of that, Pepin, eh, my friend?"

He slapped the bear's back heartily.

"Dance to us, Pepin," he cried, "dance for Pierrot before you go away. Come, Ami, come out of the way. Now, Pepin, I am going to sing." He began to sing in his quavery treble voice, but the bear waited till he moved away, and then it rose clumsily till it stood on its hind legs, with its fore paws dangling in front. "Bravo, Pepin," cried the child; and Pepin ducked his great head, moved it from side to side, blinked his little red eyes, and looked yet more comical.

Pierre began a still more lively air, and then the huge beast shuffled on his hind feet, first to one side then to the other, keeping time to the music.

Pierre laughed and shouted and clapped his hands.

"Good Pepin, clever Pepin," he said; "do you not wish you could do that, Ami? You are only a dunce compared to Pepin; you cannot even sit up and beg. See how well Pepin dances."

All this while a good many tears were being shed inside the cottage; Joseph Le Bas, the master of the bear, and Pierre's father, was saying Good-bye to his pretty young wife, Françoise. She had sent Pierre into the garden because she could not bear him to see her grief.

This was the third year that her husband had gone on an expedition with Pepin, and each time it seemed harder to Françoise to part from her husband. This time he meant to be away longer than usual. He was going to Germany by way of Nancy and Epinal; he meant, if he could, to reach Heidelberg, for a German student had passed by his cottage last winter and had told him that if he went to Baden Baden and to Heidelberg when these towns were full of foreign visitors, he would earn plenty of money by exhibiting his bear.

Joseph Le Bas was not coveteous, and he and his wife were satisfied with their honest frugal life, but the bear had been bequeathed to Joseph a few years before by an old comrade who had come back to his native valley to die, and it seemed to Pierre's father that here was a chance of giving his little son better schooling than had fallen to his own share, so for these last three summers he had adopted his dead comrade's profession, and had made a good deal of money by Pepin's antics.

"Do not cry, wife," he said at last, "you take away my courage, sweetheart. I will give up the journey sooner than you should be so unhappy. Say, shall I stay?"

Françoise dried her tears at this.

"No, my man," she said, "I will not be a coward; you cannot earn much money here, you can only manage to pay what we owe. We have

to think of the boy's schooling. Go in God's name, only be careful of your health, my husband, for Pierre's sake and mine."

He put his arms round her and kissed her.

"You are a good brave girl," he said, "and when I come back in July I hope you will have cause to rejoice that I went so far."

Then they both went out to look for Pierre.

They found the bear sitting erect while Pierre talked to him, and nestled his golden hair in the beast's shaggy coat.

But when he saw his master with his long pole in his hand and his wallet strapped on his back, Pepin began to shuffle forwards on all fours, moving first one side and then the other in a most ungainly fashion—he knew that it was time to go.

Françoise Le Bas stooped and kissed the bear's forehead.

"Farewell, dear Pepin," she said.

But Pierre jumped up and clung round his friend's neck, crying and sobbing.

At last his father had to take the boy away from the bear, and then Pierre lay sobbing on the straw. Joseph unfastened Pepin's chain from the post; he gave his wife one last kiss, and turned away. She stood watching him start along the road with his dumb friend; Ami ran on in front, barking furiously, and leaping up at Pepin till they were some way along the dusty road.

PART II.

It was market-day in Heidelberg, and the market-place was thronged with busy buyers and sellers. On one side of the square was a church, and on the other an old quaint stone mansion, with a lofty-stepped gable and many carved figures in front of each storey. This old grey house made a striking contrast to the life and colour of the scene below, to the bright ruddy faces of the peasant women standing behind their booths laden with vegetables and fruit, to the feathers and gay red combs of the cocks and hens which lay under coops, or were crammed, with tied legs, into baskets. There were besides older women, whose bent figures and wrinkled faces were more in keeping with the venerable Ritter Haus.

Some of the women, who stood beside their flat baskets of eggs and butter, fresh from country farms, had a picturesque appearance. One of them, a pretty young woman, had a light green handkerchief on her head, and a coffee-coloured jacket, her skirt was striped blue and white, and her apron dark blue, and among her wares was a huge tin milk-can—she sat knitting as if her life depended on her speed. The universal stir and movement, and the constant buzz of tongues, made the market very attractive. A flock of pigeons swooped down from their high roosts and strutted about; they seemed to consider themselves actors in the scene.

There were few students, for it was vacation time. Plenty of townspeople, chattering as well as buying, and there were a good many tourists besides; one of these—a tall man with a grey beard and a note book—was sketching rapidly in an out of the way corner. The subject of his sketch, a comely woman of forty or so, in a blue skirt and a black jacket, was unconscious that her likeness was being taken; she had become eager in cheapening a couple of fowls in a coop close by, and now, having completed her bargain, and looking round she saw to her dismay that she was alone. The little girl whose hand she had been holding, and whom she had told her boy to look after, had vanished.

"Hans!" she called out, "oh, what then has become of you, and what have you done with little Hertha?"

She hurried across to the other side of the market; but it was not easy to move quickly between the closely packed stalls and the throng in front of them, and she did not notice the notes of a flute that sounded in the hubbub round her, for she had at last caught sight of her dear little Hertha, standing alone in a group of women, who were asking her questions. The child was too frightened to speak; she had clutched her pinafore tightly with one hand, as if it gave her a sense of safety to do so; but her eyes were growing bigger and bigger with terror, and her small mouth was quivering in the effort she made to keep from crying.

"Hertha, my best beloved little one," the mother cried; and at the sound of her voice the little girl's face flushed red, and, ducking her calico-capped head, she pushed her way forward and fell into her mother's outstretched arms, sobbing as if her little heart would burst.

"Peace, my little darling!" The mother kissed and hugged her and wiped her eyes, and then she looked sharply round her.

"Where, then, is the good-for-nothing Hans?" she said. "He promised to take care of you, dear little one."

She held Hertha firmly by the hand while she searched for the child's careless guardian; at last she discovered him in a crowd of other boys at the opposite corner of the market-place. Yes, the good Frau Wachter saw her boy Hans plainly enough, but she saw something else too, something at which her eyes and mouth opened so widely, and which so absorbed her attention, that it was surprising that little Hertha's twitching hand did not free itself from her mother's clasp.

The people had left off buying fruit and vegetables; but the owners of the stalls, instead of beginning to pack their goods in the brown hampers and baskets they had brought them in, were all looking in the same direction, staring, in fact, fixedly at the corner where the boys stood. Even the old peasant women, who had been so eager to sell their cocks and hens only a short time ago, had fallen under the same spell; they stood or sat silent and motionless beside their wares. The crowd of idlers had moved in a body to the corner in question, and stood there, open-mouthed and eager, as much excited as the boys at the sight before them.

A man, smooth-shaven and intelligent-looking, dressed in a blouse and a large straw hat, stood in this corner of the square, playing a lively tune on a flute, and to this music a huge brown bear

was dancing with awkward, solemn steps, balancing a thick pole with his paws.

Pepin looked as if the crowd amused him; he peeped slily out of his little slits of eyes and opened his red mouth now and then, as much as to say, "Aha! my friends! This is how we dance in Dauphiny—a peg above you clumsy Germans, I fancy."

When Frau Wachter saw this alarming spectacle she too stood suddenly still. She longed to snatch Hans away, for he was near the terrible monster, but she could not move forward without taking little Hertha within sight of the bear.

"Holy Virgin!" she said; "the child would die of fear if she saw him. He is not a bear at all—he *cannot* be; a bear could not dance like that. He is an enchanted monster; and who can say that he will not eat us all up? He may begin in another minute with my poor Hans!"

Frau Wachter only came now and then to market at Heidelberg; she lived a very retired life indeed, in a farm near one of the small towns in the Neckar valley; and the good woman had an idea that most of the things which happened in the world especially concerned her neighbours or her husband or her children, or something that was hers.

She fixed her eyes on the Frenchman, and she felt still more disturbed. He did not look at all wicked; on the contrary, he had a mild, amiable face; he looked clean—the poor fellow had been shaved that morning—and there was a kindly look in his bright blue eyes.

He left off playing, and the bear stopped dancing.

"Good Pepin!"—the man patted the creature's brown coat affectionately—"you are tired, are you not, my friend? You have already walked far in the early morning, while every one else was asleep. Come, come! my child! You shall go and try how much these good people really care for your dancing."

A woman and one or two men in the crowd understood French, and they interpreted the bear-leader's words, which would otherwise have been gibberish to the rest of the people.

Frau Wachter heard, and she shook her head; she began to doubt the man in spite of his good face, for she thought that no Christian would talk to a savage brute in this reasonable fashion. Why, Gotthelf, her husband, spoke far more roughly to his plough-horses, and those poor beasts were almost Christians, they were so gentle and docile. Yes, this great shaggy brute was an enchanter, like the one in Hertha's story-book, he had, for purposes of his own, transformed himself into a bear, and this man was his confederate.

Joseph Le Bas had been fumbling in his pocket, and he now pulled out a small tin plate and put it into the bear's mouth.

Pepin shook himself, then he cautiously dropped the pole on the ground; next he dropped on to his own fore-paws, and then he began to shamble quietly round the circle formed by the crowd, pausing now and then as if he were asking for a contribution to the empty tin plate.

Many of the women and children in front had never seen a bear before; certainly they had never been so near to a huge hairy monster without any restraint to his movements, for although he wore a brass collar, the chain usually attached to it had been unfastened before Pepin began to dance. Besides, it was one thing to see a bear dance, with his master standing close by; but when the huge beast came close up to you and looked ready to swallow you, clothes and all, at a mouthful, this was more than any one could have courage to stand.

"Help! help! Murder! The brute! the horrid monster!" some of them cried as Pepin approached, while others shrieked in a Babel of voices, and fled helter-skelter to the farther side of the market-place.

Pepin turned round and looked at his master there was a pathetic appeal in his little slits of eyes; it was as if he said—

"What do the people mean, master? I have done my part all right. I have danced my best, although my feet are tired and sore with walking on the hard road; and I have held my plate; why, then, do they run away instead of putting money in it? I am very sorry, master."

The flight of the front ranks had left Frau Wachter and Hertha within sight of the bear, and the child first stared in stupefied astonishment at the great shaggy creature, and then hid her face in her mother's gown and burst into a loud roar.

Just at that moment it came into Frau Wachter's head that if the bear really were an enchanter he had the power to cast evil-eyed glances, and almost as the thought came to her, Hertha's cry attracted Pepin's notice; he turned round and looked fixedly at the sobbing child.

"Who knows," the anxious mother thought, "that he is not going to bewitch our Hertha; he may give the little one a crooked back, and no man will marry a girl with a crooked back. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

She looked anxiously at the bear. He was standing quietly beside his master, and she was nearer to him than the other women were, because Hertha would not move, and she was too heavy for her mother to carry. Looking behind her Frau Wachter saw Hans in front of the crowd.

"See, dear little one," she said to the sobbing child, "see, there is Hans!" and she pointed with her finger. "Run to him, my pretty Hertha, and he will carry you; run back, I say"

The child looked, and seeing her brother near at hand, ran to him as fast as her stout stumpy legs could get over the ground. Frau Wachter heaved a sigh of relief; and then she went bravely up to the bear and put two pfennigs in the tin plate which Pepin still held in his mouth.

"It is because of our little Hertha, Meinherr bear," she said. "You will not now wish Hertha to have a crooked back."

Pepin made her a bow; he would have liked to smile also, but he could not do this without dropping the plate; his movement increased the good woman's alarm, and she retreated to what she considered was a safe distance.

But her example had set a pattern, and this was

followed; one woman after another went up to the bear, and pfennig after pfennig dropped into the tin plate; then, at a sign from his master, Pepin went across to where the men stood, and his plate soon became heavy.

The tourists had grouped together in this corner, and when the artist, who had been sketching Pepin, dropped a mark into the bear's plate, his example was followed. Pepin's eyes blinked with pleasure as he felt the plate becoming heavier in his mouth; and at last, when he turned towards his master, there was quite a little heap of silver among the brown coins. The bear moved clumsily forward, and when he reached the flute-player he bent down and set the plateful of money carefully at Joseph's feet.

There was an uproarious shout from the crowd. "Bravo, bravo! Good, good!" the people cried, Joseph Le Bas bent down and kissed the bear's forehead and stroked his face.

"Thanks, dear, good Pepin," he said; "these are all for the little boy at home. Eh, my friend, they will help to make Pierrot a rich man—our little Pierrot, eh, Pepin!"

Pepin's eyes blinked, he laughed, and gave a low contented growl.

The people again applauded loudly; they did not understand the words, but they felt that this was a part of the performance, and therefore it was to be encouraged.

Frau Wachter, however, shook her head.

"It is all very wonderful," she said, anxiously; "but I shall feel happy only when I am at home again. Till I reach the farm in safety how can I be sure that the brown beast has not cast an evil eye on some of us. Hertha may have a crook in her back, or Hans may fall and break his leg, and, above all, we may go to the bottom of the Neckar before the boat reaches the landing-place. No, no! a Christian man does not kiss a brute beast and talk to it in that way for nothing."

AN EXAMINER'S ADVICE.

THERE are probably few inhabitants of these islands who are able to avoid having to undergo at some period of their lives the miseries of an examination. In very many cases the years between seven and twenty-one are spent either in preparation for the ordeal or in actually being examined. There is scarcely a profession whose portals are not barred by an entrance examination, and the constant tendency is to increase the number and the severity of these tests of mental capacity. As one who, during the last ten years, has probably examined a larger number of candidates than fall to the lot of most examiners, the present writer ventures to think that his experience justifies him in offering some hints that may be useful to examinees. Notwithstanding the universality of examinations, it is astonishing how many candidates are totally ignorant of the way to conduct themselves when under examination, and what a large number of failures are due, not so much to lack of knowledge of the subject offered as to inability to make proper use of that knowledge. To some, no doubt, the advice I am about to offer will appear trite and commonplace enough, but I feel sure that, in very many cases, if the simple rules I am going to lay down be attended to, the result will be a considerable decrease in the percentage of failures.

1. Arrive at the place in good time, and not hurried or heated with having had to run in order to get there just as the examination begins. In almost every examination the candidate has to work against time, and he is deliberately handicapping himself by arriving late.

2. Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the rules of the examination. For example, it is very usual for a note to appear at the top of a paper informing candidates that not more than a certain number of questions (say, six out of ten) are to be answered. The rule is plain; and yet in two cases out of every three no attention is paid to it by the candidates, the result being that they have attempted far more questions than they can possibly do in the given time, and that the examiner simply puts his pen through all beyond the first six.

3. Read the whole paper carefully through before beginning to write. The too frequent custom among examinees is to begin writing the moment they are seated, thus leaving themselves no time for selection where selection is possible, or for reflection which is always possible.

4. Begin with the question you can answer best. In very few examinations are the candidates required to answer the questions in the order in which they appear in the paper, and the advantages of being able to settle your own order are very considerable. In the first place you acquire confidence by beginning with a question you know you can answer well, and in the second place a good first answer cannot fail to prepossess an examiner in your favour. In your further selection, choose questions which enable you to show as wide a knowledge as possible. For example, in a general English History paper, questions bearing on different reigns and periods should be chosen.

5. Do not spend too long a time over any one question. Want of proportion between the length of different answers is very observable in the majority of cases, but could be easily avoided by the candidate simply dividing out his time before he begins. For instance, in a two-hour examina-

tion containing six questions, it is fatal to spend the whole of the first hour in answering one question: twenty-five minutes is the longest time that should be devoted to any single question.

6. Leave time at the end for revising your work. This, I believe, is very rarely done, and yet it would be impossible for ten minutes or quarter of an hour of the precious time to be better employed. The most careful of candidates cannot help making an occasional slip of the pen, which a moment's glance in looking through his paper would enable him to correct. But by neglecting to allow time for revision, he leaves the mistake which the examiner is as likely as not to attribute to ignorance, and to take off marks for. It is impossible for an examiner to go behind the paper, and when he meets with such a statement as "Becket was Chancellor to King Henry VIII," to know whether this blunder is the result of sheer ignorance, or of a mere slip of the pen. In most cases, I believe, candidates do get the benefit of the doubt when there is room for a reasonable doubt, but it hardly does to trust to this.

7. Read over each question, and understand it thoroughly before you attempt to answer it. It is astonishing how very few candidates seem to understand how to answer a question. The majority of them write down remarks suggested by the question, and rarely give a clear and definite answer. In some cases it may be admitted that the question is ambiguous, but in far more instances it is plain and straight forward enough. There can be no doubt what the examiner means when he asks, "What was the foreign policy of Cromwell?" What he generally gets is a life of Cromwell, a discussion on his character, a description of the battle of Worcester, remarks on the Puritan movement, and an account of his relations with the Long Parliament. All this may be perfectly correct, but it is no answer to the question, and does not gain a single mark. In some cases, candidates think they can take in the examiner by evading the question and writing round it. I remember a question on the Hundred Years' War which was answered at considerable length, by a candidate who was evidently totally in ignorance as to what was meant.

More honest, but equally foolish are those who, being unable to answer the questions set, proceed to answer others which were never asked. A short life of Bolingbroke has to be written, and many a candidate will imagine that he will gain marks by writing, "I cannot give a life of Bolingbroke, but I know all about Sir Robert Walpole, who lived at the same time, so I will give his life." Pure carelessness must be credited with such an answer as "John Bunyan was a great general, who lived in Queen Anne's reign. He defeated the French at the battle of Blenheim," etc., for it is inconceivable that even the most ignorant of candidates should have never heard of the author of the Pilgrim's Progress. The mistake was due to the fact that the candidate had learnt a life of the Duke of Marlborough by heart, and when asked for a short biography of Bunyan, Marlborough's life, which he had expected would have been set, was uppermost in his mind.

8. Do not make shots. Such devices rarely succeed, and certainly tend to create a very unfavourable impression in the examiner's mind. If you have forgotten a name, or a date, or a fact, it is far better to honestly leave a blank than to make a guess which in nine cases out of ten will turn out wrong.

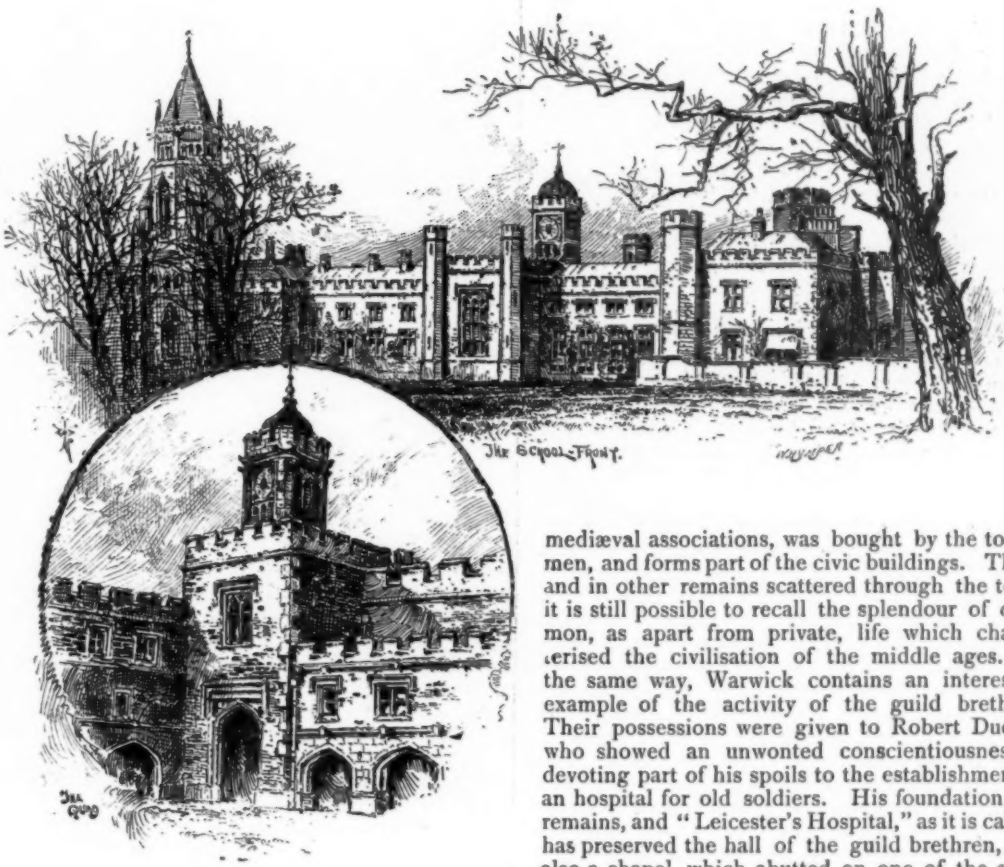
9. Do not obtrude your own personality into your answer. It is as well to avoid as far as possible the use of the first person singular, and the first person plural is even more offensive. The answers should be written impersonally, and your own particular views should not be aired in an examination. By this I do not of course mean that a candidate should always refrain from giving his opinion where an opinion can be legitimately given, but that he should avoid importing his views on the questions of to-day into an answer on the history, the literature, or the philosophy of the past. Nor can the introduction of moral or religious tags be recommended as likely to conduce to success in an examination. Still less are examiners likely to be influenced by appeals to their kindness of heart or to the pecuniary circumstances of the candidate. The examiner has nothing to consider but the candidate's answers, and upon these alone the result of the examination depends. An attempt to gain his favour by appeals *ad misericordiam* cannot be too strongly deprecated.

10. And, lastly, if you fail, do not attribute your failure to the malice or the carelessness of the examiners. Speaking generally, I believe that all our public examinations in this country are conducted with the utmost care and impartiality. Examiners, of course, are not infallible, and their judgment has sometimes been reversed by subsequent experience, but in all my experience I have come across but few cases of real carelessness on their part, and not one single instance of partiality or unfairness. If a candidate fails it is commonly from his own misfortune or his fault, and far more frequently the latter than the former. But I believe that if attention be paid to the nine rules given above, few candidates who have been properly prepared will fail to do themselves full justice in an examination.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. CANON C EIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

WARWICK.—II.



RUGBY.

THE dissolution of the monasteries must have produced a great effect in the rural parts of Warwickshire, though the prevalence of commercial interests in the towns seems to have been sufficiently vigorous to check popular discontent. In Coventry, the Benedictine monastery, with its cathedral church, was swept away, and the houses of the friars were reduced to ruins; but the reforming party was strong among the trading class of the town, and the townsmen felt themselves freer when the monasteries fell. Perhaps they were reminded that there was another side to the question when, under Edward VI, guilds were also abolished as being for superstitious purposes. All the Coventry pageants were swept away, and much money that had been devoted to charitable purposes was confiscated. The great guildhall of Coventry, which is the most interesting survival of the greatness of these mediæval associations, was bought by the townsmen, and forms part of the civic buildings. There, and in other remains scattered through the town, it is still possible to recall the splendour of common, as apart from private, life which characterised the civilisation of the middle ages. In the same way, Warwick contains an interesting example of the activity of the guild brethren. Their possessions were given to Robert Dudley, who showed an unwonted conscientiousness in devoting part of his spoils to the establishment of an hospital for old soldiers. His foundation still remains, and "Leicester's Hospital," as it is called, has preserved the hall of the guild brethren, and also a chapel, which abutted on one of the gates of the town.

The rise of the Dudley family into the place once occupied by the Beauchamps, shows the change that came over England in the sixteenth century. The place of the old barons was taken by a new class of officials, dependent for their position on royal favour, and rapidly developing a spirit of political adventure. Henry VII chose, as an instrument of his policy, a clever lawyer, Edmund Dudley, who was connected with the line of the barons of Dudley, and Dudley showed himself a master of the art of legal chicane. He filled the royal coffers by pursuing every form of royal right and establishing every royal claim, so that on Henry VII's death a storm of popular indignation broke upon his head. The young Henry VIII grasped at once the fact that the sacrifice of an unpopular minister was a cheap way of maintaining the popularity of the Crown. So Edmund Dudley was tried for treason and was condemned to death. His place was soon filled

by Thomas Wolsey, who was even more heartlessly abandoned when he had done his work; and the subsequent fate of Thomas Cromwell showed a still further advance in royal ingratitude and tyranny. But though Henry VIII put Edmund Dudley to death, he favoured his son John, who distinguished himself by knightly accomplishments, was made Viscount Lisle, and was appointed one of the executors of the King's will. The minority of Edward VI afforded a splendid opportunity for political adventurers. Dudley helped the Duke of Somerset to the position of Protector, and received in return the earldom of Warwick. How Warwick managed to overthrow Somerset and make himself ruler of England; how he schemed to retain his power by transferring the succession to the Lady Jane Grey, whom he married to his son; how his attempt failed, and he paid the penalty of his audacity on the scaffold —these things are told in all histories. But in spite of his downfall the fortunes of his family did not decline. His eldest son, Ambrose, became Earl of Warwick, and under Elizabeth was general of the English forces in France. He was a man of fervent piety, beloved by the Puritans, and was known as "the good Earl of Warwick." His tomb in the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick may serve to show the change in artistic taste which came over England in the sixteenth century.

The greatness, however, of the Dudley family was shown in the case of Lord Robert of Dudley, the fifth son of John, who reveals another form of political adventure which was possible in Elizabeth's reign. Robert Dudley had nothing to recommend him save his agreeable manners and his handsome person; but these were enough to secure him the first place in Elizabeth's affections. For a time she thought of marrying him; but when the unwisdom of this course became clear on reflection, she contented herself with heaping on him honours and wealth. He was made Earl of Leicester, and received, amongst many other gifts, the Manor and Castle of Kenilworth. Leicester rebuilt the ruined parts of the castle, and added a spacious wing, to convert what was originally a fortress into the residence of a great nobleman. It is said that he spent £60,000 over his works, a sum which represents at least £500,000 of our money to-day. Kenilworth was the most magnificent house in England, and the account of the splendid entertainment of Elizabeth when she came on a visit in 1575 gives a most vivid picture of the life of the times. The castle stood in an enclosure of seven acres, surrounded by a wall; on two sides was a moat, which on the other two sides broadened into a lake, mostly artificial, which has now been drained away; beyond the lake was a large park full of deer and game for the purposes of the chase. Elizabeth entered by a bridge specially raised over the lake that she might traverse a way hitherto untrodden by the foot of man, and all along the bridge were trophies and pageants, nymphs and monsters, who recited verses in her praise, so that the journey must have been long and tedious. For seventeen days Elizabeth stayed in the castle, and every day a new entertainment was provided. When she went hunting, "wild men of the woods" emerged from the covert and did homage to their lady; when she rowed upon the lake the "Lady of the Lake" appeared on a floating island with her tribute of poetry ready made; nay, Arion himself drew nigh on a huge dolphin which carried an orchestra concealed in its belly. The country-folks came to enliven the Queen, and showed her the festivities of a rustic wedding, and exhibited their skill in running at the quintain. The men of Coventry, whose taste for pageants survived the suppression of their "mysteries," represented a mock fight, in which they commemorated the defence of their city against the Danes in olden times. Elizabeth, with Leicester by her side, entered with zest into all these amusements, and won the heart of her subjects by her quick sympathy with all their pursuits.

It may be that a boy of eleven years old, William Shakespeare, went with his father from the neighbouring town of Stratford to see the grand doings at Kenilworth. That boy grew up to give a splendour to Elizabeth's reign which far surpassed all that statesmen or soldiers could confer. Warwickshire is known all the world over as Shakespeare's country, and is visited for that reason by thousands to whom the Beauchamps and Dudleys are names without a meaning. The main objects of a pilgrimage to Warwickshire are the house of the burgher of Stratford, where William Shakespeare first saw the light, the old school-house where he first learned to read, and the stately church by the side of the Avon where his bones were laid. More memorable than the Beauchamp tombs at Warwick is the simple bust of the great poet. The sure verdict of time proclaims that thought is greater than action, and that he who can reveal the workings of the human heart, and can express the aspirations of the human soul, is the real enricher of the ages, whose work survives when that of the statesman and the warrior has passed away into oblivion.

It was not accidental that Warwickshire produced the greatest of Englishmen. "The heart of England," as the county had been called, summed up all that was most purely English in its scenery and its associations. The quiet beauty of the winding Avon is still the same as when Shakespeare wandered along its banks. The neighbouring country had, in a still greater degree than now, the charm of English woodland; for the region of Arden, which Shakespeare has immortalised, had not been enclosed, though the clearings were frequent enough to rob it of its old wildness, and make it a conspicuous example of all that is most charming in rural life. The one fact that stands out clearly in the scanty records of Shakespeare's doings is that he loved his native place. The attractions of London could not hold him there; he saved his money and bought land in Stratford, where he came to spend in quietness the last years of his life. Shakespeare's genius, in true English fashion, was combined with homely common sense.

Much might be said of the changes which came over Warwickshire in the sixteenth century. One noticeable feature is the decay of the cloth manu-

factures of Coventry; for the course of trade migrated eastward, and Coventry did not recover its ancient importance. But with this decay of town life went a great increase of country life. The aspect of rural England ceased to be military, and the castles of barons made way for the comfortable houses of squires. This process was greatly helped by the dissolution of the monasteries; and Combe, Stoneleigh, Merivale, and many other abbeys, became the seats of country gentlemen. One of the most interesting houses in England is Compton Winyates, dating from the time of Henry VIII. Its architecture shows how the fortress passed into the dwelling-house. It is built in a quadrangle, and one wing was adapted to hold soldiers; but this part of the house is cut off from the rest, having a separate entrance, so that the military retainers led a life apart from the family and the household. The Comptons were an old Warwickshire family, who had been steadily rising in importance and gaining lands by marriage with heiresses. The final step in their advance was made by Lord Compton, who in 1600 succeeded in marrying the heiress of the wealthiest of the merchants in London, Sir John Spenser, a great clothworker, who lived at Islington. Spenser had an only daughter, Elizabeth, whom he destined for a substantial merchant like himself; but Lord Compton managed to enter the house disguised as a baker's boy, and carried away his ladylove hidden in a basket. The father threatened to disinherit his disobedient daughter, but Queen Elizabeth reconciled him to the young couple, and the wealth of Elizabeth Spenser raised Lord Compton to the dignity of Earl of Northampton. We see how the wealthy traders passed into the ranks of the nobility, and how the old ranks of English society were established upon a new basis.

With the end of the reign of Elizabeth many of the old glories of Warwickshire passed away, the line of the Dudley earls of Warwick came to an end, and Warwick Castle, which had fallen into entire disrepair, was granted to Sir Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, who spent a large sum of money upon it and brought it substantially into the condition in which it now is. The title was bestowed on Lord Rich, and did not come back to the owner of the castle till 1759. Kenilworth Castle fared still worse; it was claimed by a son of Leicester who was of doubtful legitimacy, and ultimately reverted to the Crown in 1617, after which time it fell gradually into ruins.



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

Elizabeth had held England together while she lived, but many questions arose for settlement in the next reign. The Roman Catholics looked for some favour from the new king, and when their hopes were disappointed betook themselves to desperate plots. One of their leaders, Robert Catesby, was a Warwickshire squire, and the intrigues which led to the Gunpowder Plot had their centre in Warwickshire. Those who were in the secret of Guy Fawkes's attempt assembled, under pretence of a hunt, at Dunchurch. Their object was to head a rising of the Romanists in the midlands; seize the king's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, who was being educated at Combe Abbey under the care of Lady Harrington, and march upon London. The news, however, which reached them on their meeting was that of Fawkes's failure, and they dis-

persed in terror. Their complicity was soon known, and they were captured at Holbeach in Staffordshire. They were executed, their estates were confiscated, and passed into the hands of new landlords, who began to enclose lands which had hitherto been pastured in common. This led, in 1607, to a series of riots, in which bodies of Levellers, as they called themselves, tore down the hedges. Their rioting was put down by calling out soldiers, and the poor rustics were occupied the summit of the steep hill which rises over the plain of Warwickshire at Edgehill, and thence descended into the plain between Kineton and Rodway to meet Essex. The battle that followed was not decided in favour of either side. The Royalist horse under Prince Rupert routed the forces opposed to them and followed in pursuit; the Parliamentary foot who remained pressed hard upon the Royalists, who were deserted by their cavalry, till night fell upon the weary soldiers.



Old House in Castle Street Warwick.

punished with merciless severity. This was one of the last protests raised against the new system of landholding, which had more and more prevailed since the dissolution of the monasteries—a system which swept away old customary rights, and made farming on a small scale more and more impossible.

On the outbreak of the great Civil War Warwickshire was more divided than most counties, for it lay just along the line that separated the Royalist west from the Parliamentarian east. On the whole it was on the Parliamentary side, for the Puritan spirit was strong in its towns; and in Warwick Lord Brooke was well known as a zealous Puritan. When war broke out he headed the Parliamentary forces, and Lord Northampton was general of the Royalists. Charles I's plan was to gather forces in the west and march as quickly as possible upon London, and it was in Warwickshire that the Parliamentary army, under the Earl of Essex, met him to check his advance. Charles and neither side renewed the battle. After the battle the King's prospects in Warwickshire were at an end. It is said that the phrase of "sending a man to Coventry" took its rise from the imprisonment of straggling Royalists in that great centre of Parliamentary influence. When the war was over Kenilworth Castle was dismantled by Cromwell's orders; its moat and lake were drained, the timber in its park was felled, and it was rapidly reduced to the ruin which now remains to tell of its former glories.

Warwickshire does not only tell us of the decay of the middle ages, but also shows us the growth of the modern spirit. If its monasteries were turned into dwelling-houses and its guilds swept away, other institutions began to take their place. None was more characteristic, or has been more successful than the school which Lawrence Sheriff, a grocer, of London, founded in 1569, near his native place, at Rugby, for the education of poor children. It was nearly a hundred years

before the school entered fully upon its endowment, and not till the present century did it become famous as one of the great schools of England. But its foundation showed the way in which men's minds were turning, and testified to a belief in England's capacity to enter upon a new course with a new conception of national progress.

Moreover, while feudal society had been running its course at Warwick and Kenilworth, a small community was gradually growing up in the north-west corner of the shire, whose little settlement, all unheeded in the middle ages, was to become the centre of the commercial life of the midlands. The township of the sons of Beorm, by the side of a little brook, was insignificant in early times; and after the Norman Conquest the lords of the manor of Birmingham played little part in English affairs. In the beginning of the sixteenth century their small domain excited the cupidity of a powerful neighbour, and in 1537 John Dudley formed a villainous plot for adding it to his own possessions. Sir Edward de Birmingham, riding along the road one day, was joined by another traveller, and the two rode on together. Suddenly a body of armed men sprang upon them, robbed the unknown traveller of a large sum of money, and made away. The men were all in Dudley's employ, and Sir Edward de Birmingham was accused of having lured the unsuspecting traveller into an ambush, and of having organised the robbery. To escape from this charge he resigned his estates to the Crown, whereupon they were presently granted to Dudley, who did not long enjoy his ill-gotten gains. After his execution they were granted to another small holder, and the old family of the Birminghams passed away for ever.

The first mention that we have of the beginnings of industrial life in Birmingham is the description given by the antiquary Leland in the reign of Henry VIII. He says: "I found Birmingham a good market town of one street going up along almost the left bank of the brook, up a mean hill, by the length of a quarter of a mile. I saw but one parish church in the town. There be many smiths that make knives and all manner of cutting tools, and many loriners that make bits, and a great many nailors; so that a great part of the town is maintained by smiths, who have their iron and sea coal out of Staffordshire." The causes which Leland noticed have operated with increasing force ever since his days. Birmingham, standing in the verge of the iron and coal district, has been the great centre of the many industries which were thus made possible to its inhabitants. Moreover, Birmingham was greatly helped in its growth by the very fact of its early insignificance. It was under the power of no great lord; it had no corporation and no guilds, but was open to all comers to settle in, and had no officials more dignified than the bailiff, the constables, and tasters appointed in the manorial court. Thus its industrial activity was free from the restrictions which crippled older towns. At the time of the Civil War Birmingham sided zealously with Parliament, whose forces it supplied with 15,000 sword blades. It suffered for this in 1643, when it was taken and plundered by Prince Rupert; and in 1665 it was almost depopulated by a plague. But after the Restoration increasing luxury among the gentry produced a demand for elegant trifles in gilt metal, which Birmingham hastened to supply, and in the reign of William III gun-making was established as another industry.

From this time onwards the prosperity of Birmingham steadily increased. Its freedom from municipal restrictions made it attractive to artisans of every kind, and almost every kind of ingenious manufacture found there a home. Before the middle of the eighteenth century John Taylor commenced the japanning of snuff-boxes, and John Baskerville, a poor schoolmaster, carried the art to larger articles. Baskerville, however, is best known as a typefounder and a printer, though his business was maintained only by his own enthusiasm, and came to an end on his death. More important was Matthew Boulton, who, in 1762, opened the famous works at Soho, and set himself to improve the artistic quality of his goods. A canal was cut in 1772 to the Severn, and by it coals could easily be brought and goods exported. The factory at Soho occupied a thousand workmen in 1778, and need was felt of some motive power more abundant than that supplied by water. Then it was that Boulton invited James Watt to enter into partnership and work out the application of the steam-engine which Watt was trying to perfect. This partnership was in the long run successful, for Boulton supplied the energy while Watt brought his mechanical skill. In 1787 the steam-engine became profitable, but not until the expenses attending its first construction had brought Boulton to the verge of bankruptcy.

From this time forward the manufactures of Birmingham increased with bewildering rapidity. Burke called it "the toy-shop of Europe," meaning by *toys* all the ingenious trifles which add to the elegance of life. Perhaps no place has been the home of so much inventiveness and industrial enterprise. The qualities so formed have expressed themselves in civic life, and Birmingham has been famous as the headquarters of movements for social and political reform. It can, indeed, claim more than any other English town to have made itself, and to owe its prosperity to the energy of its citizens.

Warwickshire, "the heart of England," is in a special sense an epitome of the characteristics which have made England what she is. The Roman roads which traverse the county tell of the beginning of civilisation. The castles of Warwick and Kenilworth rank as the greatest memorials of the achievements of the barons, while Coventry bears testimony to the influence of the church in furthering civic life. The banks of the Avon and the glades of Arden inspired the greatest poet of all times. The factories of Soho and Handsworth, and the busy streets of Birmingham, are instinct with the qualities which are most prized in England of to-day. Times have changed; but Warwickshire has showed a power of changing with them, and has always been in the forefront of English endeavour.



ENGLISH LIFE AT ASSOUAN.

A REMINISCENCE.

FROM being one of those vague "places on the Nile," of whose exact locality or even existence many people are barely aware, Assouan, not so long since, assumed a special interest from having become an English Military Station; where our troops occupied a town ungarrisoned since the time of the Romans, and suffered exceptionally from a climate which is as life-destroying in the heats of summer, as it is delightful and enjoyable in the dry warmth of a Nile winter.

Assouan has been visited by antiquarians and described by tourists; but any place is necessarily regarded in a different light by the brief sojourner of a few days—either plunged in archæological research, or else rushing about to "do" as much of everything as can be done within a given time—to what it is by those who live there many weeks or months. Perhaps, therefore, it may be interesting to a few people to know how Assouan appeared, and what life there was like, not to the absorbed Egyptologist or the casual traveller, but to the small society of "Military English" who regarded it, however temporarily, as their home.

Assouan itself is simply a good-sized native town, as usual mainly composed of mud huts; with a frontage of more superior houses, for the most part occupied by Greek merchants and shopkeepers, many of them being temporarily converted by the English into military offices and stores. The town stands at the edge of the Arabian desert, on the east or right bank of the Nile; the opposite bank is crowned with steep sand hills, pierced all over with ancient rock tombs, and behind them stretches the Libyan desert—pathless, seemingly illimitable. It may be therefore conceived that there is no "neighbourhood" to Assouan. To be happy there you must find your occupation in your every-day business, your interests in the observation of the strange new life around you, or the wonderful world of antiquarian interest which opens for all who wish to enter.

The troops were quartered in different camps composed of mud huts—some on the Tagoog heights, a little to the south of the town and with a splendid wild view of river and desert; some adjoining the town, and almost mingling with the native bazaar; some a mile and more down the Nile, where they are built among palm-trees, and are at least externally picturesque.

Most of the officers were in camp, inhabiting mud huts also; a few preferred to rent one of the dahabeahs which fringed the bank or were anchored off Elephantine Island in mid-stream. Life in a dahabeah as depicted in novels and described in books of Nile travel—where everything is provided for you, and you have nothing to do but wonder at your dragoman's resources and praise the marvellous local knowledge and general perfections of the "dear old reis"—is very different to life on a dahabeah stationary, where the reis exists merely as a sort of custode of the ship, whose most active duty is to row the small boat to and from the shore, with the help of his boy, and where you have no dragoman, but hire your own servants and manage your household matters yourself.

It is a novel and funny experience to any English lady when she first finds herself mistress of a floating home, on which she is the only woman, and which is entirely servanted by natives. These natives (a term of inevitable vagueness in a country where races are as mixed as they are in Egypt) make clever enough domestic servants. There are arrant rogues among them, of course; but the best of them are like intelligent children. They are very quick to seize an idea, extraordinarily pleased to be entrusted with any unusual work (in which they generally err from overconfidence) or with the handling of new or pretty household furnishings (which they invariably

spoil); but they soon get tired of any monotonous and recurrent work, and, like children, require the stimulus of pretty constant praise or blame.

The ceremony of "ordering dinner" is one rather distasteful to the native cook. He is accustomed to have things very much his own way, to evolve a long series of dishes out of his inner consciousness, to do all the marketing and provisioning for the household himself, to buy vegetables and groceries, etc., in small quantities at large prices in the bazaar, and swell his "bazaar book" to a fabulous sum. The system of daily supervision is consequently one of distinct disadvantage to the cook, and it is therefore a somewhat solemn moment to the housekeeper when—protected by a Terai hat and armed with an English and Arabic vocabulary—she steps out on the lower deck of the dahabeah after breakfast to interview the Ibrahim or Mohammed, who stands, bowing and deferential, but still somewhat on the defensive, to receive orders. The lady probably knows about a dozen words of Arabic, the cook speaks as many of English, and understands more with varying correctness; and so, with many mistakes and misunderstandings, references to the vocabulary, and much amusement on the part of the reis and his boy, who are standing by, the business proceeds.

The foundation of all housekeeping at Assouan was rations—every soldier, whatever his rank, drawing daily so much bread, meat, and vegetables, and weekly (for convenience' sake) so much tea, coffee, and other groceries. This was, of course, supplemented by whatever else could be bought. Turkeys, chickens, and pigeons were kept in great abundance by the natives, and were proportionately cheap; and there were various good stores, English and Greek, where all sorts of tinned provisions could be had; either cow's or goat's milk was procurable; and fruit—oranges, apples, and limes—was constantly in the market. So that, in the matter of food, there was no privation at Assouan. Of course, all the provision shops followed the English army, and left the place when the troops did.

Native servants have very little idea of time as a fact, none whatever of its value. It seems almost impossible to them to be punctual. And the strange thing is that if you ask for dinner to be served immediately, half an hour or more before the appointed time it will be probably quite ready, whereas in the ordinary course of things it would very likely be half an hour late. Their unbounded ideas as to the domestic capabilities of an English lady are flattering, perhaps, but also a little overpowering, as they include demands for constant needlework, beginning with large white aprons with "bibs," in which both cooks and "boys" delight to array themselves, and going on to whole suits, which they seem to think it a simple matter for "missis" to produce at the shortest notice. They all, including the reis and his boy, and any visitor they may chance to have, expect to be doctored when they are ill, without any preliminary explanation of symptoms. But as their maladies mostly arise from cold of some sort, and anything that "makes them hot" seems to please and cheer them if it does not really cure them, it is always safe to dose them with salvolatile, ginger, or peppermint, while a compound of all three forms a draught which makes the afflicted one the envy of all the others.

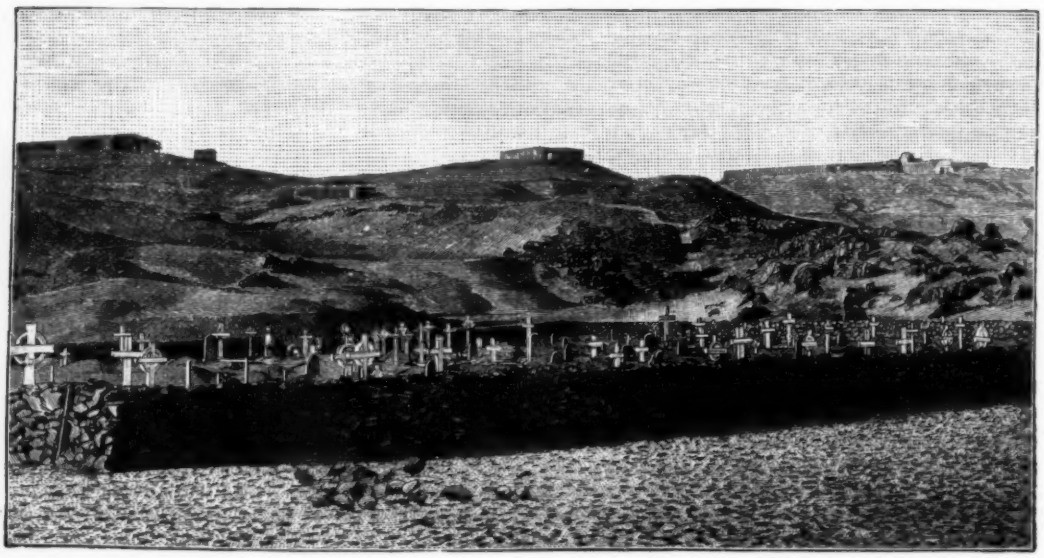
One great feature in a dahabeah is the upper deck, which extends all over the roof of the saloon and cabins, and is reached by steep little flights of steps from the lower deck. These upper decks are all roofed and enclosed with awnings, the sides being hooked up at will, according to the wind and position of the sun; and when they are also hung with gaily-coloured shawls and flags from the bazaar, the couches covered with draperies, and the floor carpeted with rugs, and are additionally furnished with two or three tables and some lounging chairs, they form as pretty a temporary drawing-room as need be desired.

A dinner-party was a picturesque entertainment, with the lighted deck on which to receive our guests—that is, always supposing that we had lamps enough for the purpose. But Assouan is subject to the abruptest changes of temperature, which occasionally disconcert party-givers. You have a day of somewhat exceptional heat for the time of year. The thermometer has gone up to 90° in the shade, and you sit on deck in the afternoon and long for a little air. The evening is cloudless and beautiful but somewhat stifling, and you go to bed feeling sure that it will be too hot for much sleep. In the night you are awakened by strong currents of air blowing all around you, and making you feel as if you had been sleeping in a hurricane. The open windows which three or four hours ago had seemed quite inadequate to ventilate the cabin, now appear to be inlets for the four winds of heaven. The rudder is groaning and creaking, the anchor is straining, the dahabeah is rocking in the stream. The water seems to be clashing past your windows with a swish and a swirl, and you could almost fancy that you are at sea. In the morning you find that a strong north wind has set in, the water is muddy-coloured, and quite rough with waves, the sky is overcast, and the thermometer has gone down quite twenty degrees since yesterday. On the deck the awnings are flapping like sails, and all your draperies want re-arranging. The evening comes, and it would be a sorry kindness to ask your guests to sit in your open-air drawing-room. After dinner all that you can do is to gather round the table in the saloon, and try to forget that a fire is an unattainable luxury. But these are trifles.

The great drawback to life at Assouan is the extreme shortness of the time between the sun's losing its fiercest power and its setting, during which it is pleasant to take active exercise. Boldly facing this difficulty, there were some courageous souls who were out and about at 6.30 a.m., riding or walking before breakfast. But to do this, except for robust people, it was necessary to ensure being able to take a *siesta*, for Assouan is a sleepy place; and for those who lead active lives, both with brain and body, a good long stretch of sleep in the twenty-four hours is neces-

sary, or nature will take her revenge. For the majority it was quite enough to have an early breakfast, and then devote the hours of a long morning to work, leaving the late afternoon and evening for exercise and amusement. On "north-wind days" it is cold enough to go out at three o'clock—indeed, there was one afternoon when, riding in a cold wind under a grey sky, and with an intermittent drizzle, we fondly fancied ourselves in England in June. But on most days the sun is powerful enough to make it unpleasant to take violent exercise before 3.30—indeed, unsafe to do so without the protection of a helmet or double Terai hat.

About four o'clock, therefore, there would be a kind of general rush out of doors; then was the hour when people went to see each other, or started for their rides, scrambles, or boating excursions.



ENGLISH CEMETERY AT ASSOUAN.

It was a little hot at first, but the sun-glare began to go off, and a delightful coolness diffused itself through the air. The sky became spread with beautiful colours, the low, broad light of an Egyptian sunset made wonderful effects on the river, and bathed the granite rocks in burnished gold. The stretches of sand which were lately glowing beneath your feet are now in shade. This is delightful, you exclaim—worth any amount of previous inconvenience from the sun. What a gallop you can get in the desert, what a nice time for pottering among ruins, or poring over inscriptions, when—what—ah! everything gets dim, the light fades suddenly, and—all in five minutes, as it seems—darkness covers the earth. There is, in truth, something so startling in the sudden falling of night here that it never seems to lose its surprises, and, with a little exaggeration, one might almost compare it to putting out the daylight with an extinguisher.

There was not as much boating on the Nile as might be fancied, for the stream is strong, and there are many currents, and eddies, and breakwaters, which make rowing hard and steering complicated; besides the fact that the rising or sinking of the river is always introducing new conditions into its navigation. There were two or three good boat's crews in Assouan—notably the Water-Transport boat—which was painted white, and manned by eight genuine Nubians, with ugly black faces, who had served under Gordon, and who pulled in a style which did their present captain credit. But with the ordinary felucca, attached to the dahabeah and rowed by the reis and his boy, it was not possible to make very long expeditions, nor was it a swift method of transit.

Strictly speaking, there is no walking at Assouan—at least, there are no walks. You can, if you please, stroll up and down the very limited range of the bank between the town and the river, which, indeed, on many afternoons had the attraction of a military band to make you wish to do so; or you can scramble over rocks and rough stony hillocks behind the town; or you can climb the sandy hills on the opposite bank, sinking ankle or knee deep in the process, according to the softness of the sand just there. But walking under these conditions is a means to an end, and not a thing practised for its own sake. There are no roads, and of course nothing on wheels, even of the rudest description, as all kinds of local transport are performed by camels, so everybody rides. There is not much variety in the places to which you can ride at Assouan; but the best of them is undoubtedly Shellal, the village above the Cataract (and then a small military station) immediately opposite the island of Philæ.

The railway to Shellal had not much to boast of, perhaps, as to speed or luxury, but it had this one great advantage over all other railways—that

you travelled for nothing! It pursued a circuitous course through the desert, making a twelve-miles run of the distance you could ride in five. This was a ride which never seemed to lose its unique charm. After scrambling over the rocks and rough ground of the ancient Arab burying-place behind Assouan, you emerged into the desert, unbroken save for one sad and significant object, the English cemetery, which lies below Tagoog. The poor fellows, many of whom died from the effects of climate (as truly for their country as if slain in battle), lie in ground which can afford them no blade of grass to grow green above their breasts; but nearly every grave is marked by a cross or memorial stone with carved inscriptions, and the whole place is kept and tended with the greatest neatness and care. When this is passed you soon leave behind you the more open desert and enter what is in fact a sort of gorge or valley winding through it. What a strange wild place it is! Imagine an irregular desert path shut in on each side by sandy hills whose yellow slopes are powdered with black granite; or by high beetling cliffs, sometimes of sheer masses of rock, at others of huge granite stones piled one upon another like some rough gigantic wall, or else thrown together in scattered heaps as if they were the monstrous upheaval of some primeval earthquake. Sometimes, where the railway took an abrupt turn before you—the entrance to which is not at once obvious—you seemed absolutely closed in by rock and mountain. The footprints of wolves and jackals are visible in the sand, and foxes may be seen walking or crouching under the rocks near you, with extraordinary tameness. Altogether it is an indescribably desolate scene, and amidst it it seems impossible to realise how close is human companionship and civilised life.

When the Nile began to get low you could have a splendid gallop along the sands laid bare at the north end of Assouan, where, past the "rest camp" and cavalry lines which bordered the river at high tide, you emerged beyond the race course, upon quite a green spot, with palm-trees overhead, and many little fruit and vegetable gardens scattered about, some private native ones, and one large and flourishing garden of English vegetables grown for the use of the troops. Beyond it all was, of course, the inevitable desert, but it was refreshing to the eyes to find oneself among anything so green, for however short a time.

Assouan being then an English garrison town it is perhaps hardly necessary to mention that we had a racecourse and a polo ground, and that at least one afternoon was rendered festive to us by some regimental sports. Very well arranged were these sports, on a course well marked out and kept in the desert, with a tent pitched on a rising ground in the centre, with a good view of everything, where the officers of the regiment entertained their friends with tea and other refreshments. Such little refinements of civilisation have a peculiar charm when all the other surroundings are so wild, and I shall not easily forget the pleasant shock of contrast which came over me after attending a soldiers' entertainment at Tagoog (whither we journeyed one dark night on horse and donkey back, and proceeded by lanterns) on emerging from the black surroundings—felt rather than seen—into the officers' mess hut of that same regiment, with the ante-room furnished with rugs, and easy-chairs, and tables, pictures on its walls, and lighted by red-shaded lamps, and its hospitable table so artistically decorated with trailing branches and leaves on a foundation of crimson that it might well afford a hint to table decorators with far wider resources in England.

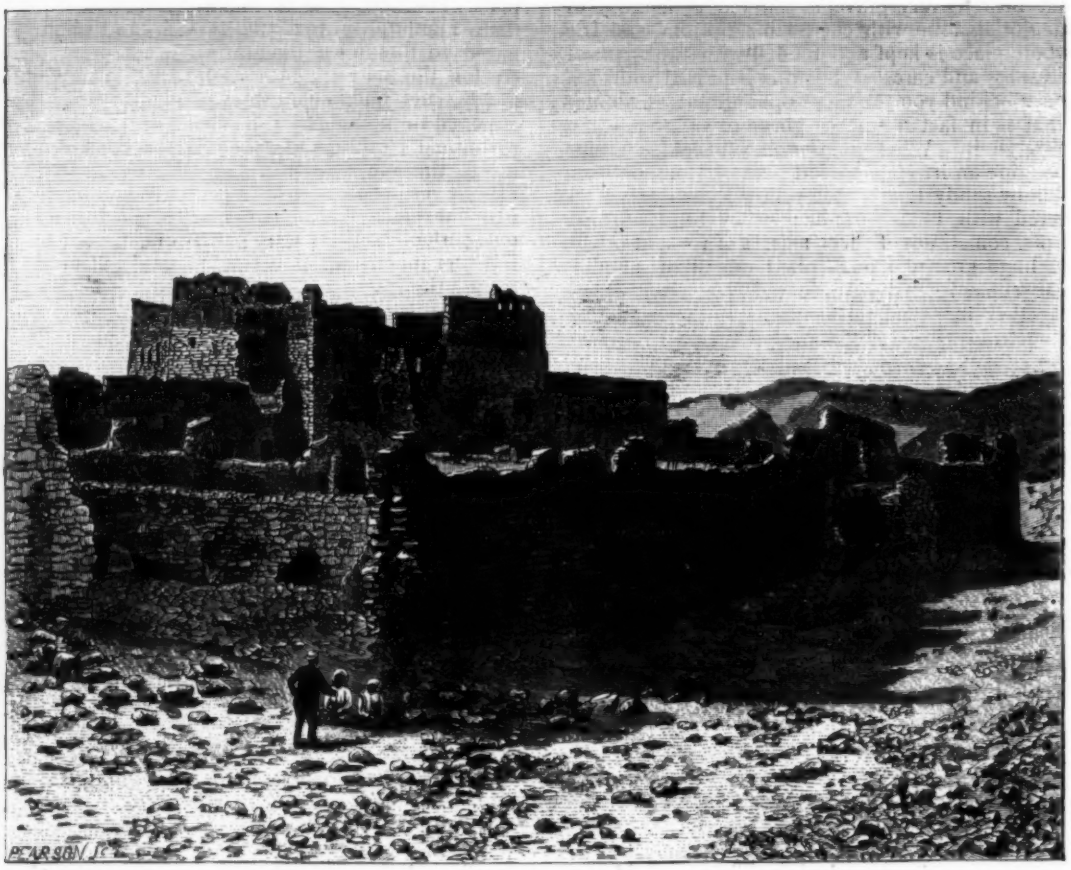
The form of entertainment for which Assouan was especially suited was, of course, picnics. In a place where house-accommodation is limited, where there are interesting spots to visit, and where a fine day is (with rarest exceptions) a foregone conclusion, this must naturally be the case. You could at this time have every form of picnic, from the monster gathering with the officers of two or three regiments to counterbalance less than a dozen ladies, and a military band in attendance, to the homely expedition, when two people found that they had a free afternoon, and hastily packing up a tin of "Moir's Army Rations" (to be heated over a spirit lamp), some bread and cheese, and a bottle of beer, started for Shellal by the 12 o'clock train, and spent a quiet and happy afternoon among the beautiful ruins of Philæ.

There is an old ruined Coptic monastery, little frequented by tourists or others, which stands well placed on a sandy hill on the left bank of the Nile, a little south of the town; and a moonlight picnic there—in such moonlight as one only sees on Egyptian nights—was the most picturesque scene conceivable. The crude brick of which the broken walls and shattered arches are built looked glorified in the moonlight. The interior of the chamber fixed on for the picnic—which we chose to imagine was once the refectory of the old monks, whose cells, with narrow stone beds, line one of the corridors—was lighted with red lanterns; and one dark corner was further illumined by a gipsy fire, over which the bending figure of the swarthy cook, heating soup for our midnight supper, gave the idea of some wizard engaged in incantations. The view from the broken windows of the far-stretching slopes, where the dark granite showed black against the moon-yellowed sand, was one which we could never cease looking on and admiring. We were early people at Assouan, but I do not think that the members of this picnic reached their respective dahabeahs until the small hours. Ah, well! it is not often that one can enjoy an *al fresco* repast at midnight in the middle of January.

The one recurrent excitement of the place was the arrival, twice a week, of the post-boat from Cairo, bringing our longed-for letters and tardy newspapers, and news generally from the outer world, and bringing also an occasional tourist. But in a place where the few resident ladies were also the only "white women," and whose number could often be counted on the fingers of one hand, the apparition of anything European and feminine was indeed an excitement.

Judge, therefore, of the air of wild dissipation

which the arrival of one of Mr. Cook's fortnightly steamers gave to Assouan! How the natives take advantage of their arrival, producing their best wares in the bazaar priced at fabulous figures, and haunting the shore approach to "Babour Cook" with the most grotesquely evident frauds in the shape of so-called "Anticas." Mr. Cook not only enlivened our solitude by his arrival, but exhibited a princely hospitality towards the English residents of Assouan, entertaining them on one of his visits with a banquet and dance afterwards in his new and luxurious steamer; and on another



COPTIC MONASTERY NEAR ASSOUAN.

with a trip down the river and a *déjeûner* on board; festivities thoroughly appreciated by people whose life was necessarily restricted to a somewhat narrow routine, and many of whom had been pursuing the same monotonous round of military garrison duty (and for part of the time under the most trying conditions of climate) for more than two years.

Perhaps the days which seemed the strangest to a new-comer at Assouan were the Sundays, with their novel kind of church-going. The early row down the river, where even on the hottest days in winter the air is fresh (and on cold ones it is *very* cold), and the morning lights are pretty; seeing the gyassas, or native sailing-boats, coming up with the morning wind; the camels drinking and the Arabs performing their ablutions by the river's brink; watching for the distant smoke of the post-boat, which, if it does not "bring our friends up from the under world," at least brings news of them;—the landing on the shelving shore, where each Sunday the water is lower and shallower. And then the walk over the sands (which each Sunday gets longer also), where you ploughed along, keeping the hussars' mess, with its conspicuous verandah, as the point in view, and feverishly wondering, as the way seemed longer than ever, whether church time was the same as station time, and trying to remember whether or not you set your watch by gun-fire yesterday. For time was a variable quantity at Assouan, and there was an element of great uncertainty as to its correctness. When at length you did reach your destination, how strange the church-going seemed to you! No bells, no organ, no church. A group of palm-trees above your head, the cavalry stables close at hand, the groaning monotonous sound of a tzakkieh in your ears (not so very unlike the preliminary drone of an organ after all), and the familiar hymns sung by men's voices to the

accompaniment of a military band. Such were the Sundays.

It had been difficult to believe in the approach of Christmas at Assouan, but when the season arrived it was not without its familiar features. There was the usual service in the morning, when the Hallelujah Chorus was played on the band; and at home there was our dahabeah decorated with palm-branches and oranges by native servants, who were anxiously ready to recognise the season as one of festivity, and an occasion for receiving Christmas bacsheesh. But perhaps the most English feature of the day was the sight of the various mess-rooms, where the men had decorated the walls with really good taste, and in many instances produced a most artistic effect. Their floral trophies were varied by different legends, where in some instances mottoes suitable to the season, and good wishes for their officers, stood side by side with injunctions to each other to "remember their poor heads in the morning," injunctions which, to judge by their frequent repetition, were not considered likely to be unnecessary. Among the residents of the dahabeahs our Christmas evening passed tranquilly enough, with friendly little dinner-parties; but our ears were afterwards regaled with sundry anecdotes as to the events of the day in the livelier camps, where carol singing and practical joking had gone hand in hand, and the men had in some instances insisted on chairing their officers round the camp, not always to the thorough enjoyment of the latter.

I have spoken of fine weather as an invariable concomitant of life at Assouan. But we had to learn that even up the Nile it is not always summer.

Early in January, a pouring wet night—following on a few wet days and a thunderstorm—tried our weather-proof resources to the uttermost. The rain found out the crevices in our dahabeahs where the heat of summer had warped the wood, poured in torrents through our skylights, and reduced the awning-covered decks to a state of unredeemed sloppiness and their furniture to imminent ruin. The dwellers in huts fared worse, for the roofs for the most part melted down on their inhabitants in liquid mud, and happy was he who could find a dry corner for his bed. But the discomforts of the night soon passed away, the sun shone out the next morning, and we dried our damaged property, exchanged mutual experiences with our neighbours, and took courage—our brief winter was over.

But we had not gauged the resources of the weather; and afterwards knew what it is to be *really cold* in Assouan. After a fortnight of lovely weather, a north wind of unexampled strength and fierceness set suddenly in, beginning by a night on which the dahabeahs strained at their anchors and threatened shipwreck on the rocks. The thermometer went down to 40 degs., and there remained; shutting the windows seemed a ridiculous farce, because the wind blew through them all the same; and a dahabeah became suddenly a thing compounded of utterly impracticable draughts. Picnics were a dream of the past. The only thing to be done was to get warm with a gallop in the afternoon, and return to shiver in furs in the evening and long for a fire. As for the natives, they looked like shrivelled plants, and huddled in corners with their heads wrapped in innumerable shawls, their only idea of additional clothing apparently. The wind went down, the sun was once more warm as before, and we resumed our ordinary manner of life with joy, but rejoiced with trembling, for we had lost our perfect confidence in the weather. But yet, however inconvenient, it is impossible to help admiring the resources of a place where the thermometer varies from 40 to 124 in the shade in the course of twelve months.

So far I have dwelt on the much-enjoyed experiences of four months at Assouan; but it is all over now, and the phase of life there is at an end. Only a small handful of soldiers remained where a few months before so many of our troops were quartered, and even to them the time of tenure of the place was brief. But even for those (and there were many) who merely regarded Assouan at the time as the dullest of all military stations, there must be something melancholy in the thought of the aspect which the place must now present, with its many deserted huts and empty military lines—no sound of bands or sight of troops, or stir of military movement and social life. And the esplanade, the pier, the embankment against the encroaches of the Nile, and all the other works and improvements of the British commandant—who will now keep them in repair?

Will the tourists find the place dull and altered when they come up next winter? And how about the natives? Demoralised by unlimited piastres, how do they manage to exist now that their great source of income is removed? Assouan has returned to its primitive and pristine state, and English life there is a thing of the past!

FRANCIS CARR.

THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

EDWARD IV AND HIS QUEEN ELIZABETH WYDEVILE.

NO connected sentence written by Edward IV is known to be extant, though, as is the case with respect to Henry VI, numerous specimens of his signature, "E. R.," occur on formal documents. One of these documents has considerable historic interest, and is therefore worthy of pretty full quotation. It is the minute of the proceedings at a council held in the English camp near Peronne in 1475, at which Edward IV empowered certain persons in his retinue to treat with Louis XI of France for a peace which, it will be remembered, was ultimately agreed upon.

This document—which also bears the signatures of Edward's two brothers, Richard Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III) and George Duke of Clarence, who was murdered and attainted in 1477—recites that the King, attended by a numerous company of nobles, was, on the 25th of August, 1475, "in his felde beside a village called Seyntre within Vermondose a litelle from Peronne." Here "certeyne offres and requestes were made unto his highnes be [by] the Frensshe Kyng for a trewx and abstinence of werre and other intelligences to be had betwixt theme both con[sider]yng the povertie of his armye, the nygh approchyng wynter and smale assistence of his allies;" whereupon Edward "called thane and there before his highnes, the lord Howard Maister of the Rolles Deane of his Chapelle, and Thomas Selynger," whom he charged to "goo unto the said Frensshe Kyng, or suche as he shuld depute for his partie, geving theme power and auctorite," and also charged Lord Howard and Thomas Selynger to agree with him or them "under fourme folowing," that is to say: "if the Frensshe Kyng wolle bynde him, his cuntries and subgets, to paie within 15 daies unto oure soveraigne lord lxxv m[l] scutes and at Ester then next folowing xxv m[l] scutes and at Michelmas thane next folowing other xxv m[l] scutes and soo continuelly forthe yereley l m[l] scutes during their bothe lyves. And also if the said Frensshe Kyng wolle doo marie his sone, called the Delphyne, at his charge and cost to his furst or the second of oure said soveraigne lordes doughters indowing her with lx m[l] pounds of rent yerely, after the estimacione of Fraunce; that thane thei shuld bynd oure said soveraigne lord to withdrawe his armie, incontinent upone the receipt of the said lxxv m[l] scutes into Englond, and to bynde hyme to lay plegges soo to doo."

Besides this, it was further agreed that the two kings "shuld make a private amyte betwixt them bothe byndyng theme to a mutuelle assistence in case any of theme bothe were be [by] their subgetts wronged or disobeied. And also to make betwixt theme both a treux and abstinence of werre with intercourse of merchaundises for their cuntres and subgetts to endure for vij yere next folowing.' The king's signature, thus:



appears at the head of the document.

Elizabeth Wydevile, the wife of Edward IV, is the first English queen of whose handwriting any specimen is known to exist. She was the daughter of Sir Richard Wydevile (by Jacqueline, widow of the Regent Bedford) and married Edward IV on the 1st of May, 1464.

The example of her signature which we give here is appended to a document of some importance, since it goes a good way towards refuting the statement frequently dwelt upon in history, that Henry VII—who, perhaps rightly, possesses a character for carefulness, carried to the degree of meanness—seized his mother-in-law's possessions and left her without any adequate means of support. In the following, we see a receipt given by Elizabeth, the Queen Dowager, for the arrears of a pension of £400 a year allowed her by her son-in-law.

Original in English. Public Record Office. Signature only in Queen's handwriting. See facsimile opposite.

Be hyt remembyrd that I Quene Elyzabethe late wyffe to the exelent prynce, Kyng Edward the iiijth, have reseyvede the xxi day of May the vjth yere of King Herry the viith of John Lord Denham tresorer of Ynglond be the handdes of Thomas Stolys, on [one] of the reseyte, xxx[li] in party of payment of CC[li] due to me at ester last past as hyt aperyth be my annuete grauntyd be the Kyng. In wytnes wher of I have endosyd thys byll wythe my hand the day and yere above said. ELYSABETH.

EDWARD V

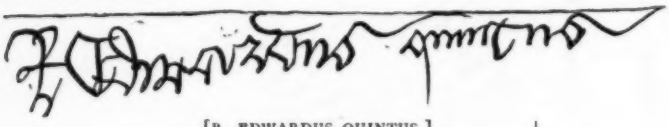
Elizabeth's unfortunate son—though his reign lasted little more than a couple of months—has left us several varieties of his signature—all, however, attached to purely formal documents.

In May, 1483, he signs (the Duke of Gloucester countersigns) a proclamation to the sheriff of Middlesex, commanding those in his county, who were in the enjoyment of lands of a certain value to appear before him and receive the honour of knighthood—which, it must be remembered, at that period, and, indeed, for some time after, was regarded rather as a burthen than an honour, entailing, as it did, the performance of a variety of costly and difficult services. The document has no internal interest, and so the representation of the King's signature is all that need be given here

Edward was only thirteen years of age when he wrote these letters.



We also find, at the British Museum, a strip of parchment, apparently cut from a document, on which the King's signature occurs in full and is written in Latin.[1]



[R. EDWARDUS QUINTUS.]

A document, the date of which may be fixed as early in June, 1483, deserves more attention for its own sake, and is therefore printed below in full: it shows us a completely different form of the King's signature. The document is a warrant to the Lord Chancellor to issue writs for a Parliament to meet at Westminster on the 25th of June "next comyng," which introduces us to a noteworthy historic fact, namely, that it was the intention of Edward—or, rather, we should say, of those who guided his hand—to summon a Parliament; there is no evidence, however, that the writs for this Parliament were ever issued in accordance with the royal warrant.

Original in English. Public Record Office. See facsimile in next column, showing the King's signature and part of the first line of the document.

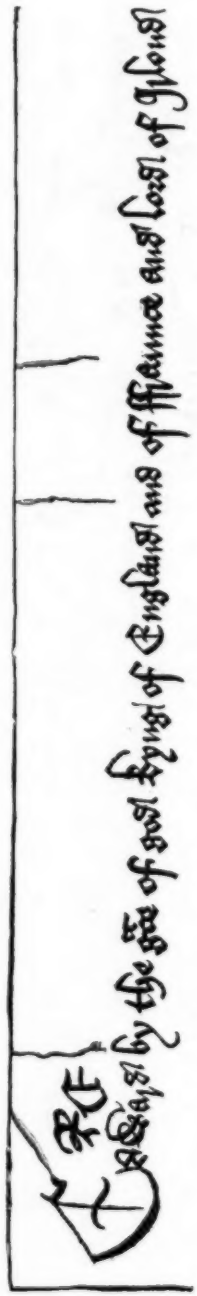
R. E.

Edward by the g[r]ace of God Kyng of England and of Fraunce and lord of Irlond. To the rev[er]ent fader in God John Bisshop of Lincoln our chaunceller gretyng. Forasmoche as We for c[er]tain causes and considerac[i]ons suche as sp[eci]ally move us and conc[er]ne the wele of us and of all this our Realme and subiectis of the same have by thadwys [the advice] of our counseill ordeyned and appoynted a parlement to be holden at Westmynster and to begynne there the xxv day of Juyn next comyng. We wull and charge you that under our great seall ye do make our writtes for the callyng and somons of our said Parlement to the said day and place in due fourme and in suche caas aecustumed. And this our writyng shalbe unto you sufficient Warant and discharge in this behalf.

The murder of the King and his brother happened three days before the date here fixed for the assembly of this Parliament.

RICHARD III.

There is a good deal of the handwriting of Richard III preserved to the present day. Two letters of his are of particular interest, since the wording of each is expressive of the impetuous character of the writer. In the earlier of the two—dated at Lincoln on 12th of October, 1483, three months after his coronation—he commands the Lord Chancellor to send him, with all haste, his great seal, the possession of which is rendered necessary

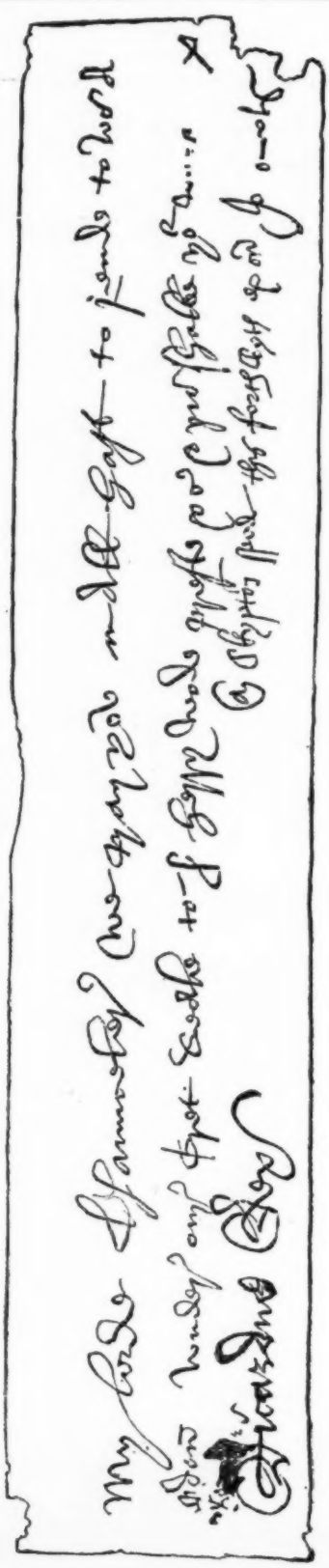


for carrying out his schemes against the Duke of Buckingham. But the formal language of the letter, written by some careful official, in nowise expressed the feelings of the infuriated King, and taking his own pen he has added to it, as follows:[1]

"We wolde most gladly ye camme yourselffe yf that ye

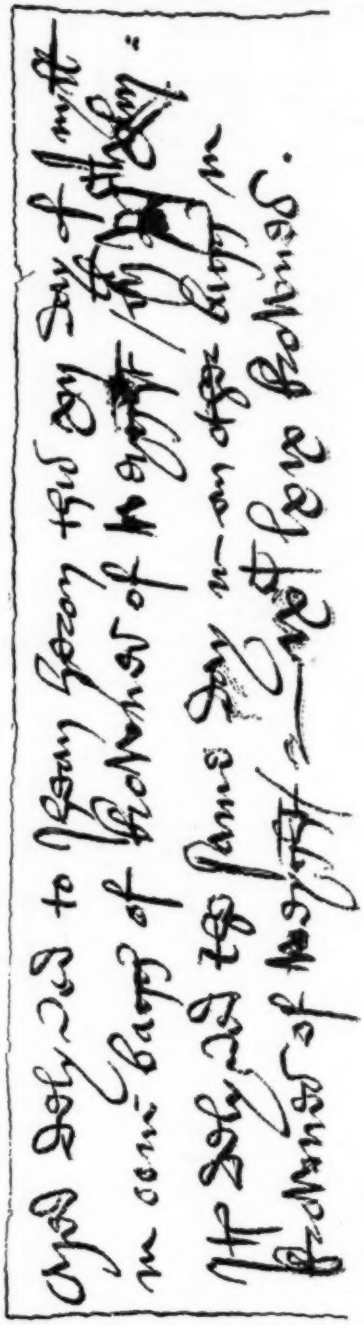
[1] British Museum, Cotton MS., Vesp., F. xiii, Folio 53.

[1] See facsimile on opposite page.



Facsimile (A).

may; and yf ye may not We pray you not to fayle but to accomplyshe in all dyllygence oure sayde comawndement to sende Oure Seale incontenent apone the syght heroffe as We trust you with suche as ye trust and the offycers pertenyng to attend with hyt praying you to assertayne us



Facsimile (B).

of your newes there. Here, loved be God, ys alle welle and trewly determyned and for to resyste the malysse of hyme that hadde best cawse to be trewe, the Duc of Bokyngame, the most untrewe creature lyvyng whome with Godes Grace We shalle not be long tylle that we wylle be in that partyes and subdewe his malys. We assure you there was never falsse traytor better purvayde for as this berrerre Gloucestre shall shewe you."

Equally expressive of the King's temper is another letter—undated—also addressed to the Chancellor, in which he directs him to prepare in hot haste a pardon for a certain priest.

Original in English. Holograph. Public Record Office. See facsimile (A).

My lord chauncelere We pray you in alle haste to send to Us a pardone undere Oure Gret Seale to Sir Henry Wode, preste, &c. and this shalbe your W . . . . .
M[aster] Skypton spede this forthwyth.
RICARDUS REX.

HENRY VII.

We have said that Henry VII has, perhaps rightly, obtained the character of being careful to the degree of meanness. His carefulness is certainly demonstrated by the extreme pains he took with regard to his household accounts. Two volumes of these are still extant, and a facsimile, showing a portion of a page from one, is given here. (See Facsimile B.) Every word on the first four pages of this volume is written by the King. The entries in the remainder of the volume, and throughout the other, are made by a clerk; but Henry checked all the "totals," and placed his initials both at the foot and at the top of the page. The items which we see in the facsimile are curious, as showing the King's numerous dealings with large sums of money *in specie*—"oone bagge of krownes of weyght m^{l}vj^{c}xliij" [pounds]—and others of a similar kind:—

Transcript of the document above referred to, showing the first four lines. Public Record Office. See facsimile (B).

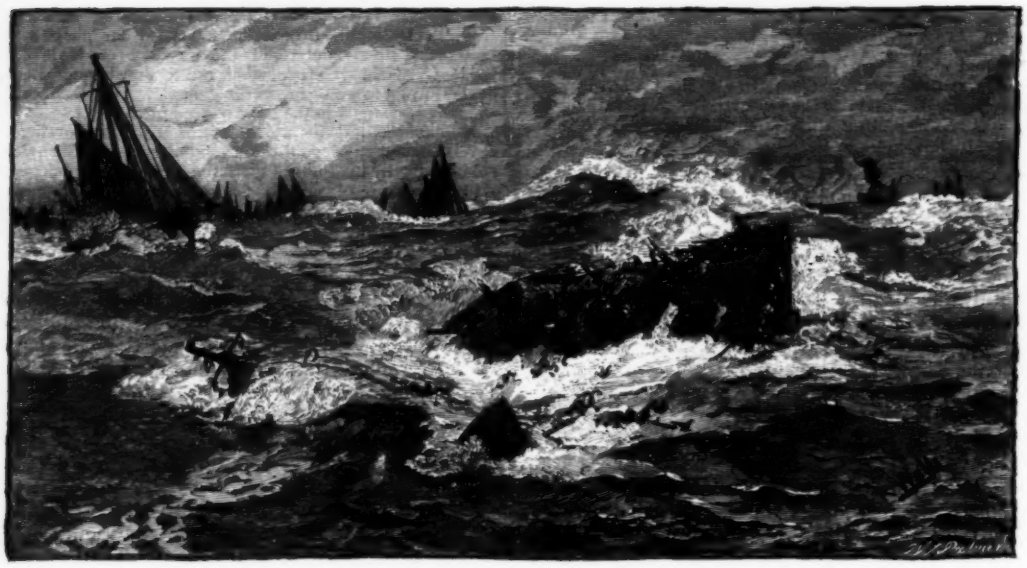
Med.' delyvered to Jhean Heron this xij day of Juyll[y] in oone bagge of Krounes of weyghte m^{l} vj^{c} xliij. It[em] delyvered the same day in an other bagge in krownes of weyghte ix^{c} lxix krownes, whereof delyvered to Pierres Danyelle by Mathieu Baker in advanced for plate a m^{l} krownes. It[em] delyvered the xix day of Juyll[y] to Jhean Heron in ducatz m^{l}m^{l}m^{l} ccc xxx^{li} wherefor Lewes de la Fava receyved in sterling money vij^{cl} li xiij^{s} iiij^{d} which is discharged in the boke of acompts.
Me[moran]d[um] delyvered by Sir Thomas Lovelle, in dyvers man[er]s, of gold of beyond the see in Flemysche gold broght by hym from Calais the xxth day of Juinge a^{o} xix^{o} the some of viij^{c} li flemysche which Sr Sampson Norton and Nicolas Boveton delyvered hym of the revenuz of Marke and Oye in the marches of Calais.

Besides demonstrating the King's love of money-making, the study of these books of accounts reveals evidence of some very questionable dealings in the employment of spies. The name of Sir Richard Empson—who, in company with Dudley, another of the King's ministers, suffered on Tower Hill soon after the accession of Henry VIII—appears frequently in connection with these entries. There are, too, in these books some curious allusions, under the date 1497, to the rebellion made by Perkin Warbeck, or "Piers Osebeke," as he is there generally termed.

The signature given below ("Henricus R.") is a particularly bold example of Henry VII's writing. It occurs on a letter written by him from Woodstock in 1502 to the Venetian Ambassador:—



LIFE IN WINTER ON THE WILD NORTH SEA.



HOVE DOWN, WITH LOSS OF ALL HANDS.

THE North Sea is not far away—except perhaps from our minds. The race of men that spend their lives, or too often find a grave in it, have emotions very similar to our own. It is only a literal picture of their daily hardships and perils that I wish to bring before you.

Imagine, then, a biting east wind, which had been blowing heavily for three days, and had swept the sea of all vessels that were able to run to port. A dirty, dusky day in February, calculated to check any remnant of enthusiasm for leaving land, and making us think fondly of our snug firesides. Imagine the scene enlivened by a solitary friendless medico, watching from the deck of a mission smack the labours of a small fishing vessel as she attempted to tow into the narrow harbour a friend dismasted in the late gales, and you will form some idea of my first impressions of the North Sea.

A 69-ton smack from its small dimensions appeared but a frail craft for the perilous work of winter, far from the reach of sheltering harbour—but a cockle on those angry waves. Seven hands, all told, form the usual crew, and of these one is a mere boy, whose office aboard is cook. This, too, seemed a sorry complement to manage our huge net, and as well keep the twenty-four hours of watching, especially in winter, with the long weary hours of darkness. But when subsequently the biting cold compelled me, though thickly clad, after every ten minutes on deck, to go below and crouch over the cabin stove, I began to realise what a twelve-hour watch meant in winter. We had not put out a couple of hours before long icicles hung from our ropes and spars, and even below decks ventilation was at a discount. It is not usual to sight land again during a cruise, but we put into Ostend for tobacco for the fleets—the only way then to undersell the "Coper." Here were numbers of Dutch fishers—not such seaworthy craft as our own—bound by stress of weather, and only venturing out during the daytime. The town was deserted, and the barbaric talk completely isolated us from the few that remained. A few English smacks came in for refuge or to sell their fish, in spite of the recent riots; some were in the most dilapidated condition. So thick was the ice in harbour that men were poling themselves about on detached blocks to clear the waterway. A point that rather struck me was that while the little fisher-boats ran in and out on their cruises, large brigs and vessels more than ten times their size waited week after week for more favourable weather. Soon, with our 'bacca stowed, we found ourselves again at sea, expecting on the morrow to see for the first time a real live fleet.

Any feeling of discomfort or of danger was almost, if not entirely, obliterated by the mental picture of the hearty welcome a mission boat receives. But it was not agreeable to be told on the first night that sailing towards our goal was out of the question, the wind and waves being far too high, and to be "lashed along" or to jog along did not suit my impetuosity. Five days revealed nothing to our straining eyes, and by that time I had grown quite callous, perfectly convinced we had no more chance of running down our wandering quarry than of catching the proverbial goose. It was hard at that time to believe that a lead-line with

some grease on the end was sufficient to exactly localise our position on a sea of whose dimensions I was rapidly forming a very respectful estimate. We did not appeal to the sun for aid, because there was no sun to appeal to. Imagine, then, the shocking velocity with which I flew on deck the following day, when the "fleet in sight" of the morning watch struck my ears. Arrived on deck, deference to his long experience, "thirty-six year, man and boy," alone prevented my denying such an imputation. Call that a fleet? Call those twenty specks, and that porpoise with two rags on its back, a fleet? Why, you might as well—and yet it was the remnant of two fleets fishing together.

As we drew nearer every now and again other specks appeared high in air all round our horizon, as they rose and fell on the mountainous waves. The central object turned out to be a fish cutter, running to and fro from Billingsgate with the fish. She was vainly trying to steady herself in the trough of the sea by a small sail fore and aft, to render the task of putting the fish aboard a trifle easier. To board the fish it is packed in oblong boxes, or trunks, and then placed in the small boat, which is dropped to windward of the cutter and allowed to drift to her, while the smack jibes round and waits for it behind. In fairly fine weather it is a feat of no ordinary agility, but on such a day it formed a most fascinating scene.

Fancy yourself perched on the roof of your house looking down into the street. The pavement rises with a dash, while the house descends as rapidly; as they meet, you get from one to the other, assisted by an eight-stone box of fish. I found to transfer my own person without the handicap quite sufficient for an amateur. Here is the receipt given to me for its accomplishment: "Lie on the gunwale of your boat, wait till the other is well below—roll off quickly." That only a few vessels were that day boarding was obvious, and next day we learnt five men had been drowned in doing it. This, I thought, in one fleet on one day!

The next three weeks were spent in finding the other fleets and supplying them with tobacco, woollens, and reading, all which articles the mission vessels carry, and in supplying to the best of our power the bodily and spiritual wants of the fishermen.

The last two weeks of our cruise we remained fishing with the Great Northern fleet.

One fresh breeze of nine days' duration will suffice to exemplify what bad weather means out there. During that time we lay dead under three reefs fore and aft. The little space left on deck by the large trawl beam and the smack's boat was covered with thick ice, while the whole ship was converted into a miniature iceberg. Our sails were caked with frozen spray and snow, and the extra weight of this on the ropes kept breaking them. Our rudder was one day unshipped, our storm jib blown to shreds, and to get it in the blocks had to be thawed with hot water, and the links of the iron chain halyard had each to be h mmered with marling spikes to make them run. Blocks had to be restropped, rigging re-covered, glass skylights boarded up, while beards froze to icicles, and mufflers became solid and chafed the neck. The roar of the broken water as it fell on deck resounded like the clash of tons of bricks, an effect heightened by the huge blocks of ice that became detached and were washed to and fro with a violence which has swept many a smack clean of masts, and left only stanchions standing. The only hatch not battened down was the companion, and many a merry laugh was raised by the drenching shower-baths you occasionally got while going up on deck.

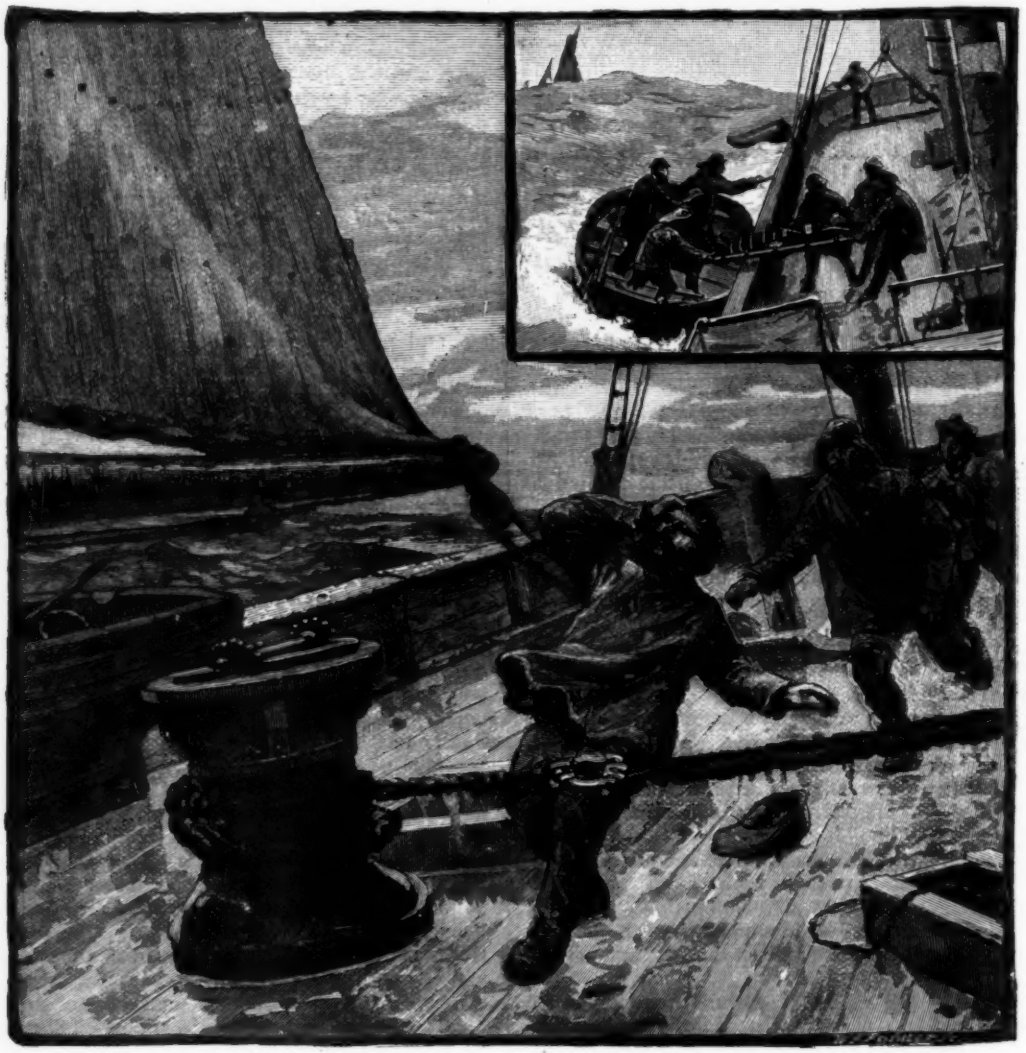
Below decks at these times meals are taken sitting fixed, if possible, on the cabin floor, which serves as well on many smacks as the only bed for the crew. To see these weather-beaten men, arranged like sardines, stretched on the hard boards to keep from rolling, with generally a boot for a pillow, is a sight not to be forgotten, though the steam often rising from their dripping garments may render definition a difficulty. Wet clothes can very seldom be changed, instead they are wrung out and put on again. I should wrong them, however, did I not refer to a phase of their natures which is strikingly prominent, their great power of resource on every occasion, nurtured, undoubtedly, by the necessity of their lives; whether in saving life from large vessels in distress, or in repairing losses, or enlivening a leisure hour, few could surpass them. A spare boom will be made into an excellent jury mizen-mast, or a topmast which has "gone by the board." A storm jib will be replaced by a topsail, and as for strengthening ropes their ingenuity knows no bounds. Hamlet, enacted by our skipper and mate, suitably disguised, where the king was killed by stabbing him with a carrot in his mouth, afforded out there as much amusement as any presentation could at home. The deftness of the blow was depicted by the fact that the haft came out leaving the blade in the supposed wound. A toy terrier was trained to stand guard on his hind legs with a hat on his head, a pipe in his mouth, and a gun under his arm.

Birds were caught and skinned, gannets were lured into diving and fighting under our eyes beneath the water for haddocks. There were concerts and dances to the concertina, yarns and riddles, tricks, athletic and parlour, in any variety, while on a fine morning five-and-twenty or more skippers would meet to dine and have tea and supper together before parting for the night. They take great interest in any science, art, literature, or anything else you like to talk to them about. At such a gathering it was not uncommon to hear, "Now, then, shut up, the doctor's going to tell us something." And start you had to, impromptu, on any subject barring fish, while they would listen like mice.

I need scarcely spin yarns of the late but not lamented Coper. A bold little craft it used to be, which persistently dogged our steps while I was out. One sample will suffice, which I give as it was told to me. A party went aboard, perhaps for "bacca," perhaps for drink. They took the latter. One, as a joke, poured the paraffin over

his neighbour, another lit him. He jumped unshriven into the sea, and . . . . was drowned.

The last aspect I wish to present is more peculiarly my own—the medical. Picture, if you can, then, the following sample case, the subject of which is now lying under Mr. Treves' care in the London Hospital. It is an example of a FINE-weather accident. A smack was fishing ninety miles from Yarmouth on the Skillen. The third hand was hauling in the main-sheet by aid of the steam donkey-engine. His oily frock got caught between the rope and the revolving capstan. He was dragged round and round, and before he could get away both legs were hopelessly broken. The bones in both legs protruded, the right foot being at right angles to the leg. He was taken below and laid down in that condition, as his skipper was afraid to put them straight "for fear they should come orf." As it happened, a strong fair wind chanced to be blowing, and, after many hours of agony, he reached Yarmouth. He was carried up to the hospital in a rug, a ride he is never likely to forget. The right leg refused to join, and it was only after a secondary operation that, at the expiration of one year and nine months, he was fit to go to sea. After six weeks' fishing he was, last Friday week, at seven p.m., helping to hold the shackle while the beam of the net was being fixed on board. A heavy sea struck the vessel, and the jerk tore the rope from his grasp. With a lightning speed the whole enormous weight of more than two tons rushed back into the sea. The warp struck him, and he was picked up with a broken thigh. Though a heavy sea was running, Dr. Reynolds,



1. AN ACCIDENT ON THE NORTH SEA. 2. M.D.S.F. AMBULANCE CONVEYING INJURED MAN TO THE STEAM CARRIER

of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen,[1] came aboard from the mission vessel with their new sea-stretcher. The sufferer's leg was set, and he himself firmly strapped on to it. And as there was no hospital ship with the fleet he was taken next day on the steam cutter, and, though 250 miles away, was in hospital on Sunday at 5 p.m., still strapped to the stretcher he had never once left. And his own testimony is, "I never had a bit of pain all the way, sir."

Out of three hundred cases I had myself the privilege of treating, I could give many other examples—this, however, should suffice.

Gentle reader, draw your own conclusions—you know what suffering is. You know what tender care can do. Yet, here are twelve thousand of England's best and bravest sons, ten and a-half months out of twelve, far away on the sea, providing us with cheap and valuable food. Until recently no doctor tended them in their extremity, no means were near to lessen their pain or treat lesser injuries till often too late. Lives, limbs, and occupation seemed ruthlessly being thrown away. Thank God there is now one hospital ship, just home from her trial trip, named after our beloved Queen, and a second on the stocks. But in *winter* even, there are eight fleets forced by necessity to constantly change their ground. To be adequate each must have a hospital vessel. Even should these be forthcoming, a large endowment fund, which has been already started, is absolutely necessary. It would touch your heart to know what a trifling accident or illness untreated may entail on wives and families ashore. While the suffering of the long journey home can be nought but grievous, employment may be lost for months, and that may mean even worse than starvation.

Our merry fires blaze brighter for the howling wind. The warmth and comfort within is more keenly felt for the snow and sleet which rattles against the window-pane, while the darkness that can be almost felt only heightens the cheeriness of an English home. Gentle reader, can you realise what that poverty means which would drive any man to undergo the cruel cold of winter on the wild North Sea, with old rags for socks inside his leaking boots, and naught but old cotton-shirting beneath his coat? I could not till I saw it.

WILFRED GRENFELL, M.R.C.S.

[1] The Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen has ten vessels engaged in missionary or hospital work. Subscriptions may be sent to E. J. Mather, Esq., the Founder and Honorary Director of the Mission, Bridge House, 181, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Original Fables.

THE FADED LEAF.

"What use am I now?" sighed a sere leaf as it swayed to and fro in the autumn breeze. "What use am I now? In summer I helped to form a pleasant and refreshing shade, but now, dried up and yellow, my mission is over.—I've not been of much use." And here the poor thing fluttered helplessly to join its fellow-leaves on the damp earth beneath.

As it rustled down, however, an answer of comfort was borne to it on the breeze.

"Yet hast thou thy work to do. Rotting there, yet by thy very rottenness dost thou help in turn to nourish the tree which put thee forth and so long nourished thee. Be content then to lie there; in thy death the tree finds new life."

MORAL.—We die not to ourselves.

THE PEN AND PENCIL.

"You," said a pencil to a pen, "are, after all, but a poor and incomplete sort of thing. You cannot write without first being dipped into the ink; if it were not for the ink you would be powerless to write at all. I, on the other hand, am complete in myself; wherever the hand guides me, there I go, and leave behind a black trace."

A poet entering took up the pencil, and began to write a song. Pressing heavily upon the point, it snapped, and before he could proceed he had to cut the wood away to make the point afresh. Having finished his work, he left the copy lying on the table, when a little child came in and began to rub out the pencil marks with a piece of india-rubber until the song was gone.

"There," said the pen, "you couldn't have done that with me. First you are wasted by being pared away, and then at best the marks you make are soon obliterated. My marks remain."

MORAL.—The man who can do everything does not always do the best work.

THE MAGNET.

A steel punch lying amongst some odds and ends of iron observed that his companions were attracted by a magnet also lying near.

"What power the fellow has!" enviously commented the punch, "and yet he looks no different from myself. See how all the bits of iron hasten to him, and cling on at every point. Why haven't I influence, and power of attraction?"

At this juncture the master-smith, entering the smithy, took up the punch to drive home a nail, and hit the envious tool several smart blows with the hammer: then replaced the punch whence he had taken it, amongst the odds and ends of iron.

And lo! the punch now found itself endowed with the same power as had the magnet: the nails and filings hastened to it, and clinging fast hold refused to loosen their grasp.

MORAL.—Hard usage oft sows the seed of influence.

THE MEDICINE.

A doctor was sent for one day to attend a poor man grievously ill. A prescription was written and made up. The drug proved the salvation of the patient.

Said the bottle to its contents, "Well done! I am proud to contain you indeed."

Soon after the same man had recourse to the same medicine again, and this time, not careful enough about the dose, the drug which had before saved his life now poisoned him.

"Shame on you!" angrily cried the bottle. "What perfidy! You cured once, he trusted you to cure again, and now you kill. I blush to contain you."

"Not my fault," pleaded the drug; "it is the fault of the man."

MORAL.—Do not abuse a benefit. Or, It is possible to have too much of a good thing.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

RECENT MICROSCOPICAL ADVANCES.

THE death of Dr. Zeiss, the famous optician of Jena, inevitably brings to remembrance the great advances in microscopical science with which his name has been so honourably associated. Dr. Zeiss lived to the age of seventy-three, and was personally known to many English microscopists, whom he gladly welcomed to his house at Jena. At a recent meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society, at King's College, London, a high tribute to the work and worth of the professor was offered by the president, Dr. T. C. Hudson.

It is no slight testimony to Dr. Zeiss that our leading microscopical specialists have been practically obliged to put aside all large-angled English lenses in favour of those of Zeiss's manufacture. No one in recent years has spoken more frankly in favour of high apertures than Dr. Dallinger, as may be readily verified by reference to his Presidential addresses delivered before the Royal Microscopical Society. The marked superiority of Zeiss's apochromatic objectives over his own objectives of ordinary construction is very largely due to their augmented apertures, the new system of construction enabling him to obtain these higher apertures with better correction of spherical and chromatic aberration than was formerly attainable. For delicate and flat work nothing would be better than the lenses produced by our best English makers; but when they have to deal with an active animal not more than $\frac{1}{250}$ in. in length, it is of immense advantage to get that additional focal distance which these foreign lenses afford.

Another detail in which Dr. Zeiss departed from the English plan was in not attempting to make screw collars to his high power objectives, but in fixing the combination once for all at the given thickness which his experience found to be the best average working distance. The benefit of this was found at once when a delicate animal of about $\frac{1}{300}$ in. was being held in such a way that the slightest pressure would crush it. For such an occasion it was best to have a lens that was fixed and did not require a troublesome adjustment to be made at the time. There is a further advantage in the fact that this kind of lens admits of the use of dark-field illumination to a greater extent than the English method. Even with the very highest powers some kind of dark field can be obtained, and will show what could not otherwise be made out so well. Some people allege this was only a matter of display; but with many of the Rotifera it is necessary to use this method of illumination in order to obtain a true idea of their structure.

A remarkable instance of the result of not examining an object in this way had recently occurred where a Frenchman had been looking at a rotifer with transmitted light and with one eye. The creature was one which had two processes on one side and one on the other, and he had drawn them all three on one side, and then said it was a new animal!

With regard to the progress made in the microscope since the introduction of "achromatic" objectives, it should be mentioned that Dr. Zeiss devoted himself specially in his early days to perfecting the simple or dissecting microscope, and that he succeeded in obtaining such large apertures with his doublets and triplets that, in resolving power, they were nearly on a par with the best contemporaneous German compound microscopes. Professor Abbe considers that the technical skill shown by Dr. Zeiss in the production of these doublets and triplets had led him to neglect for many years the compound microscope, and hence, probably, to retard the development of the compound microscope in Germany. Simple microscopes were much more in vogue on the Continent than in England, until about thirty years ago, and the favour they met with was largely due to the enormous apertures obtained by certain skilled opticians, notably the late Dr. Zeiss.

Since Professor Zeiss's death Dr. Royston Pigott, F.R.S., has mentioned a remarkable feat accomplished by him with a Zeiss lens. Having given a drawing of the attenuated dots discovered in the beads of the minute water plant known as *Pleurosigma angulata*, Dr. Van Heurck succeeded in obtaining a print of these dots by means of the electric light and a fine Zeiss oil-immersion glass. Considering that these dots reach the astounding attenuation of four millionths of an inch, they almost pass beyond reasonable expectation. Extremely minute dots, about 1-300,000th, are not only found amongst diatoms, but reveal themselves in the transparent beadings of moth-scales. Great command over size is obtained by Dr. Piggott's method of miniatures. A $\frac{1}{10}$th in. object glass miniatures an object 1,000 yards distant 360,000 times smaller. Spider threads have been miniatured a hundred times less than nature. This is, perhaps, the most delicate optical feat yet accomplished. Glass threads miniature extremely well, but these are ten times coarser than fine spider threads. The narrowest beam of light Dr. Piggott has been able to distinguish with the microscope was just $\frac{1}{2300000}$th of an inch.

PYRAMIDAL HAILSTONES.

It has been shown in a former paper that the scientific observation of the fall of hailstones is yielding some curious results.[1] In a storm in London last year the hailstones were found to be pear-shaped or like a spinning-top. In another case a peculiar banded structure of the ice was noticed. In every instance the broad end was

[1] See "Leisure Hour" for 1887, pp. 70, 71.

composed of perfectly hyaline amorphous ice, while the pointed end was banded crosswise by alternate layers of clear white ice. Mr. Alexander Johnstone has just reported from Edinburgh University a fall of hailstones of a different type. They were all pyramidal in form, and the pyramids were nearly all four-sided. Their bases were in almost every instance more or less rectangular in outline, the contours of a few only being triangular, and the surface of each base was convexly curved. The figures 1, 2, 3 below, although diagrammatic, will give a good idea of the average shape of the hailstones.



FIG. 1.—Magnified.



FIG. 2.—Magnified.



FIG. 3.—Basal view; magnified.

When sixteen hailstones, all of which were about the same size, were placed close together side by side, so that their apices terminated at the same point, a half spheroid was constructed, the curved basal surfaces of the pellets running neatly into one another to form the external globular surface. It would seem, therefore, that these particular hailstones, at least, were originally portions of spheroids, each hailstone being a segment (the $\frac{1}{32}$nd in this case) of a globe. How the icy globes were formed, and what was the cause of their breaking up into segments, are problems, we believe, that yet await serious investigation.

When the substance of any of the hailstones was observed closely by means of a lens magnifying four times, it was seen to be a transparent mass of ice, and fairly homogeneous in texture, having apparently little or none of the fibrous structure which has been previously noticed in other cases. Each icy mass, however, contained, scattered about in its substance, numerous small cavities, round, oval, or elliptical in form, which were filled wholly or partially with water (see fig. 4).



FIG. 4.—Showing numerous liquid cavities in a hailstone; magnified six times.

In some cases these liquid cavities were so numerous and so crowded together as to interfere seriously with the diaphaneity of the hailstone, and to give it quite a clouded or granulated appearance. The convex basal surfaces of the hailstones were not quite smooth and glassy, but exhibited a rather grainy appearance, and were slightly but distinctly rough to the feel.

In what antecedent form then do ice or hailstones exist, judging from their internal composition? Some observations by Professor Ferdinando Palago on granular snow and the formation of hail have been recently contributed to the "Rivista Scientifico-Industriale." The author had a good opportunity of studying the formation of granular snow during a heavy snowstorm at Tersmo. The grains, about the size of ordinary peas, were perfectly dry, falling with a clatter like that of hail, which they resembled somewhat in appearance, although evidently formed not by super-imposed layers of ice, but by particles of snow agglomerated under certain atmospheric and perhaps electrical conditions. They were relatively light, perfectly white, and opaque, yielding under pressure between the fingers; and from their general appearance and the circumstances of their formation Professor Palagi concludes that granular snow is the first phase in the formation of hail.

MUSICAL SAND AND "SINGING BEACHES."

The existence of the phenomenon of musical sand has recently been discovered at Studland Bay, Dorsetshire, and reported upon by Mr. Carus-Wilson, F.G.S., to the Bournemouth Society of Natural Science. Studland Bay musical sand is composed chiefly of quartz grains, more or less rounded, and to some extent polished, but many are angular. At various points between the Ferry and Studland there are patches of sounding sand which have been separated from the finer grains both by wind and wave action. When the foot is drawn over the surface, these sands give out a musical note. In walking over it in the ordinary manner a tingling sensation is felt, as of vibrations communicated to the body. Some of the layers are far more musical when the surface is rubbed than when it is struck. The coarsest grains are found to emit the deepest note. This musical sand is to be distinguished from the bedded sands, which, in the same locality, are simply sonorous and not musical, as also from the rock known as phonolite or "clinkstone." In a "singing beach" the musical notes are produced by the friction of the separate grains, and not as in the phonolites from the solid rock. (A good example of a phonolite is described by Sir Wyville Thompson at St. Michael's Mount, an island off the coast of Brazil, the rock literally "ringing like a bell" on being struck.)

It may be remembered that about thirty-five years Hugh Miller drew attention to his discovery of musical sand at the Bay of Laig, in the romantic Isle of Eigg. (A model of this island may be seen in the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street, London.) Hugh Miller described the Eigg musical sand as being derived from the disintegration of the beds of Oolitic sandstone. He writes: "I struck the sand obliquely with my foot, where the surface lay dry and incoherent in the sun. The sound elicited was a shrill sonorous note, somewhat resembling that produced by a waxed thread when tightened between the teeth and the hand, and tipped by the nail of the forefinger." From much experience of musical sand from different localities, Mr. Carus-Wilson considers the Eigg sand the most musical he knows of. He has had a sample by him for two years,

and it has not at any time become mute through changes of temperature, but seems to gain rather than to lose in musical *timbre* and the clearness of the notes emitted. Up to the year of Hugh Miller's discovery only two localities were known for musical sand; these were Gebel Nakus, or the "Mountain of the Bell," near the Red Sea; and Reg-Ruwan, or the "Moving Sand," 40 miles north of Cabul. Lieut. Newbold, who visited Gebel Nakus in the year 1850, describes the loose sand as it descends the slope of the hill producing a faint musical sound like the deeper chords of a violoncello at a distance. "The sound became more and more distinct and apparently nearer, in successive and fast repeating notes like those of a deep, mellow church or convent bell. Lieut. Newbold then disturbed the sand near the summit with his feet, when the sounds became more treble and prologed in tone, resembing the wild strains of an Æolian harp, but gradually becoming deeper and louder until at length they rivalled the rumblings of distant thunder, and fairly caused the sand in which I sat to tremble in distinct vibrations." Like all other musical sands those of Gebel Nakus are mute when wet.

To the ordinary observer, musical sand presents the same appearance as any other white sand, the musical and the mute being frequently indistinguishable when placed side by side on the sea-beach; but under the microscope it is seen that the grains of the musical sand have had their angles rubbed off by natural attrition, their surfaces having become beautifully polished; that they are more or less uniform in size, and that, unlike other sands, they are perfectly clean and free from fine particles or any coating of adherent substances which would produce the friction and consequently the sounds.

No satisfactory theory of musical sand and "singing beaches" has hitherto been submitted, but the careful experiments and observations of Mr. Carus-Wilson indicate the direction in which an explanation will probably be found. This painstaking observer concludes that the emission of musical sounds from sand is due to the rubbing together of the surfaces of millions of perfectly clean grains of quartz. Such grains must be free from angularities, roughness, or adherent matter in the form of clinging fragments investing them. No sand can be musical which does not comply with these conditions. But these conditions are pre-eminently characteristic of all the sands Mr. Carus Wilson has examined, as also of a large number of samples procured by Professor Bolton, who says: "These characters are so marked and prevalent that it would be difficult to distinguish from one another, without labels, specimens of musical sand from Massachusetts, Lake Huron, the Hebrides, or the coast of Denmark and Prussia."

In conclusion it seems not unlikely that in this, as in other cases, science may help to give a basis of fact to poetic folk-lore which too often passes as pure superstition, by showing that the legends of syren-songs and weird music heard by the sea-shore are at least in some founded on genuine audible phenomena. It should be added that Mr. Carus-Wilson's paper has since been published in a separate form.[1]

HOW TO SEE THE STRUCTURE OF TIMBER.

A new method of exhibiting and studying the structure of timber by means of thin slices has been advanced by Mr. R. B. Hough, of Lowville, New York, U.S.A., and received a great deal of attention at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Cleveland. He employs frames made of cardboard, holding three samples of the wood, each being about 2 in. wide and 5 in. long, and from $\frac{1}{50}$ to $\frac{1}{200}$ in. thick; these exhibit the wood in three relations, one slice being transverse across the grain, another radially running from the outside towards the heart, and a third is a tangential section. The first and second show both the sap wood and the heart; they also reveal the grain and the structure of the wood in a most beautiful manner. These various frames are arranged in book form for the purpose of study and examination. They retain all the characteristics of the wood, and are easily recognised, while the effect of the light shining through them is to show the peculiarities of the grain far more accurately and picturesquely than by simply looking at the wood in the mass.

THE CONFIGURATION OF TREES.

Professor Fernow, of the United States Department of Agriculture, in a recent paper, discusses the obscure question respecting the influences under which a tree assumes one shape rather than another. As an example, the spirally-shaped trunks often assumed by the Spanish Chestnut in Kensington Gardens and many public parks may be mentioned. The mechanical forces which affect trees externally are mainly gravity and wind. The physiological forces, termed by Professor Fernow "stimuli," work accidentally and occasionally; they are set in motion by the changes in the intensity or direction of light, variation of temperature, instantaneous shocks, sudden pressure, etc. The internal capacity of part of an organ to reach to external influences determines the external form and direction of growth. Thus, some plants tend to place their axis towards the acting force, others obliquely or transversely. Changes in the direction of the various parts of trees, aside from accidental ones, such as pressure, contact, moisture, and heat, are mainly produced by light and gravity. The effect of light upon root forming matter is to turn it away, and upon shoot forming matter to turn it towards the light. Certain plant structures adjust themselves obliquely across the direction in which the light strikes the organ, the result being that the largest surface of chlorophyll-bearing cells are exposed to the light, and the chemical changes, upon which the growth depends, are induced. Certain plants, such as the

[1] It may be had of C. J. Woodford, High Street, Poole.

mimosa, have the capacity of changing the position of the leaves when the intensity of the light is so great as to be injurious. The direction of a branch depends, to a great extent, on the degree of illumination of its parts; a greater illumination on one side increases the cell growth on the other, and the rapid strengthening of the shaded side results in a curvature and a new direction of the tip of the branch towards the light. The action of light on the roots is exactly the reverse; the illuminated part lengthens more rapidly, carrying the growing point away from the light. On the whole, Professor Fernow arrives at the conclusion that trees in which the foliage is dense give out more spreading branches, while those in which it is less dense exhibit a more erect form of branches.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The total eclipse of the sun has again been in favour of the American observers. The phenomena of 1878, when the eclipse was also a land-track sweeping over the Western States of the North American Continent in a year of sun spot minima and reduced solar activity, seem to have been repeated. The English observers of the 1886 eclipse, who met with utter disappointment in their expedition to the West Indies, read with tantalised feelings Professor Pickering's description of the weather at the Californian station on January 1st of the present year. Writing from Willow, California, just after the event, the professor tells us the sky was clear during the whole of totality. Capital drawings were obtained of the whole "corona." The aureole, nimbus, or glory, which is thus designated, was larger and more uniformly shaped than usual. The drawings show it extending outwards from the sun to a length equal to two of its diameters —that is 2,000,000 miles in each direction. A striking characteristic was two forked wings of light. Other correspondents note the same features assuming even greater magnitude. At Bartlett Springs, four long streamers were seen proceeding from the red prominences. At Chicago two long streamers pointed nearly west, and two shorter ones were almost opposite. At Winnemucca, Nevada, the streamers were still more visible. They extended to a distance of three or four solar diameters. But so far we do not hear of east and west streamers or wings of light equalling in length those of the 1878 eclipse, when they extended right and left to the amazing distance of ten millions of miles. The corona was a minimum sun-spot corona, such as occurs every eleven years when solar activity is at its lowest. When sun-spots are numerous, as in the 1871 eclipse, the corona assumes a different form; the east and west streamers disappear and it puts on a rudely quadrilateral contour, four great luminous sheaves forming the corners of the square.

Already Professor Pickering confirms the reply previously given to the question, Does the corona sympathise with the general condition of the sun? Does it, either in shape or brilliancy, vary with the progress of the sun-spot period? The answer is decidedly in the affirmative, although we must wait to learn to what extent former observations have been supplemented. As in 1882 (a year of maximum sun-spot activity) the vast ecliptical streamers and polar "brushes" of 1878 were all replaced by the quadrilateral star-like structure, so in 1889 the eleven years' cycle of east and west expansion of the corona has repeated itself. The next news from Professor Pickering will probably tell us whether the coronal axis of symmetry has again been observed as inclined at an appreciable angle to the solar axis of rotation, as if the magnetic equator were the scene of emanations induced by some form of electrical repulsion.

One grand elementary fact will strike even the most discursive reader of the facts narrated above. The sun, fixed and stable as he may be considered for all human purposes, is within certain limits in a condition of enormous instability and flux. From the views which now prevail in the new astronomy, this condition of things is explicable upon the highest and grandest natural laws. It may be new to some of our readers to look upon the sun as a nebula in its last stages. Yet readers of the Poet-Laureate will have been prepared for such a view by the remarkable line written by the author of "The Princess" some thirty years since:

> "There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun!"

No doubt there is a vast difference, corresponding to their respective ages, between the irregularly-shaped, faintly-glowing Orion nebula and the brilliant symmetrical-looking sphere we call the sun, but as regards mere shape and rotundity, there is no lack of nebulæ which have reached the globular stage, inferior as they may be to the sun as regards luminosity. But the notion of the sun's globosity and perfect ball-like shape is itself greatly modified when an eclipse allows the telescope to see its outlying edges, and the Laureate's picture of the nebulous star is brought vividly before him. It is this condition of continuity with an earlier nebular stage which throws light upon the vast disturbances of equilibrium which every eclipse reveals; yet these disturbances themselves, obeying as they do the law, "Thus far shalt thou go," tell us of the still mightier power of solar gravitation by which they are absolutely and indissolubly controlled. Unfortunately it is still true that the grand and instructive manifestations of these disturbing forces, so far as the corona is concerned, can only be studied during an eclipse, Dr. Huggins's sanguine attempt some six years since to see the corona during ordinary daylight having failed.

If it is urged that our knowledge of that wonderful celestial aureole, the solar corona, progresses very slowly, it will be well to remember the significant words of Professor Langley: "As total eclipses come about every other year and continue hardly three minutes, an astronomer who should devote thirty years of his life to the subject, never missing an eclipse in whatever part of the globe it occurred, would in that time have secured altogether some-

thing like three-quarters of an hour for observations." Perhaps the wonder is that under these circumstances so much should already have been done.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE UNSEEN.—MR. ISAAC ROBERTS'S PICTURES.

It is now some three years since attention was called in these pages to a new and momentous departure in the science of astronomical photography.[1] Messrs. Paul and Prosper Henry, of the Paris Observatory, had just announced that by means of the photographic camera they had obtained pictures of celestial objects which had never been seen by the eye of man, and in all probability would always remain inaccessible to human vision. They had obtained an impression on the gelatine plate of a new nebula in the Pleiades which they were quite unable to see with the telescope, and in the constellation Cygnus they had obtained pictures of whole hosts of stars which the human eye, assisted by the most powerful telescope, was quite unable to detect.

Since the year of these memorable triumphs of photography, the camera astronomers have by no means been idle. The successes of an Englishman in the art of photographing the unseen have now to be recorded. Mr. Isaac Roberts, F.R.A.S., F.G.S., of Liverpool, has even distanced the achievements of MM. Henry. An ardent and able amateur astronomer, Mr. Roberts has, with his own resources, eclipsed the work of our best official observatories, and, indeed, of all other rivals; and his photographs have furnished the chief record of the English astronomical calendar for the winter of 1888-9.

At the December meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society Mr. E. Knobel called attention to a photograph of some stars in Cygnus just taken by Mr. Roberts. The photograph dealt with the same area of the heavens as that taken by MM. Henry at Paris in 1885. The Paris photograph recorded 3,000 stars; but Mr. Roberts's photograph, taken in the following year, showed 5,000 stars, whilst his second photograph of the same area, taken in 1887 under more favourable conditions, showed the astonishing number of 16,206 stars. Thus, in the same sky area, there were discovered 13,000 more stars than appeared in MM. Henry's photograph.

Another photograph exhibited at the same meeting by the same astronomer is remarkable in another direction, and picturesque beyond description; it is a photograph of the beautiful nebula in Andromeda (31 Messier), which, even as rudely presented in ordinary astronomical text-books, with its characteristic dark rift, always commands our admiration. As shown in Mr. Roberts's photograph, which was obtained by two hours' exposure, the nebula is now seen for the first time in intelligible form. Apparently a new solar system is in process of condensation from the nebula, which is obviously revolving. The central sun is seen in the midst of nebulous matter, which in time would be either absorbed or separated into rings more or less symmetrical with the nucleus, and presenting a general resemblance to the rings of Saturn. The two smaller nebulæ, Herschel 44 and Herschel 51, seem as though they were already undergoing their transformation into planets. No higher testimony to the value of these photographs and the merits of Mr. Roberts as an observer could be given than of Mr. A. A. Common, whose photograph of the great nebula in Orion[1] has given him ample experience in the same enormously difficult field of astronomical work. The testimony of Mr. Norman Lockyer and Mr. Ranyard was no less favourable and unstinted. An engraving of the new photograph of the Andromeda nebula appears in the "Observatory" for February last, and gives some notion of the advance which has been made in the portrayal of this wonderful object. Now that our leaders in astronomical photography have overcome the great mechanical difficulty of keeping a large telescope, several tons in weight, moving accurately as the earth moves, for three hours together, and in precise apposition with the star or nebula under observation (if indeed they have not evaded this onerous task by an astute arrangement for moving the photographic plate alone), it may be considered that astronomical photography is making marvellous progress through a precocious infancy, and that we shall speedily hear more of its triumphs.

[1] "Leisure Hour" vol. for 1886, page 278.

[1] See "Leisure Hour" vol. for 1886, page 568.

Varieties.

Bank of England One Pound Notes.—An article in the "Westminster Review," for January, 1889, strongly advocates the issue of one pound notes by the Bank of England. The advantages of the small note paper currency in Scotland are dwelt upon. If the Bank of England were authorised to issue one pound notes, amply protected by Government securities, a large amount of gold would be set free for strengthening the banking reserves at home, and for profitable use abroad. The convenience to the public would be great. It is strange, however, that the "Westminster Review" makes not the slightest reference to the paper currency now supplied by the postal notes, and money order system of the General Post Office. This supplies all that could be effected by issuing Bank of England notes of small amount, with the advantage of equal security, and the facility of using paper money of every value for business purposes. There is no limit to the expansion of this paper currency. Five years ago the number of postal notes issued was 12,000,000; it is now 36,000,000. The value then was £5,000,000; it is now £14,000,000. Money orders have decreased in number during ten years from 17,000,000 to 9,500,000; but in value only from £25,000,000 to £22,800,000. The postal notes are gradually superseding the orders; their greater convenience being manifest. Already in every branch of business the amount of post office paper currency is large. In one house in the City, a publishing firm, where the whole money turned over yearly is under £200,000, the amount received last year in postal notes, money orders, and post office stamps, was about £9,500.

Siemens Stift.—The life of Sir William Siemens is full of interest, but there are few incidents more pleasing than that which is reported of the family affections shown throughout. When William first returned to Germany with the £1,000 given to him by Messrs. Elkington for his electro-plating patent, the four brothers, Werner, Carl, Frederick, and William, who had jointly planned the expedition to England, and were associated in after business life, thought their fortunes already made. They rejoiced together. At a later period, as the families increased, a Siemens Stift was formed; all the leading members of which met once in five years at some quiet place in the Harz, and there enjoyed each other's society, and told of their proceedings since last they met. They had usually to tell of great prosperity: so they considered the cases of their poorer relations, and helped those who were deserving. So strong did the Stift become, that the members filled an entire hotel.

Critics and Reviewers.—It was Mr. D'Israeli who spoke of critics and reviewers as for the most part "literary failures." Dr. Johnson had long before spoken with great disrespect of critics. "The power of invention," he says in the "Idler," "has been conferred by nature on few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may by mere labour be obtained, is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others. And he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a critic." This may be true, but under existing conditions and customs of publishing, criticism, even when of the lowest order, and reviewing, even by those whose ignorance is manifest, has become a necessary part of advertising books. The most paltry or even hostile review is more useful than the entire absence of notice. Hence there is place in the world of letters for critics.

Antarctic Exploration.—Attempts to induce the Government to undertake the risk and cost of a new Antarctic exploration have not been successful. The work must be left for the future enterprise of the Australian colonies. Almost the only land we are sure about quite within the Antarctic circle is Ross's Victoria Land; indeed, Ross and D'Urville are the only explorers that actually set their feet in South Polar lands. Others only report land at a distance, and the existence of some of it is highly doubtful. The Challenger failed to see Wilkes' Termination Land, though it went many miles nearer to its reported position than did Wilkes himself. One thing we seem to be sure of, and that is the great walls of ice which rise like a forbidding barrier over much of Victoria Land and the patches of land in its neighbourhood. These great walls, with the thick ice that stretches from the land far into the sea, are serious obstacles both to landing and to anchoring. "It would have been an advantage," to quote the Challenger Narrative, "to succeeding investigators, had Wilkes distinguished between the land ice, which may by heavy gales or some cause be broken up occasionally, and the ice cliff, which one might as well attempt to pass or sail through as the cliffs of Dover, and which is now the only description of ice called the 'Barrier. It does not appear that any other explorer except Ross, D'Urville, and Wilkes has seen the icy barrier." The most interesting account hitherto published of these regions is that of 'Sir James Ross, who records the discovery of the vast volcanoes Erebus and Terror, so named after the celebrated Arctic exploring ships. A striking picture is given in the same book of the gigantic South Polar ice barrier.

A Grand Scheme of Oliver Cromwell.—The revival of the idea of cutting a canal between the German Ocean and the Baltic recalls the grand scheme of the Lord Protector Cromwell, shortly before his death, for the same purpose. His motive was one of high politics, and for the glory of England, and the advantage of Protestantism, rather than for mere commercial gains. He was actually in terms with King Charles Gustavus of Sweden for the purchase of the town of Wismar by England. From this city a canal was to be constructed, at the expense of England, to the Lake of Schwerin, and thence, canalising the River Elder, to the Elbe. The project does not seem to have been followed up after the death of the Protector, but if it had, the powerful influence of England would have made itself felt in the North of Europe, and the face of that part of the Continent would not have presented the features it does at the present day. Speculation might be carried a little further, and it is not too much to say that Russia would never have got her present hold upon the Baltic.

The Last of the Scriveners.—"It is wonderful, sir," said Dr. Johnson one day to Boswell, "what is to be found in London. The most literary conversation I ever enjoyed was at the table of Jack Ellis, a money-scrivener, behind the Royal Exchange, with whom I at one period used to dine, generally once a week." This Mr. Ellis was the last of that profession called scriveners, who formed once a well-known City Company, but of which the business is no longer carried on separately, but is transacted by attorneys and others. Ellis was a man of talents and literary culture. He was author of several works of great research, and translator of some of the classics, but, being a man of much modesty, his works were published anonymously. He lived to a great age, in much vigour of mind and body. In the summer of 1790, when in his ninety-third year, he walked to Rotherhithe, where he dined, and walked home in the evening. He died on December 31, 1791.

Winter Wild Flowers in December 1888.—A list of native plants gathered in flower at Hardingham, Norfolk, during the mild December of 1888, is worth preserving, for comparison with other seasons and localities. The climate of the eastern counties is not popularly regarded as mild, but the fact of about seventy species being found flowering in December, seems to prove that the climate has a worse character than it deserves. Here is the list:—Ranunculus acris, papaver rhœas, capsella Bursa-Pastoris, cardamine hirsuta, sisymbrium officinale, sisymbrium thalianum, reseda

luteola, viola tricolour, lychnis diurna, lychnis vespertina, stellaria media, arenaria serpyllifolia, cerastium vulgatum, malva sylvestris, malva rotundiflora, geranium Robertianum, geranium dissectum, ulex Europœus, medicago lupulina, trifolium repens, trifolium pratense, arnithopus perpusillus, geum urbanum, potentilla fragariastrum, fragaria vesca, rubus fruticosus, rubus Cæsius, alchemilla arvensis, spergula arvensis, bunium flexuosum, Heracleum sphondylium, daucus carota, torilis, anthriscus sylvestris, hedera helix, galium Aparine, knautia arvensis, hypochæris radicata, sonchus oleraceus, crepis virens, leontodon taraxacum, lapsana communis, onopordum acanthium, centaurea nigra, filago Germanica, senecio vulgaris, senecio Jacobea, bellis perennis, chrysanthemum leucanthemum, matricaria inodora, anthemis nobilis, achillea millefolium, myosotis arvensis, myosotis collina, veronica arvensis, veronica chamœdrys, veronica hederifolia, veronica agrestis, veronica Buxbaumii, galeopsis tetrahit, lamium album, lamium purpureum, prunella vulgaris, anagallis arvensis, chenopodium acutifolium, sceleranthus annua, rumex obtusifolius, euphorbia helioscopia, mercurialis perennis. The correspondent of the "Times" who furnishes the list, says that with few exceptions the plants were all gathered in the parish of Hardingham; adding, "Among the most remarkable are poppy, white ox-eye, strawberry, pimpernel, primrose, and field scabious."

Blake Memorial Window.—The church at St. Margaret's, Westminster, already adorned with memorial windows of Milton, Raleigh, and other old English worthies, has been enriched by a window to the memory of Robert Blake, the great admiral of the Commonwealth time. The window has three large figure subjects, surmounted by canopies wholly in silver-white glass, with ruby back grounds. The inscription beneath the window runs as follows: "To the glory of God and to the memory of Colonel Robert Blake, Admiral at Sea and Chief Founder of England's Naval Supremacy. Died August 7th, 1657, ejected from his grave in the Abbey and buried in St. Margaret's Church, September, 1661." The Blake family exist to the present day.

Principal Shairp and Mr. Ward.—When at Oxford Shairp was for a time powerfully affected by Newman, as most young men were in the early days of Tractarianism. He knew Ward very well, and wondered at the strange mixture of ascetic self-denial with extraordinary merriment and enjoyment. One day, in arguing with Ward, Shairp ended by saying, "You consider your church and system the essence of Christianity. Now, if I've never seen a real Christian yet among my own Presbyterian relations, I never will see one; I'm sure of that." Ward's reply was, "Shairp, Newman tells me (he always drew on Newman for facts) that there are no *Saints* to be found outside the Church—no *Saints*, you see—no character that can lay claim to *Saintliness*—to be the saintly spirit." "*Then*," said Shairp, understanding what *he* meant by Saintliness, "I was overthrown, and could only hold by my own convictions unreasoningly. But afterwards, of course, I saw that if you give an *ecclesiastical* definition to Saintliness, it is no wonder that you do not find Saintliness outside ecclesiasticism.—*Principal Shairp and his Friends.*

Grimsby Marine Fisherman's Society.—The most important step hitherto taken in carrying out the design of the Fisheries Exhibition is the foundation of a Marine Fisheries Society at Grimsby. The "Fish Culture Association" has been confined to the encouragement of fish-breeding in lakes and inland waters. But the improvement of sea-fishing is of larger national interest, and this society has undertaken to carry out the following objects:—1. Propagation of fish and trained fish culture. 2. Study of the habits and natural history of fish. 3. Protection of immature fish. 4. Transport and preservation of fish in fresh condition. 5. The formation of a library containing all information about sea fisheries of all nations. The proposal was first made by the late Frank Buckland. The aquarium of the South Kensington Musuem has been purchased, and is now being erected at Cleethorpes, near Grimsby. Lord Yarborough is president of the society, and on the board are the Earl of Derby, Alderman Veal (Mayor of Grimsby), and Sir Edward Birkbeck, M.P., who was the chief promoter of the Great Fisheries Exhibition. Mr. Olsen, the friend of Mr. Buckland, is secretary, and the resident superintendent is Mr. Lawler, formerly of the Brighton Aquarium. It was mentioned at a recent meeting that the Government of Norway made a grant of money last year for marine hatching, and in three months eighty millions of grey cod were sent out. The great interests of the deep sea fisheries will be certainly advanced by the labours of this Grimsby society, even more than by the Marine Biological Society on the south coast. The idea of the Prince of Wales may yet be realised of a "Royal Fisheries Society" for "the harvests of the sea," analogous to the Royal Agricultural Society for the produce of the land.

Curiosities of Orthography and Pronunciation.—An American humourist, C. F. Adams, wrote the following amusing lines:

A wandering tribe called the Siouxs,
Wear moccasins, having no shiouxs;
They are made of buckskin,
With the fleshy side in,
Embroidered with beads of light hiouxs.

When out on the war-path the Siouxs
March single file—never by twouxs—
And by blazing the trees
Can return at their ease,
And thus through the forest ne'er liouxs.

All the new-fashioned boats he eshiouxs,
And uses the birch-bark caniouxs;
They are handy and light,
And inverted at night,
Give shelter from storms and from diouxs.

The principal food of the Siouxs
Is Indian meal, which they briouxs,
Of hominy make,
Or mix in a cake,
And eat it with pork, as they chiouxs.

Now, doesn't this spelling look ciouxrious?
'Tis enough to make any one fiouxrious;
So a word to the wise:
Pray, our language revise
With orthography not so injiouxrious.

A Welsh Inscription.—The following letters were written over the Ten Commandments in a church in Wales:—

P R S V R Y P R F C T M N V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N

By interpolating the vowel E we read

Persevere, ye perfect men,
Ever keep these precepts ten.

The Sum of Divine Love.—Amore, more, ore, re. God is to be loved—

Amore summo
More vero
Ore fideli
Re omni.

Henry M. Stanley.—A Welsh correspondent of the "Times," who seems to know the facts, says that "Stanley's birthplace was Denbigh, where he was born, on Thursday, January 28, 1841. His mother, whom I well knew, was the daughter of a butcher in that town, and his father, John Rowlands, was a farmer who lived at Segrwyd, in the near vicinity. The child was a great favourite with his maternal

grandfather, who somewhat prophetically named him 'Fy nhyn dyfodol i'—that is, 'my man of the future.' When he was five years old his grandfather died suddenly; as his daughter described it, 'he fell dead in the garden.' The home was broken up, and the child was placed with one Richard Price and his wife, who lived in the Bowling Green in Denbigh Castle. Shortly afterwards the son of this man, also named Richard Price, carried him on his back from Denbigh to the St. Asaph Union Workhouse, where he was brought up and bore the name of his father, John Rowlands. His subsequent career may be read in a little book, published some years ago by Mr. Camden Hotten, of Piccadilly, entitled, if I recollect aright, 'H. M. Stanley: Story of his Life; by Cadwalladr Rowland.' The name of Stanley is derived from a storekeeper, in whose service he lived when he first arrived in America. His mother died in her 63rd year on March 23rd, 1886, and was buried in the churchyard of Bodelwyddan, near St. Asaph. It is recorded on her coffin-plate in these simple words that she was 'Mother of H. M. Stanley, the African explorer.'"

The Growth of a Great Library.—The Library of the University of Glasgow contains at the present time about 132,000 volumes, inclusive of some special collections, viz., the Ewing Library—comprising a special collection of 2,000 Bibles and many specimens of early printing—the library of the late Sir William Hamilton, etc.; and exclusive of the Hunterian Library, and a library connected with the Faculty of Theology. The origin and growth of the library are interesting. It dates from 1475, in which year John Laing, Bishop of Glasgow, presented to the *Pædagogium*, for the use of the regents, one large volume in parchment, containing most of Aristotle's works, and another volume of scholastic commentaries of the same author. In 1577, among other donations, one of twenty volumes of the classics was made by the learned George Buchanan. In the year 1630 a public collection was made, which was headed by a donation of £200 by Charles I. The most notable of all the other contributors was Mr. Zachary Boyd, a faithful pastor, who gave a large collection of books, and also, first and last, sums amounting *to twenty thousand pounds*. This money appears to have been spent chiefly on buildings. The library once enjoyed the privilege of Stationers' Hall—a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall was sent to it. This privilege was commuted in 1836 into an annual grant of £707 from the Treasury. In 1830 the Library contained only 30,000 volumes.

Ruby Mines of Burmah.—The ruby mine tract is a broad valley some twelve miles long, lying in the slope of the Sibwi Dung, or Golden Mountain. The valley bears unmistakable signs of volcanic origin, its principal feature being ridges and isolated peaks of gneiss, blackened by the hand of time. The mines are of three distinct kinds: the first is furnished by the metamorphic rock, whose mass is traversed in all directions by huge fissures, filled with a soft, reddish, clayey earth, generally containing rubies. The mines are being worked by extracting the earth between the walls of rock, as far as practicable. The second variety of mine is found on the sides of these rocky hills, where diversified strata of clayey consistency have been upheaved. This earth the natives wash away slowly, by a simple system of hydraulic mining, the water being brought from the mountain-streams by means of bamboo or timber aqueducts. The last system of mining is by sinking pits in the lower or level parts of the valley, and washing the earth extracted by the hand. In these pits the ruby-bearing earth is found in two layers, the lower layer being the richer. The rubies extracted from these pits are inferior in value to those obtained from the hill mines.—*G. S. Streeter.*

Pipe Manufacture of Germany.—Ruhla, a mountain village of Thuringia, is the centre of the pipe manufacture of Germany. Like our own Sheffield, it was famous in the Middle Ages for its arms and armour, and at a subsequent period for its knives. When the use of tobacco became common in Europe it turned its attention to the fabrication of iron smoking pipes. Gradually, however, beginning in the seventeenth century, meerschaum and wood were adopted as more suitable materials to work upon. The first meerschaum pipe was carved in the early part of the Thirty Years' War, and Wallenstein is said to have bought it. The true clay is to be procured only at Eski-Scher in Asia Minor, where there are large deposits, and whence it is sent direct to the manufactories at Ruhla, of which there are at present forty, employing almost the whole population of the district. The number of pipes and other articles dear to smokers turned out is enormous, the yearly average being 540,000 real meerschaums, varying in price from 3*d.* to £12 a piece; 500,000 imitation meerschaums at from 1*s.* to £1 the dozen; 9,600,000 porcelain pipe bowls, either plain white or gaily painted, rising in price from 4*d.* to 10*s.* the dozen; 5,000,000 wooden pipes of infinite variety in size, form, ornamentation, and price, the common kinds being extremely cheap, and those artistically carved fetching a comparatively high price; 3,000,000 bowls of clay or lava, plain at about 3*d.*, of better kinds at 3*s.* the dozen; 15,000,000 pipes composed of separate parts (bowl, stick, cover, etc.), from 5*d.* to £25 the dozen. There are five qualities of meerschaum used in the making of pipes; the best is known by its facile absorption of the nicotine juice of tobacco, which gradually develops into a rich brown blush upon the surface, and when this process is well advanced the pipe becomes almost invulnerable without being hard. A specimen of this kind sold at Vienna for £50, although it was not very highly carved.

Fresh Ripe Fruit as Food.—Apples, pears, plums, apricots, peaches, gooseberries, grapes, and all these fruits, when fresh and ripe, stand at the very summit of excellence as human foods. They fulfil the essential conditions of pleasantness, digestibility, nutriency, and medicinality. For summer eating they are especially admirable, because they are both satisfying, thirst-quenching, and light. We ought to eat, as a people, at least ten times the fruit we do. But we cannot get it. True; but that is our own fault. The recently-held National Congress of Fruit Growers unanimously agreed that we have one of the finest climates and some of the best soils in the world for fruit-growing. They also agreed that fruit could be produced at a quarter of the price which it now often reaches, and that thus it could be placed within the reach of all. What we want is a better system of land tenure, with greater railway facilities. These could be easily secured if the English were a people of brains and purpose. Being, however, dull and stupid, and exceedingly well pleased with ourselves, we must still continue to pay 6d. instead of 1d. each for "William" pears, and 6s. a pound for hothouse grapes; and we must also do as we have done before, take nauseous pills and mineral waters for the benefit of stomach and bowels, instead of delicious and ten times more health-giving fruit.—*Hospital.*

Story of a Sandwich Man.—Among the curious incidents in Colonel Mapleson's "Memoirs" is the story of an officer in the British Army, who told the substance of his downgrade career in social position:—"I was formerly," he said, "a captain in the —— Regiment, and many a time have I paid my six guineas for a box at your opera, both in Edinburgh and in London. Subsequently I began to take a great interest in the Turf, and soon met with heavy losses, which compelled me to give various promissory notes. This at last came to the knowledge of my colonel, who recommended me to leave the regiment without delay. Having nothing to live upon, and being a fair performer on the cornet-à-piston, I joined a travelling circus, and ultimately came across your opera company in Philadelphia, where I was one of your stage band. Later on I joined a party who were bound for the diamond fields in South Africa, where I was most unsuccessful; and I had to work my passage home in a sailing ship, till I got to London, where I became a supernumerary under your management at Drury Lane. During your third season an aunt of mine died, and I found myself the possessor of £10,000. My cousin, who was largely interested in building operations, which he assured me paid him at least 60 per cent., induced me to place half my fortune in his speculations. His houses were in the west part of London, which had been considerably overbuilt; and, being mortgaged, they would have been lost but for my paying away the remainder of my fortune with the view of saving them. In spite of this the mortgagee foreclosed, and I again became a supernumerary, when, in the mimic

fight in the second act of 'Trovatore,' one of my companions by mere accident with the point of a spear put my eye out. I was now no longer qualified for engagement even as a supernumerary, and I became a 'sandwich' man. My duties during the last four and a half years have been to parade Bond Street and Regent Street, receiving as payment 9*d.* a day." On my handing the poor man his salary and settling up he at first declined to take the money, saying that I had done him so many kindnesses at different periods of his life, that now, when I was in trouble myself, he could not think of taking his week's pay. I, however, not only insisted upon his accepting it, but gave him a sovereign for himself. The unfortunate gentleman, as he showed himself to the last, went away blessing me.

Navies of England and France.—If the French have slightly fewer ships, their superiority in armament is undoubted. The ends of the British ships are mostly unarmed. Even if the fleets were equal in number and force, England is a dozen times more vulnerable than France. We have 5,715 mercantile steamers, and France 481; and sailing ships in similar proportion. We have to insure the feeding of more than half the population, and to defend commerce embarked in steamers numbering two-thirds of those of the whole world.—*Admiral Symonds.*

Sea-water for Inland Towns.—Mr. Ellis Lever advocates the bringing of sea-water by pipes to inland towns. It would be most useful for sanitary purposes, and would economise the drinking water, of which several of our largest cities are threatened with a scarcity. Many of the most populous towns are within fifty miles of the sea, and to the most inland town the distance is less than a hundred miles. By erecting lofty towers near the shore, to the top of which the water could be easily raised, the laying of pipes on or near the surface of the ground would cause little engineering or mechanical difficulty.

Luther's Tolerance. — Notwithstanding his impetuous spirit, Luther never advocated force in matters spiritual, in this honourably contrasting with the best of his contemporaries. Sir Thomas More, who is one of the best men of whom the Church of Rome can boast, was a persecutor. "It is by the Word of God," said Luther in one of his letters, "that we must fight; it is by the Word that we must overturn and destroy what has been built up by violence. I would not have force used against either the superstitious or the unbelieving. Let him that believes draw near. Let him that believes not remain apart. None ought to suffer constraint. Liberty is of the essence of the faith."

Mohammedanism.—There is even now but little life in Mohammedanism. It satisfies the religious instinct, and its forms enable a man to feel as if he was serving God, but there is no *grace* in it. A man wants not only a good moral code, but he wants a new life; he wants an inner power stronger than himself. "Do this and live," say philosophers and Mohammedans, but they cannot tell us by what power to do it. "God is merciful," they say, and say it so often that it undermines their sense of justice. Sin and wrong seem to them things that can be wiped out by a word, and they must be very grievous sinners indeed if an orthodox profession does **not** win them forgiveness.—*Bishop Steere, of Zanzibar.*

Kerry Cows.—In connection with the labourers' allotment system, the following note by a well-known agriculturist, Mr. Robert Turnbull, of the Mount, Wolverhampton, deserves attention. He says: "I know of no breed of cattle better suited for cottage cowkeepers than the Kerry. Well-selected Kerry cows produce more milk and butter for the grass and hay they consume than those of any other breed. They are especially adapted for grazing in the lanes, and will keep in good condition where a shorthorn would starve. Shorthorns may pay better where the pastures are rich, but the Kerry, being hardy in constitution and easily supported, is essentially the poor man's cow. One of the most perfect dairy cows that I ever saw was a Kerry, exhibited by Mr. M. J. Sutton at the London Dairy Show in 1886. It is a matter of great importance in purchasing cattle from a distance to see that the change, both as regards climate and keep, shall be for the better rather than otherwise. This is especially important as regards keep. Cows bred in the mountainous districts of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales usually thrive well in England; as a rule, cattle thrive best in the district where they are bred, or in one where the change as regards climate and keep is for the better. Mr. Evershed, in an article on 'Cowkeeping by Farm Labourers,' stated that 'in some parts of England where grass land abounds you will not find a labourer's cow in a ride of ten miles.' No wonder, therefore, that country labourers, who have not sufficient scope for the profitable employment of their spare time, are constantly pouring into the towns."

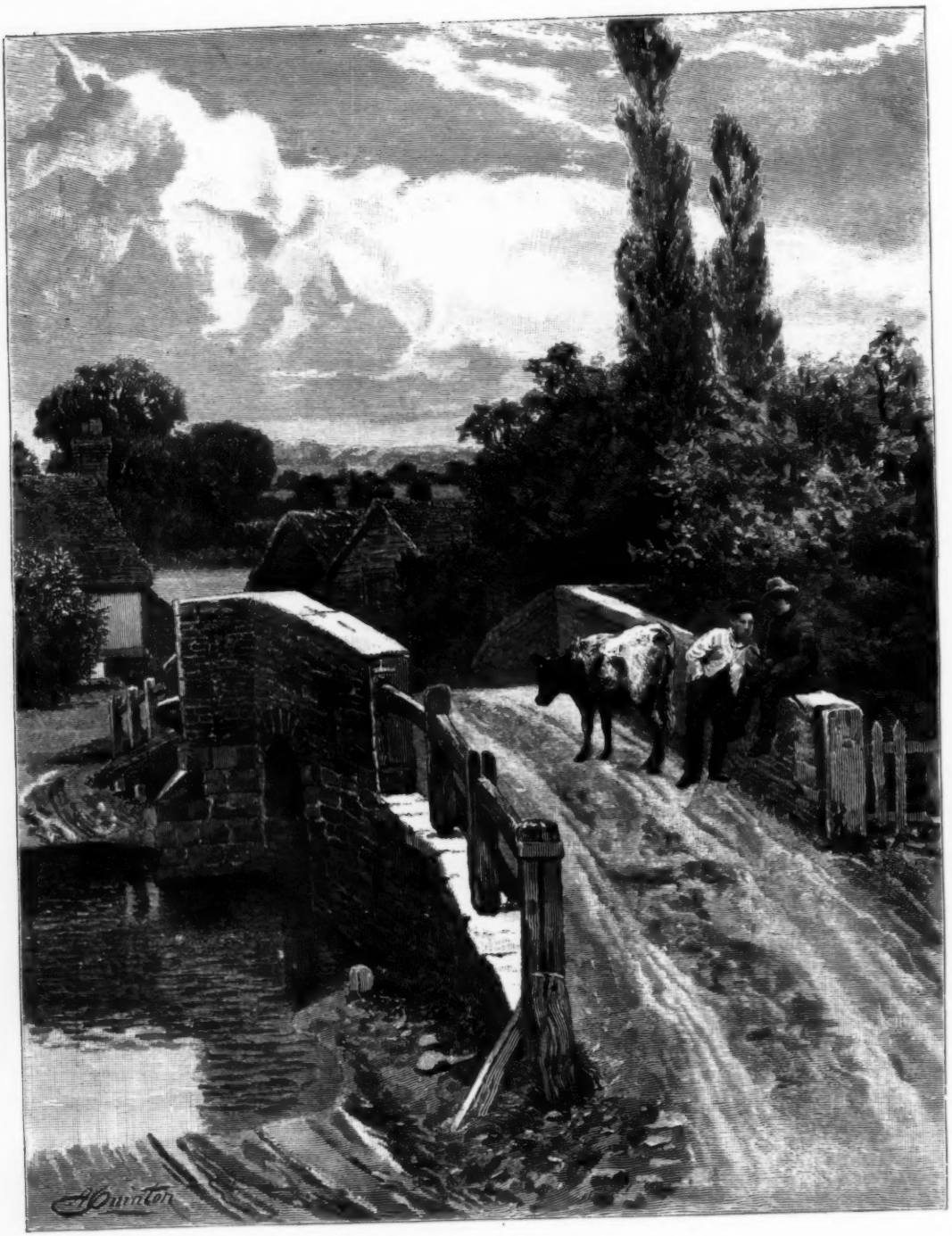
Public Education in Australia.—The cost of education in England is about £2 per head, from public funds, in national and board schools. Mr. Albert Spicer, on his return from his journey to the southern hemisphere as a delegate of the Congregational Union, made this remarkable statement: "Our Australian friends, with greater burdens, are spending nearly £5 (£4 18*s.* 11*d.*) for educating every child in the colonies, and I never heard a grumble with regard to that part of the taxation."

Montreal New Hospital.—Under a charter obtained from the Dominion Parliament of Canada, a Board of Governors has been organised for the constitution of the Royal Victoria Hospital. This hospital is about to be erected for the city of Montreal through the munificence of two distinguished and patriotic citizens—Sir George Stephen, president and director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and Sir Donald Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., also a director of the Canadian Pacific and of the Hudson's Bay Company. These gentlemen have given 1,000,000 dols. for the purpose of founding the institution, and the Corporation of Montreal has supplemented the gift by granting twelve acres of land as a site. The land is situate near the north-east angle of Mount Royal Park, at an elevation of about three hundred feet above the St. Lawrence river, towards which the city gradually slopes. The hospital will accommodate about three hundred patients, and, in addition to the ordinary requirements of such an institution, there will be a training school for nurses, a medical school, and an out-patients' department. Mr. H. Saxon Snell, F.R.I.B.A., of London, has been requested by the Board of Governors to prepare a design and superintend the construction of the new building.

American Postal Dead Letter Office.—There is an annual sale of unclaimed articles in the Dead Letter Office of Washington, which is the central deposit for stray letters and parcels. A catalogue is issued, that of last year being a book of nearly one hundred closely printed pages, enumerating about 25,000 miscellaneous articles, put up in about 4,500 packages. Books and jewellery are not included in the ordinary packages, which are wrapped up so that the contents cannot be examined, the only clue to their value being the catalogue description. The articles are of the most wonderful variety, from sewing machines to dress improvers, and from gilt mirrors to artificial eyes.

Astronomical Almanack for March.

1	F	New ☽ 10.1 P.M.
2	S	♉ rises 6.44 A.M.
3	☩	SHROVE SUNDAY
4	M	♉ sets 5.44 P.M.
5	T	Clock before ♉ 11m. 35s.
6	W	ASH WEDNESDAY
7	T	Venus the evening star
8	F	☽ greatest dstnce. from ☉
9	S	☽ 1 Quarter 5.59 P.M.
10	☩	1 SUNDAY IN LENT
11	M	Venus sets 10.27 P.M.
12	T	Castor and Pollux S. 8 P.M.
13	W	Saturn near ☽
14	T	Jupiter a morning star
15	F	♋ rises 6.16 A.M.
16	S	♉ sets 6.4 P.M.
17	☩	2 SUNDAY IN LENT [Full ☽ 11.47 A.M.
18	M	Saturn S. 9.21 P.M.
19	T	Regulus S. 10.12 P.M.
20	W	Spring Quarter begins
21	T	☽ least distance from ☉
22	F	Daybreak 4.4 A.M.
23	S	Twilight ends 8.13 P.M.
24	☩	3 SUNDAY IN LENT [☽ 3 Quarter 6.54 A.M.
25	M	Lady Day. Venus at [greatest brilliancy
26	T	Jupiter rises 3.54 A.M.
27	W	Sickle in Leo S. 9.45 P.M.
28	T	Clock before ♉ 5m. 3s.
29	F	♌ rises 5.44 A.M.
30	S	♉ sets 6.28 P.M.
31	☩	4 SUNDAY IN LENT [New ☽ 11.37 A.M.



THE VILLAGE BRIDGE.

CARRICONNA

A STORY MORE OR LESS IRISH.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XII.—MR. TRENCHARD AT HOME.



A TEMPTATION OVERCOME.

THE inspector stood at the gate until Dora had disappeared; and then, mounting his horse, which he had been leading by the bridle, he rode slowly homewards.

The house and estate of Moyrath, where Edmund Trenchard lived, and which he had owned since the death of Colonel Trenchard, his father, lay about two miles from Carriconna. The house, a plain old red brick mansion, was not so imposing in its exterior as the great stables behind it, which the inspector had built for himself in recent years. Here he lived alone; and here, with the exception of an occasional visit to Dublin, and a still more occasional visit to London, he spent the whole year.

From the high road, at a distance of a mile or

so from Carriconna, Moyrath was approached by a smaller road, now not much used, but a famous one in days gone by, when it had been traversed daily by the mail-coach to Dublin.

At the entrance to the drive, Mr. Trenchard was met by his English servant, William. William Jones, ex-cavalry-sergeant, who had fought through the latter portion of the Crimean War, in the regiment commanded by Edmund Trenchard's father, was about twenty years the senior of his present master—about fifty-five, that is to say—a man with a splendid carriage, a silent tongue, and a limitless devotion to Trenchard; but devotion in which there was no element of servility. For many months past, the sergeant's master had been an object of especial and unusual concern to him, for reasons which will become apparent. His face at this moment had an unquiet look, which was in no way modified when he observed that the inspector was splashed and turf-stained from head to foot, and his horse in a like condition. He said nothing, however, as he held the gate open.

"Rather late, William!" said Mr. Trenchard, not seeking his servant's eye, as he rode through the gate.

"Over an hour late, sir," answered William, and followed his master up the drive, with his severe military step.

Inspector Trenchard's bachelor home was ordered in perfect style. He dined ordinarily at half-past seven, sitting down at that hour, in evening-dress, to four courses, in the red, candle-lit dining-room. He was always waited upon by William, to whom he generally talked with considerable freedom during dinner. This was, indeed, the period of the day at which confidences of one sort or another were often interchanged between master and man. If the inspector had spent the day, or any part of it, away from home, he always had something to say about his doings; matters relating to his estate he talked of freely to the sergeant, and often gave him some official anecdote. But lately, during those months in which his master's health and general bearing had caused so much anxiety to his devoted servant, the sergeant had noticed that the inspector's moods had been very variable. Thus, he would sit throughout dinner uncommunicative, and in almost total silence; not, however, the silence of displeasure, or of sullenness, but of extreme mental dejection. At other times he would sparkle with an unnatural gaiety, but this condition was no more pleasing to the faithful sergeant than the former one. He knew the springs of both these moods, and here was the cause of his trouble on his master's account.

But on this evening, there was yet another change in the inspector's manner. He was neither communicative nor uncommunicative; that is to say, he talked with needless excitement of this thing and that, topics interesting neither to the speaker nor his listener, and evidently called up as a mere excuse for speech. The inspector had ridden out early that evening, on his best horse, leaving no word as to where he was going or when he would return; one of those aimless and purposeless rides which, of late, he had been more and more in the habit of taking. William had seen, on his master's return, that he had had a misadventure of some sort; but upon this matter the inspector refused to say more at dinner than that he had ridden across the bog, and slipped into a soft place.

This evening, too, he was in a hurry to get through his dinner, a meal that generally filled an agreeable hour; and William found himself at liberty to adjourn to the housekeeper's room a full twenty minutes earlier than usual.

I say the housekeeper's room, for the sergeant had a half share in that comfortable sanctum, in virtue of his position as husband of the housekeeper. The housekeeper, Mrs. William Jones, a handsome woman of not much more than fifty, had, like her husband, passed many years in the service of the Trenchard family. She had been Trenchard's nurse and playfellow when a girl of seventeen, and lady's-maid to his mother a few years later. She shared her husband's concern for the curious and alarming state of their master's health.

"Very queer to-night," said the sergeant, glumly, as he sat down to supper.

"Did he take any wine?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Very little."

"And—"

"No," said the sergeant, "no—not while I was there; but he's sent me away before my time, you see."

"And how was he?" said Mrs. Jones, anxiously. "Did he talk anything? and did he tell you how he came by those stains?"

"Slipped into the bog," answered the sergeant.

A look of nothing less than fright crossed the housekeeper's face.

"The bog!" she said, "slipped into the bog?"

"Riding across it—slipped into a hole, or a soft place, he said. The Duke must have been nearly ears over by the look of him; I don't know how either of 'em escaped. But the master's as strong and nimble on his legs as the colonel was."

"Oh, William!" said Mrs. Jones, "I'm just sick with fright about this. I never knew him do so rash a thing before. Oh, my, my! I wish we had some help for him."

"He's doing his best to help himself, the poor man," said the sergeant, "and a horrible sight it is sometimes. I've seen him sit and shiver there, like a man with the ague—fighting against it."

"It's terrible! And the kindest and sweetest man in the world," said Mrs. Jones.

"Yes; his mother's sweetness," said the sergeant, "I wish he had but his father's strength."

"That's where I always tell you you're wrong," said his wife. "It's a sickness of the body as much as it's anything else."

"It's one of those sicknesses where the body and t' other thing are both in it together. But I'm not for judging him; and—there's his bell—is his coffee ready?"

When Sergeant Jones took the coffee up to the

dining-room, Mr. Trenchard was standing with his hands behind his back, at the open window. He had drawn aside the curtains and thrown up the sash, and he took no notice of William's entry The sergeant set down the coffee and withdrew.

Trenchard drank his coffee slowly, emptying three small cups in succession, out of the little silver pot.

"Ten minutes to ten," he said, glancing at the clock upon the mantelpiece. "The pretty stranger has related her adventure by this time. What a freak of Nugent's to bring her over from Paris! Will she stay, I wonder? How quick she was down the bank just now; and what magnificent hands!"

He spread his own out mechanically before him.

"Seven minutes to ten; six hours since the demon got the better of me. I'll not give in again to-night. I won't, I won't, I won't!"

He turned to fill himself another cup of coffee; the pot was empty. He drained the dregs of the cup he had already drunk.

"Suppose I were to take one glass of wine instead; just one glass of wine."

He rose and crossed the room to the sideboard, stooped and turned the key of one of the cupboards. Then he shut his eyes and set his teeth hard for a moment.

"No," he said, rising. "I'll drink no wine, either. Two minutes to ten. There is the whole night to face yet."

Then, with a sudden remembrance of former nights of agony scarcely to be endured, a kind of spasm seized him. He was standing against the marble mantelpiece and he clutched it with both hands. His face grew pale, and moisture broke on his forehead. In this state of painful and violent tension, all the forces of his will and body battling against the fierce craving within him, he remained for a couple of minutes. Then he let go of the mantelpiece.

"That's done," he said. "I shall hold out for to-night."

He wiped his forehead, and, filling a tumbler of water from a small filter on the sideboard, he drank it at a draught. Then ringing his bell, he went to the door and waited until he heard William's step upon the stairs.

"You can go to bed, William," he called, "I shan't want anything more to-night."

William understood, by his master's calling to him, that he was not to enter the room. But before returning downstairs he paused for a moment.

"William," said his master from the dining-room, "I am much better to-night."

"Thank you, sir," said the sergeant, and at once went downstairs.

Mr. Trenchard waited until he heard the fastening of doors below; then he stepped through the open window and walked quietly up and down the avenue.

"Very curious," he said to himself, "it was simply the thought of her that made me win to-night."

CHAPTER XIII.— IUPITER.

"'IN view of the incraysing demand for astronomical telescopes of moderate price, Messrs. Wilson and Everett have constructed one which, while it effectu'lly accomplishes all that is required in an elementary study of the heavenly bodies, is ayqually useful as a telescope for terrestrial objects, or for marking in rifle practice.'"

"Is that about the thing for us, Mrs. Lytton?" asked Anthony.

"I should say that is just what we want," replied Dora.

"Wait till ye hear further of it," said Anthony, and continued his reading: "'It will show Jupiter's moons'—'pon me word, now, I thought Jupiter was dead this ages ago!—'and Saturn's ring and moons'—here's the whole Mythology upon us, I declare! Sure, I thought 'twas astronomy we were to be studying—'and resolve some of the double stars'—I didn't hear tell of them before—'while for terrestrial objects it will define well at a distance of from 10 to 15 miles'—d' ye hear that! I'll have the whole country under me eye—'and will show bullet-marks on a target at the longest ranges'—Tare an' ouns! did y' ever hear the like of it."

"What's the price?" inquired Dora.

"'—while for terrestrial objects'—why, not a thing can happen for miles around, but I'll know it at the minyut!"

"How much is it, Mr. Nugent?" asked Dora.

"I'll have no more turf stole from me bog, annyway; the strip that's two miles beyant there will be under me very nose. 'Twill be nearer than the fowl-yard."

"What is the price of the telescope, Mr. Nugent?"

"Isn't it ten thousand wonders that I never thought I wanted a telescope till now? Ay, and 'tis right thankful I should be that I never guessed how bad I needed it in those times when I couldn't have had it. Whoroo! the times I'll be having now!"

Anthony had clean forgotten the astronomical purposes for which the telescope was to have been bought.

"You haven't said yet how much it is to cost, Mr. Nugent."

"The price? Well, that's no great matter. But it's down here. What's this—*five guineas!* There's some mistake about this. 'Tisn't possible ye could do all that with a poor little thing that 'd cost ye only five guineas. Sure, I'm not going to build an Obsarvatory to put five-guinea telescopes in it! No, no, indeed! Ah! but wait," he said, turning the page of the catalogue, "we're not at the end of it yet; here's something here a little apter for us—'Achromatic, Astronomical, and Terrestrial Telescopes. Universal Equatorial Telescopes. Mean and Sidereal Time Clocks.' We're amongst the quality now. We begin at eighteen guineas here, and we go by leps and boun's till we're at five hundred pounds in no time. Me Mean and Sidereal time clock will cost me eighty-seven pounds itself. Some of these

fellows should be able to see through a hill for me."

"That would not bring us any nearer the moon, you know," said Dora. "It's the heavens and not the earth we must be thinking about. Please give me the catalogue for a minute. I think we may leave mean and sidereal time clocks alone for the present; and I don't fancy we shall require the Universal Equatorial Telescope yet awhile. Now, look at that; there's a lovely little instrument there, astronomical and terrestrial both; two inch object glass: terrestrial and astronomical eye-pieces; and all for ten guineas. Don't you think that would do very well to begin with?"

"No, me dear Mrs. Lytton, that 'd never do at all at all," said Anthony, emphatically. "We mustn't be starving science in that way. 'Twould be a poor compliment to Jupiter and what's-his-name—the chap with the rings—to make a cheap thing like that the go-between 'twixt us and them. I'd be ashamed to do it; I would, I give ye my word."

"Well, then," said Dora, "here's one at fifteen guineas."

"No, no," said Anthony. "I see Jupiter and Saturn—that's the man I wanted—tilting their noses at us merely to think of it. 'The Nugents,' says Jupiter, 'must be an outright different family now from what I remember 'em in Buck Nugent's day, if Anthony there is going to scrape acquaintance through a telescope like that; and he able to paper his house with bank notes this minyut.' I wouldn't venture into the presence of Jupiter, Mrs. Lytton, behind anything cheaper than a hundred guinea instrument. How do I know but Buck and the rest of them are up there with Jupiter this very hour; and 'twould be a terrible reflection on them when they'd come to hear it. And isn't it very doubtful whether one of these low-priced things would give us any sensible sight of Jupiter and Buck? (supposing Buck's with him). Jupiter must be a good piece of a way from this, ye know."

"Yes," said Dora, "Jupiter is a very long way off from us. How far do you suppose, now, Mr. Nugent?"

"I'm pretty good at calculating distances, but at a range like that I wouldn't engage to come within five miles or so. But I'll hazard that from where we're sitting on the tower here Jupiter's the whole of a hundred and thirty miles from us. I said I wouldn't engage meself within five miles or so."

"Well, now, wait," said Dora, gravely; "let's take the sun first; the sun's distance, you know, is a mere nothing in comparison with Jupiter's. But if we were to start for the sun after lunch to-day in, let me say, one of your Irish expresses (they don't go much more than thirty miles an hour, do they?) we should get to the sun in three hundred and forty years. Now to reach Jupiter, travelling night and day at the rate of thirty miles an hour, without stopping at any junctions, it would take us, roughly speaking, about two thousand years."

Anthony simply sat and stared at Dora; his big bony hands stretched out towards her, helpless and beseeching.

"Jupiter," said Dora, more quietly than ever, "is nearly six hundred million miles from where we're sitting."

Anthony still sat and stared; then his tongue began slowly to move, and he gasped—

"Buck—"

"Yes," said Dora, "what of Buck?"

"He's not there yet!" said Anthony, in an awful whisper. "'Tisn't above a hundred years since he died."

"Buck didn't go by train, you know."

"N-no," said Anthony, quite dazed. "He wouldn't go that way, I suppose. He'd hardly go that way. But 'tis a terrible thing to think of."

"Think how light travels," said Dora. "A ray of light from the sun, or Jupiter, or any of the stars or planets, flashes through space at the rate of 188,000 miles in a second."

"I suppose, mebbe, it might, said Anthony, meekly. "I wouldn't question it; ye're a dreadful clever woman, Mrs. Lytton; ye have me broke entirely. Take y'r own judgment on this matter; I think yourself knows best what sort of an instrument we want. Me own head 's going faster than any express train this minyut. I'll shunt meself into a siding for awhile. The tower 's not too steady. Let's go down, if ye please."

CHAPTER XIV.—"ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS."

ANTHONY sat under an astronomical cloud (if so nebulous an expression may be permitted) during luncheon. He was still journeying, at thirty miles an hour, to Jupiter, and, as might be expected, that aerial excursion had fairly lost him his hold on *terra firma*. When Barbara spoke to him he stretched his ears and peered at her through half-closed eyes, as one who, perched on some lunar pinnacle, should try to hear and see a person on the earth. Dora, on the other hand, eating her luncheon with accustomed relish, and inwardly enjoying the results of her first lesson, he continued to regard as years, nay, cycles ahead of him, on that interminable stellar voyage. Not much sublunary talk was to be drawn from him.

"I saw your friend, the inspector, riding past this morning," said Barbara to Dora.

"I hope he was going at a more sensible pace to-day."

"Yes, he was riding quietly enough this morning. Indeed, they generally say about here that he's the safest, as well as the best, rider in the county; though I'm told he's not quite so steady a rider as he used to be."

"What are the duties of a County Inspector?" asked Dora.

"Oh, they're important enough in the constabulary. He has the county in charge, as one might say; and like everyone connected with the constabulary, he hasn't always the pleasantest time of it nowadays. Still he's as popular a man as could be, all over the county."

"I had an idea," said Dora "—somehow one has the most extraordinary ideas about Ireland—that inspectors in the constabulary were a sort of

common targets for those people they call moonlighters."

"Oh, indeed, the constabulary must take their chance with the landlords in that matter; but ours is, thank goodness, as peaceable a district as any."

"Don't forget, though," said Anthony, dropping suddenly from planetary space, "that he was shot at going home from this, one night. If ye noticed," he added to Dora, "a couple of ash-trees standing close together on the road close to the bog; 'twas through those trees they fired at him."

"Why, that's not half a mile from the house," said Dora.

"No, much closer than that," said Anthony. "We heard the shot in this room."

"That's war very close at home," said Dora; "was Mr. Trenchard hit?"

"No, but the bullet struck the step of the car he was driving, just below his foot. They didn't wait to fire twice, for 'tis known hereabouts that he has six chambers loaded in his pocket at night, and a grand pistol shot, too."

"But I think the men were not from this part of the country at all," said Barbara; "and that's the only time he was ever shot at. But it was an odd thing of him to join the constabulary at all, with that nice place of his at Moyrath, and an income to keep it up."

"Then he's a landlord as well as a constabulary officer?" said Dora.

"Yes, and four thousand a year if he has a penny," replied Barbara.

"And is there a Mrs. Trenchard?"

"No; and I begin to think there'll not be."

"Lady Frayne there wouldn't be sorry to get nim for Kitty," put in Anthony, with a slightly malicious wink at his sister.

"Let Kitty alone, now; that's not what's going to happen at all."

"Oh!" thought Dora, "and what *is* going to happen? Aunt Barbara talks positively."

But upon this point Aunt Barbara talked no more, and her manner invited no questions.

"As for Trenchard and the constabulary," said Anthony, "he joined it for the self-same reason that I'm going to turn astronomer. He's a man like meself that thinks a great deal about his spaycies—his species, I'd say"—for Dora's beautiful accent was another cause of envy to Anthony. "And he's like meself, too, a man of tremenjus—tremendous—activity. He must have an object in life, the very same as meself. He's a great example to the nation in that way, as, please goodness, I'll be meself."

"Well, I'm for showing examples at home first," said Barbara; "and I hope there's no person in this part of the country will get so near the sun as to let himself be blinded to his duties on the five-acre farm against the bog, that has needed draining these twenty years."

"Ye didn't order that table-linen yet," said Anthony; and for further reply he jerked his catalogue out of his pocket, and fell-to upon it.

"Suppose we decide upon the telescope at once," said Dora, when lunch was over; for there was no knowing how soon Anthony might emerge from the condition of awe-struck humility to which Dora had but just reduced him, and with the return of his old self he would certainly insist upon choosing his own telescope.

"More power to ye! me great little astronomer. That's just what we'll do; and when we've found the one we want, we can send on for it at once."

When they were seated at the table, with the catalogue between them, Anthony took out and laid his cheque-book before him; his favourite method just now of stimulating his imagination.

Dora, however, adroitly covered the book with the sheet of paper on which she made her calculations; for she had observed that her uncle was never so prodigally disposed as when his eye was on his cheque-book.

At the end of half an hour her diplomacy and tact had persuaded Anthony to the choice of a twenty-five pound telescope, in place of the hundred pound instrument on which he at first set his affections.

"That will take us quite as near to Jupiter as we shall want to get just yet," she said.

At Anthony's request, Dora then wrote an order for the telescope to be forthwith dispatched to Carriconna.

Anthony enclosed his cheque, and signed the letter.

"I'll take this to the post meself," said he. "This is a letter that should be registered."

Dora watched him down the drive, his hand upon the pocket that held the letter, and then sauntered down the garden.

Barbara was grubbing around the strawberry beds with her trowel—an unfailing occupation with her when she could do nothing else in the garden. Dora went and stood beside her.

"You are going to have a splendid crop of fruit, Miss Nugent."

"I think it's certain," said Barbara, pausing in her work to eye with affection the wealth of white blossoms all about her; "these beds are just in their prime. John Maher and I replanted them three years since. There, that's enough for them to-day. Come till we look at the roses; there's fine promise in them, too."

"Look," said Dora, pointing through a break in the plantation, "are those the two ash-trees from behind which Mr. Trenchard was shot at?"

"That's the direction any way," said Barbara. "What splendid sight you've got. Who's this Anthony's bringing up the drive? That's the Boyne Abbey car. It's Lady Frayne and Kitty. Have they seen us d' ye think? I'm in me garden gown, and I might change it."

But Kitty, who was driving, signalled Barbara with the whip; and she knew that if she went to make a fresh toilet now, Lady Frayne would have something to say on the subject.

Kitty sat on one side of the jaunting-car, and her mother on the opposite side; and Kitty had on the seat beside her what looked like a short and well-filled bolster, but what was, in fact, a heavily-weighted cushion, which served as ballast, and maintained the equilibrium of the car. The necessity of this arrangement was more plainly seen when, as Anthony assisted Lady Frayne to alight, her side of the car tilted up alarmingly.

"These cars are terrible awkward things, when a person gets to be my weight," remarked her ladyship. "I declare, Anthony, you couldn't give me much at the scales now."

"Go 'long with ye," said Anthony. "I'm the lighter of the two this minyut. I'll introduce Mrs. Lytton, with your leave, Sarah. My neighbour, Lady Frayne, Mrs. Lytton. Sarah, I wish ye could hear Mrs. Lytton talking of the powers of an equinoctial telescope."

"Equatorial," said Dora, laughing in the midst of her bow to Lady Frayne.

"Is that the hat Kitty 's been distracted about?" asked her ladyship. "I've been moidered about that hat, Mrs. Lytton, this last twenty-four hours. It's a grand hat, I declare."

"Well, and how's everything at the Abbey?" said Barbara. "Are ye still in trouble with the steward?"

"I am, indeed," replied Lady Frayne. "I'm sure he's robbing me right and left. I'm a great coward not to have sent him off long ago. But, ye see, the way of it is, there are half a dozen of the family working about the place, and they have their relations all over the village; so if I sent the steward packing to-morrow, as I ought to do, we'd be boycotted by the whole neighbourhood."

"That's not a pleasant look-out, to be sure," said Barbara.

"'Deed, no, it isn't," said Lady Frayne, "but that's just the way I am, and I don't know what I'll do. Here's the hay nearly ready to be cut, and if I send Mangan about his business, Kitty and meself will have to cut it the best way we can, and the corn after it."

"We'll give ye a hand from here, if it comes to that," said Anthony.

"Yes," said Kitty, "I said you would. I don't believe it would be so dreadful at all. The summer would be a big picnic."

"Yes," said her mother, "with the police to wait on you with fixed bayonets. I'm not for picnicing that way, if it's to be helped, I can assure ye, Kitty."

"Oh! well, I hope it won't come to that with ye, Sarah. But we'll go round to the garden, and have some tea out there," said Barbara. "Kitty, I don't know where John Maher is; ye'd better drive round to the yard, and maybe ye'll find him there."

"Well, and where's this telescope, Anthony?" asked Lady Frayne. "Oh! I forgot; ye've just sent for it, ye said. It's a great piece of work you have before you, Mrs. Lytton. Will you ever make an astronomer of him, d'ye think?"

"Oh! yes indeed I shall, Lady Frayne. He would astonish you already, and he has only had one lesson."

"That's very promising, I declare! Will ye give us a taste of your knowledge, Anthony?"

"Well, why wouldn't I? Listen to this now, Sarah. If ye took train from Dubl'n, after y'r dinner this evening, how long d'ye suppose ye'd be getting to Jupiter?"

"Faith! I'd be long enough, I don't doubt."

"Ye'd be abouts two thousand years, Sarah."

"I would, and longer; for I'd never get to Jupiter that way at all,—nor you either, Anthony. We'd get there as soon on the car."

"I see ye have no head for astronomy, Sarah. Ye're not teachable that way. It wants just the lowliest spirit in the world."

"Oh! in that case, you're the very man for it. Mrs. Lytton you're lucky in getting so natural a pupil. Here's Kitty, with Mr. Trenchard, I think."

"Yes, indeed," said Barbara. "It's a great while since he honoured us with a call. How are you, Mr. Trenchard? I was just saying it's long since you were here."

"I submit the plea of work," said Trenchard, who looked very well and handsome that afternoon, in riding kit of medium grey, and round grey hat to match. "You astronomers, you know, and you scientific gardeners," he added, turning to Anthony, and from him to Lady Frayne, "require to work in peaceful surroundings. It's my business, don't you see, to keep everything nice and quiet for you. I'm like somebody or other in a poem by somebody. Doesn't somebody remember it?"

Trenchard's eyes were already upon Dora, and Dora's fluty tones responded to his question:

"The wretch that works and weeps without relief."

"I really beg your pardon, but your question brought that line from Cowper into my mind," she said, smiling.

"The line that wouldn't come into my own mind," returned Trenchard. "Thank you."

The quotation seemed so absurdly inapt (Trenchard looking so like some light-hearted knight of the Castle of Indolence) that everybody laughed; but Trenchard's laugh was the briefest.

"Ye've met Mrs. Lytton before, I think," said Anthony, with a grin all to himself.

This being the first time he had heard Dora's name, Trenchard bowed to her as he replied,

"I have had that pleasure, and—advantage. Mrs. Lytton was liberal of her aid to two poor fallen creatures, one of whom, at any rate, but for her, might not have risen again."

"There's a grand speech for you! What's it about, pray? Have ye been in a bog-hole?" asked Lady Frayne, staring through her tortoise-shells alternately at Trenchard and Dora.

"Indeed, it's no fault of his own that he isn't in it now—he and his horse," said Anthony.

"But what's the story?" chimed Kitty. "I'm sure it's not like you, Mr. Trenchard, to ride into bog-holes!"

"He was the most adventurous rider in Ireland that night, from what I hear," put in Barbara, and slipped away to the house.

"The first that ever took a horse over that bit o' the bog, annyhow," said Anthony.

"Give him leave to tell it himself, can't ye?" said Lady Frayne.

Trenchard told the adventure, giving, as may be snpposed, full honours to Dora.

"I don't think I did quite all that," she said; Trenchard having endowed her with the agility of an acrobat and the strength of an Amazon; "but if I had done even more, it would have been worth while, for the sake of the pretty thanks Mr. Tren-

chard's horse gave me when we had pulled him out."

"And how did he thank ye?" inquired Lady Frayne, who was rather interested in Dora, and thought Anthony a fool for keeping her a moment on his premises. "She'll make what running she likes here, I'll go bail!" reflected her ladyship.

"Oh, in the most delightful way! He thanked me with his eyes, and he shook hands with me."

Here came Kate Quinn with the tea-tray, followed by Barbara with the cream-jug, an article she was rather jealous of, for of late years cream had been chiefly noticeable by its absence at Carriconna. John Maher brought up the rear with a ponderous wicker chair for Lady Frayne, one of Anthony's new purchases; the others being left to seat themselves where and how they pleased.

"Well, have ye much money left, Anthony?" asked Lady Frayne, with a chuckle, as she subsided into the capacious wicker chair.

"Whips of it!" said Anthony. "Sure I didn't begin to spend yet, at all. At present I'm just thinking about it. But I'll be able to show you something by-and-bye."

"Well, and what about your observatory? Haven't ye made a beginning there?"

"Just a bit of a start. But that's a mair trifle."

"Now, Sarah, don't be leading him on to talk in that foolish way," said Barbara. "The man's just prepared for any absurdity a person could think of; and it's restraining him his friends should be, and not encouraging him."

I don't know whether Anthony or Lady Frayne enjoyed this the more. Lady Frayne, accustomed to the penurious notions and meagre ways of the old Anthony, the Anthony of days gone by, found a huge delight in exploiting him in his new character; and Anthony was always ready to be "drawn."

"I'm going to make me peace with Barbara," he said. "I'm going to plan a hen and turkey farm of her own for her, and give her Pope's powers over it. 'Tis then that she'll be aisy—easy, I should say, in her mind."

"And ye're taking great pains with your talk, too, I observe," said Lady Frayne. "Is it long since 'aisy' wasn't good enough for ye?"

"Mr. Nugent is getting ready for a great visit to Jupiter," interposed Dora.

"And how do we know but they have a fine brogue of their own in Jupiter?" said Lady Frayne.

"But nobody lives in Jupiter at all," said Kitty, and was promptly pounced upon by Anthony.

"Who's after telling ye that, miss?" said he.

"Awfully warm for them, I should think, if there are any fellows up there," said Trenchard.

But further discussion as to the habitability of Jupiter, and its possible inhabitants, was prevented by a sudden and startling exclamation from Kitty.

"Who in the world is that?" she cried, as a figure approached in the near distance.

It was a man's figure, of about Anthony's height, and well-shaped; in a seedy Norfolk jacket, sewn all over with pockets, and a pair of not less seedy knickerbockers. The stranger's face was a shade or two browner than the traditional walnut.

"It's Arthur! it's Arthur!" said Kitty again, now fairly screaming.

"If 'tis he, I'll never forgive ye, Kitty, for being the first to see him," answered Barbara, fetching out and hastily adjusting her glasses. "It *is* Arthur! The dear boy! It's himself!"

It was Arthur's self indeed.

Kitty and Barbara both rushed to meet him; an unequal race, and Kitty won it.

"Kitty! My Kitty!" and off the ground went her little ladyship's feet, and Dora and everybody else heard with great distinctness the kiss that followed. It was the first time Arthur had kissed her in public. But it was also the first time he had returned home from Africa.

"And not a word to give us time to get ready for ye!" said Barbara, whose turn came next, and who had certainly no reason to complain of *her* share of salutations.

"Ready! what's to get ready, dear?" cried Arthur. "You're ready for me yourself, and that's enough! Why, your worship,"—to his father—"you've been growing backwards, I declare—if you haven't bought a hair-dye. I'm certain you were grayer when I went away. How are you, Lady Frayne? Hullo, Trenchard?"

"Why, my dear," he said, turning to Barbara, "if you'd sent out invitations, you couldn't have made a kinder show for me. Now, may I go in and eat?"

CHAPTER XV.—AN ACCIDENTAL CONVERSATION.

"YE may eat the whole place out," said Barbara. "I dare say ye're famishing with hunger. I don't suppose, now, that ye've had a decent meal these two years. Give me another kiss, my boy! I'm just dazed with delight, I am. Come in, now—come in."

And she carried the hero off to the house, to be regaled on "the first decent meal he had had for two years."

Everybody was excited. Kitty could hardly contain herself; and not even the presence of Dora prevented her from showing her joy.

To Dora, who was formally introduced to Arthur (though not as an inmate of the house; that was a surprise reserved for him), the scene had a comic interest of its own. Her cousin evidently supposed her to be of the Doyne Abbey party—some friend of Kitty or her mother; and Dora was picturing to herself the amazement with which he would receive the news that she was a member of the Carriconna household. Arthur had heard by letter from Barbara of the death of his uncle Kedagh, also that his father had inherited that uncle's fortune; but as, during Kedagh's lifetime, none of them had known what his wealth amounted to, Arthur had not been very vividly impressed by that intelligence.

"Great news I'll have for him—great news indeed!" said Anthony, rubbing his hands, and chuckling to himself. "Now, I wonder, will Arthur be for turning astronomer too?"

"Oh, not he indeed!" said Lady Frayne.

"And he'll laugh you out of it before long, Anthony."

"Ye think that, do ye? And I having but just sent off for me telescope. And I'll engage that, when it comes, Arthur will 'explore Africa' just as well sitting on the tower there as when he was in Africa itself. Don't ye think he will, Mrs. Lytton?"

"We must hear first how far his explorations have taken him, and what they have resulted in," replied Dora. "I really don't think there is much of Africa left to explore, by telescope or any other method."

Kitty had followed Arthur and Miss Nugent into the house. Anthony and Lady Frayne now took their steps in the same direction. Trenchard seemed uncertain whether to say good-bye, or to go after them. The result of his hesitation was that he and Dora were left together in the garden; though within sight, and almost within hearing, of the party in the dining-room.

"A great event!" said Trenchard.

"Quite," answered Dora.

"Arthur will have a good deal to hear as well as to tell."

"Yes, there are several surprises in store for him, I think."

"The telescope, for one," laughed Trenchard. "That will be an amusing surprise for him."

"And I shall be the most amusing of all, I'm afraid."

"Well, I suppose you will be a surprise too, Mrs. Lytton."

"And don't you think I shall be an amusing one?"

"If you mean by that a pleasant one, I will say yes at once."

"But I didn't mean that."

"I really can't assent to any other proposition, Mrs. Lytton."

There was neither flippancy nor badinage in his tone, which was penetrated by that winning courtesy, touched by a gentle humour, which made most women like him and trust him from the first. Dora's thoughts were all unconsciously borne back to the days of her first love. She did not, however, make any direct reply to what he had last said.

"You are an *intime* of the family, Mr. Trenchard," she said; "tell me, please, are Mr. Arthur and Lady Kitty engaged to one another? I would not presume to ask such a question if Mr. Arthur himself had not so openly admitted us all to his confidence."

"Yes, didn't he though? Engaged? No, I never heard that they were engaged, but it's no secret they have been more than friends for I don't know how many years past; ever since Arthur left school, in fact. But, you know, there is not too much money in the coffers at Doyne Abbey, and Lady Frayne—"

"And Lady Frayne is a prudent mother? Is that what you mean, Mr. Trenchard?"

"Prudent is the word, I suppose," said he; "an ugly word, though, in this relation, I always think."

"Maybe," said Dora; "but it has its accepted significance. We are falling more and more into Talleyrand's habit of using speech to conceal our thoughts. I hope your horse is none the worse for his mud bath last night?"

"Not a bit, thank you. What a madman I must have seemed to you last night, Mrs. Lytton. I am ashamed to think of it."

Trenchard's face grew positively sad, and he looked narrowly at Dora, who was not, however, looking at him.

"Why were you riding in that way over such dangerous ground?" she said; and as there was some abruptness in the question she qualified, or tempered it with a smile, as though it were asked only half seriously.

"I rode in that way," said Trenchard, slowly, "because—what would you think of me if I said because some other will than my own were guiding me last night?"

"I should have no choice but to ask you for an explanation," she said, with a smile, half gay and half cajoling.

They looked at one another. Dora's face was playful. If there were any serious intent behind her words, she masked it cunningly. Trenchard's face was grave, with something wistful in it. He tried to return the smile that looked so guileless on her lips. Dora saw the effort, and being predisposed to like him she was touched.

"Some day, perhaps, I will venture to give you the explanation," he said.

"How beautiful the lake is from here," said Dora, in a tone suggesting that the lake was as interesting a subject as any that Trenchard could offer her. Possibly she thought that when she had hinted her desire for an explanation it should have been given her on the spot.

"Yes," said Trenchard; "but it looks better in a storm."

"I prefer it calm," replied Dora. "I like everything better in calm than in storm, and I don't think I care much whether the calm is a treacherous one. Now, do we act more considerately in leaving those merry people to themselves in there, or ought we to go and swell the chorus of delight over the traveller's return? On the whole, I think we ought to go in."

"I am sure we are quite forgotten."

"Then, let us go and recall ourselves. Did you come on horseback to-day? Yes, I see you have your spurs. Do you ride a great deal?"

"Yes, I am generally in the saddle some hours every day. And you, Mrs. Lytton, have you any taste for it?"

"Yes, but it is a taste I have not been able to gratify for a long time. I did once ride a great deal."

"You have lived much abroad?"

"The greater part of my life. As for Ireland, it is a foreign country to me."

"But Ireland is always a foreign country to the English, you know," laughed Trenchard.

"Which has been rather the worse for both countries, I'm afraid."

"For Ireland at all events."

CHAPTER XVI.—ANTHONY HAS A SURPRISE.

IT was the morrow of Arthur's home-coming. Dora, whose room was at right angles with his could hear him singing (like Mr. Gladstone) as he dressed; his window thrown wide. Barbara had had him early to bed the night before, like a schoolboy just home for the holidays.

Arthur had left Carriconna two years previously, sick of a life in which he had nothing to do but pretend to work on an estate where there was no work to be done, because there was no money with which to do it. He had gladly and eagerly accepted Lord Kilcreevy's offer to accompany him to Africa, hoping, as everybody hopes who sets forth on his first expedition of that sort, to find, at any rate, something. He had found a new variety of fever, which had proved a quite sufficient fortune for the day, since it had completely prostrated, and very nearly killed him. It had moreover compelled him to turn his back as speedily as possible on the land of his expectations, in which—in addition to the fever—he had picked up nothing more saleable than a smattering of two or three native dialects. A short rest in Europe had served to set him on his feet again, and half-way home he had been met by Barbara's letter, telling him of the unexpected turn affairs had taken at Carriconna.

But it was not until he and Barbara were alone in his room, where his aunt had at once laid claim to her ancient privilege of unpacking the bag, that he learned how rich a man his father now was. Then and there, too, he had the full story of Dora's coming, and of the extraordinary duties she was to fulfil; a subject over which Arthur was extravagantly and indeed uproariously merry.

"And now, Arthur, my dear boy, promise me that you're going to settle down at home. Please goodness ye'll never need to go fortune-hunting again. Your father talks in a terrible foolish way of all he's going to spend, but I begin to think there won't be much more than talk about it, after all. I've had the greatest talks with him about yourself and Kitty. 'Lady Kitty Nugent!' doesn't that sound nice, now? And your father is more sensible and reasonable about it than I thought he'd be. There's that lovely nest of a place, Gravelmount, standing empty, quite handy from here; I told him he should be buying it for the pair of ye. Sure the land touches our own, I said, and the two estates are as good as one this



A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

moment, except for the little bit of a sum that Gravelmount 's to be sold for."

"He'll never buy Gravelmount, will he?"

"Oh! but he will. What's in his way to stop him?"

"His observatories, and his Mrs. Lyttons, and who knows what!" laughed Arthur.

"He has enough, and more, for all. I'll give him no peace till he's done what's right by ye both. As for scattering his fortune, I think the Nugents are dead that were so great at that game."

It was therefore with a lively heart that Arthur dressed (and sang, like Mr. Gladstone) on the morning after his return home; stopping every now and then to look out over the fair Irish landscape that fronted his window, the lake and the hills that had been his friends from boyhood. Occasionally, too, he broke out into laughter.

"I and the telescope!" thought Dora, as she heard him, well able to relish that joke.

Arthur at that moment wished no happier fate than to settle down on Irish soil with Kitty; and in the more than cheerful mood in which he entered the breakfast-room, Dora thought him even handsomer than his portrait.

Dora herself had spent a more or less wakeful night; for, as her bedroom was just now her only place of solitude, she had to reserve her cogitations—her plannings and her plottings—for the hours when she was secure there. She had thought about everybody and everybody's affairs. She had thought about Trenchard, in whom she found herself exceedingly interested. She wondered what it was that occasioned him the mysterious trouble which his manner, more than his words had hinted at. There was certainly something the matter with the gentle and the agreeable inspector. Then her thoughts reverted to herself and Arthur. What was she doing at Carriconna? How was her wonderful notion—wonderful chiefly in its vagueness, perhaps—of recovering all or some portion of her father's fortune, to be carried out? She had already begun to think that she would not marry Arthur; though here she was not especially influenced by her cousin's very open demonstration of his regard for Lady Kitty. That young lady, whom Dora really liked a little, she held to be of no importance whatever. No, she did not think that she would marry Arthur; but if she did not marry Arthur, what else should she do?

"If I were to make myself known," she considered, "it would be equivalent to a direct demand upon Uncle Anthony to hand the fortune over to me. I don't think I could very well do that. Besides, I'm not at all sure that Uncle Anthony would return me the money, if I asked for it. He might, if he were very generously inclined, tell me that I could stay here and take my share of it, with him and the rest of the family. No, my position as Mrs. Lytton, an outsider, and a brilliant—an uncommonly brilliant—astronomer, is far better."

Anthony was rather silent until breakfast was half finished, but the circumstance did not fail to impress itself upon the rest of the company that he was wearing a new suit of clothes.

"His worship 's in noble style this morning," said Arthur. "You've been saving those for me, father, I suppose?"

"Why, no," said Anthony, "no." Then, after a moment, "I must leave ye here to-day, all of ye. I'm going up to Dublin."

"And this the first day that Arthur 's at home!" exclaimed Barbara.

"I know—I know; but we'll be seeing a good deal of each other now, I hope. And, ye see, I didn't know that he was coming, and I have a matter of business to settle with me solicitor."

"And what's that ye have beside ye, if I may make so bold?" inquired his sister.

"A few things I'm to get in town, that's all," said Anthony, unfolding and glancing down a big sheet of paper, on which he had written out a score or two of items. I leave ye in better hands than mine, Arthur, me boy. Get Mrs. Lytton to take ye up the tower and give ye just one lesson; and ye'll think that every day of your life has been wasted till now."

As he was driving out at the gate Anthony had a letter put into his hands by the postman. It was an Australian letter, in the handwriting of his late brother's solicitor, and he laid it in his pocket to read in the train. When there, he opened and read it. The chief interest of the letter was contained in the following sentences:—

"The surprise you express at being left sole legatee is natural. I have learned only within the last few months that my late client, Mr. Kedagh Nugent, had a daughter living at the time he made his will. But, as I am given to understand, his daughter married in direct opposition to her father's wishes, leaving Australia immediately afterwards with her husband. It is believed that they went to Europe, but none of their former friends have heard anything of her or of him since they quitted this country. The husband's name was Lytton, and that is really the only information I possess."

PHILANTHROPICAL PERPLEXITIES.

I.

HOW to do good and not do harm at the same time, how to help people without hurting them, is found to be one of the greatest difficulties in life by many conscientious, kind-hearted people. It is not that they have to overcome a disinclination to "give," for they are "cheerful" givers, but in our complicated condition of society a generous mind is often baulked or disappointed by finding that the recipient of charity is an impostor, or that some line of donation produces more beggars than relief. Misdirected mercy seems to multiply the miseries it would relieve.

The would-be giver is in no doubt as to the people whom he would help. There are plainly thousands who are not merely in need, but who might be aided or restored by means of the abundance which others have. But, in all seriousness, the difficulty is how to get at them, and, when they are found, how to help them so that they shall become stronger, not weaker, by that which is given. We look around for a reply, and (to begin with) charitable societies promise much. They are assumed to be the result of inquiry and experience, but, beside being cumbered with other drawbacks, they attract petition by their conspicuousness. They are as carcasses which gather eagles together. Your incurable beggar, all the more insistent and plausible because he knows the most effective attitude of application, sniffs the flavour of the subscription list from afar, and jostles the timid sufferer from the door of generosity. Then, again, the charitable society inevitably interposes itself between the sufferer and giver. No doubt philanthropy may be promoted by the signing of a cheque, provided it is posted to the right address, and yet if sent to a society it puts the signer so much further off from the persons he would help, and prohibits that true and legitimate flavour of benevolence which is felt in having contact with the sufferer himself, who thanks the secretary or the kind gentlemen on the committee, but as he shambles home with the donation in his pocket perhaps meets and scowls at the comfortable subscriber to whom he owes the success of his application. Moreover, by using the machinery of a benevolent association the generous are not unquestionably insured against the misapplication of their generosity. The association itself may only represent the energy of some kind unwise soul which had much better have been left to act with individual indiscretion. As it is, he has conveyed the contagion of his thoughtless but eager desire to men of like minds, and instead of our having one promoter of improvidence we have a whole committee of them—with power to add to their number. There are charitable societies which afford no real facilities to such as desire to do good. The problems of philanthropy are not inevitably solved by the employment of these channels, however tender-hearted and persevering their directors may be, and however honestly, in a financial sense, they may conduct their philanthropical business.

Again, the conscientious but puzzled donor is by no means relieved of his anxiety if he says to himself, "I will let this charitable machinery alone, and, taking some great principle of righteousness as my guide, will seek to help the suffering in my own way, at first hand, though I do run the risk of sometimes giving to the wrong man. I will rest upon the divine law of doing as I would be done by." And then what happens? We no sooner get a good view of this without perceiving that the doer must be wise as well as kindly. If the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch. Does the kindly sot "do good" when he gives another that which he loves himself? He "does as he would be done by" when he hands the brandy to his fellow that so he may speedily blunt the edge of his suffering; and yet the Christianity of his deed is questionable.

Love my neighbour as myself! Yes. The law is eternal and divine; it touches the root of all giving and ministration. Still, it is immediately saddled with the assumption that a man does not always know what is best for himself, and (which is more) with the reflection that he is prohibited from loving "self" at all. Paradoxical as we may think the sentence to be, it needs an unselfish man rightly to love his neighbour as himself. The perplexed philanthropist finds no immediate guidance or relief either in using established machinery of benevolence or in following any great laws of humanity which cannot be interpreted and obeyed without thoughtfulness and discrimination.

There would seem, however, to be an escape or direction in some sentences which set forth the "duty of man,'" such as the well-known one which touches his relation of man to his neighbour with the question, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy?'" Here are two distinct branches of righteousness, two divisions in the way of "doing good," which may help us to at least a fair apprehension of the great philanthropical problem. "Do justly and love mercy." In trying to note down the thoughts which they immediately suggest I will not pause over that form of justice which is concerned in the payment of money debts, and the honest performance of work, whether by head or hand. Beyond, however, the ordinary financial obligations of life, there comes a cluster of demands for just dealing wherein philanthropy is more conspicuous than strict justice. Indeed, the "summum jus" may be the "summa injuria," however logically defensible. Shylock, to speak accurately, was cheated; and yet the voice of the people gives a just verdict against him. So in divers

social and commercial transactions we are called upon to question even the great law of supply and demand, and to see that such as are in need and necessity suffer no wrong by its severe application. I will not seek to justify this opinion at any length now, nor (hoping in another paper to notice some of its practical bearings in detail) pause even for a moment over the second division of well doing involved in the divine requirement to "love mercy." I may remark, however, that perhaps this may be best considered under the heads of almsgiving, kindly speech, and personal ministration.

Desiring presently to examine these, in some measure, I would now venture to submit a few general considerations to my readers which shall be applicable to any form of philanthropy, whether shown in the kindliness which tempers justice, or in direct and unmixed acts of mercy itself, where the people we have to deal with are more or less helpless, having either not entered the ranks of the workers, or having fallen out of them.

The first thing to be remembered when we face the "Problems of Philanthropy," is that we must not be so impressed by the largeness of the matter as to forget that it concerns many small things. The stability of the house depends upon the making and laying of the separate bricks with which it is built, and the honesty of the joints which hold it together. In most cases greatness arises from an abundance of minute contributions. The forest has sprung from little seeds and saplings. And grand works result from the multitudinous co-operation of many commonplace efforts. Moreover, in considering the difficulty of doing good which society feels, we must recollect that extraordinary effects come not merely from an accumulation of ordinary causes, but that each individual has the charge of some seemingly minor matter in due attention to which lies the hope of the whole body. A man may be crushed by the spectacle of wide-spread unrighteousness, and think that his solitary effort must needs be impotent to affect it. Not so. It is impossible to calculate the power and influence of *one* man, if he has only (to use a common phrase) the courage of his convictions. All the best good done in the world may generally be even traced to the action of some individual, just as incalculable mischief may follow from some apparently isolated evil deed. We believe far too much in the force of numbers. No doubt they are forcible. But then, they could never have become "numbers" unless there had been a sufficiency of separate contributors. The total is nothing without the items. A man may humbly call himself a "a mere cipher," and so think that his action is useless. Nevertheless, I should like to know where the "sum" would be without the "ciphers"?

Thus a main consideration in facing the "Problems of Philanthropy" is that each man has really a very important part to play in their solution. If he will only not wait to see what others do, if he will only reflect that, though it may be difficult to influence the multitude, he can command the individual, there is small limit eventually to the good work which he may have a share in doing. Solitary courage is eventually omnipotent. The world is originally moved, not by companies and committees, but by the men who have started them. The Suez Canal was really dug by M. Lesseps himself, though he had the hands of Egypt at his back. Very much, moreover, is owed to the individual who has formed no association, called no body after his own name, but has nevertheless as a prophet, patriot, hero touched many souls, and so has impressed his character on the world of men.

Much more might be said on this point. I pass on to notice that if we would do good we must always try to begin at the bottom, and not work down from the top. The tree is known by its fruits, but fruits arise from roots. With some people the term "radical," as applied to measures, has an ill savour, being in their minds (justly or unjustly) associated with subversion and even violence. Nevertheless, there is the most genuine conservatism and assurance of productiveness in looking to the roots of any matter. When the man in the Gospel comes to complain about an unproductive fig-tree the master bids him, as the first thing needed, to "dig about," *i.e.*, "root-prune" it. So before we can hope to do any good to our fellows we must, if possible, get to the bottom of what they want.

There are grievances which, when examined, are found to have no real foundation. Possibly those who complain may be slow to admit this. Still, when the complaint is begun to be examined it is, perhaps, found to have been already put on the way of cure; or it may be so shadowy or sentimental as to supply no material on which to work, or the complaint may be of something which cannot be remedied. When we find that the child is crying for the moon we let it cry, or we use some means to suppress its desire which may not gratify the complainant. So there may be social grievances which it is hopeless to touch with any prospect of their removal. The most we can sometimes do is to attempt the invidious task of explaining that the requirement is unreasonable. This effort is generally useless. And philanthropists might be saved much trouble if they would be made to believe that it is useless to cry over spilt milk on a large as well as small scale. There are, however, those who will recover from the upsetting of a saucer, but cannot be quieted when a disastrous subversion has come to pass in a dairy.

But in any wide social distress it is well, sternly, to ask whether there is any prospect of its radical relief. With some it may be found that it is as incurable as death; as impossible to be averted as old age. In these cases the philanthropist will not waste his time and strength in attempting to uproot the so-called offence.

Not that he will, therefore, leave it alone. Because he cannot restore the dead to life, nor confer perpetual youth on a man who frets at turning grey, he will not, therefore, refuse to mitigate the pains of dissolution. And yet he legitimately saves himself from fruitless toil by fearlessly seeking to know the nature of the trouble

which he is asked to relieve. He will inquire whether it is deep or superficial. And if he finds that it is either shallow or (possibly) hopeless, he will turn his mind and hand to something which promises a return for his pains.

When he perceives that it is a real grievance, and one however serious not incapable of removal, he puts his axe to the "root" of the tree. And more, having realised the nature of the soil from which it springs and the ground which it cumbers, he seeks, not merely to cut it down, but to better the field in which it has grown. His remedy is as radical as possible, all round. The difficulty of doing good is much lightened when a man reaches this resolution. He may not expect to see much immediate result of his labours, but he feels that he is not labouring in vain, that he has got a clue to his work, and toils for a purpose. This principle applies to all branches of justice and mercy. It best prepares society for times of peril and explosion. The philanthropical problem may then present a formidable complication of difficulties, but when a man feels that he holds the end of the thread he goes on with that confidence which is the charm of progress and best assurance of safety. His ark may be years in building, but he knows that it will swim, and that some day its powers of flotation will be tried. If he can get other people to build arks too, so much the better. But if not, he hammers at his own. He labours with a distinct outlook and purpose. This, however, he would not have realised had he not gone down to the root of the matter, and apprehended both the gravity of the things which were coming to pass, and the right course whereby they should least hurt such as prepared for them.

Another thing needed in all efforts to do good is caution. The commendation of this may seem to be superfluous, or even unkind, since people are sometimes too ready to accept an excuse for slackness of zeal. But an excess of fervour may defeat its own ends. The zealous servants in the parable would have rooted up the wheat along with the tares if they had been suffered to go their own way. Thus a desire to go to the bottom of any philanthropical difficulty must be cautiously pursued. Though proverbs are often wrong or contradictory it often happens that "most haste is worst speed." The reformer must not cut the knot unless he feels sure that it cannot be untied, for cutting may do mischief to sound strands of the social rope. Indeed directly we begin to meddle with a popular difficulty unexpected considerations present themselves. The indignant philanthropist soon finds himself pulled up, and (as with one who intervenes peremptorily in domestic strife, and feels both husband and wife fall upon him) presently discovers that he is doing more harm than good.

The caution I advise is the more needful since social reformers have to deal not with fields and trees but with cities and men, and men (especially women) are, or ought to be, keenly sensitive when an attempt is made to benefit them. Indeed, unless this be so the efforts made in their behalf are least likely to be successful. The thick-skinned beggar does not care how roughly the dole which saves him from working may be thrown to him, but the patient who is capable of sound relief may be freshly wounded by an impetuous and blundering operator. This is equally true whatever the nature of the disease may be. We want a careful as well as kindly hand, or what is well called "fatherly" goodness in dealing with "all those who are anywise afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate."

The circumspection and carefulness here commended is plainly by no means inconsistent with two other principles which should guide us in doing good of any kind. One is seen in the Latin sentence which has no satisfactorily neat English equivalent, "Bis dat qui cito dat." He gives twice who gives at once. If you have made up your mind to help any one, and see your way to the right method of helping him, lose no time about the business. When a man has begun to descend the social slope, but could have his course arrested, every day sees him lower down. Stop him at once if you think he can be effectively stopped. Delay for a "more convenient season" may have mischievous effects in putting off a good deed we purpose doing as well as in deferring an interview which is intended to benefit ourselves. The advice of the Latin saying is indeed included and improved in the familiar sentence, "He that giveth let him do it with simplicity; he that sheweth mercy with cheerfulness." A gift cannot be truly calculated in a written sum, nor weighed in a brass balance. Half its power to strengthen and cheer comes from the way in which it is given. A dog even does not wag his tail when you sharply fling him a bone; but, though he crunches it, he does so with an air of ungraciousness and suspicion.

How much both the giver and the receiver lose when one man treats another in a grudging spirit of donation, we cannot tell. The greatest offence, indeed, may be given along with even a valuable gift, and the sore may become worse for sheer lack of the ointment of cheerfulness. This is the precise ingredient needed in the salve. It is better than "compassion," which may be felt with some display of patronage, and occasionally comes too near to "condescension." But there is an antidote in the "cheerful" eye and voice to that indescribable humiliating flavour which too often accompanies the doing of good, and ostentatiously reminds the recipient that he is being put under an obligation. He knows that well enough, and he acknowledges it all the more as it is not suggested by the way in which it is conferred. The temper of those who give is all the more important and influential inasmuch as the sentence I have quoted seems to assume that it is possible to be merciful, not with cheerfulness, but after a dreary and depressing fashion.

There is, moreover, no superfluity of wisdom in the advice to give with "simplicity," as well as show mercy with "cheerfulness." The best intentioned goodwill towards men may come to be entangled with rules of procedure, especially when it takes the more pretentious title of "Philanthropy." The wise counsel to be simple on "giving" suggests at once the least possible use

of red tape. There are, however, societies where kindness is tied up in such prim bundles that even the cheerful handing of one of them to a poor man puts him to needless shame. There is the more need to beware of unnecessary formalities in doing good, since the simplest methods are generally most business-like and expeditious. Many regulations are like those additional wheels which, they say, some watchmakers have come to put into their instruments, but which help to display the ingenuity of the watchmaker more than to show the time of day. He that giveth let him do it with simplicity.

The only other general consideration which I would now advance is that we must not forget the inevitable "severity" of God. Philanthropists may indeed learn of Him who "maketh the sun to rise upon the evil and upon the good, and sendeth His rain upon the just and upon the unjust." But when the recipient of the sun and rain uses neither aright, when he neither sows in the soft ground nor reaps in the hot harvest, what happens? Does he receive a special donation from above to make up for the loss which his idleness has caused? The answer to this may legitimately stiffen the back of one who desires to work upon divine lines, and help him sometimes to risk the charge of evil when he is distinctly conscious of a determination to do good. There are those who seem to reproach the Creator by the abundance or profession of their goodwill. A certain receptivity is required in those whom we would help. Men do not cast pearls before swine, and even Christ Himself is recorded to have found Himself in a place where (though no doubt it showed sufferers enough) He could do no mighty work among the people because of their unbelief.

The necessity laid upon Christians to show Christian love (which is far greater than any other) does not oblige us to disregard the ability of those whom we would help to apprehend it. In one sense love is blind, but it does not shut its eyes to facts which hinder its operation. Thus in all attempts to do good we may not forget that God Himself does not reverse His laws of progress for the sake of evil-doers. There is no inhumanity in recognising the truth that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." When material suffering comes from sin, the philanthropist affects no disappointment at being unable to undo the deeds which have caused it. He does his best on divine lines to lift the evil-doer up again, but he does not waste his words in deploring the inevitable, nor spend his strength on what are really hopeless attempts to change the order of nature.

HARRY JONES.

"I thought Love lived in the hot sunshine;
But, oh, she lives in the moony light."

—*Blake.*

In what high bliss abideth Love?
Lives he in golden sunshine fair,
Flooding the heart of broad blue air,
Green grass beneath his feet, above
His head the trees that ever bear
Blossom and fruit and leafage rare?
In such high bliss abideth Love?

In what deep pain abideth Love?
Sits he in dreary darkness where
The meeting hands of grief and care
Draw curtains close that will not move;
'Mid bitter sighs and cryings there
Of all earth's passion and despair?
In such deep pain abideth Love?

High bliss, deep pain, alike, for Love
Are dwelling-place, and he being there
Dark groweth bright, and fair thrice fair:
He brings the gifts that best behove;
He teacheth strength to do and bear,
And weakness how in grace to fare;
For everywhere abideth Love.

EMILY H. HICKEY.

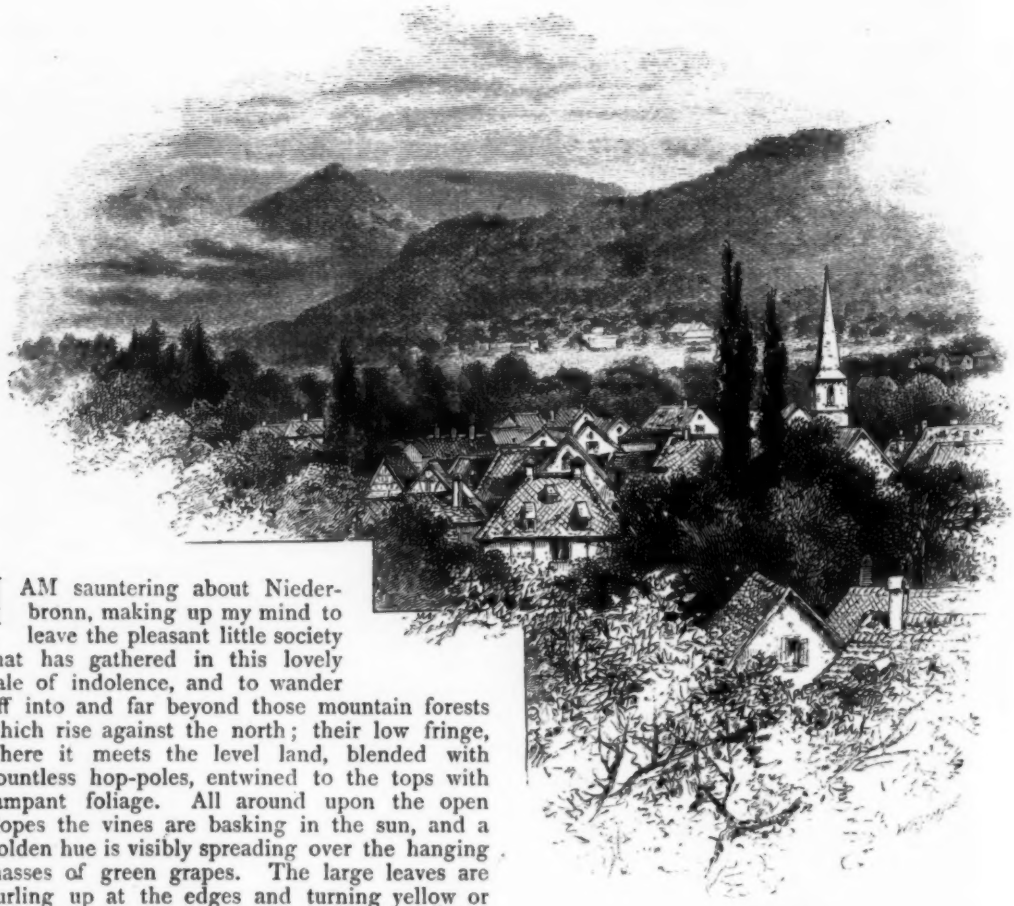


THE CAVALIER S WIFE.

"I thought Love lived in the hot sunshine :
But, oh, she lives in the moony light."—*Blake.*

A WALKING TOUR IN THE VOSGES.

I.



NIEDERBRONN

I AM sauntering about Niederbronn, making up my mind to leave the pleasant little society that has gathered in this lovely vale of indolence, and to wander off into and far beyond those mountain forests which rise against the north; their low fringe, where it meets the level land, blended with countless hop-poles, entwined to the tops with rampant foliage. All around upon the open slopes the vines are basking in the sun, and a golden hue is visibly spreading over the hanging masses of green grapes. The large leaves are curling up at the edges and turning yellow or russet, telling that the vintage time is coming on apace.

How this September sunshine burns upon the old rough walls shot with bits of cranesbill glowing crimson, and clambered over by the gadding vine! How when it darts between the leaves and pendent bunches of the trellis which forms the cottage porch it seems to crown with a fair flame the yellow-haired child sitting on the ground before the door, and scooping out of the red sand, with an old iron spoon, grottoes peopled with fairy beings only visible to her; scooping and singing some Alsatian baby-song, to the accompaniment of the bees that are drawn by the blue flowers of a patch of borage, and the grasshoppers which chirrup with frantic joy amidst the yarrow and thyme of the hot bank that slopes down into the lane!

Here now is the convent garden, and through the open door I see an old sister with her skirts tucked up, and her feet planted in great wooden shoes. As she is very short, she is obliged to stand on tiptoe to reach some plums which are quite near the ground. A comical interesting little figure is this sister, with a mediæval air that belongs to her coarse religious habit; but she herself is all rustic realism. She digs, and hoes, and gathers fruit, like any of the peasant women in the neighbouring fields. Her features are rude, furrowed and tanned by the sun, her hands deformed by toil. A simple soul in a rough body. If I want plums, she will sell them to me, as many as I can carry away for four sous.

Now I am by the side of the Falkenstein that flows swiftly, and at this spot silently, between banks abloom with meadow-sweet, hemp-agrimony, purple loosestrife, marsh valerian, and white convolvulus. A party of ducks are breasting up against the current, and are followed by about a dozen ducklings struggling bravely with the stream, their bright little eyes shining like

diamonds in the all-penetrating, all-embracing lustre of the September afternoon. And with what tenderness, what feeling as of a great artist, does this wondrous light that sweetens and ripens the fruits of the earth touch the old tiled roofs of Niederbronn. The eye dwells with long delight upon these roofs whose lines follow no method, and upon which time has wrought a perfect harmony of tone. The sunshine brings something of the original redness back through layers of grey-green lichen.

The evening comes on. In the calm pure sky I see promise of brilliant autumn days, and resolve, while strolling under the motionless plane-trees of the Promenade, and listening to the band playing "The Last Rose of Summer," to hoist again upon my shoulders the old knapsack that has travelled with me hundreds of miles over mountains and plains, through forests and by the wild seashore. The morrow will see me once more on the tramp.

The morning came, bright, exhilarating, beautiful. Across the green meadows of the valley, to where the hop-poles blended with the edge of the forest, I fared. First, however, I threaded some narrow lanes, where cottages which were hovels as regards comfort had been changed to bowers by the joyous vines that clung to them, throwing into the poor rooms, through doors with leaning jambs, and windows set all awry amidst plaster and beams, the hoarded sunshine of their leaves. Yellow spikes of agrimony, purple heads of majorum, hawkweed, scabious, and yarrow were chief among the flowers that bloomed along the banks. In the ditches the persicaria's waxen pinkness mingled with the deep yellow of the bur-marigold. A pale flush of mauve had spread over the green meadows, for the time had come for the poisonous but beautiful colchicum to send up its crocus-like flowers, which the Alsatian child is taught to hold in horror. From the hop-gardens came the sound of many voices. The picking had commenced, and amongst the poles was a full family muster of the peasant owners. Even the newest babies had been brought out and laid upon the warm weeds to bake as it seemed in the sun.

These peasant babies can bear a great deal of such baking without feeling any the worse for it. The sight of their heads, with no more down upon them than is to be found on lately-hatched sparrows, exposed to the glare of the summer sun and glittering like pebbles in the bed of a dried-up stream, caused me, until I got used to it, some anxiety. When I have reasoned with parents on the subject they have not always concealed their contempt for my foolish fears. They and their fathers and mothers were treated in the same way and got no harm by it. Why should they bring up their children differently? Why? indeed. Lizards expose themselves systematically to sunstroke and never get it. Cold and heat are chiefly perilous to those who, by gentle rearing, are kept in early life from growing inured to the climatic conditions in which they are born.

I am now in the forest at the foot of the mountains, which are scarcely high enough to deserve the name here, although they really belong to the system of the Vosges. I do not ascend for a mile or so, but follow a path that winds along on the edge of the valley. Willow herb flowers here in profusion, with loosestrife and hemp-agrimony. Blackberries glisten on the bramble bushes, whose leaves are already edged with gold or spotted with crimson, and dewberries reveal themselves by their purple bloom amidst the tufted spurge and wood sage, now deserted by the bees. I pass a pine nursery, filled with rows of seedlings and saplings. The German Government spares no pains to draw as large a revenue as possible from the forests of the Vosges.

A well-organised and highly-trained service of *gardes-forestiers* attends as much to the planting as to the cutting of the timber. One may walk for many days on these mountains without leaving the forest, except when crossing the valleys. When these take the character of gorges they are often timbered down to the stream that sings or roars at the bottom of the deep rift where the sun rarely throws a chequered ray upon the darkly troubled water or lays an emerald upon the frond of the overhanging fern. Those trees which are mostly cultivated are pines and firs, but there are also vast tracts of natural self-sown forest, in which are found the beech, the oak, the ash, the sweet chestnut—all the trees, in fact, that are indigenous to Northern and Central Europe, including the yew, which grows to a great height, and when found in masses of several hundred together makes even a more sombre wood than the ilexes of the south. Unlike the forests of the Landes, which are often impenetrable, except at the cost of immense perseverance and much bloodshed from scratches, those of the Vosges are generally free or nearly free from undergrowth.

Walking is rendered the more easy in them by the numerous paths by which they are traversed, but this multiplicity of ways makes them a vast labyrinth in which the stranger is apt to lose all clue to his whereabouts, and, unless he carries a compass or moves resolutely in a straight line by the guidance of the sun, to wander for hours without getting a mile farther from the spot where he became aware of something wrong. Thanks, however, to the Vosgian Club, which has set up signboards and arrows throughout these grand solitudes with a lavishness that has drawn gratitude from many a tourist, the traveller who is careful to keep to the well-marked tracks has no excuse for losing himself unless he be overtaken by night. As for myself, my incurable weakness for trying to discover shorter ways to places than have yet been found, entailed upon me in the Vosges, as it had often done elsewhere, much perplexity and fatigue which might have been avoided. But do not the charm and romance of all vagabondage depend upon a cheerful scepticism as regards the sober promptings of reason?

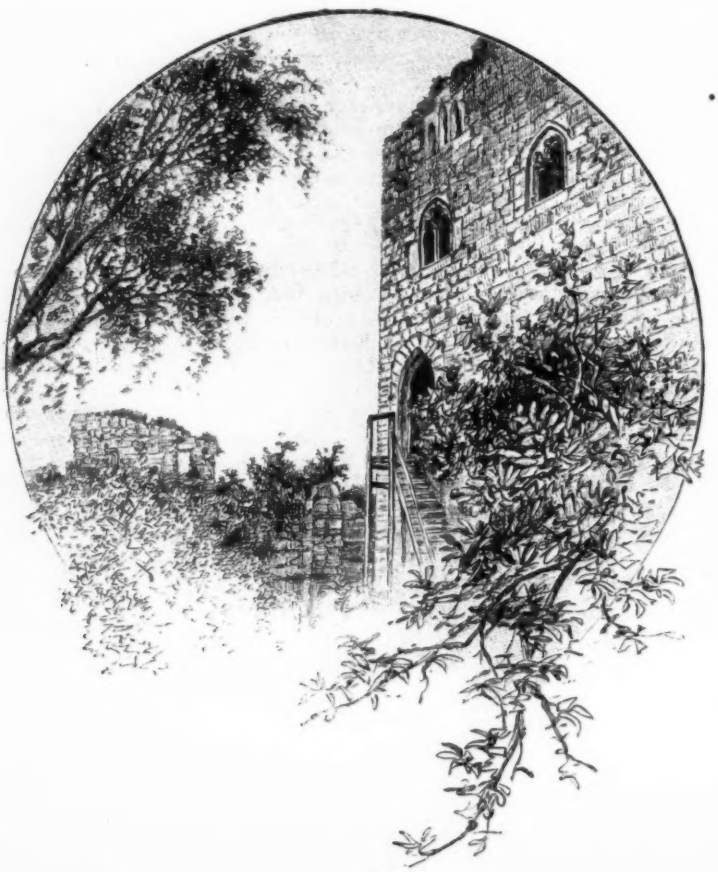
When I had left the Niederbronn Valley, and had been climbing the steep mountain-side for a mile or so, I came unexpectedly to an open space, from which the view was enchanting. It was one

of those surprises so frequent in the Vosges, and which help so much to render these mountains ever fascinating to the lover of nature. Standing amidst bracken and whortleberry, I looked down upon the valley of the Windstein, its hamlet nestling in a hollow, its silver thread of stream winding through the meadows, and two ruined castles seated close together on two escarped rocks. The woods stretched from the ridge just above me down to the green pasture far below, but the opposite hill had a character strange to the Vosges. Its surface was brown with heather and bracken, and it looked as if it had been lifted out of Brittany and placed here for the sake of contrast.

On my way down the wooded mountain towards the Windstein, I came upon a *boletus*, which was quite new to me. This fantastic fungus had a floccose, ragged cap, covered with what exactly



THE OLD WINDSTEIN.



THE NEW WINDSTEIN.

resembled flakes of soot. The stem was likewise sooty. Had the plant grown upon the inside of a chimney its appearance would have been just what it was. The flesh when broken was white, but the action of the air or light caused it to turn brick-coloured, and finally the hue of slate. The rapidly-changing colour left little doubt of its highly poisonous nature, although the rule is not absolute. A fungus which asserted its presence in this bit of wood in a decidedly aggressive manner was the fetid woodwitch, or stinkhorn. I must have passed by a considerable colony of them judging from the sickening and persistent odour of putrefaction that poisoned the air.

The old Windstein castle was built in 1212 by one of the abbot-lords of this region, which is like a history of the feudal ages written in ruins. The castle, and the New Windstein (fourteenth century) on the sister rock, derive a peculiar interest from the circumstance that the final effort to resist the invasion of the French in 1676

was made here. There is a tradition in the locality that the defender of the strongholds, Von Dürkheim, passed from one castle to the other by a subterranean passage, communicating his own indomitable spirit to his soldiers who manned the battlements. The age, however, was gone when these mighty rock-combined castles of the Vosges could be termed impregnable. The roar of the cannon was the death-knell of feudalism. After the French had captured the Windstein castles they dismantled them.

I climbed to the rock of the Old Windstein by a long flight of mossy steps beside a wall, where the ivy and vine kept up a companionship of ancient date. All the lower chambers of the castle were hollowed out of the living rock. These have been left pretty much what they originally were, but the crowning masonry is in utter ruin. Traces of the flames lighted by the French two centuries ago are very visible. Close to the sandstone peak used for the fortress is a detached fragment of rock of a singularly bold and picturesque appearance. In the course of ages a soil has formed on the top of it deep enough to afford a foothold for several pines, which have sprung from the seeds that the wind wafted there from the neighbouring forest.

Without stopping to get a closer view of the New Windstein, I struck across country, now among pines and bracken, now in little glades gaudy with golden rod, white mullein, and scabious; now in stubble fields tangled with chickweed, until I met the road to Ober-Steinbach. At the meeting-point of two valleys was a hamlet—a mere cluster of houses—and it appeared to be deserted by all except a young man who was basking in the sun at the door of the empty schoolroom. He was the schoolmaster, who a little while before my arrival had packed off his pupils for the holidays. He and I were soon sitting together in a small auberge that had been left in the charge of a girl of about fourteen while her parents were in the fields. Between us was a bottle of amber-tinted wine, which had kept something of the sunshine of its warm Alsatian hill. My new acquaintance was a native of Alsace, but as he had grown up since the war he spoke French with some difficulty. He told me that he had to teach all the boys and girls for several miles around. Twenty of the children were Catholics and nineteen were Protestants. His salary was sixty marks (£3) a month. I could not help expressing some surprise that he could manage to exist on such a stipend, but when he went on to say that he paid twenty-four marks a month for his board, I perceived how the economic problem was solved.

Continuing my journey, I entered a narrower valley than the one I had just left. There was a long green stretch of meadow in the bottom, through which a stream curled and flashed; all else was silent sylvan solitude. I passed a woman mowing in a meadow—probably the third crop, for these well-watered valleys produce abundance of grass—then a party of girls walking noiselessly with bare feet, steadying with sun-browned upraised arms heavy loads of fresh-cut fodder on their young heads. Eve bears Adam's malediction here as well as her own. Every morsel of bread she gets, from childhood till old age, bowed and broken, is eaten by the sweat of her brow. Such are my thoughts as I stand and ponder all I have seen of female toil before one of those wayside rests for women which are often found by the wayfarer in Alsace. The contrivance is very simple; two stone uprights support a third piece of stone laid horizontally. The height is about four feet. The woman shifts the basket or bundle she is carrying from her head on to the level stone, and when she has taken a rest she shifts it back again, and continues her trudge. Without such a thing as this it would be often impossible for her when alone to take her burden from her head and hoist it again.

Now I stop before a picturesque bit of old wall, with celandine still in flower, and common artemisia growing from the crevices of the rough-laid blocks. The brilliant green of the celandine makes a strong contrast with the leaves of the artemisia, deep green on the upper surface, hoary underneath. Stonecrop on the top of the wall, with here and there a tall and much branched willow lettuce gone to seed, and sprinkled over with white stars of feathery pappus, completes this picture. Along the waysides there is no lack of late summer flowers. Most conspicuous is the proliferous pink, with blooms unusually large and beautiful. The white mullein too is very noticeable, while the yellow mullein has for a time quite disappeared.

There is a storm moving about the hills. Although the air is quite still in this warm and sheltered valley, I can hear the wind roaring through the pines far above my head. The distant thunder is like the boom of siege guns, and yet the sky is blue above, and the ruddy pine trunks blaze where the sunlight strikes them. The wind drops, the thunder dies away, the deep quiet is not broken even by the twitter of a bird. A hare runs out of the forest, which now borders the road, stops still and stares at me with keen curiosity, until I am quite near, then makes for the trees on the other side. I leave the road, and strike somewhat at random into the forest, in order to reach the ruined castle of Wineck, which is on the top of a high hill. I toil up the steep, where the proud pine and the humble whortleberry are almost the only occupants of the soil, and at length reach a rock partly overgrown with ivy. Upon it stand the ruined keep and remnants of the outer walls. The sun has gone down, and in the shadow of the pines it is now twilight. A ruined castle in a forest is a ghostly place at such an hour.

I confess that I felt gayer when my foot was on the road again. Shortly afterwards I passed a couple of charcoal-burners busy at their work on the edge of the forest, with faces as black as jet. Then these figures disappeared for ever. A deep feeling of twilight and solitude was in the valley. The pink flush faded from the dove-coloured clouds, with which the strip of sky was now dappled. Silver birches, their foliage turn-

ing into drops of fire, stood like torches among the blackening pines. The purple tint of a heather-grown hill darkened sadly. In the quiet eventide, I see the tiled roofs of Ober-Steinbach under the redder sandstone of a rocky hill. The vale widens, and where it meets another valley there is a broad expanse of meadow land. I enter the village where I hope to pass the night, a little in the rear of a swineherd, who has brought back his troop of a hundred or more pigs from the forest, and is now sounding his horn at intervals, to let the owners of the animals know that he is returning. As the pigs pass through the village, they "fall out" one by one or in detachments, and rush off in various directions to their respective styes.

One long street composed the village. Some of the houses were of that picturesque half-wood construction, so common in Alsace, in which the beams forming the framework cross the outer surface of the walls in all directions. In better class houses of the sixteenth century, when combined with upper storeys set back behind open galleries, sheltered by the long eaves of the roof, and in which we see the timbers already mentioned, richly embellished with carvings, this style is the perfection of domestic architecture in all that relates to the eye. Ober-Steinbach is, however, only a poor agricultural village, and its old houses have consequently not the artistic finish of those which have come down to us with the impress of substantial burgher life.

I reached the village at the hour when the cattle and geese, as well as the pigs, were returning for the night from the surrounding meadows and woods. What with the lowing of cows, the cackling and hissing of geese, the grunting of pigs, the cracking of whips, and the shouts of the boys and girls who were driving the cattle to the water-troughs, there was plenty of noise as well as movement. I stopped at an inn—the best as it seemed, and this was poor indeed—but as I had not the least expectation of falling into the lap of luxury at such a place, I was well enough pleased at the prospect of sleeping upon a chaff bed, being in no mood to tramp the country any more that night. Outside the door a father and son were sawing a tree into logs. The youth was of that pleasing Alsatian type which, to a large strong body, unites a large strong head with curling yellow hair, blue candid eyes, and a broad honest kindly face. The interior of the inn was roomy and dreary. Poverty made itself felt there, and this is depressing, especially to one who has only taken during the day a scratch meal in the forest, and whose mind is now dwelling on thoughts of dinner with a fervour which may be debasing, but which is at least capable of explanation. After some parleying as to the resources of the larder, it was agreed that I should commence with soup and finish with salad, with an omelette between, to serve—I thought—as a buffer. The soup turned out to be bread and milk. It was a long time since I had eaten this food of the ancient Scythians, but I did not quarrel with it. The omelette was an indigestible bolus, but I took this also in good part, after reflecting upon the advantage of keeping it by me as a check to a keen appetite for the next day or so. The salad left nothing to be desired except olive or nut oil; the oleaginous fluid with which it was mixed having been extracted from rape seed. In a moment I pined for the south of France, where one can always have good oil, although the salad may be dried up. If the food at this inn was open to criticism, there was nothing to say against the white wine.

While I was trying to persuade myself that I was fast becoming a model of frugality, the poor family with whom my lot had cast me for the night gathered around a board—literally one—a few yards from mine. No plates were laid upon it, but in the centre was a large earthen pan, containing nearly a peck of potatoes cooked in their skins. The family consisted of the innkeeper and his wife, the young man already mentioned, and several children. While I was wondering why I had not been offered any potatoes, parents and children stood up and made the sign of the cross as the youngest child—a little girl of eight—began to say grace. It was in the Alsatian dialect, and I could hardly catch a word of it. It lasted several minutes. I was much impressed by this scene. The meal for which these people thanked God so earnestly and reverently was merely potatoes and water. There was better food in the house, and there was plenty of wine and beer, but they did not consider themselves justified in eating or drinking otherwise than as I saw them. The meal was over in ten minutes, and then father and son returned to their sawing. How can they keep up their strength with potatoes and water? I asked myself, and others may ask the same question. The answer is, because they lead natural lives and have healthy bodies. If we really want what most of us think we need in the shape of "good food," the condition which produces the craving is one to which we have gradually brought ourselves, and which is nearer disease than health. A more manly and vigorous set of men than the Alsatian peasants are not to be easily found, and yet the quantity of meat which they eat is so small that they might do without it altogether without feeling any physical loss. They have been bred to frugality, and here lies their strength. But they do not all appreciate the blessing of not belonging to the dyspeptic generation; many, indeed, complain that their lives are hard.

The floor of my bedroom was very black, but the walls were much ornamented with lithographic works of art, all religious in character. The furniture was more than sufficient, for there were some benches and a long deal table, at which twenty could have dined comfortably. The bedstead was so short that I should certainly have kicked the lower board out had it not been designed to resist unusual pressure. There were no blankets—a peculiarity of the Alsatian inns. The substitute is what the French call *édredons*—in Alsace great bags of goose feathers. They are piled one upon another, whether the season be winter or summer, so that a bed ready to be slept in is unpleasantly suggestive of the fate of Desdemona. He who wishes to sleep without dreaming

of mountains settling upon him and bearing him down into the lowest depths must throw some of these bags upon the floor—all of them if the weather be hot. Alsace is likewise remarkable for the number and lustiness of the fleas which haunt the village inns. At Ober-Steinbach these entertaining insects galloped over me until day-break, when, they getting tired, I fell asleep on my chaff bed. I was dressed, however, in time to breakfast with the family. They sat down to a large pan of bread, boiled in water, with some butter, and they ate from pewter plates. Their meal was again over in twenty minutes, including grace before and after. I had *café au lait* and bread. The charge made for my entertainment was two shillings—the smallest sum I had ever paid for dinner, bed, and breakfast.



THE WASIGENSTEIN

My plan this day was to visit several ruins which lie along the arbitrary line separating Lower Alsace from the Palatinate. Firstly, I shaped my course towards the Wasigenstein, a name which calls up in the mind some of the great shadows of Teutonic romance. For a mile or more I followed the road running through the valley, broad grassy meadows lying on the right, on the left, rising abruptly, high hills draped with forest, except where large masses of red rock jutted out fantastically from among the pines. I passed a little church, its cemetery bristling with wooden crosses, and its dewy flower-gardens not yet aglow, though rich in colour; but tenderly touched here and there with the soft and vaporous shine of the early sun struggling with drifts of mountain mist.

Now I take a by path towards the north. A man is mowing in a dew-drenched meadow, and as his scythe cuts the lush herbage the wounded mint and majorum perfume the air. The sun has vanquished the mist, and lights up the flowers with their most vivid colours. The bells of the campanulas are intensely blue, the heads of the wiry knapweeds intensely purple, the flush of the thymy banks is redly brilliant, but the humble lotus and spruce toadflax give the prevailing hue with their garish gold. All the brushwood sparkles with the diamonds which fairies thread upon spiders'-webs in the silent nights of early autumn. I take no note of distance or time, but I am aroused from my sunny day-dream in this lovely solitude by a glimpse through the forest of the red rock and towering walls of the Wasigenstein. I climb up the mountain side, among huge blocks of sandstone, which no longer present any surface of stone, but are completely covered with moss, lichen, bracken, and whortleberry.

As the mass of the ruined fortress became more distinct through the trees, I remembered having read, "The valiant Walter, fleeing with the Princess Hildegonde, reached the left bank of the Rhine and established himself in this solitude" (the Wasigenstein or Wasenstein). The full story is in "The Song of Waltarius," a Latin poem of the tenth century. Walter and his companions fought on this height a pitched battle with King Gunther and his followers, in which Walter was victorious. Heroic blows and mighty, like those of Roland and Oliver, were given on both sides, and when all was over the fair Hildegonde held the wine-cup to the survivors. Even

in those remote times it is probable that there was some kind of fortress on this hill, but a castle is not historically mentioned until late in the thirteenth century.

I reached the interior of the ruin by steps cut out of the precipitous rock which forms the base of the castle, as well as the lower portion of the castle itself. The rooms were quarried out of the sandstone. Slits cut through the shell served for loopholes. No trouble was taken to make the walls and ceilings of these chambers smooth; the uneven marks of the pickaxe or chisel look as fresh as if they had been made last year instead of six centuries ago. High above these rudely excavated chambers rises the keep, polygonal in shape, and a superb piece of masonry, the corners being formed of stone blocks cut to the exact angle. What is left of the rooms in this tower denotes a movement towards the refinements of life, of which there is no trace in the roughly scooped cave dwellings below. The windows get wide in the upper part, and some of them contain considerable fragments of early Gothic tracery, evidently carved by skilled artificers.

The highest point is reached by a spiral staircase, the masonry of which looks very uncertain, but the view from the top is compensation for some misgivings. I saw the vast forest puckered up like a scorched parchment into valleys and mountains; the sylvan immensity, unbroken as the blue of the sky overhead, save where the giant hills reared their mighty shoulders of sandstone bare and ruddy, or coppery-golden, in the shine of the sun.

The castle is built on two rocks joined at their base. Having descended the western one, I now ascended the eastern, passed by or through more excavated chambers, and reached the summit where pines and aspens were growing amid ruined masonry. Wild roses clambered here, and the wood-sorrel rivalled the moss in greenness. On leaving the castle on the eastern side, I had come up to it from the west. I passed the moat, dark, ferny, mournfully overshadowed by trees, with evil gleams upon the ink-like water. Here it seemed to me was a mirror on which, if one looked long enough into the liquid blackness, one might see reacted tragedies of ancient time, until the water grew phantasmally red again with old blood. If nature keeps in some mysterious way a history of the violence which men do to one another, there is no more likely repository of such woeful records than this gloomy moat, sunk in the deep shadow of forest trees and feudal walls. How many a bleeding man has been hurled into it to die! What if the melancholy black water still kept the stain of blood which time has merely blackened! The dead leaves at the bottom account for the inky hue; but the spot is haunted by awful thoughts, if not by phantoms, and the ordinary phenomena of nature here become confused with the supernatural.

A Fable.

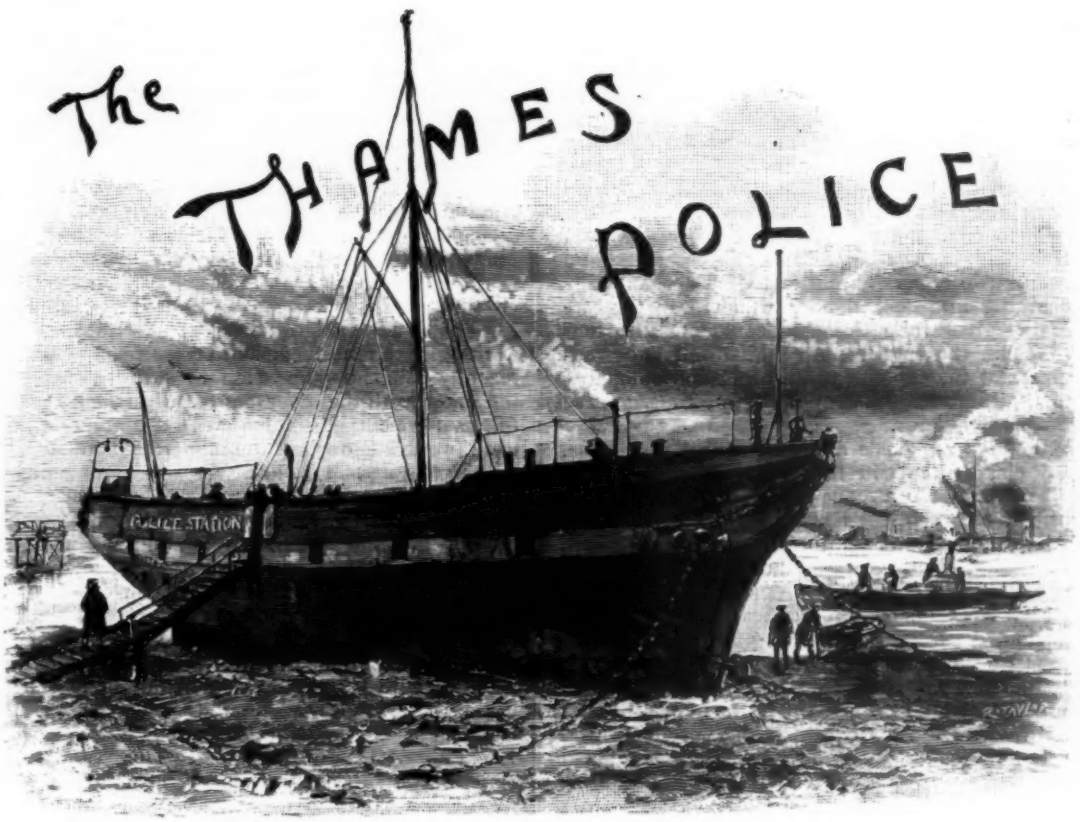
Love strayed into a wondrous mighty city,
Where no man knew his face,
In vain he sang his sweetest, tenderest ditty;
In vain his every grace.
He spent his little heart in pleading;
They listened not,
The very children passed him by unheeding,
Love, all forgot.

He sang them of the treasures he could offer,
They jeered with ribald taunt,
Youth fled to wine, and Old Age to its coffer,
They feared what he might want.
Love showed them all his gifts in vain,
They cared for none,
Even the beggars, writhing in their pain,
Passed, every one.

Then came the very wisest of their wise,
All men before him bowed.
He, turning here and there his mighty eyes,
Saw Love within the crowd.
He paused, and straight—too noble to be caring
For fools who gaped—
To Love he tottered, when, to his despairing,
Love quick escaped.

GLEESON WHITE.

The THAMES POLICE



STATION AT GREENWICH



THE Rogue Riderhoods of the river are under a cloud. Their trade is vanishing faster than any trade on the Thames. 'Horsemen," "mudlarks," and "game lightermen" have nearly all retired from business—or rather, their business has retired from them. The great docks, with their storage and carriage facilities, have taken most of the loading and unloading out of the stream, and in the few opportunities left the water thieves have been checkmated by the river police. It is an astonishing fact that out of the millions' worth of property entering and leaving the Thames, the value stolen afloat in one year—1887—was only £186!

Last century the river thieves were in their glory. The ships all received and discharged their cargoes in the tideway. So numerous were the guardians, and so divided the responsibility, that practically there was no control whatever. And it was estimated by a magistrate who knew what he was about, and who afterwards took the chief part in forming the new police, that taking the century through, the average loss in robbery per year on the tidal Thames exceeded £100,000!

This was a far larger proportion of the total value than it would be in these days, for the increase in the carrying trade has since been enormous. In 1702 the average tonnage of our vessels trading beyond sea was 96 tons; at the end of the century it was under 200 tons. They now average 940 tons, and are at least three times as numerous. But owing to the shipping being all in the river, the Thames must have seemed busier in those

last years of the last century than it does now. From London Bridge to the Horseferry, the whole 4150 yards of the Pools—now divided into Upper and Lower at Wapping Police Station, then made out as three, owing to a Middle Pool being divided off from the Upper at Union Hole—were occupied by a straggling line of sailing craft, most of them at anchor and some of them under way among a crowd of bright-hued barges and dirty sluggish lighters, and saucy tilt-boats, and brisk, handy skiffs and wherries that knew no rest from daylight to dark and after dark. Farther down, off Blackwall, lay the large Indiamen, drawing from twenty-two to twenty-four feet of water, and discharging into decked hoys, which even the care of the great John Company could not keep unrobbed. But higher up, off Shadwell and Wapping and thereabouts, the loading and unloading were all into undecked craft offering every chance for the plunderer.

Some of the deeds done are almost incredible. All classes were in the swim, even the ships' officers and the revenue men. A mate has been bribed to keep careless watch while so-called "light horsemen," with bags blacked so as not to be noticeable, have cleared thirty hogsheads of sugar out of a ship in a single night. A shipmaster has been busy on deck searching "lumpers" he had discovered in thieving, and at the same time his sugar has been loaded into a boat astern by a gang who had entered through the cabin windows! And even a ship's anchor and chain have been removed by civil young watermen, who very politely hailed the ship they had robbed and reported the fact as they cheerily rowed away.

There was a regular classification of the Thames thieves. Besides the night plunderers, or "light horsemen," there were "heavy horsemen," who, with pockets many, would offer their services for nothing and make two guineas a day out of what they stole. There were the "mudlarks" who prowled about vessels at low water to receive bags of coffee and other articles handed to them by confederates on board. There were the "rat-catchers" who walked off with the ship's rats and anything else they could lay their hands on. There were the "game-lightermen" who lightened their lighters as well as the ships to such a profitable extent that even their apprentices kept a country-house and a saddle-horse! These were the days when Dibdin's heroes marked their 'bacca-boxes with their sweethearts' names and left their Mollies at Wapping Old Stairs.

But these loose days were too scandalous to last. On the 22nd of July, 1798, thanks chiefly to Dr. Patrick Colquhoun, there started into life the Marine Police. Their headquarters were near Wapping New Stairs—where they still are—and the magistrate was John Harriott. On that day the first guard-boat patrolled the river, and a year of excitement began. The dangers and difficulties that the force had to contend with from within and without may be imagined when, as the result of his first year's work, Harriott could report 2,200 convictions for crime on the river, and a saving of property, in the case of the West Indian Planters alone, of £150,000!

And every year thereafter the convictions were less and the state of the river improved. And in 1887 the Thames Police—who in 1838 had become a Division of the Metropolitan Police under the orders of the Commissioner—had to report only 148 arrests on all charges, from felony to drunkenness, and of the paltry £186 in value of property stolen, £44 were recovered, so that only £142 were actually lost. A more striking instance of success in the repression and prevention of crime within the kingdom's limits it would be difficult to quote. Bad as London may be, it is gratifying to find that it is the only port in the world where crime has decreased as trade has increased.

As our readers might take some interest in the working of the most efficient of police forces, we recently obtained permission to spend a day on the water with the river patrol, with a night to follow if we saw fit—which we did not. For, in truth, we saw enough of the monotonous round of duty to feel a good deal of sympathy and admiration for the worthy fellows who sit their six hours through in open boats in summer and winter, and often in drenching rain, and blinding snow, and choking fog keep the night-guard of the Thames.

We started early in the morning, emerging into daylight from the depths of the Thames Tunnel. Of London's many railway stations that at Wapping seems to be the deepest and dirtiest. The platform is little more than a shelf; and the stairs—oh! those wooden stairs!—would really be worth securing as a wind-test for the Anthropometric Laboratory. They did duty in the Tunnel times—at least, we seem to remember them—when we went below the river to see glass spun in damp places, and buy chimney ornaments of Matlock spar, chosen for sale probably as being goods that would not turn mouldy in the very mouldy masterpiece of Brunel. They start so suddenly from the shelf; they take such strange twists; they creak and echo, and shoot so unexpectedly into the street, that they are really the only Wapping Old Stairs worthy of the name.

A couple of hundred yards or so to the left, along the narrow High Street, with its apology for a footway, and the tall wharf-warehouses frowning over it in all their acreage of brickwork, and we find ourselves at the police-station. In a few minutes our boat is launched, and, in charge of Mr. Chief-Inspector Moore, we are off at that peculiarly powerful, easy stroke, without fuss or hurry, which is the perfection of oarsmanship.

Our course is down stream to the Spray, which the superintendent has kindly ordered to meet us so as to save the long pull to Erith. Keeping close in shore, we thread our way among the barges, under the ferry jetty, past Shadwell and the dock entrance, and then across the river to the Point, and so on by Rotherhithe, down Limehouse Reach to Deptford, past many a well-known haunt whose story is too trite to trouble us here. One of the Seaham boats passes us, looking very big with her masts on deck so that she may clear the bridges on her way to Vauxhall—more coals for London. A faded, slovenly Spaniard passes with the very brightest of red caps on one of her

picturesque crew—more fruit for London. At the Cattle Market the gangway is in the air, being lowered on board a Dutch boat just come alongside—more meat for London. Farther on Sir Coutts Lindsay's extension of the Grosvenor Gallery electric works is rising—more light for London. On the other shore a police-boat passes us, and signals "All's well."

And then we take advantage of a Scotch boat overhauling us outward bound, and, throwing up our line, we claim the police privilege of a tow, and are off at increased speed in her troubled wake. On we go, past the noblest building on Thames side—Wren's great hospital—past the once famous whitebait house near the docks, round Blackwall Point, down Bugsby's Reach, past the Warspite and the Dockyard, and, just as we enter Gallions Reach, we see the cutter. With a whistle to the steamer's helmsman, our tow-line is cast off, and in an instant we are again under oars, steering for the Spray, which has sighted and is waiting for us. We are soon aboard, and welcomed by Inspector Terry, who is in command, are hurried into the cabin, where the warmth is grateful after the long spell in the boat. And in that tiny cabin, which we enter on the stoop, and in which we have to keep our heads bowed even when sitting, we go into details, which we may as well summarise forthwith.



IN WINTER DRESS.

The water police—who are two hundred strong—draw their recruits from men-o'-warsmen who have served their time and left the Navy in the prime of life; from merchant seamen tired of long voyaging; and from young Thames watermen, who have found that the jollity of that means of livelihood is now but a tradition. And these last are as a rule the most welcome candidates, for they know every creek and nook of the river, are up to date in all its local ingenuities, and take most kindly to the monotony of boat drill. That the service is a popular one is shown by the long list of candidates, two hundred or thereabouts, now seeking admission; and that its members are well chosen and well treated is clear from the last annual report, which records in matter-of-fact way that during the year not one man was dismissed or called upon to resign, and that only four men left the force, two with a pension, one with a gratuity, and the other to seek other employment. There is no other police division in which the withdrawals are so few. Adding two deaths, we have a yearly loss of 3 per cent., while the average of loss per cent. for the whole of the Metropolitan Police is 5·63 per cent.

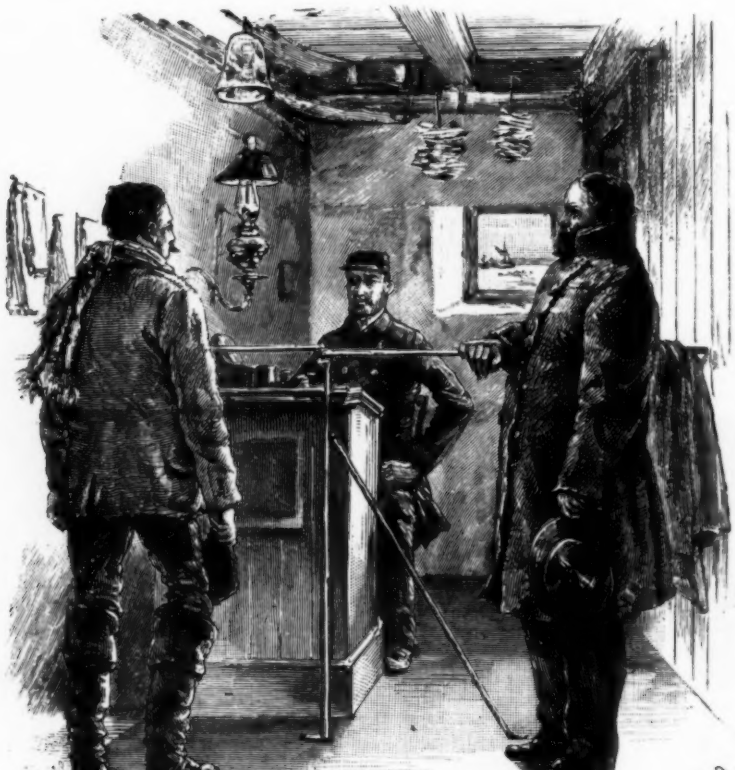
With six vacancies a year the chances of the two hundredth applicant would not seem very hopeful. But in about a couple of years, as a rule, he gets his opportunity. When a vacancy occurs the first on the list is invited to report himself at Wapping, but owing to the months that have elapsed since he entered his name his employment may have taken him to the other side of the world at the time; and, failing an answer from him, the next man is written to, and so on until a recruit is obtained. Should it appear that the men so written to still desire to remain on the list, the next vacancy is again offered them, and again and again this is done until for various reasons they either join the force or withdraw or forfeit their candidature.

When they report themselves they are tried in the boats—have an examination, so to speak, in watermanship—and if their performance passes muster the way is clear for them. That their character is good their testimonials and the inquiries made have sufficiently shown; that their education is up to the mark has been gathered from their letter of application; that their health is sound the medical officer has testified. And so, like the land police, they get their two suits of uniform to start with, and a greatcoat, to be followed by a new suit a year, and a new greatcoat when the inevitable "board" considers that the old one has been worn to the due degree of shabbiness; only instead of helmet and tight blue tunic they have a glazed hat and seaman's cap and jersey, and double-breasted jacket. And with these and four-and-twenty shillings per week, less a proportion for lodging-money if they sleep at the station, and sixpence in the pound for superannuation fund, they begin a career that may end in a superintendentship, or, if they are as exceptionally lucky as Mr. Walker was, a chief constableship. In the police all promotion is from the ranks, through the grades of sergeant, inspector, chief inspector, and superintendent, but in the Thames division there are no sergeants, their places being taken by sub-inspectors. As in the army and navy, an examination has to be passed for each step in rank, but there is no school and little time for schooling, and, as a rule, the policeman starts with all his booklearning on board.

As one of the divisions of the Metropolitan

Police, there is no reason why its men should not exchange into the land divisions or the landsmen take to the water; but this is not encouraged, and few landsmen of late years have joined the river force, and the few river men that have gone ashore have done so on medical recommendation for the sake of their health. The reason that there are no sergeants in the Thames Division is that the Home Secretary does not think it advisable that sergeants should hold custom-house warrants, and as it is necessary that the men in charge of the boats should have the power of search, the difficulty is surmounted by calling the sergeants "sub-inspectors," and paying them like sergeants. Under these custom-house warrants the river police have a power that the land police can hardly hope for. No land policeman can search a house without a special warrant, but a river policeman can at any time search any vessel he may think necessary.

His working hours are six afloat and twelve off duty; and every fortnight, like his brother of the land, he has a whole day's holiday. The routine is so arranged that every two hours night and day a boat starts on its six hours' patrol, and at all times there are fourteen boats at work on the river. The district extends from Chelsea Bridge to Dartford Creek, being about twenty-one miles in all, so that there is a boat afloat to every mile and a half. There are four stations. At Erith there is the cutter Spray, charged with the guard of the lower river. At the pier at Waterloo is the station for the upper river. At East Greenwich is the Royalist, once a particularly smart 10-gun brig, now a stranded hulk, kept in habitable condition only by much effort. At Wapping is the head-quarters, a pleasant bay-windowed building, on the site of that whitewashed office where Mr. Mortimer Lightwood and Mr. Eugene Wrayburn,



BEFORE THE INSPECTOR.

winding through some muddy alleys that might have been deposited by the last ill-savoured tide, passed under the bright lamp and through the wicket-gate, and found Mr. Night Inspector, with a pen and ink and ruler, posting up his books as studiously as if he were in a monastery on the top of a mountain, and no howling fury of a drunken woman were banging herself against a cell door in the back yard at his elbow. "If a murder," quoth the said inspector, "anybody might have done it. Burglary or pocket-picking wanted 'prenticeship, not so murder. We were all of us up to that. Had seen scores of people come to identify, and never saw one person struck in that particular way. Might, however, have been stomach, and

not mind. If so, rum stomach. But to be sure there were rum everythings!"

And some of the rummest of the everythings must have been seen in the old Thames Police Court, of which Charles Dickens's station in its turn occupied the site. Deep down among the foundations when the present station came to be built, in 1869, there were found rusty chains and fetters and human bones, dating from even before the old court, and telling of the time when the pirates were hanged at Execution Dock, close by, and then gibbeted in the iron cage for the birds to peck at.

Inspector Terry and the rest have tales to tell of murderers waited for on a ship's arrival; of stowaways fished out of a vessel's cargo; of thieves and smugglers surprised, not aboard the lugger, but the lighter; of a madman chained to a mast, who required five men to take him to the nearest station, for, as with all the other police, the prisoners are hurried off by the Thames men to the station that lies handiest, and put out of reach of escape as soon as possible. But, unlike the rest of the police, the Thames men have not for years had recourse to weapons, and have not even had to use a truncheon to effect an arrest. A struggle in an open boat is a ticklish business, and the best weapons are strong arms with ready hands at the end of them. Once, long ago, a man resisted the police as they boarded his barge, and showed fight with a boathook. "Look here, my lad," said the officer, "do you want this?" And he showed him a cutlass. But the ruffian did not want "this," and caved in; and, as to the cutlasses, they are now on the wall of the superintendent's office, where they form a trophy over the mantelpiece.

A few boards up the river, and we bid adieu to the compact little Spray with her five men, and leave her as she anchors to await the superintendent. In our boat we are off to East Greenwich, bound for the Royalist. There she lies, high and dry, propped up with boulders and sundries generally, and altogether a melancholy example of what fate has in store for even the sauciest craft that swim the sea. She used to be moored hereabouts, but the inevitable blunderer came crashing into her port-quarter, and it was thought best to make a fixture of her. As far back as 1881 she was condemned by the Sanitary Committee, but she still holds on, a feature, though not an ornament, of the riverside. And yet, as we land and walk under her bows, we cannot help admiring the long, fine entrance, the graceful body curve, and easy run, which made her one of the fastest and handiest of the smaller fry of the Navy.

But she is clean and orderly enough on board, and Inspector Bliss, who is in charge, keeps her up to inspection pitch with praiseworthy success; though, considering her age, and what the sanitary gentlemen said, one has an uneasy feeling that if the Royalist is not soon replaced, her crew may find themselves suddenly seated in a heap of dust, like the minister in Holmes's "Wonderful One-Hoss Shay."

On deck is the galley, where the men are cooking their dinner; below are the inspector's cosy little rooms running right across the ship, and cut off by the charge room from the men's quarters, which consist of three cabins on each side, with the usual table under the skylight. A quaint place is the little charge-room, with the brightly polished lamp and shade, and telegraph instrument, and handcuffs and prisoner's bar; a low cabin, looking longer than it really is on account of its narrowness, and lighted by two little windows, one peering out over the river, the other over the cheerless marsh. On the wall is a bill offering a reward for a murderer, with a "portrait" of the man wanted, but such a portrait as even the man's own mother would not know him by. On the floor—just received, probably—is a bag of books from one of the missions, very new books in a very new bag; and on our hinting that they seem rather repellent in their spotless newness, the inspector gives a quiet smile, and pulls out a box containing a detachment of the Division library, in which the books look as though they were much more familiar friends. On the slate is the latest telegram; and as we turn to go a message comes through the instrument, inquiring if anything is known of the body of a man lost overboard in the river.

This finding of the drowned is anything but a pleasant duty. In cold weather a body will rest in the river bed for weeks before it rises; in warm weather it will float much sooner. Drifting down the stream, it will be noticed by perhaps just a little patch of the head showing at the water level, or sometimes a sleeve, or sometimes even the heel of a boot: for people take their drowning differently, and some there are who will not drown at all unless they are held forcibly under the water. The "tribute of the Thames" is considerable. In 1887, 96 bodies were found; 16 were known suicides; 7 were drowned while bathing; 2 fell out of a boat in a capsize; 31 fell overboard from ships and barges; 7 were drowned in other ways; and 29 could not be accounted for; all were identified except 8, which were buried as unknown; and in no case was there a suspicion of foul play. As against this 28 persons attempted to commit suicide and were prevented, 20 of them by the police, and 8 by private persons; and 22 persons who had accidentally fallen into the river were rescued by the police. As an instance of the careful way in which the river is watched, we may mention that not so long ago, about midnight, a sailing-barge was found so embedded in the mud that the tide was flowing over her deck. The police boarded, and found five persons asleep in the cabin. To rouse them was the work of a few moments, but the tide flowed so rapidly that one of the constables was waist-deep in water before the last person was rescued.

As we leave the charge-room the look-out reports, "the superintendent coming aboard from the steam launch;" and Mr. Superintendent Skeats, who is in command of the division—and to whom our best thanks are due for helping us in every way to see the work of his men—arrives, and offers to take us back with him in the Alert. At Greenwich the superintendent goes ashore,

and, with our boat in tow, we steam up to Wapping, where, while the launch coals, we go over the men's quarters, the reserve-room, and the recreation-room, and are shown the cells, which are quite comfortable little apartments compared to most cells, and are even fitted with electric bells, in case the lady or gentleman under detention should wish to be waited on. We give another glance around the bay-windowed charge-room, and find the work with pen, ink, and ruler going on just as quietly as it was in Dickens's rickety, rat-ridden, whitewashed relic of the past. Our attention is for a moment directed to the wharf next the station, where the guard-boats are repaired, and we are off in our boat to the launch, and are immediately under way for Waterloo. In a minute we are abreast of Wapping New Stairs—now a mere rift in the brickwork—then we reach Wapping Old Stairs, which are now newer than the New, and have The Town of Ramsgate tavern renewed at the top of them; then we round that solid bit of masonry, the pier of the new bridge, and run past the inevitable Dutch eel-boats, with the inevitable assortment of old wickerwork fished up by them from the river, to be used as fenders, and keep off the Britisher with his own baskets. And then under the bridges, past the site of many a riverside fire where the police have done good service, until at last we reach the Frolic—which the Government so generously gave to the Naval Volunteers when it made them pay for her spars—and in a minute more we are at Waterloo.

Waterloo is the great suicide station of the Thames. Why it is that people wishing to make away with themselves should so persistently choose Waterloo Bridge for the attempt is a mystery — and why they should always adopt the eastward position, and jump off with their backs to where our laws are made is an even greater mystery. One a fortnight is the average, most of them shrieking as they reach the water, and most of them rescued by the police-boat, which is off as soon as the splash is heard. There is a grim humour about the whole affair. Here is a police-station with every convenience for the apparently drowned, a warm bath always ready, tin cans of strange shapes to be filled with hot water and applied to different parts of the body, a slab to operate on for inducing respiration, bottles of doctors' stuff to smell and to take, a suit of man's clothes, and a suit of women's clothes, all handy for wear—and yet these things are mostly used for the benefit of would-be self-destroyers.

It may be that a knowledge of these thoughtful arrangements is the cause of the strange patronage the bridge is favoured with. There is so obviously a chance of a change of mind in the last extremity under such circumstances; for, as a rule, such of the oblivion-seekers as jump from the footway clear into the water are saved from death.

Some of the attempts at self-destruction have ended absurdly enough in a floundering in the mud which has been mistaken for water. One gentleman was most indignant at the "dirty deception" that had been played upon him, and after trying in vain to get his head under in the sticky mass was clawed out by the police—and now takes a foremost part in declaiming against the state of the Thames.

Most of the constables on the station hold certificates for First Aid in surgical matters, and many are the cases of accident on the Embankment and the river in which their skill has been of value. But it is in saving life from drowning that their services are in most request; and wonderful recoveries they have occasionally had. One lad knocked overboard in a collision seemed to be quite dead, when at one o'clock Inspector Gibbons and his men began their efforts to revive him, but they worked steadily on, doing their utmost,



EVENING.

and at four o'clock were rewarded by finding the body begin to breathe, and by five the lad was well enough to be put in a cab and sent home!

But enough. We see all that is to be seen at the station, not forgetting the cell pronounced by an acknowledged authority to be "the comfortablest cage in London." And then Mr. Chief Inspector Moore, who has had us in charge throughout—many thanks to him!—releases us from his very agreeable custody, and we end our cruise with the Thames Police.

W. J. GORDON.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP.

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, the late Professor of Poetry at Oxford, was one of those rarely gifted men who win hearts apparently without an effort. Several of his associates were perhaps his superiors in intellect and in scholarship; some of them had few strong points of sympathy beyond a love for their common friend; but all confessed the influence of Shairp's genial and lofty nature. "He was like a wave of the sea," one of them writes; "wherever he came he brought freshness with him." And another tells of his reverence for all that is lovely and of good report, and how, in his youthful life at Oxford as well as in after years, every man who gained his acquaintance confessed that he was the better for it. His enthusiasm for moral philosophy and for poetry, his intense love of nature, his conversational power, and his wide range of sympathy made him a delightful companion. And Shairp's character seems to have impressed his friends even more than his intellectual endowments. Few men, says his biographer,[1] have ever had a heart so much at leisure from itself; and he notes as another prominent feature of his character his courage in doing what he believed to be right, no matter what it cost his feelings, which were unusually sensitive. With the help of the abundant materials brought together in Professor Knight's volume it may be interesting to give an outline portrait of a man of letters whose best work in the world was perhaps more personal than literary.

John Campbell Shairp was born in the county of Linlithgow in July, 1819. His father, Major Shairp, is described as a man of clear mind, strong sense, and spotless integrity of character, proud of his ancestry and his patrimonial inheritance; a keen fox-hunter, a strong conservative, a brave friend." It seems evident that the son did not derive his intense love of poetry and of nature from his father. Of his mother we have the following beautiful but slight sketch from the hand of Erskine of Linlathen: "Your mother has left behind her a most sweet savour beyond the circle of her attached and devoted family, of a most lovely and pure spirit. If ever woman possessed the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit she did. From my childhood I have associated her name with singular beauty of face and form, which were in delightful harmony with her character as wife and mother. My whole memories of her are perfect sunshine."

The future poet had the early education that is to be gained from a country life. At ten years of age Shairp was sent to Edinburgh as a pupil at the Academy. There he had the companionship of his brothers, and lived with their tutor in lodgings. The boy must have worked hard, for we read of six hours a day spent in school for five days of the week, and nearly as many hours each evening devoted to the preparation for the classes. He did not speak with enthusiasm of these school days, but he felt the influence of a happy home, and the love of home was "through all his life one of the strongest sentiments of his nature." The "child was father of the man," and his character then, as in later years, was one of singular beauty. He never cared much for school games, but gained very early a passion for hunting, about which in later years he had some conscientious scruples. Wordsworth's poetry does not usually attract young readers, but Shairp felt its power when a boy of sixteen, and his love for this great poet strengthened as he grew in years. From the Edinburgh Academy Shairp went up to Glasgow University, where he won honours in logic and moral philosophy and gained some of his best friends. Afterwards he looked back on this time as the romance of his life. With his delight in the poetry of Wordsworth and of Scott came a keen enjoyment of home travel. The mountains and valleys of his native land, its streams and lonely tarns among the hills, spoke to him as nature always does speak to finely-gifted spirits. Many and long were the walks taken during the vacations, in the Highlands or through the Border country; and a friend observes that, not in youth only, but until the latest years of his life, "he seemed to regret a summer not passed in Scotland as a summer wasted."

In 1840, having obtained an exhibition, he went up to Balliol College, where his influence soon made itself felt. In the hunting-field he gained the respect of the "fast set;" but hunting was his recreation, and Shairp lived at Oxford chiefly with the reading men, and appears to have studied hard. At this time he was full of physical and intellectual vitality. His enthusiasm, his sincerity, his keen enjoyment of nature, his charm of manner and of talk, and a reverence for whatever was noble in character, gave him an influence in the university that was widely acknowledged. It was, it is said, at this time that his religious convictions, which had been strong from childhood, became the chief regulative power of his life. In 1842 he wrote a poem which gained the Newdigate prize; he earned the praise of the master also for his essays; and though he never attained to exact scholarship, appears to have worked hard. Writing to a friend with reference to the final examination, he said: "My hopes are not high. If I could but secure a *second*, I should be happy; and, if not, what then? Why, I don't think it will break my heart, for, to tell the truth, I fancy that I am getting marvellously indifferent to school education. . . . . Every one has a duty for every day and every month, and ours, I suppose, is to work for the schools; but viewed in the light in which many regard it, and which the Oxford tone and system fosters, it is a very puny thing. I agree with you: life is larger than the schools.

[1] "Principal Shairp and his Friends." By William Knight, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. John Murray.

They are not the end. There is 'an ampler ether, a diviner air.'"

He took his degree in 1844, and, like his friends, Clough and Matthew Arnold, was placed, as he had anticipated, in the Second Class. With much to interest him at Oxford, his heart all along was in Scotland, and writing the same year from his father's house, he says: "Those dear hills, I could not help thinking how much more cheering and beautiful this is to me than any part of England I have seen, so free, such scope for the spirit's play."

If the soothing beauty of Oxford scenery did not satisfy Shairp when "life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames," he learnt to appreciate it more fully later on. It was his lot to live for several years in a far less interesting country.

The late Archbishop Tait was at that time head master at Rugby, and at his invitation Shairp accepted a mastership in the school. Teaching boys was not altogether a congenial occupation, but he took to the work manfully, and remained in this post for eleven years. He loved the boys, though he did not like the drudgery, and to some of them his friendship and wise counsel proved of inestimable value. "No man," says a master of Rugby, then a boy in the school, "has ever done so much for me or made me so deeply his debtor." What he was in the estimate of the masters, one of whom states that to them he was a missionary, shall be told in the words of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, which we have abridged from a long and interesting letter.

"Shairp was a most delightful presence. Everyone loved him, and felt the infection of his perfectly detached interests. His devotion to Scotland and all that was Scottish, his wide knowledge of poetry, and his memory of it, and the quiet, appreciative moist-eyed repeating out of the very noble and pathetic passages made him a holiday in himself. He was most kind and warm to me from the first, and for my six years there I knew him intimately. He was very fond of riding a fine horse in the company of a Scotch staghound of great power and beauty, which, as he went along roads or through fields, cleared the highest Warwickshire hedges of that time in steady succession. He told me how no known relative of his (I think) had ever been anything else but a soldier; but I thought he said there was a manly strong work to be done among English boys, and I loved lads, and I never hesitated. . . . His Form loved at once his genial fresh sunny face, and fine stature, and fatherly tone, and the penetrating reverence and gravity with which he spoke of anything serious or read the Bible with them. He was extremely fond of Arthur Stanley, and the Dean in his turn of him. The Dean told me how once on a visit to Shairp's house in Scotland, before his father's death, he was taken by him to see the graves of the Covenanters; and while he was himself conjuring up facts and traits of the time Shairp became quite silent, and when among the graves Stanley turned to say something fresh, there was Shairp with his hat held before him in both hands, and his face turned up and tears streaming over it."

Shairp married happily at Rugby, and he and his wife spent most of the Christmas as well as summer vacations in Scotland, the "home of his affections." It was a joyful day for him when in 1857 he was appointed to the Latin Chair in the University of St. Andrews. He delighted in the place itself and its historic associations, and felt on returning to the north that he was once more among his own people. A competent Latin scholar, his fine literary taste enabled him to bring his students into living contact, as it were, with the Latin poets. His enthusiasm kindled theirs, and one of them writes that many a youth in those years learned for the first time from Shairp what is implied in a truly generous culture.

Years passed away and we may think of Shairp as living an active joyous life as a professor and man of letters, now wandering with his pilgrim's staff through the country and gathering materials for poetry, now lecturing or publishing, now showing his large-heartedness in letters to his friends, now engaged in the routine of a professor, and now intensely and reverently occupied with the deepest problems of faith and speculation. Then came his election to the Principalship of the United College of St. Andrews in 1877, and his election, as successor to Mr. Matthew Arnold, as Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. "The position," one of his friends writes, "is much coveted, and has been considered a kind of Blue Ribbon for the man who combines in the highest degree critical and poetic power." Admirable as are some of his lectures on poetry to read, they do not appear to have been very successful when delivered, for his voice was not strong enough to address a large audience. Neither were his hearers wholly in sympathy with him. The notion that art must be judged altogether independently of morality seems then to have been strong in Oxford, and with the "æsthetic school" Principal Shairp had no sympathy. Although the prime object of art is not to teach morality, but to afford delight, and it would be unreasonable to ask that every great poem or picture should have a moral attached to it, it is none the less true that the noblest works have incidentally a moral, and therefore an elevating purpose. Shairp's voice on this great subject bore no uncertain sound; he was never a man to flinch from saying what he believed to be right, but in doing so he met, as was inevitable, with no small opposition, yet, whenever he came into personal contact with a man or woman his attraction was irresistible. He was so gentle, so liberal-minded, so ready to give and to receive.

"He was," a lady writes, "the most delightful companion in a chat by the fireside or a stroll in the summer evening. I had almost said in a gossip, for while no subject was too deep, none was too light to be touched. . . . I never knew him stern except when he felt there was irreverence in dealing with sacred subjects. He once said to me, speaking of an occasion of this sort, 'I would have bitten my tongue out before any one should have seen the shadow of a smile,' and I know well the stern look that would have come over his face."

And now we come to the final chapter of a beautiful and useful life. Already many of his best and dearest friends had passed away, and Shairp's sense of the brevity of life had grown stronger with the years. Much of his time was passed in active Christian work, and we read that during the months of the year spent at St. Andrews he would visit the hospital there, reading and praying with the sick inmates. The story of his closing days is told by his wife. In the spring of 1885 his health appeared to be failing, and a visit was paid to Italy, but it was not until the beginning of September that any alarm was felt. A week or more of suffering was passed, and then came the peaceful and happy end.

> Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
> Yes, but not his, 'tis Death itself there dies.

A word or two must be said with reference to Principal Shairp's writings, which deserve to be far more widely known than they are at present. His poetry is not without great beauty, especially when he sings—as he loves best to sing—of mountain scenery. But it is less as a poet than as a sympathetic critic of poetry and as a suggestive moral teacher that Shairp is likely to be remembered. His little volume, entitled "Culture and Religion," a series of lectures addressed to the students of St. Andrews, touches upon some of the most serious questions of the day, and there are few books of the kind more likely to be of service to young men. His lectures, too, at Oxford, published under the title of "Aspects of Poetry," is a volume fitted to inspire enthusiasm for the noblest of all arts. No recent critic, perhaps, has written of Wordsworth with the enthusiasm and wise discrimination of Principal Shairp, and how he appreciated the "whole world's darling" may be seen in the chapter on "The Homeric Spirit in Walter Scott." Beautifully, too, in a smaller volume called "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy" does he write of Coleridge and of Keble, and once more, for the theme to him was one of exhaustless interest, of his favourite poet Wordsworth.

The freshness of his books has the bracing effect of the mountain air that he loved so well. His words are invariably wholesome, stimulating, and suggestive. They deepen our admiration for the great poets who "give us nobler loves and nobler cares," and when we put down his volumes we feel that we are bidding farewell to a delightful companion as well as to an accomplished author.

Those who know and love the Scottish Highlands will find many a faithful picture of mountain and moorland, of glen and river, in Shairp's sincere and ardent verse. His love for his native land gives a warm glow to his poetry, and for the moment the reader catches his enthusiasm and breathes his atmosphere. Unfortunately no single poem of moderate length will convey the impression left upon us by his verse. The exquisite lyric "The Bush aboon Traquair" is perhaps too full of the Scottish dialect for the ordinary English reader, and the want of space will not admit the choice for insertion of one of the most characteristic poems. Shairp is always pathetic when he touches on that painful subject the clearance of Highland homes, and the following stanzas entitled "Desolation" may be quoted:

> By the wee birchen corries lie patches of green,
> Where gardens and bare-headed bairnies have been;
> But the huts now are rickles[1] of stones nettle-grown,
> And the once human homes e'en their names are unknown.
>
> But the names that this side the Atlantic have perished
> 'Mid far western forests still dearly are cherished;
> There men talk of each spot on the hills that surround
> Their long-vanished dwellings, as paradise ground.
>
> Not a pass in these hills, not a cairn, nor a corrie,
> But lives by the log-fire in legend and story;
> And darkly the cloud on their countenance gathers
> As they think on those desolate homes of their fathers.
>
> Oh, hearts to the hills of old memory true!
> In the land of your love there are mourners for you,
> As they wander by peopleless lochside and glen,
> Where the red deer are feeding o'er homesteads of men.
>
> For the stillness tney feel o'er the wilderness spread
> Is not nature's own silence, but that of the dead;
> E'en the lone piping plover and small corrie burn
> Seem sighing for those that will never return.

And here is another lyric suggested by a similar scene of loneliness once peopled by living men:

Return to Nature.

> On the braes around Glenfinnan,
> Fast the human homes are thinning,
> And the wilderness is winning
> For itself these graves again.
> Names or dates here no man knoweth,
> O'er grey headstones heather groweth,
> Up Loch Shiel the sea-wind bloweth
> Over sleep of nameless men.
>
> Who were these forgotten sleepers?
> Herdsmen strong, fleet forest-keepers,
> Aged men or widowed weepers,
> For their foray-fallen ones?
> Babes cut off mid childhood's prattle,
> Men who lived with herds and cattle,
> Clansmen from Culloden battle,
> Camerons or Clandonald's sons?
>
> Blow, ye winds and rains effacing!
> Blur the words of love's fond tracing!
> Nature to herself embracing
> All that human hearts would keep;
> What they knew of good or evil,
> Faded, like the dim primeval
> Day that saw the vast upheaval
> Of these hills that hold their sleep.

[1] Rickles—heaps.



MINES AND MINERS,

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A MINING ENGINEER

IV.

I WRITE from the solitary offices of a deserted mine, four miles from the nearest house, and surrounded by the dense forests of the frontier Pyrenees. Yesterday I arrived on the loaded pack-saddle of a mule, whose endeavours to surmount the obstacles of the rocky path deserved a better supper than was obtainable. The mist lay low in hanging wreaths above the valley, whose rugged slopes rose to the hidden summits of the mountains. At intervals a lonely hamlet struggled into view. Roofs of wooden shingles, grey walls of church and cottage, mingled with vast blocks of fallen rock that had rolled from the overhanging precipices hidden in the rain-charged air. On every patch of loamy soil a field of maize or rye attested the indomitable energy of the best race in Spain, and on the skirts of the festoons of vapour the voices of hidden shepherds, the tinkle of innumerable bells, and the white forms of wandering sheep told of the activity that sought its field above the borders of the fog. Throughout all Spain the signs of Oriental apathy are unmistakable, till at the Ebro another race is found, and with that race another industry and a character that is unsurpassed. Navarre, Aragon, and Catalonia preserve the best traditions that I have found in Europe, and supply the most industrious miners that it has been my lot to educate or direct.

The legends of the house I write from are not satisfactory. I have been very credibly assured that solitary travellers have slept within its walls and no trace of them has been subsequently discovered. A ruined foundry raises its gaunt chimneys beside my window, and a deep silver mine presents its crumbling shafts a few hundred yards along the roaring torrent. Undoubtedly one of the three persons who are the sole inhabitants of the place has been the author of a notorious homocide. The others are under suspicion of no less reassuring acts. The nearest relation of the family is suspected of the murder of an entire household. My safety rests on the revolver that lies before me as I write, on a derringer that occupies my waistcoat-pocket, and on three miners who arrived this morning, awakening me from an uneasy slumber in the solitary house. My dog sleeps across the unfastened door, and on *his* fidelity I can absolutely depend. Often in the vast forests of the district he has warned me of wolves or men while I rode at night between the spreading beeches, whose frosted branches glittered like crystal chandeliers in the moonlight above the white expanses of the frozen snow. The district is that described by Defoe in the second part of "Robinson Crusoe," which treats of his adventures with wolves and bears in the wildest portion of Northern Spain.

I commence this article because I am awaiting in idleness the return of a messenger sent across the neighbouring mountain chain. Arrived here to open ruined galleries and flooded shafts, I have found the guardian of the mine warned against my coming by persons whose interest it is that no work should be done. The proprietors of the mine have sent me here to do the necessary work, and I await certain legal powers to justify my authority, since the guardian of the mine declares that he can only yield, under protest, to superior force. The last words of a native friend were to blame me for not carrying a gun, but my pistols and my men will see that things are carried out as necessary for the interests of the present and future proprietors of the work. In no country in Europe—not to speak of America—are mining rights more clear and more easily proved than in Spain; only, where forests prevail, and where population is scanty, the law must be enforced by each member of the population. I carry a certificate attesting my rights as legal citizen of seven neighbouring towns, and I enforce these rights as circumstances require. Far down the valley my sworn guards, with Remington breechloaders, brass badges, and stout cartridge-belts, are the police of other mines, where work proceeds without ceasing through the long winter's

night. My messengers, with gun and post-bag, ride on the lonely mule-paths that extend from mine to mine, but occasionally the stress of work obliges me to ride alone. To-day my miners have arrived, and I can write at leisure; but last night, on finding that the lock of my bedroom-door was removable by a slight push, I realised with exceptional force the dangers of the mining profession.

At intervals as I write, the dogs howl in chorus at some passing wolves, who wander around in pairs, or occasionally in packs of seven or more. Nor are other dangers wanting. Last night, when I arrived, the family who watch the place extinguished at my approach the light that glimmered from the shutters, and after careful reconnaissance explained that it was their invariable habit to take such precautions before opening the door at a late hour. Barely three weeks ago a family at the nearest village were murdered with hatchets before ten at night. A woman on the high road was robbed by a wandering footpad a few days since. As I passed the place, beside a former mine as yet unworked, my driver told me that two days before a man had sprung from the brushwood and presented a revolver at a local carrier sitting on his cart. The carrier, a stout



PYRENEAN DOG.

and active man, stunned his assailant by a blow from his whip-handle, and wrested the revolver from his hand. Unfortunately, the man escaped across the neighbouring frontier which traverses the forests about a mile from where I write. This frontier is the nuisance of the district, and facilitates the escape of criminals. The necessity of carrying heavy bags of dollars, for miners' pay, renders me an object of interest. Armed to the teeth, and accompanied by a large dog, I am compelled to take the chances of uncertain conveyance, and sometimes late at night to traverse forests in pitchy darkness, dragging after me a horse that stumbles with difficulty through the quagmires of abominable paths. Convicts and assassins ask for work at my neighbouring mines, but I am warned beforehand of their antecedents, or I can place them among reliable men. I have superintended hundreds of such characters in Spain, but never found the want of germs of good amongst the lot. One man, who stabbed an *alcalde*, and to his astonishment obtained eight years' hard labour for the deed, is one of my best workmen at a neighbouring mine. At first he proved a nuisance by getting drunk. I dismissed him, and he returned penitent, and is rapidly improving. At the first appearance of the traditional *cuchillo*, I should take care to fire in time, and I have found that the sight of my revolver has been sufficient in the case of threats from men whom it has proved necessary to fine or dismiss. On at least nine-tenths of the population I can thoroughly depend. The prospect of continuous employment in hard times is very dear to them, and usually I have been warmly welcomed where my presence brings a hope of mining work. Nothing is, however, more wearing than the necessity for constant watchfulness. The laconic reports in the mining newspapers represents a fund of wild and romantic adventure that probably surpasses that afforded by any other profession. I have shared the vicissitudes of guerilla warfare in different countries, crossed the lines between opposing armies, and thrust my passports through the barred gates of a beleaguered city, while the shells of a bombardment fell around me, and the besieged hesitated whether to admit me or fire. But such adventures are very different from the continuous danger that must be daily faced in the opening of mines in unsettled districts, with no military music to raise the exhausted spirits, no pomp and circumstance to hide the harrowing details.

The life is not without its compensations. My miners have felled trees from the forest, and the split logs roar on the hearth of my solitary room. The sound of monotonous songs, to the accompaniment of the inenviable guitarra, rises from the kitchen below. Silence soon ensues. The moon has risen, and from my window the surrounding forest is like a fairy landscape of ebony and pearl. The precipices above raise their fantastic pinnacles against the pure expanses of a deeply violet sky. Cascades gleam in the ivory light, and an abandoned frontier bastion crowns the summit of a lofty mountain in the distance. Not a branch moves in the windless night, no sound but the rush of the streams breaks the stillness of the forest. Work concerning large and conflicting interests awaits me for the morrow—work that will feed a district and benefit a kingdom. And in its strange details I shall hardly fail to find new facts for the solid foundations of future mining art. Von Groddeck, Phillips, and other genuine explorers have just passed away. Some happily remain. Mining will yet be a science. To our labours it will be due that the imposture and the credulity and the ruin that still disgrace mining enterprise shall ultimately cease. The palaces of Ezekiel may be of no earthy foundation. The gates of gold and streets of beryl of the millennial vision may never be the produce of any earthly mine. But science can remove the darker blots of industry and cleanse the causeways of a

future generation. To us whose work will bear its part hereafter, this consolation is of better value than the produce of the mines that will be our monument and our sepulchre. Such considerations are no insignificant element of the mining profession, and as one picture of its many phases I leave what I have written.

* * * *

I resume my writing when a few leisure moments enable me to look back on the accomplished work of months. Emigration arrested, the winter misery of a district relieved, a population happy because only asking work, and the steady prospects of successful industry, have rewarded the enterprise that I direct. New groups of mines rise around me, and already the wreckers and scavengers of the mining profession are seeking unsuccessfully to plant their man-traps on my track. Roads and railways are rapidly advancing. The echoes of the mountains are merrily awakened by the bugles of the guards that call the men to change relays in the increasing work. Better than all other sounds, the frequent artillery of the mining blasts rolls in thunderous reverberations along the wooded slopes of many a glorious valley and many a wild rocky gorge. Silver and copper, mercury and tin, lead and zinc, cobalt and nickel, await their extraction from the piles of ore storing in the numerous shanties where the miners sleep and sing. Furnaces raise their chimneys beside the mountain torrents, the rattle of machinery begins, and life and activity replace the brooding silence that has long enveloped a war-wasted land.

The reopening of old mines is the most difficult task of the mining profession. Funnel-like depressions in the ground, projecting heaps of rubbish on the mountain slopes, the crumbling walls of ruined cottages, a falling chimney and piles of slag, vaguely indicate the mine and the nature of the metal. Ignorant peasants may have executed the work, sharpers may have financed the concern; so that no limits can be set to the reckless havoc that may characterise the working, or to the random empiricism of the smelting experiments. Sometimes the useful metal has been thrown aside, the rubbish smelted in the furnace; the mining tunnels may run wide of the veins, the shafts may have been suddenly abandoned in despair. It is necessary to drive tunnels into the



A MOUNTAIN PASS.

honeycombed mountain at the risk of tapping suddenly some vast hollow filled with water of indefinite height, to sink shafts where the ground may at once give way beneath you and precipitate the incautious miner into the depths of some tremendous cavern. You follow usually the indications of the former workings. Where I write, an inclined shaft has been gradually reopened, and the stones and earth that entirely choked its roomy dimensions cautiously removed. At every stage great hanging blocks and empty spaces overhead were revealed which have now been securely packed with stones and timber, supported by a perfect forest of great wooden pillars, cut from the neighbouring forests and dragged by mules and oxen to the spot. Accidents are unavoidable, and in the early morning I have been called to bring medical aid to men crushed by some falling mass.

The work has been successfully accomplished, and yesterday I sat at the bottom of the shaft waiting till a dull explosion, followed by the fall of a few stones beside me, told that a tunnel 650 feet in length was about to penetrate the side of the shaft at a depth of 150 feet. For more than a year that tunnel has been driving with steel bars and dynamite, mainly through old workings crushed into an incoherent mass of blocks, mud, and rotted timber.

Occasionally a high cavern opened overhead, from which liquid mud and great blocks of rock would slide down upon the miners. Sometimes, after vain attempts to overcome such obstacles, the work was stopped to let it stand and drain. Then we drove ahead for a few days, only to meet with more dangerous spaces than before. Once, more than thirty feet of our completed timber casing was suddenly crushed by unusually heavy falls from above; and sometimes I have listened to the blocks falling overhead with the thunder of artillery while we wondered whether our timber roofing could stand.

At length we saw before us an empty space, and the mud and blocks that choked its entrance were rapidly removed. When it was possible to pass, we crawled ahead and entered a chamber cut in solid rock, where a windlass and three neatly-fitted waggons stood above a deep and well-preserved shaft. For nearly forty years that chamber had been buried out of sight, and the fittings of the shaft, its ladders and its timber shoots, look exactly as if they had been only yesterday abandoned. Beyond it stretched an empty tunnel, blocked only at rare intervals by fallen masses from the sides. We soon struggled to its end, and there at length found the termination of the old workings, all streaked with rich and valuable ore.

In similar fashion trial shafts were opened down to the caverns of the former workings, where the ground threatened to give way beneath us and through clefts and cracks one could peer down to deep and ghastly excavations, while tons of loose earth rushed down behind the timbers of our shaft, threatening to carry with them the stout logs that surrounded us like a cage. Then at length when the extent of the old workings was ascertained, we drove in through the firm hillside, till after months of incessant blasting we struck the vein in a fresh and solid part where no flooded spaces could threaten to overwhelm the miners at the front.

In such vicissitudes of never-failing interest and variety the work of opening old mines is carried on in every mining district of the ancient world—the world where Phœnicians and Romans first ransacked the hills and left few mining districts without some traces of their strange instinctive skill. In this district some of the most extensive and least known Roman workings exist. A few miles from where I write, Roman galleries, nearly two thousand feet in length, still present the unquestionable traces of the alternate applications of fire and water by which they were gradually bored. Farther to the west lie the largest Roman workings in Spain, a labyrinth in which it is said that one might walk for fourteen days without exploring all. In a mine where I am now opening an old vertical shaft, another shaft of unknown age opens beside it. An attempt to enter this latter by a gallery was formerly made, but the peasant miners found the remains of several skeletons, and desisted in presence of this threatening omen of dangerous ground.

It is, however, in Andalusia that the Roman workings are most interesting. There, in driving tunnels, I have found spaces like cathedrals, where the Roman timber was still admirably preserved by the copper vitriol in the percolating water. Numbers of small water-wheels, constructed with remarkable neatness, were in admirable preservation. These served to raise the water, and enabled the Romans to attain a depth of more than three hundred feet from the surface. They followed with unerring instinct the best portions of the mineral. Wherever Roman workings were discovered, there we found traces of rich ore. They burrowed like rats along the streaks of mineral. Their shafts, lined with interwoven laths, were barely wide enough for a chimney-sweeper. The miners were slaves. Iron shackles of terrible weight are frequently unearthed. The life led by these convicts of pagan times must have surpassed in horror the worst legends of Siberia. They were probably maintained at the expense of the conquered district, while the produce of the mines belonged to the Government.

This method of mining is said to be still maintained in Madagascar; and, being all profits with no expenses, it is a singularly uncertain basis for subsequent enterprises. Indian and other gold mines were probably worked on similar principles in former times.

One of the most singular circumstances of old mines in Spain is the manner in which they have often served for the schemes of coiners in troubled times. I know of lead mines where spurious silver coin was long produced in small furnaces in a solitary mountain gorge. At another similar foundry a genuine copper coinage was for many years supplied. In the same mass of mountains I once came upon the ruins of a complete foundry for metallic copper, which doubtless served a similar purpose.

In one of the neighbouring silver-lead mines a band of brigands, after committing various outrages, took refuge about two years ago, and had procured stamps for coining money. An officer with a large party of local militia was sent to arrest them. They arrived at the mine, and on exploring the galleries found only one man left in charge. He was seized and bound, protesting that he was an insignificant subordinate, and that he knew nothing of the others of the band. The officer promised him his liberty and fifteen dollars if he would tell the names and whereabouts of the others. He stipulated that he should first be unbound and receive the reward. This the officer rashly agreed to, and handed him the dollars. With a sudden bound he disengaged himself, and rolled down the thickly-wooded mountain-side. A volley of shots was fired at him, but he rolled to the stream, struggled through it in safety, and was lost in the thick chestnut foliage that clothed the farther slopes. Two hours later the baffled militia reached the nearest village and ascertained that he had recently refreshed himself in a wine-shop, and was no less a personage than the notorious captain of the band.

The mine in question has been a frequent object of my excursions, and I had occasion to visit the neighbourhood alone, and on foot, some months ago, to examine another outcrop of mineral. At the entrance of the long gorge which affords access to the mass of wooded mountains that compose the district, I met at the last house an individual in ordinary dress, who closely questioned me as to the object and purpose of my journey. Having satisfied him, he informed me that he belonged to the local militia, and was stationed at a solitary wayside inn where I intended to pass the night. We walked on together, and as night was falling I was glad of his society. He offered to accompany me to the old and abandoned mine I intended to visit on the morrow, saying that he was obliged to walk in that direction.

The next morning he appeared in uniform, and with a rifle on his shoulder. We followed winding gorges, thickly wooded, by rough paths that rose and fell upon the mountain-sides. At length we reached a solitary and disused iron-forge, where we found a woman in charge, her husband being absent at the nearest market. She informed us that a brigand, who for some months had frequented the neighbourhood, had approached the house two days before, and that, knowing his appearance, she had closed the door and fired at him with her husband's gun from an upper window.

My companion was delighted, and explained to me that to catch this man was the object of his walk, that for some time past he had been scouring the neighbourhood with another militiaman, the one in uniform, the other in plain clothes, and that to-day he had required no companion since he had the advantage of my company. His orderly and himself had once nearly caught the bandit. Being in plain clothes, he had got close to him without creating alarm, but the man suddenly suspected him, doubled himself up, and rolled down the hillside to the nearest brushwood, while the orderly in uniform, creeping round behind, and my friend the corporal in plain clothes had fired shot after shot, and missed him. I now understood that I was playing the part of the militiaman in plain clothes, and it was not altogether pleasant to be searching through thickly-wooded slopes for a bandit armed with a knife and revolver, and who had already escaped the shots of my companion.

After cooking and eating a frugal meal at the forge, we proceeded to a high mountain-pass leading to a more civilised district, to which I required to return. Before reaching the summit we found a man cutting trees, who replied to the eager questions of my companion that the brigand had passed there a few hours before, doubtless to obtain provisions from a village beyond. The scent was obviously growing warm, and my companion was much excited. At the summit of the pass he was obliged to leave me, and after obtaining from him a minute description of the enemy, I proceeded on my way, expecting to meet him returning to his usual haunts. About two miles farther I met a man with a gun, who did not answer to the description I had in mind. He was the forest guard of a neighbouring town, and in his company I reached my destination without adventure. The militia corporal had been a pleasant companion, and had much assisted me in my examination of the old mine we passed; but the cool manner in which he had quietly impressed me for the public service was a characteristic trait of local usages in Spain. As he explained to me, the *guardia civil* and *carabineros* had been lately removed from the neighbourhood, so that the militia were hardly able to cope alone with the desperate characters who had recently frequented it.

* * * *

The above notes were hardly enclosed for the local postman when an assistant arrived to announce that the miners here were in complete insurrection. I started with three assistants, all well armed, and approached the mine by that side of the river on which the fewest men were employed. We found these workings abandoned by the miners; and, seeing some women still engaged in separating mineral on the mountain slope across the river, we signalled to them to call the chief *capataz* (or foreman). He appeared, and crossed the river by a boat slung to a cable, which served as our ferry. From him we learned that the men had gone off in a body to the office, the ringleaders having compelled many of them by threats to join in the demonstration, of which the object was to demand higher pay. I at once sent one assistant to fetch the nearest armed force; and, crossing the river with the two remaining and the *capataz*, traversed the mine, and followed after the demonstrators. On reaching the office we found ten men awaiting us to disown all part in the movement. The remainder, after having relieved their feelings in threatening cries, had dispersed through the village. Very shortly a party of carabineers arrived from the next frontier village. A body of miners soon appeared, and I refused to see them till the next morning. All

night the *carabineros* kept guard in the house, and next morning the *guardia civil* arrived from their nearest station. I then called in the men to receive their pay, offering to pay off all who were dissatisfied. The ringleaders, whose names I had by this time ascertained, were first paid off, and the remaining men then began to explain that they had acted under threats, or through ignorance of what was really intended; and they were allowed to return to their work. Next morning about sixty people arrived very early from the neighbouring villages, offering to replace the miners, who were rumoured to have been all dismissed.

The same day we started for another group of mines about ten miles distant. The snow lay deep, and our party, four in number, formed a picturesque group as we wound in single file along the mountain slopes, the sunlight glancing from the barrels of our guns. We found the other mines deep in snow, and discussed the possibility of crossing the high frontier mountains beyond. The question was, whether the snowdrifts were still passable, and whether the wolves were as yet in formidable packs. While we were comparing notes with the most experienced men a woodman arrived in an almost dying condition. He had started to cross the mountains, armed with a hatchet and carrying his provisions and clothes. He had been compelled to turn back after being followed for some hours by four ravenous wolves, who continually champed their teeth at his heels, one keeping close behind him like a dog, the others following a little behind. Growing exhausted with fatigue and fright, he was very nearly lost, and only escaped by throwing away his bags, which the wolves stopped to investigate. The weather was growing rapidly worse, with gusts of wind that whirled the snow into formidable drifts, and it was probable that the wolves were arriving from the eastward in increasing numbers. We were compelled to reach our ultimate destination by a long circuit. On our way we learnt that the chief ringleaders in the mutiny had fled across the frontier.

A SUPPER AT FRANK BUCKLAND'S.

OF those who have disappeared from London life in recent years there are few whom we think of with greater regret than Frank Buckland. The very peculiarities of the man, amounting in some things almost to eccentricities, fix him the more impressively on the memory. But it was only in outward matters—in dress, manners, habits, and speech—that he was singular. Along with these there was more than usual brightness of mind, and the utmost warmth and tenderness of heart. When he was surgeon to the 2nd Life Guards, he was a true friend to the men, as well as a favourite with the officers. He was loved by people of every class and rank, and was at home with the learned and the unlearned alike. With the exception of a few dry "Professors," whose knowledge of science was more obtained from museums and libraries than from nature, he was regarded as an accomplished naturalist and a most delightful companion. Many a pleasant hour have we spent with him on land and water, by the river or the seashore, and enjoyed the flow of his genial and instructive conversation. Though he appeared always brimful of fun and humour, he had his times of deep and earnest thought, of which the world had little idea. In all his observations and researches there was an undertone of devout and reverent feeling, such as appeared in the Bridgewater Treatise of his father, Dean Buckland. Frank wrote many charming works, but he did not live to finish what he wished to produce as his *magnum opus*—a new edition of "Ray's Wisdom of God in Creation." In his hands, with the richness of modern discovery and recent research, it would have been a new and most valuable work.

In the Life by his brother-in-law, Mr. G. C. Bompas, there are few pages more deeply interesting than those which give extracts from Buckland's private note-books and diaries, where there are heartfelt acknowledgments of Divine mercies, and pious resolutions to use every gift and acquirement for the glory of God, and the benefit of his fellow-men. "Why should I not," he wrote, "imitate the example of the great and illustrious man to whom I owe so much of my education?" (referring to William of Wykeham, the founder of his old school at Winchester). "His motto was 'Manners makyth man,' why should I not endeavour to do as much public good as possible in my humble way?" Again, "I am truly thankful for every mercy, because it is the gift of God. There are diversities of gifts, and I have my gift, for which I have to render an account. Some stupid positivists think nothing of Him who gave them their commission to work; they develop their own work instead. Pray, whence do new ideas come but by the mysterious influence of a God-proceeding Spirit, giving unto all men severally as He will? I do not aspire to do more than my duty in that station to which it has pleased God to call me, but I want to do it nobly and well."

When writing the title to this paper I had no intention of saying any words of eulogy of Frank Buckland, but only of referring to a single episode in his life. Having said this much, however, I cannot refrain from telling an anecdote which shows how real and practical his goodness was. His colleague, Spencer Walpole, who gives the anecdote, says, "No man ever lived with a kinder heart. It may be doubted whether he ever willingly said a hard word, or did a hard action. He could not bear to see distress without trying to

relieve it. One night, walking from his office, he found a poor servant-girl crying in the street. She had been turned out of her place that morning, as not equal to her duties. She had no money, and no friends nearer than Taunton, where her parents lived. Mr. Buckland took her to an eating-house, gave her a dinner, drove her to Paddington, paid for her ticket, and left her in charge of the guard of the train. His nature was so simple and generous that he did not seem to realise that he had done an exceptionally kind action." It was an action which Samuel Johnson would have done, and would have delighted to hear of.

But we must get to the house, and the supper. The house, No. 37, Albany Street, Regent's Park, had been the residence of the musical George Hogarth, father-in-law of Charles Dickens. In Buckland's occupancy the exterior was the same, but the interior was strangely changed. With the exception of one or two rooms, the whole was turned into a museum and a menagerie. Fortunately Mrs. Buckland had the same kindness of heart, and the same love of living creatures, as her husband, otherwise her patience and good temper must have been often sorely tried by having such a home. Buckland kept open house, and there were not only naturalists and travellers of every kind and country, but very often odd specimens of humanity—giants, dwarfs, and monstrosities of every sort—were to be seen there. On one occasion some Maori chiefs were inspecting the curiosities when their host opened a box of slow-worms. On seeing them the New Zealanders, in superstitious terror, uttered a shriek, and, rushing downstairs, bolted out of an open back window, leaping over adjacent garden walls in their flight!

It was a formidable affair at any time to pay a morning visit at Albany Street. If there was not a crowd at the house viewing the hoisting of a huge fish or a young whale into the area, the visitor, once inside the street-door, was in risk of some startling reception. A strange bird or beast might flop down upon his head or shoulders, or a serpent or other reptile might coil round his legs. The noises saluting the stranger might also be startling. But all was right upon reaching the master's den on the drawing-room floor, when he was sitting there, in his coatee and shirt-sleeves, surrounded by his monkeys and special pets, and attended by his secretary and his boy, Buttons. All the oddity of the surroundings were forgotten when the dear naturalist poured forth his animated and genial talk, till the visitor left with increased wonder at the fulness of knowledge, and increased admiration of the kindly enthusiasm of his entertainer.

Mr. Bompas, in his biography, has given lively descriptions of many of the inmates of 37, Albany Street, and of the scenes witnessed there. Of the famous supper he has only the following brief notice: "This variety of visitors culminated in a party given in November, 1878. Men of science and art and social rank were there in plenty, with dealers in wild animals, bird-fanciers, and fishermen. The Chinese Ambassador's peacock feathers nodded above them all. A special selection of many different kinds of oysters had been prepared to illustrate their variety, and to grace the entertainment; but, unluckily, the Chinese Ambassador met them coming upstairs, and before any one could find words or signs to describe their scientific rarity, devoured them all!"

Of the absurd caricature here given we must presently speak, but the party itself deserves further notice. Here is the note of invitation, and a list of the expected guests, most of whom were present, and made the place lively till the small hours of the morning. Some of the guests could only come late in the evening, being detained by public duties or other engagements.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND

At Home.

November 23, 1878.

"TU CALAMOS INFLARE LEVES—EGO DICERE VERSUS."

Friends Expected.

ALSTON, E., F.Z.S.
BARTLETT, A. D., Superintendent Zoological Gardens.
BAKER, Sir Samuel.
BRAITHWAITE, Rev.
BENNETT, W. H.
CHINESE MINISTER, His Excellency the.
COUTTS LINDSAY, Sir.
DOUGLAS MURRAY
DIGBY MURRAY, Captain.
ERICHSEN, Professor.
FAYRER, Sir Joseph.
FFENNELL, H.
FULLER, C. C., F.R.C.S., F.R.L.S.
HUDSON, J., V.P.Z.S.
JENNINGS, J., Board of Trade.
JAMRACH, C., Animal Dealer.
KARSLAKE, E. K., Q.C.
KERR, Mr. Commissioner.
LEE, Henry, F.Z.S., Microscopist.
LUCAS, Captain, African Traveller.
M'MILLAN, J., Chairman Brighton Aquarium.
MACAULAY, Dr., Editor "Leisure Hour."
OGLE, Dr., St. George's Hospital.
OWEN, Hugh, G.W.R.
PEACHEY, —, Esq.
PONSONBY, Rev., Vicar, St. Mary Magdalen.
PRIESTLEY, Dr.
PALMER, R. R., Late Commander S.S. Magdala.
ROLFE, H. L. (the Landseer among fishes).
MANSERGH, J., C.E., Water Works, Lake Thirlmere.
ROOPER, George ("Salmo Salar").
SACHS, T. R., Piscatorial Society.
SHAW, Captain, Fire Brigade.
SKETCHLEY, A. ("Mrs. Brown").
TAYLOR, Rev. —, Gray's Inn.
THOMPSON, Major.
VAUX, Rev. E.
WADHAM, Dr., St. George's Hospital.
WALPOLE, Spencer.
WISEMAN, Fred S.

Some other travellers and explorers were there, who had probably come to London since the gathering was arranged. The host was in best form and best spirits, and did his utmost to make all his guests feel at home and happy. The *calami leves*, in every form of pipe, cigar, or chibouque, made the house odoriferous and the rooms dim with smoke. The names of most of the travelled guests suggest how varied and interesting must have been the conversation. I got Mr. Jamrach to narrate the adventure, not before told, of the escape and the capture of a tiger, which had broken loose from its cage at Whitechapel. The story appeared, with appropriate illustration of

Jamrach's struggle with the tiger, in an early number of the first volume of "The Boy's Own Paper," which was then just starting.

The supper was a sumptuous entertainment, with abundance of viands and drink, besides the select oyster feast and the accompanying liquor. It was certainly a wonderful display of choicest bivalves.

Mrs. Buckland, with a lady friend, appeared for a short time among the guests, and was received with characteristic politeness by the Chinese Ambassador, who seemed astonished at the behaviour of the white rats and other trained pets belonging to the ladies. Whatever may be the peculiarities of Chinese diet, and of table etiquette, the Marquis Tseng made a hearty supper at the impromptu tressel tables when this feast was served. As English books go to many homes in China, and Frank Buckland's Life is sure to be read there, it is well that this paper in the "Leisure Hour" should also go to the Marquis and his friends, to show that the paragraph about the Albany Street Supper was written without knowledge of the facts of the case.

It is to be regretted, I say, that the reference to the Chinese Minister is made in so light a manner. The Marquis Tseng, who for so many years represented the Chinese Government, first at St. Petersburg, and afterwards in London and Paris, is not only an enlightened and accomplished statesman and diplomatist, but at home and in society he was always the gentleman. He is head and representative of one of the oldest and most aristocratic Chinese families. His father, Tseng Kwofan, was one of the chief commanders of the Empire during the Taeping rebellion; and in 1865, when he recovered Nankin, he was made a Marquis, or How of the first grade, with the title descending to his successors. Our Marquis Tseng is the worthy son of an illustrious sire. As a scholar and an authority in his own language he holds a high place. He rather prides himself on his caligraphy, and at the time of the Fisheries Exhibition the Chinese Court was decorated with various specimens of his penmanship. After his return to China he published Notes of his Travels and Observations in the Western World, which attracted much attention among his countrymen. To Governor Li Hung and to the Marquis Tseng the progress of China since the Taeping rebellion has been mainly due. In a book so popular as the Life of Frank Buckland, this absurd paragraph about the supper ought not to have appeared. All who met the Chinese Minister on that evening must have a pleasant recollection of his courteous and dignified manner, while he also entered, as a true citizen of the world, into the humour and cheerfulness of that scene.

The services of Mr. Buckland as Inspector of Salmon Fisheries were of truly national importance. With the exception of a few remote and favoured waters, the noble fish had almost deserted the British rivers. The waste from the growing manufactures of the country had polluted the streams and poisoned the fish; obstacles in the shape of weirs, dams, and "fixed engines" had prevented the passage of the salmon to their old spawning-grounds; and the increased price showed how these causes affected the supply for the use of the people. Buckland took up the matter with characteristic energy. He visited every river and estuary round the coasts; he examined and reported in every locality. Where legislation was required he exerted his efforts to get the necessary Acts of Parliament; but these would have had little effect if not followed up by his personal exertions, seeing physical obstacles removed, restocking the rivers with salmon ova, and interesting the landowners and riparian proprietors, as well as official conservators, in the good work. His visits were everywhere hailed with delight by all, except perhaps the millowners who had to spend some money in repairing the mischief they had caused. The result of the labours of the energetic and enthusiastic inspector was, that prime salmon once more was sold in London markets for eightpence a pound!

It was not only in their economical and official aspects that his labours were appreciated. By the Fish Museum at South Kensington he strove to diffuse popular information and taste for his favourite pursuits, and in the paper "Land and Water," as well as in the "Leisure Hour," his contributions were numerous and attractive.

The Prince of Wales, at the first preliminary meeting, at the Mansion House, for promoting the International Fisheries Exhibition of 1883, paid a generous and well-merited tribute to the memory of Frank Buckland, in words which touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of many who knew him, and mourned his loss. The Prince feelingly expressed his regret that the well-known naturalist had not lived to witness the vast collection of fishing appliances of all nations in an exhibition for which he had, as a pioneer, done so much to prepare the way.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

THE UNRIPE FRUIT OF EDUCATION IN INDIA.

THERE has been much progress among the educated classes in India. By an assiduous course of study from childhood to manhood, many natives acquire a proficiency in writing and speaking English which astonishes and delights those Englishmen with whom they come in contact. But those who succeed in gaining this proficiency bear a very small proportion to those who fail. In all countries there are corresponding classes. The university degrees of B.A. and M.A. are not easily obtained. A recent article in a Calcutta paper states that the candidates who have missed the coveted honours, calmly style themselves "Failed B.A.," and "Failed M.A," to indicate that they reached the foot of the wall, though they could not surmount it. Behind the few hundreds who get so far as the foot of the wall, there are thousands who have fallen out by the way, unable to pursue their studies any further. They have acquired a smattering of English, and so claim to be counted in the educated classes. In general they become eager candidates for any official employment, small or great, that may provide them with a livelihood.

Whilst they were studying the English language they struggled on through examinations in which their undigested knowledge was produced with a strange confusion of ideas. In seeking for official employment they make applications to the local authorities in terms which, though ludicrous, betray the agony of their souls. Their mistakes may probably be paralleled in many an English and American examination; but their grotesqueness has an Oriental style amusingly in contrast with the reports of the Western examiners.

The following compositions and examination answers, which were collected during a residence in India, may be taken as specimens of the unripe fruit of an English education. They come from different parts of India, but the names of men and of places have been altered, so as to leave no chance of identification.

I have always admired and envied the boy, a lad of fourteen, in the Chittagong School, who gave the following definitions of patrimony and matrimony, when he was requested by an examiner to explain several polysyllabic English words. Patrimony, wrote the youth, is what we inherit from our father; matrimony is what we inherit from our mother. This was written upwards of forty years ago in India to my certain knowledge; but it has recently appeared as a novelty in one of the English comic papers.

In an examination held at the Dacca College the native students of English History were asked the following question: Who were Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck? One of the answers was verbatim as follows:

"Charles II, or Pretender, represent himself to be Peter Simnel. In a dispute he was defeated, and afterwards was driven away from England, and thereby he was obliged to travel through a large tract of land. Being in such a miserable condition, his mind was overclouded with a deep melancholy. At last he embarked for France, and there sought assistance from the King, which was granted to him. With a large army he marched against England, and there struck terror into the hearts of his native brethren the English, but all his scheams and poweres were destroyed. Henry VII represent himself to be Perkin Warbeck."

The following curious information was submitted to an examiner in English Literature at the Calcutta University:

1. Blake having failed in getting any suitable employment in the Education Department, he took the service of an Admiral.

2. A neuter noun means that which is neither proper nor common.

3. "Sure of foot" means "certain to go."

4. "Baby words" mean "chattering like a woman."

5. Thunder is said by some to be "the voice of God." Lightning is an electricity made by man.

6. He seemed as from the tombs around,
Rising at judgment day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array. (*Marmion.*)

The last line means that he came in clothes that he had not worn for a long time.

We next come to a different style of composition, where an imperfectly educated native student attempted to apply his learning to a practical purpose for the promotion of his own interest in the official field of patronage:

"To the Right Honorable X. Y. Z.,
Commissioner of the Patna Division.

"With due deference and humble submission, I beg most respectfully to bring to your notice that through a variety of unforeseen events, I am compelled to state my condition in your presence. I am forced, by vicissitudes of fortune, to support the family of my uncle, the late Translator of the Judge's Court at Patna, on account of his premature death, caused from a variety of diseases. In addition to this, I am obliged to give up my own College career, for my father's infirmity at age. I am now left, in this fluctuating world, to groan under the anxiety of my family burden, and to seek up and down, to lay together fortunes, and to feather my father's nest. Now the stomach of my sense is that you will be our patron for livelihood. For none is known to me better, who would be the supporter of our family than you, as was said by my late Uncle. I am playing the skipping spirit: but it is nothing rather than to prize your tune. I hope you will soon have a favourable glance on this needy, poor, and helpless man. I am waiting for a happy and favourable reply. I am, Sir, your most obedient Petitioner, S. C. Dass. Sir, direct me this: S. C. Dass, viâ Patna to the West Post-office."

It is not known if this application was successful. The handwriting was good, and doubtless the young man had been compelled by sheer poverty to seek for employment before he had completed his education in English.

The following letter was addressed to Major B——, Political Agent for Western India:

"Honored Sir,—Humbly sheweth, that now the wound of his sore is curing, he believes to see your honor within

two or three days after a perfect cure. Further, he sends to your honor a *valayate* sheep (Dumba) with a circular tail.

"It is brought up on corn; but on account of his distracted heart within these days it is not well cherished. If well fed for a month or 20 days, and then slain, he believes its tail will also increase, and the meat would be very delicious.

"That he hopes your honor would accept it, and it is for the lot of his son, that the petitioner, being involved in sore, could not remind your honor for his maintenance. I have the honor to be, honored Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"NEWAB M. Z. A. SHA."

We now come to a more ambitious style of composition. On the occasion of a Christmas prize-giving in India the following account of it was written for a native newspaper which is published in the English language:

"The place was so crowded, and there was such a rush of visitors, that the writer, standing by a lady who was seated in a chair, was about to tumble upon her head, but fortunately such a mishap did not take place. No sooner her excellency Lady Dufferin occupied the special seat provided for the occasion, when commenced the distribution of prizes, consisting of silver earrings, numbering a dozen, if not more, and beautiful workboxes, and dolls whose name was legion, the Countess standing on her legs all the time, and giving away those prizes to each girl by her own hand. Her demeanour, her conduct, her ways and manners, her dress, and everything else, were befitting the exalted rank and position she holds. A Hindu gentleman remarked before the writer, if she had been the wife of an Indian prince or rajah, or even a rich Babu, her person would have been adorned, or rather overloaded, with gold, emeralds, diamonds, and other precious stones; but hers was a simple dress, a simple pair of shoes, and simple and plain bonnet, and nothing else, as far as one could judge or see from a respectable distance."

We next come to a composition of a different class. It is a poetical effusion addressed by a native Christian, who sometimes officiated as clerk in the English Church, to the Magistrate of the Station of Dumdum:

"1. J. P. Brown, Esq., my noble and generous Sir,
From thee I hope to obtain my desire.
2. For noble is thy heart, and noble thy mind,
To fulfil the desire of all mankind.
3. May God bless your honour, with a good will
My humble desire, and request to fulfil.
4. If your honour will fulfil my desire with pleasure,
God Almighty will increase your honour's treasure.
5. Altho' the gift may be great or small,
But the nobility of thy heart is above all.
6. Blessed is the man who is willing to give,
The poor and needy from distress to relieve.
7. If your honor will relieve me, with a cheerful heart,
Thy goodness from my memory shall never depart.
8. If your honour will have pity on my miserable case,
God Almighty will pour upon you His infinite grace:
9. Which grace from your honour shall never depart,
And I shall always remember your kindness in my heart.
10. A gentleman that has a gracious heart,
In doing good he shall never depart.
11. If it be thy good and generous will,
In a word thou can'st my desire fulfil.'

There is some reason to fear that this example is not quite a genuine native production, and it was probably revised and touched up by the chaplain before it was sent to the magistrate.

The following letter was written by the native secretary of a wealthy landowner to a sporting police-officer. Tigers would occasionally appear on the landowner's estate, and he used to invite his English friends to go out to shoot them. Sometimes the English sportsmen became impatient, and wanted to know if any tigers were forthcoming. The following was his answer:

"My dear Sir—I am sorry to say that on account of the heavy and incessant rains I can scarcely hear anything of a tiger. I think they have betaken themselves in the deepest recesses of the thick jungles. They will probably come out when the atmosphere will get clear of the clouds. However, I will not be a jot remiss to let you know when I get any news of the tigers. On account of this rainy weather I am labouring under a bad health (that is, I have caught cold). Other members of my family are in good health. I hope this to find you and yours the same. I am your affectionate friend,

"RAJAH P. C. ROY."

The next document has been translated into English from the vernacular language in which it was written by a young lady of about sixteen. At the examination of a girls' school by the local committee of managers, the pupils were requested to write the story of their daily life and avocations. The exercises which they produced were very similar in many points, but this was one of the best:

"After getting leave from school on Saturday I went home, and put away my slate and books. I next took off my school-dress, and having put on other clothes I attended to household work. When evening came I lit the light in the house, and taking my beads I went to worship our God Jugonath. Having prostrated myself before the great Lord, Jugonath, I went into the house, and taking my book sat down to read. When the night was somewhat advanced, I put away my book. Then having taken my food, and washed my face and hands, I spread my bed on the ground and sat down. Then I gave praise to the great Father and supreme Lord, and I went to sleep. In the early morning I got up, and having performed my household duties I took my book and sat down to read. When the sun was well up, I anointed myself with oil, and went out to bathe. Then I came home, and changed my wet clothes and put them in the sun to dry. Then having made my reverence to our household spiritual teacher, I made my prostrations to the sun, and having received spiritual comfort, I returned to the house. I then took food, and having washed my face and hands, I ate some betel-nut, and sat down to write. When the day was spent I returned to my household work, and again worshipped the god Jugonath. Now I have come again to school, and if there are any faults or mistakes in this exercise I hope that they will be forgiven."

Here are a few more specimens from the examination answers of schoolboys:

1. The young woman was grown-up.
Interpreted—She came to years of maturity without the assistance of her mother.

2. Bade the clarions sound to horse (Marmion).
Interpreted—Ordered them to play the trumpets to the horses.

3. Bevis lies dying in his stall (Marmion).
Interpreted—The horse was in his stable being coloured.[1]

4. Her lion port, her awe-commanding face (Gray's Bard).
Interpreted—The gate of her palace on which there were two lions.[2]

C. J. BUCKLAND (late B.C.S.)

[1] In India it is a common practice to dye a horse's mane and tail.

[2] There are two stone lions over each gateway of the Viceroy's Palace in Calcutta.



LYCANTHROPY.

BY Lycanthropy, strictly so called, is meant the transmutation of a man into a wolf, the man still retaining his human reason and knowledge, but becoming imbued with the fierce animal instincts of the brute into which he has been transformed.

It should be noticed that although the wolf is the creature most prominent in the history of this superstition, that is only because in most countries, in which the name prevails, the wolf is also the creature which causes the most general and fatal devastation. In England, up to the seventeenth century, in European countries, especially in Poland and Russia, to the present day, the herds of famished wolves which infest the roads, the forests, and the environs of villages during the winter season, cause so large an amount of loss of life and property, that it is no wonder that they have become the terror of men's lives and the theme of their disturbed imaginations. But in countries where other animals are equally or more formidable to man, the superstition is transferred to them. Thus in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, it is the bear into which men are changed; in India and South America, the tiger or the serpent, or the jaguar. What are called the "man-jaguars" are believed by the natives to be possessed by the spirits of wicked men, who delight to inflict pain and death on their former fellows; the Bengalese think the same of the tiger. In Central and Southern Africa the lion, the leopard, and the hyæna are the favourite subjects of these fancies. Some tribes are persuaded that the spirits of their great chiefs enter the bodies of lions. De Chaillu assures us that he saw a man burnt, who was accused of being a wehr leopard. Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us that the Abyssinians believe that the smiths among them have the power of converting themselves into hyænas whensoever they please, taking again the human shape, also at pleasure.

In ancient times the same distinctions are to be observed. Lycaon, king of Arcadia, is transmuted into a wolf, but Io becomes a heifer; the companions of Ulysses, swine; Actæon, a stag; Nisus, a hawk. The number of transmutations, indeed, is so numerous, that one of the great Latin poets has written a long poem descriptive of them. In the Hindoo mythology Indra is represented as transmuting Rabandha into a monster, while the sons of Vasishtha convert Frisankla into a bear. In Scandinavian legends Sigmund becomes a wolf, but Tragli a wild boar. From the same sources La Motte Fouque has derived his wild and beautiful tale of the "Eagle and the Lion." There it is represented as being the common practice of Northmen at their pleasure to lay aside their human forms, and take those of some beast or bird. The braver and nobler spirits become lions or eagles, and achieve deeds of high daring; the meaner are transformed to wolves and bears. According to the Persian myths the ape, the serpent, and the dog are usually the animals into whom the changes are made. In the "Arabian Nights" Zobeide's sisters become black dogs, and the second Calender an ape. Among the Scythians and Greeks, again, the wolf is the brute chosen for these transmutations, as is the case in other parts of Europe. Herodotus tells us that among the Neuri, a race dwelling contiguously to the Scythians, every one for a few days in the year becomes a wolf, at the end of that time returning to his ancient shape.[1] Pliny quotes Evanthus,[2] an author of some reputation, as affirm-

[1] Herod., iv, 105.
[2] Pliny, Hist. Nat. viii, 22.

ing that, among the Arcadians, the family of one Anthus drew lots among themselves, which of them should repair to a certain pond, undress himself on the edge of it, hang his clothes on an oak, swim across the pond, and go into the deserts, where he would be changed into a wolf, and live with that species for nine years. If in the course of that time he did not devour a man, he might return to the same pond, recross it, and resume his original form, being, however, nine years older than when he laid it aside. In short, there are endless fables in circulation among the natives of almost every country in the world, and to all of them the general title Lycanthropy will apply; though doubtless the term is commonly understood of the transmutations supposed to have taken place in the dark and middle ages of European history.

As regards those times, we may first note that the agency by which the transmutations are supposed to be accomplished is everywhere very nearly the same. Evil spirits are supposed to supply men who desire the unhallowed change with the means of effecting it. Sometimes a witch ointment is used, with which the whole body is besmeared, or it is enveloped in the skin of the animal into which the change is to be made, or a girdle of skin is bound round the loins, some charm being at the same time employed. Similarly the ointment is washed off and the envelope or girdle of skin removed, when a renewal to the original shape is desired.

According to other authorities, however, this retransformation cannot be so easily brought about. A severe penance is said to be necessary. The transmuted person must be called upon three times by his baptismal name; three drops of his blood must be drawn; water must be thrown upon his face, and the sign of the cross made at the same time. Here the baptismal invocation and the sign of the cross, and probably the three drops of blood also, are manifestly additions made in Christian times to the original method of reversing the spell—that is, through the simple application of water, either by throwing it on the face of the bewitched person, or passing the whole body through a running stream. Thus the Princess in the "Arabian Nights" restores the one-eyed Calender to his proper form by flinging water in his face. In the same manner the enchantment which had translated the two sisters into dogs in the story of "Amine" is dissolved. Crossing running water is also believed to have the same effect. When the goblin page in Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" has changed himself and the young heir of Buccleuch into a terrier and lurcher, the transformation holds good until they cross a brook, when the presence of the water dissolves it. "It is a firm article of popular faith," writes Sir Walter in a note, "that no enchantment can subsist in a running stream. Nay, if you can but interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable 'Tam o' Shanter' turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems very ancient. Brompton informs us that 'certain Irish wizards could by spells convert earthen clods or stones into fat pigs, which they sold in the market, but which always recovered their proper form when driven by the purchaser across a running stream." ("Lay of the Last Minstrel," n. canto III.)

Christian writers—indeed, in some instances, writers whom we might reasonably expect to find incapable of attaching any kind of credence to these wild and profane fancies—seem nevertheless to have a complete belief in them. Even Augustine speaks in one place (*De Civit.*) of an old woman who was gifted with the power of turning men into apes. St. Patrick is related by monkish chronicles to have turned Vereticus into a wolf. In a Russian legend, St. Peter and St. Paul are reported as having punished an impious husband and wife by obliging them to take the shape of bears. So great a writer as St. Thomas Aquinas, says, "Omnes Angeli, boni et mali ex virtute naturali, habent potestatem permutandi corpora nostra."

Olaus Magnus, early in the sixteenth century, from whom we might have hoped better things, tells a story of a nobleman travelling through a forest. He and his servants lose their way, and can find no house where shelter or food are to be obtained. In the extremity of their need, one of his retinue discloses to him, under a promise of secrecy, that he has the power of turning himself into a wolf, under which form he can doubtless obtain food. The promise is given; the man goes out into the forest, under the semblance of a wolf, and returns with a lamb; after which he resumes his human shape.

John of Nuremberg, in his book "De Miraculis," relates how in like manner a priest travelling in a strange country loses himself in a wood. Presently he sees a fire in the distance and makes for it. On reaching it, he finds a wolf sitting by it, who informs him that he is an Ossyrian, and that all his countrymen are obliged by a law imposed on them by an overruling power, to spend a certain number of years in the shape of wolves.

In the year 1573, one Gilles Garnier, a native of Lyons, called from his secluded habits of life "The Hermit of St. Bonnet," was accused before the tribunals of being a loup-garou. It was affirmed that he prowled about like a wolf at night, and had devoured several infants. It was alleged that, on three occasions under the guise of a wolf, and once in his own proper form, he had seized, killed, and mangled children. It was, of course, difficult to establish identity in three of these instances, but in the fourth, several witnesses well acquainted with his person had seen him strangle a boy, and afterwards tear his flesh with his teeth. He was arrested and put to the torture, when he confessed the truth of the charges against him, and was burned at the stake.

A few years afterwards, a tailor named Roulet, living near Angers, was tried on a similar charge of having slain, and then mangled with his teeth, a lad of fifteen. It was declared in evidence that he had been seen, while in the shape of a wolf, to tear the body, and pursuit having been made, he

was caught in a thicket, but having now resumed his human form. At his examination he confessed that he had anointed himself with a magic salve, which turned him into a wolf, when it was his delight to seize and lacerate his human victims. He was condemned, and would doubtless have been burned at the stake, if he had not appealed to the Parliament. They wisely and mercifully declared him to be a maniac, and placed him under confinement.

The case of Jean Grenier in the next generation very nearly resembles the above. He was a peasant lad of St. Antoine de Pizon, near Bordeaux. He was charged, on what seemed credible evidence, with having torn to pieces several children. He made an elaborate confession, in which he declared that a black man whom he met in the forest had given him an ointment which had the effect of making him a wolf for a time, and while in that condition he had killed and mutilated several children. The judges in this instance also pronounced the man to be a madman, and placed him in a convent to be cured and reformed.

Earlier in the same century a story, in most particulars very like the two just related, but with a more shocking termination, is told of a farmer near Pavia. He set upon some men, whom he lacerated with his teeth, but was seized and brought to trial. Here he made a confession to the effect that he was half man, half wolf, one side of his skin being human and the other covered with bristles. By magic power he was enabled to turn this skin as he pleased, and so become man or wolf, as the fancy possessed him. It is doubtful whether he made this declaration in the hope of terrifying his captors, or was like the others—insane. But the result was calamitous to him. His examiners, half believing his tale, cut off his arms and legs in order to test the truth of his assertion, and the unhappy man soon bled to leath.

A very shocking history is that of a lady of Auvergne in 1588. Her husband, when returning from the chase, was accosted by a stranger, who informed him that he had been attacked by a savage wolf, from which he had freed himself by cutting off its fore paw. He produced the paw from under his sleeve as he spoke, and, lo! it had become a woman's hand, with a ring on it. The gentleman thought he recognised his wife's wedding-ring. He went straight home, and found his wife with her apron thrown over her arm. The apron being removed, it was seen hat her hand had been recently cut off. She was accused of being a loup-garou, was convicted, and burned.

Baring Gould relates a still more horrible tale of a Hungarian lady of rank, who was proved to have killed and mangled several hundred girls in order to suck their blood. There is also the well-known case of De Retz, marechal of France in the time of King Charles VII, who had murdered and revelled in the blood of, it was supposed, eight hundred children. The truth of the charge was proved beyond the possibility of doubt. He himself affirmed that he had been seized with the uncontrollable craving for human blood whilst reading Suetonius's description of the cruelties of Tiberius.

These stories might be multiplied to any amount; but, as has been already remarked, there is a great similarity between them, and the above are enough to enable us to arrive at an intelligible, if not a very satisfactory, conclusion respecting them.

It is clear that bodily disease is largely connected with them. An insatiable craving for blood is not by any means the only unnatural appetite known to science. There is nothing unreasonable in believing that the same craving, which induces many animals to mangle a succession of victims in preference to devouring any one of them, might take possession of a human subject also, whose physical system had become greatly deranged. As late as 1849 the case of Bertrand, a junior officer in a regiment quartered at Paris, attracted attention. The facts are too repulsive for full narration. In frantic fits of uncontrollable desire he frequented the burial-ground of Père la Chaise and exhumed and lacerated a great many bodies. After a while the guardians of the cemetery were alarmed, Bertrand was fired at and wounded. The police then captured him, and he made a full confession. He was put under medical treatment, and recovered.

These considerations will go far to explain many stories which appear quite incredible, but are nevertheless well attested. The persons charged with being wehr wolves, in many instances, no doubt, were entirely innocent; the charge, as frequently in cases of witchcraft, having been got up by persons who bore a bitter hatred against them, or wished for some reason to remove them from their paths. But in a great many more cases they really did kill and mangle their victims after the fashion, though not in the bodily form, of wolves. They frequently, indeed, confessed the change of shape, as well as the act of lacerating the bodies. But sometimes we may believe that their whole mental, as well as bodily system, had become so deranged that they themselves really believed that they had undergone the transformation. Oftener still under the pressure of intolerable agony they confessed anything which the torturers required them to confess, as the readiest mode of obtaining some respite from their sufferings. When to all this is added the credulity of the writers, whose narratives are the only authority we have for the veracity of these stories, there is very little left requiring explanation. The horror of the subject is too great to tempt any one to pursue it, and yet in view of the crimes that afflict society, not without scientific interest.

H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

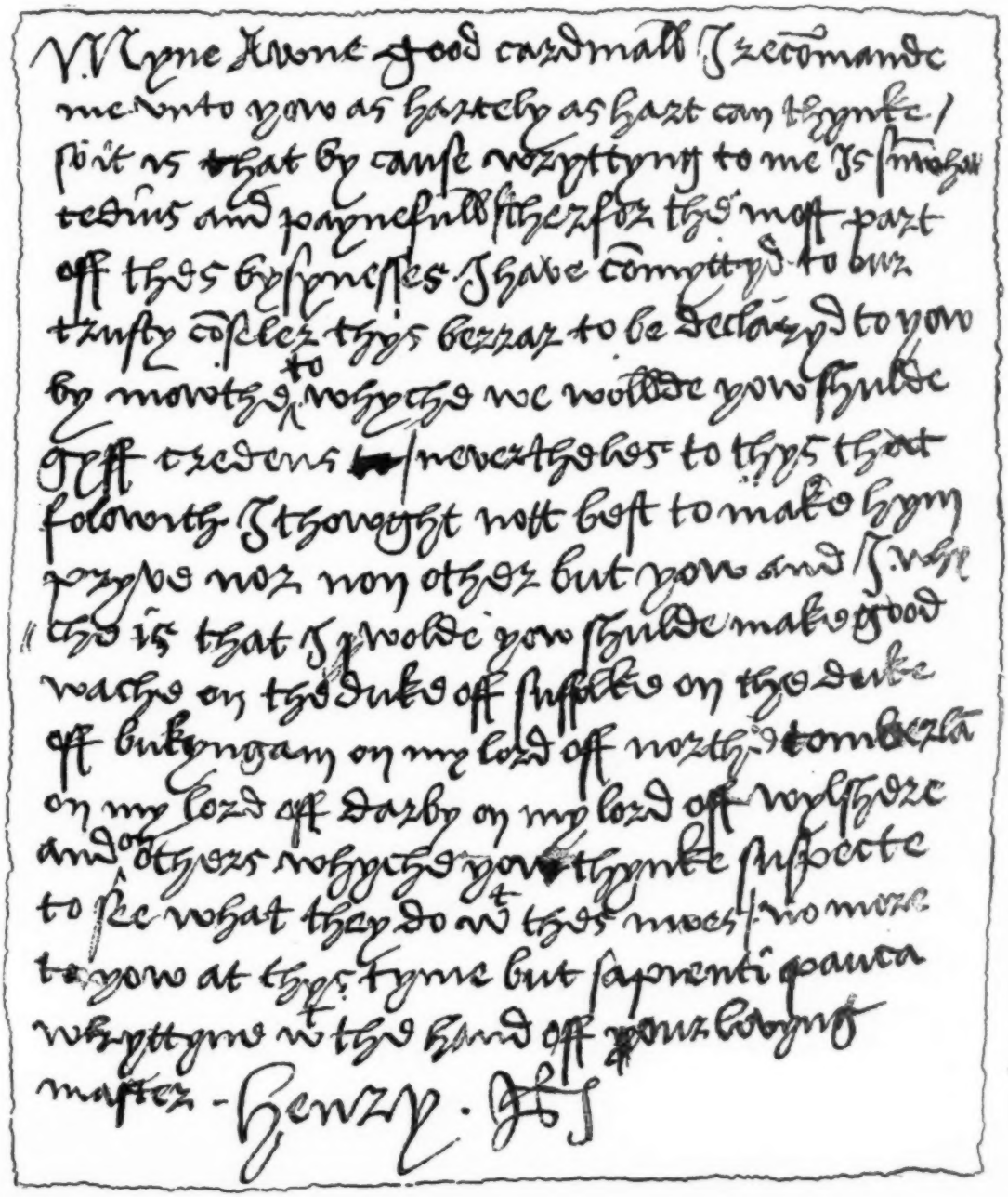
BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

HENRY VIII AND HIS WIVES.

IT would be difficult to find a more interesting specimen of Henry VIII's handwriting than that which is furnished in the following letter to his favourite, Thomas Wolsey—"Myne awne good Cardinall," as he calls him :—

Holograph. English. Original at British Museum. Additional MSS. 19,398. 644. *See facsimile below.*

Myne awne good Cardinall. I recommande me unto you as hartely as hart can thynke. So it is that by cause wryttyng to me is somewhat tedius and paynefull, therfor the



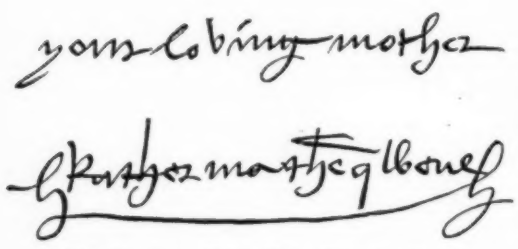
most part off this bysynesses I have commytted to our trusty counseler thys berrer to be declaryd to yow by mowthe, to whyche we wollde you shulde gyff credens. Nevertheles to thys that folowith I thowght nott best to make hym pryve, nor nonother but you and I, whyche is that I wolde you shuld make good watche on the duke off Suffolke, on the duke of Bukyngam, on my lord off Northetomberland, on my lord off Darby, on my lord of Wylshere and on others whyche you thynke suspecte, to see what they do with thes nwes. No more to you at thys tyme, but *sapienti pauca*. Wryttyne under the hand off your lovying master,

HENRY R.

The exact date of this letter is uncertain, but it probably belongs to the year 1519. The writer was then less than thirty years of age, so that the acknowledgment he makes of the tediousness and trouble he finds in writing must be accounted for by a defective education. The whole style of the letter—its spelling and handwriting—bears this out. The news to which Henry refers may allude to the overtures recently made for a closer alliance with France. It is difficult to assign any particular reason for Henry's suspicion of the nobles mentioned, most of whom were at least outwardly enjoying his personal friendship. There is, however, a letter dated in the spring of 1518, from the Pope to the Bishop of Worcester, which gives obscure hints as to a disaffection amongst the nobles; and of this disaffection the shrewd writer of the letter before us may have been cognisant, though he was too good a diplomatist to allow his knowledge to show itself openly.

Of Henry's half dozen wives we have examples of the handwriting of five—Catherine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, and Catherine Parr. I do not know of a specimen of Catherine Howard's writing, though no doubt some are in existence.

The following signature of Queen Catherine of Arragon — "Your loving mother Katherina the Qwene"—is appended to a letter written in a clerk's hand from Woburn, probably in the year 1525, to her daughter the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen. In this the writer alludes to the pleasure she feels at her child's study and "writing in Lattine" being superintended by so able a master of the language as "Maister Federston."



British Museum. Cotton MS. Vesp. F. xiii. f. 72.

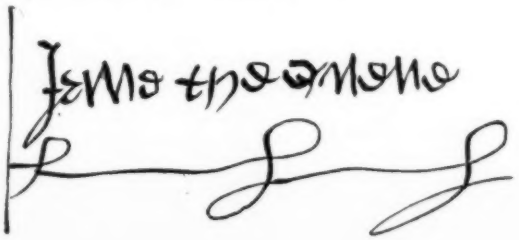
Of Anne Boleyn's writing we get a better example. Here is a holograph letter of hers, written to Cardinal Wolsey some three or four years before her marriage to Henry, when she was about twenty years of age. The allusions to her correspondent's efforts to assist her in becoming the King's consort, and her promise of future gratitude, are exceedingly curious, as showing the action taken by the Cardinal with regard to Henry's second marriage. The expression, "how wretched and unworthy I am in comparying to his hyghness," is probably an allusion to the position which she held as maid to Henry's first wife. The letter is as follows:—

"My Lord after my most humble recommendacions this shall be to gyve unto your grace as I am most bownd my humble thankes for the gret payn and travell that your grace doth taketin stewydeng by your wysdome and gret dylygens howe to brynge to pass honerably the gretyst welth that is possyble to come to any creatour lyvyng, and in especyall remembryng howe wretcchyd and unworthy I am in comparying to his hyghnes. And for you I do knowe my self never to have deservyd by my desertes so that you shuld take this gret payn for me yet dayly of your goodnes I do perceyve by all my frendes and though that I hade nott knowlege by them the dayly proffe of your dedes doth declare your words and wrytynge towards me to be trewe nowe good my Lord your dyscressyon may consyder as yet howe lytle it is in my power to recompence you but all onely with my good wyl the whiche I assewer you that after this matter is brought to pas, you shall fynd me, as I am bownd in the mean tyme, to owe you my servyce, and then, loke what thyng in this woreld I can inmagen to do you pleasor in, you shall fynd me the gladdyst woman in the woreld to do yt and next unto the Kynges grace of one thyng I make you full promes to be assewryd to have yt and that is my harty love unfaynydly deweryng my lyf and beyng fully determyned with Goddes grace never to change thys porpos I make an end of thys my reude and trewe meanyd letter, praying ower Lord to send you moche increse of honer with long lyfe. Wrytten with the hand of her that besychys your grace to except this letter as prosydyng from one that is most bound to be

Your humble and
Obedyent servant
ANNE BOLEYN.

Holograph. British Museum. Cotton MSS. Vesp. F. xiii. f. 73. *See facsimile opposite.*

In 1536 Henry procured the execution of Anne Boleyn, and married—three days after her execution—Jane Seymour. Their married life was but of short duration, as she died in the October following, twelve days after the birth of their first child, afterwards Edward VI. A good specimen of her signature exists in a formal letter written at Hampton Court, four months before her death, to the keeper of the royal park at Havering-at-Bower, in which she directs him to furnish "the gentlemen of the Chapell Royall of my soverayn Lorde the King" with two bucks "of this season." The signature reads as follows:—



My lord affer my moſt humble recommendacions thiſ ſhall be to gyve vnto yͤ grace
ab3 am moſt bownd my humble thanke for the gret payn and trabull that yͤ
grace doth take in ſtrengthyng by yͤ wyſdome and grett dyligens howe to bryng
to pas honorably the gretyſt Welth that ib poſſible to come to any creatt lyvyng
and in eſpecyall remembryng ſelle wretchyd and vnworthy I rendir thankyng
to hiſ hyghnes/and for you I do bidde my ſelf neuer to habe deſſyred by my deſty 6
that you ſhuld trabe thiſ gret payn for me yet dayly of yͤ goodnes I do wrygte
by all my ffrendſ and thought that I habe nott vnthankfull be them the dayly
proffe of yͤ dedſ doth declare yͤ Wordſ and Wrytyng forbard me to be
treme wolbe good my lord yͤ dyſcressyon may conſyder ab yet ſelle-lykke it
ib in my power to recompence you but all onely ꝓ my good wyll the Whiche
I aſſewer you that affer thiſ matter ib brought to pas you ſhall fynd me
ab I am bownd in the meane tyme to olbe you my ſeruyſe and then-loke
what thyng in thiſ Worrelde I can in mergen to do you pleaſſyr in you
ſhall fynd me the gladdyſt Woman in the Worrelde to do yt and nexte
vn to the hyghſt grace of me thyng I make you ſall prumeſ to be aſſewryd
to fynde yt me and that ib my hertys lobe buſſynyddly dettermyng my lyf
and beyng ſtully determynyd ꝓ godds grace neuer to thynke thiſ
gorgub I made amend of thyſ my rude and trelbe mendyd-letter
prayng alber lord to ſend you morbe increſe of honer ꝓ lonyng lyfe
Wrytten ꝓ the hand of her that beſyrbyb yͤ grace to accept thiſ letter
ab preſydyng from one that ib moſt bolbud to be

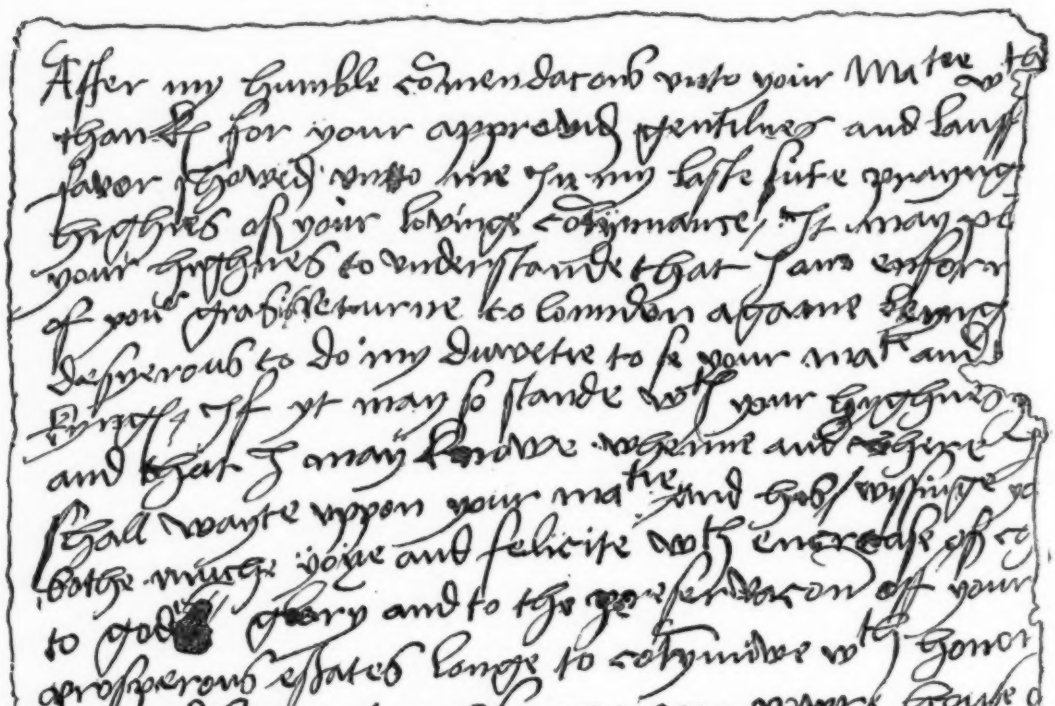
From Mrs Anne Bullen after her Marriage to the King:

yͤ humble and
obedyent ſeruant

anne boleyn

Henry married Anne of Cleves on 6th January, 1540, and was divorced from her a few months later. The "happy insensibility of temper"—as Hume calls it—which allowed her to consent to live apart from the King, to be to him "as a sister," and to accept £3,000 a year "pension,"[1] is shown in the following letter, which she wrote to her step-daughter, the Princess Mary (shortly after the latter's marriage with Philip of Spain), from her country house at Hever, in Kent:—

Holograph. Original Public Record Office. State Papers, Domestic. Mary. See facsimile below.



After my humble commendations unto your Ma^ty with like thanks for your approved Gentilnes, and Lawful favour shewed unto me in my last sute, praying your Highness of your Loving Continuance, It may please your Highness to understand that I am informed of your Graces return to London again being desirous to do my duty to your Ma^ty, and the King, If it may so stande with your Highness's plea-

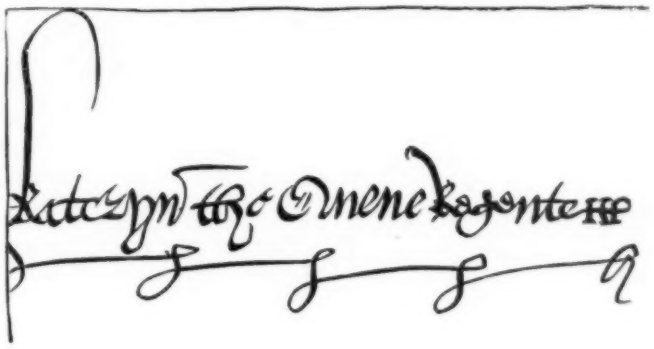
[1] She died at Chelsea, in 1557

sure. And that I may knowe when and where I shal wayt uppon your Ma^ty and his; wishing you both much joy and felicity wth increase of Children to God's Glory and to the preservacon of your prosperous Estates long to continue wth honor in all godly Vertue, from my poore house of Hever the 4th of August.

Your highnes to command,
ANNA the Daughter of Cleves.

[*Addressed*] *to the Queens Ma^ty.*

Taking Henry's wives in order of date, we now come to Catherine Howard, whom he married on the 26th of July, 1540, and who was beheaded on 12th February, 1542. As I said previously, I have failed to discover a specimen of her writing, and so will pass on to that monarch's sixth and last spouse, Catherine Parr, whom he married in July in 1543, and who survived him; though, according to the story told by Fox, she had, on one occasion, a narrow escape of parting with her head. However, there can be no doubt that of Catherine Parr's ability Henry ultimately entertained an opinion very different from that which he had of any of his previous wives, as the facsimile below—which shows us Catherine's signature as queen-regent—demonstrates. In the document to which this signature is appended, the Queen pleads on behalf of one of her servants that he may benefit from some confiscated church lands: it has many points of interest, though, not being holograph, is unworthy of quotation or representation in the present series. It belongs to the year 1544, when Henry had crossed the Channel to assist the Emperor Charles in his wars against the King of France.



THE AMERICAN CENTENARY.

THE present month completes a century of American history. It was on the 30th of April a hundred years ago that George Washington was installed as President. That date is to be commemorated in the United States. The Constitution, drafted in 1787, and accepted in the following year by the requisite number of States, came first into force in March, 1789. Times and manners have changed since Washington used to drive in a coach and six through an unshapen city to open Congress; but the Constitution has remained, not without modifications and development, to become the bond of a great people, to whom the world allots still greater place in the future.

It was fitting that the new President in taking office last month should allude to this centenary. General Harrison's words in his Message have permanent interest:

"This occasion is peculiarly interesting, as it marks the beginning of the Second Century under the Constitution. I will not attempt to note the marvellous contrasts between this country as it steps over the threshold into the Second Century of organised existence under the Constitution, and that weak, but wisely ordered, young nation that looked undauntedly down the First Century.

"The people will not fail to recall the incidents which accompanied the institution of the Government under the Constitution, or find inspiration and guidance in the teachings and example of Washington and his great associates, and hope and courage in the contrast which thirty-eight prosperous States now offer to the thirteen, weak in everything except courage and love of liberty, that then fringed the Atlantic seaboard. Dakota has a population greater than any of the original States, except Virginia. The centre of population when the National capital was located was east of Baltimore.

"Many well-informed persons argued that it would move eastward rather than westward. Yet, in 1880, it was near Cincinnati, and the census of 1890 will show another stride westward. What was the body has come to be only the rich fringe of the nation's robe, but the growth is not limited to territory, population, and aggregate wealth, marvellous as each has been. The masses are better fed, clothed, and housed than their fathers were. Facilities for popular education have been vastly enlarged and more generally diffused.

"The virtues of courage and patriotism have increasing power in the hearts and lives of the people, the influences of religion have been multiplied and strengthened, the sweet offices of charity have greatly increased, and temperance is more highly esteemed. We have not attained an ideal condition, but, on the whole, the opportunities offered to the individual to secure the comforts of life are better than are found elsewhere, and largely better than they were a century ago."

It is a happy coincidence that at such a time "the American Commonwealth[1]" should have

[1] "The American Commonwealth." By James Bryce, author of "The Holy Roman Empire," and M.P. for Aberdeen. 3 vols. Macmillan.

found so competent an observer as Mr. Bryce to note its characteristics and progress. The three volumes in which he has published the results of his inquiries have already passed under general review; their value has been recognised by men of all parties; and they have been received in the United States with an appreciation not less complete. Since the appearance of De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," no such attempt has been made to deal with the political and social life of the American people. Mr. Bryce approaches the subject without a theory; there is no trace of partisan or even philosophic purpose in his work; he states facts as far as they can be ascertained, and puts them simply in the light of his ample historical knowledge, bringing to his task a rarely judicial temper. No one who believes in the "solidarity" of nations—that all are gainers or losers by the successes or failures of each—can allow these volumes to pass without careful study. They must rank among the most important productions of recent years; and America is fortunate that they should appear just now, when, in the jubilant chorus of the hundred years, a discriminating voice is needed rightly to administer both praise and blame.

In view of this centenary celebration we venture to borrow a few of Mr. Bryce's facts. Especially timely is his introductory reference to the sordid and unworthy side of American politics. The European reader, as such, he remarks, "fails almost of necessity to realise the existence in the American people of a reserve of force and patriotism more than sufficient to sweep away all the evils which are now tolerated, and to make the politics of the country worthy of its material grandeur and of the private virtues of its inhabitants. America excites an admiration which must be felt upon the spot to be understood. The hopefulness of her people communicates itself to one who moves among them, and makes him perceive that the graver faults of politics may be far less dangerous there than they would be in Europe. A hundred times," adds Mr. Bryce, "have I been disheartened by the facts I was stating; a hundred times has the recollection of the abounding strength and vitality of the nation chased away these tremors."

The National Government comes first under review. As regards the origin of the Constitution which has borne the test of so long a period, it was framed with careful regard to contingencies that are now less considered. We cannot here follow Mr. Bryce's analysis, but the following sentences may well be weighed. "The American Constitution is no exception to the rule that everything which has power to win the obedience and respect of men must have its roots deep in the past, and that the more slowly every institution has grown, so much the more enduring is it likely to prove. There is little in that Constitution that is absolutely new. There is much that is as old as Magna Charta."

The Presidential Powers and Duties are well known, with the limitations that attach to them. The choice of party leaders as presidents has in reality caused far less mischief than might have been expected.

> Party government may be necessary. So far as we can see, it is necessary. But it is a necessary evil; and whatever tends to diminish its mischievous influence upon the machinery of administration, and to prevent it from obtruding itself upon foreign States—whatever holds up a high ideal of devotion to the nation as a majestic whole, living on from century to century, while parties form and dissolve and form again—strengthens and ennobles the commonwealth and all its citizens. . . . . Socially regarded, the American presidency deserves nothing but admiration. The President is simply the "first citizen of a free nation," depending for his dignity on no title, no official dress, no insignia of state.

Europeans often ask, as Mr. Bryce remarks, and Americans do not always explain, "how it happens that this great office, the greatest in the world, unless we except the Papacy, to which any man can rise by his own merits, is not more frequently filled by great and striking men." Accordingly he devotes a chapter to this point, "Why great men are not chosen Presidents." James Russell Lowell, since his return to America, has spoken of the comparative lack of "great men" in the Republic, and its apparent failure to produce the highest types; and in common with many of his countrymen he pleads for a more resolute individuality as tending to create more favourable conditions for their production. Mr. Bryce does not discuss the subject from this aspect, but notes the practical considerations which have ruled, and which are all of a simple order. His retrospect is interesting at this moment.

> If we compare the eighteen Presidents who have been elected to office since 1789 with the nineteen English Prime Ministers of the same hundred years, there are but six of the latter, and at least eight of the former, whom history calls personally insignificant; while only Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Grant can claim to belong to a front rank represented in the English list by seven, or possibly eight, names. It would seem that the natural selection of the English parliamentary system, even as modified by the aristocratic habits of this country, has more tendency to bring the highest gifts to the highest place than the more artificial selection of America.

But even this contrast suggests that great crises produce great men. The throes of a nation are, in truth, the birthtime of its greatest sons, for in times of peril petty strife and vanities fall away, and genuine faculty finds its opportunity. Probably one reason which so far has operated in favour of England is the range of greater questions to which our statesmen have been called. The proximity of rival states, and the complicated issues of the centuries past—to say nothing of world-wide relationships—demand unusual powers in those who govern.

The presidential sphere has, moreover, its limits, as clearly defined as those of a constitutional monarchy. We must refer those of our readers who desire to study the American system in detail to Mr. Bryce's volumes. It has been often before described in its main features, but never with such minuteness of critical knowledge. As regards the Senate and the House of Representatives, Mr. Bryce writes:

> The numbers of the two American Houses seem small to

a European when compared, on the one hand, with the population of the country—on the other with the practice of European States. The Senate has seventy-six members, against the British House of Lords with about five hundred and sixty, and the French Senate with three hundred. The House has three hundred and twenty-five, against the British House of Commons with six hundred and seventy, and the French and Italian Chambers with five hundred and eighty-four and five hundred and eight respectively. The Americans, however, doubt whether both their Houses have not already become too large. They began with twenty-six in the Senate, sixty-five in the House—numbers then censured as too small, but which worked well, and gave less encouragement to idle talk and vain display than the crowded halls of to-day. The proportion of representatives to inhabitants, originally one to 30,000, is now one to 154,000, having constantly fallen as the population increased. The inclination of wise men is to stop further increase when the number of 400 has been reached, for they perceive that the House already suffers from disorganisation, and fear that a much larger one would prove unmanageable. . . . American Congressmen are more assiduous in their attendance than the Members of most European legislatures. The great majority do not remain steadily at Washington through the Session, but are usually to be found in the Capitol—often in their Chamber itself while a sitting lasts. There is therefore comparatively little trouble in making a quorum, though the quorum consists of one-half in each House.

The Federal Courts have had no small share in maintaining the equilibrium of the century past. But when all these central powers and institutions have been taken into account they represent very imperfectly the vast and complex life of the American people. No part of Mr. Bryce's volumes has greater interest than that which treats of the State Governments. These each have their part in shaping the nation. The earlier constitutions were most of them framed under the impressions of the Revolutionary War, and consist of little beyond an elaborate Bill of Rights, and the outline of a comparatively simple form of government. All the Southern States except Kentucky have given themselves new constitutions. The later constitutions without exception tend to greater length. "One discovers in their wording a decline of that touching faith in the efficacy of broad declarations of abstract human rights, which marked the disciples of Jefferson."

It appears that "the total number of distinct constitutions adopted in 1776, or enacted in the several States since that year—the States being then thirteen and now thirty-eight in number—is one hundred and five; and to these constitutions two hundred and fourteen partial amendments have been at different times adopted." The average duration of a constitution has been estimated at thirty years, and ten have lasted more than sixty years. These periods may be relatively short, but there is no evidence of such inconstancy in the Democracy, as even De Tocqueville might suggest.

No constitution, it should be observed, can be enacted save by the direct vote of the citizens. This appeal to the great body of the people is frequently made for indirect purposes. Thus, a question may be debated in the State Legislature; timid members may shrink from the issue; party men may be involved in feud; but a reference to the people, who have in this particular no legislative power, gives the clue to representatives, and these are guided in their ultimate decision by the vote of the majority thus invited. In actual practice it is found that the people are often wiser than their politicians—that there is sufficient good sense amongst them to rise above the partisan or personal motives which find expression in the several Houses.

The Republic has passed through fierce fires since James Russell Lowell had his peaceful vision, amid the shadows of "The Cathedral" of Chartres, of that great Democracy of the West coming as a new "avatar" across the ancient paths. His question will bear repeating as this century lapses into history.

> Shall not that western Goth, of whom we spoke,
> So fiercely practical, so keen of eye,
> Find out some day that nothing pays but God,
> Served, whether on the smoke-shut battlefield,
> In work obscure done honestly, or vote
> For truth unpopular, or faith maintained
> To ruinous convictions, or good deeds
> Wrought for good's sake, mindless of heaven or hell?
> Shall he not learn that all prosperity
> Whose bases stretch not deeper than the sense,
> Is but a trick of this world's atmosphere,
> A desert-born mirage of spire and dome?
> Or find too late the Past's long lesson missed,
> That dust the prophets shake from off their feet
> Grows heavy to drag down both tower and wall?
> I know not; but sustained by pure belief
> That man still rises level with the height
> Of noblest opportunities, or makes
> Such if the time supply not, I can wait.

The historical associations of the year will naturally direct attention to the framework of Government, but the life of the people of the United States is not bound by constitutions. If Mr. Bryce's book is in any sense a mirror to them at this epoch, they cannot be affronted by the features he shows. As Longfellow says of children,

> "The world belongs to those who come the last,—"

and so of a nation in whose life a hundred years may count but as the brief spaces of youth, it has a sphere of its own, in which the noblest ideals may yet become a reality to bless mankind.



THE DANCING BEAR.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

PART III.

JOSEPH LE BAS fastened the chain which hung over his arm to the bear's collar, the other end was fastened to his own belt.

"Come along, Pepin," he said.

Pepin moved a few steps, then he stopped and looked piteously at his master.

"So tired, eh?" said Joseph. "Well, then, we will get some dry straw and find a quiet resting-place."

The bear's feet were sore and blistered, and for many days past he had taken but little rest. As long as they travelled through France, at any rate as far as Nancy, they had gone over familiar ground, and Pepin had found many old friends in the farmhouses and cottages. The good folk were quite as glad to welcome him as they were to see his master again. Even in villages they had not before visited they were still on the French side of the frontier, and Joseph Le Bas could make himself understood in his own language; and he could tell the women and children when they crowded to the cottage doors what a wonderful beast was his dumb friend Pepin, and some clean straw or dried fern was often given him for a bed.

When they got into the Vosges country this was all changed. Joseph was cross-questioned in German by a couple of men in uniform, and then was conducted with Pepin to the nearest village, where, fortunately for him, the chief at the police station could speak French, and could read the bear leader's certificates as to character which he always carried with him.

But Joseph was not dismissed without a tedious delay and a recommendation to keep to the high road.

This had very much lengthened their journey, for the bear's first master had traced out a route across country which would have greatly lessened the distance between home and Heidelberg.

However, out of evil sometimes comes good, Joseph thought, for at one of the large towns, which they would certainly have missed had they followed the student's route, Joseph learned that a fair was to be held at Wurzburg in the following month, and he was strongly advised by the landlord, who spoke French, to take his bear there.

It was very dull for Joseph Le Bas to find himself constantly among people who could not understand a word he said, but it was worse for the bear; poor Pepin was having a bad time of it among the German peasants. They would not suffer him to lie even under an open cart shed, and they either could not or would not understand Joseph when he asked for hay or straw to put on the damp ground for his bear to lie on at night. They shook their heads and shouted "No!" and growled out menaces at the poor animal, who never growled at them in return. It was quite enough for them that the bear's master was a Frenchman, and they were even reluctant to let him come into the beerhouses. Lately there had been a week of heavy rain, and Joseph had therefore travelled through part of the night as well as by day, thinking it safer to let the poor beast rest in the daytime, when sometimes there was an hour or so of sunshine, than to let him sleep on the wet ground in the darkness.

Last night it had rained heavily, and Joseph quite understood Pepin's unwillingness to leave this dry market-place. The sun was shining, too, and the heavy rain-clouds seemed to be at last taking their departure.

The Frenchman looked round him; he saw a broad-faced man packing hampers and baskets of unsold fruit and vegetables into a cart; the bottom of the cart was completely hidden by shining yellow straw.

"Come, then, Pepin," he said, and he went up to the man. Pepin's chain was so long that his master could move without disturbing him.

"My friend," the flute-player smiled as he spoke, "will you of your kindness let me have an armful of clean straw?"

The man shook his head; and then Joseph, who had by this time picked up a little German, repeated his question in that language.

"What do you want it for?"

The German spoke surlily; a brother of his had been killed at the taking of Metz, and although that was ten years ago, he had never forgiven the French, to whom he attributed his loss.

Joseph looked over his shoulder towards Pepin.

"I want it for my bear," he said. "The poor beast has taken cold, I fear, by lying on the damp ground last night."

The man growled out some very ugly-sounding German words.

"I don't care a kreutzer for your bear. If you had wanted it for yourself, good, though it would have gone against the grain with me to help a Frenchman; but for your bear, no! there is plenty of hay and refuse on the ground, see there! that is quite good enough for a dirty bear."

Joseph was disgusted at such boorishness and unkindness, for he understood enough to know what the man meant.

"Eh, my friend!" he said, "I do not mean that you should give me the straw; I have money to pay you for it. I want some clean straw to rub my poor beast's coat with."

The German had gone back to his packing. He made no open answer to Joseph, but he muttered to himself, "Pay, indeed! Who knows how a mountebank comes by his money?—not honestly, always, I know. If that ugly brute of a bear were to die, it would not signify a kreutzer."

He scowled over his shoulder at Pepin. Joseph could not make out all the man said, but he understood that he was refused, and disliked as well. He checked his anger when he looked at the bear.

"Come along, my poor Pepin," he said; "there is no use in staying here;" and giving a gentle pull to the collar he led the bear out of the market-place.

They soon came to another open square, with hotels on two sides of it; towering above, on a dark wooded hill, was the red ruined castle which Joseph's student friend had told him was one of the wonders of Germany. Joseph looked at the grand, picturesque ruin, and shook his head.

"Wonder or not," he said, "you are some hundreds of feet above us, old castle, and my poor Pepin is not fit to climb; it is much if he can even walk."

He knew that the bridge lay hereabouts, and he thought if he could get down beside the river the bear would be able to drink his fill, and perhaps he might find a dry corner where the poor tired animal could rest.

"My poor Pepin!" he said, as he turned out of the square and went along the road that led to the bridge; "if these foolish people knew how docile you are, instead of crying out and shutting their doors against you, they would even welcome you, and perhaps give you a corner beside the hearth, so that you might dry your wet coat. Cheer up, my child! We will go no further than Wurzburg, and then we will turn back and go home to Françoise and to little Pierrot, and you shall rest in your comfortable stable again. Think of seeing little Pierrot—eh, Pepin?"

Joseph turned from the bridge and found his way, a little farther on, down beside the river.

The bear had moved his head from side to side while he listened, but when he heard Pierrot's name he gave a low contented growl. It was plain that he loved his little friend at home, and that he had not forgotten him. Joseph stopped when he reached the waterside, but Pepin did not go eagerly to drink. He lay down at once on the rough bank; he was evidently quite exhausted.

There was not even a cottage in sight, and by this time they were a good half mile from the busy part of Heidelberg. "No one will meddle with us here, my friend," Joseph said; and unstrapping his wallet, he drew out from it a piece of green baize, many tinted now with exposure to the weather. He placed this on the bank, and told Pepin to get up and lie on it; but he had to help the poor beast to shift his position. There was a post near the water, which looked as if it was used to fasten boats to, and Joseph flung the bear's chain round it and then proceeded to light his pipe. While he smoked he grew more cheerful. He had become strangely depressed while in Heidelberg; the people had been unkind and inhospitable; and, besides, it was a much larger and more modern town than he had expected. He had certainly not gone much about it, because Pepin was so tired; but he had not seen one little wayside inn of the sort likely to furnish him with a night's lodging.

"No, no, Pepin," he said, "we will keep to the by-paths in future; these great towns are too grand both for you and for me. We will try to find people of our own sort."

A violent snort from Pepin roused him. Then there came the sound of a deep hollow cough, and the bear opened his eyes and shivered. Joseph was frightened; he had never heard his bear cough; and he bent over Pepin and felt the creature's nose; it was dry and hot, and his eyes looked inflamed. Then Joseph felt the poor beast's swollen toes; they were as hot as live coals.

Joseph pulled out a mug, and going to the river's brink he filled it with water. The bear

drank eagerly out of the tin plate into which Joseph had poured the water. But he refused to eat the bread his master offered him. Joseph knelt down and began to bathe the hot and blistered toes; but at the first touch of the cold water Pepin drew his foot away and began to shiver violently.

Joseph flung himself on the ground beside the suffering bear and put both arms round the creature's neck. "Courage, dear friend," he said, lovingly, "it will not do for you to break down before the end of the journey. Why, Pepin, whatever would Françoise say, I wonder; she can nurse you so much better than I can; and as to Pierrot, he would cry to think of your being ill so far away from him. Come, come, dear Pepin, remember Pierrot."

The bear left off shivering, and he growled softly. His eyes blinked; it seemed as if he were smiling at the name of his little friend.

PART IV.

FRAU WACHTER lived a few miles above Heidelberg, on the banks of the beautiful Neckar. Her husband's farm was small and badly kept, for he was miserly, and so he would not employ help enough to keep it in order; but there was a large cabbage-plot near the whitewashed house, and an apple orchard, and it was very pleasant standing as Frau Wachter stood this morning beside the well, to get glimpses, between the fruit-laden mossed branches, of the silver stream at the foot of the steep bank on which the house stood. There was real sunshine this morning, and it gleamed not only on the silver Neckar, but on the bright green vineyards and cornfields that clothed the opposite side of the steep valley.

While she let her bucket down the well Frau Wachter chatted with an older woman with a red handkerchief tied over her head, who had walked some distance to ask for a jug of buttermilk. The old woman stood holding a brass jug between her wrinkled, darkly-veined hands, while she listened open-mouthed to her neighbour's story.

"Yes"—Frau Wachter had a big lilac handkerchief over her head as a shelter from the July sunshine, and her fingers went on knitting while she waited for the pitcher to fill—"it was a hairy monster, and the man who led it was a demon, in spite of his pleasant face; I am not sure he did not cast the evil eye on Hertha. The child has been fractious all the morning. My man is silly enough to say it is on account of the sweeties I bought her in the market. I know better than that; what think you, Johanna Spiegel?"

Johanna Spiegel had never seen a monster or a demon in her life, but she was beholden to Frau Wachter in many small ways, and she therefore made a point of agreeing with her, let her say what she would.

"It is wonderful and terrible," she said, with a solemn face, "to hear that there are hairy monsters and demons going about the earth we live on. I had a fancy, silly old woman that I am, that these things were only in books. See how one lives and learns, honoured frau, from one's betters, and I am past my seventieth birthday."

Frau Wachter's smooth pink face beamed. Her husband often told her she was foolish, and she found it both soothing and pleasant to be looked up to for superior wisdom, and to be called honoured lady, even by poor old Johanna Spiegel.

"You must see Hertha before you go," Frau Wachter said. "It is true she is fractious, but she is worth seeing. Only yesterday in the market a foreign gentleman asked to take a likeness of her, and so many remarks were made on her beauty that I was afraid the dear child would hear."

Old Johanna patted her friend's plump arm caressingly.

"Well, well," she said, "in your young days—not so far off, neither—you had surely many like praises, worshipful neighbour, and you see they have not injured you, so you need not fear for Hertha. But I must be going, and I return you many thanks; where shall I look for the little beauty, my honoured friend?"

"My husband is cutting a second crop of grass in the low meadow." Frau Wachter nodded in the direction of the river—"The child has gone there to play with the hay."

She had scarcely spoken when shrieks of terror and cries for help were heard in the field by the river.

"It is my Hertha!" Frau Wachter cried. "Ah, then! what has happened?" The mother started off so vigorously that she very nearly sent old Johanna to the bottom of the well—indeed, if the old woman had not snatched at one of the lower apple boughs, she would certainly have fallen in, so completely had the Frau's push, as she hurried past her, upset her balance.

Johanna was, however, curious to see what had happened, and when she had groaned and pitied herself for several minutes she hobbled after the Frau, who had hurried into the hayfield.

But when she reached the gate Johanna only gave a glance at the sobbing child, who lay face downwards in the grey-green hay. The old woman's eyes followed Frau Wachter's outstretched arm, and the sight she beheld made her few remaining hairs stand on end with a terror that was almost idiotic.

Frau Wachter stood half way between Hertha and the gate, gesticulating, shaking her head, and pointing to the road; and just within the gate stood a man, dressed as Johanna had never seen a man dressed before, holding by a chain a huge ungainly creature covered with rough brown hair, a shapeless creature with red eyes, standing on four legs.

Johanna, feeling sure that her last hour had come, fell on her knees and began to say her prayers.

She did not hide her eyes, though, not for the world would she have lost sight of the two fiends, for doubtless these were the evil beings encountered at the market by her respected friend and benefactress. And, not content with casting an evil eye on the beautiful child yonder, the demons had tracked her to her home, and were

about to devour her before her mother's eyes. Old Johanna remembered to have heard it said that the taste of blood makes a wild beast doubly savage, and in an instant came the appalling certainty that first Frau Wachter and next she herself would be crunched between the jaws of the blood-thirsty monster.—As she realised the nearness of this awful fate, Johanna began to howl so frightfully that little Hertha jumped up from the hay and clung to her mother's skirts.

At this Joseph came forward and cried out to the women that there was nothing to fear, and at the same moment he signed to Pepin to lie down. The hay at this end of the field had been in broad sunshine since early morning, and Pepin, the bear, refreshed by a night's rest beside the river, became so elated when he felt this soft, warm bed under him, that he began to roll on his back, opening his red mouth widely, and giving vent to low growls of pleasure.

At this Frau Wachter and Hertha joined their cries and shrieks to the howling of old Johanna till really it was easy to fancy that Joseph and his bear made part of a large travelling menagerie, and that their four-footed companions had gone down towards the lower part of the field.

It was plain that the man who came suddenly up from the lower road beside the river had this thought in his mind, for he had seized a pitchfork on his way, and he came forward brandishing it as if he expected to be violently assaulted by some unseen enemy.

But Gotthelf Wachter was not troubled with the imaginary notions of his wife. He was very fat and brown, and he had such small eyes that it was wonderful how much he saw out of them. He saw now that his wife was behaving even more foolishly than usual, and as to that old Johanna, who stood yelling so hideously by the gate—well, he should like to shake her; but that his darling little Hertha should be made to cry, that was important, and required his immediate interference.

All at once he spied out Pepin. He had seen a bear before, but it had been confined behind iron bars. Although this morning he had contradicted his wife, and had maintained that the Frenchman had as much right to lead about a dancing bear as another man had to travel with a troop of performing dogs; yet, when he saw a big brown beast rolling and growling in his own field on his own newly-made hay, he stood for an instant stupefied with suprise, and then he boldly advanced with his pitchfork levelled at Pepin.

Joseph jerked the bear's chain and the creature stood up, but his master went towards the farmer.

"My friend," he called out in German, "my bear is quiet; he does no harm."

"Thunder and lightning!" cried the angry Gotthelf; "do you call that no harm?" And he pointed to Hertha. "Come, move off!" he went on, brandishing his fork, while his little eyes had a fierce gl am in them. "We want no bears here—or Frenchmen either—no, nor any more words. Begone, I say!"

Joseph threw up his arms; he protested with tears against this harshness; he tried to say how grieved he was to have frightened the dear little girl. "I, too," he said in French, "have a little boy—just the size of your sweet angel; and it is impossible that I could willingly cause sorrow to a child. See"—he managed to add this in German, while he held out his flute—"I will play her a tune, and my bear shall dance to please her; after that we will go."

Gotthelf hesitated. He felt a certain curiosity to witness the performance which his wife had said so much about, and he understood, too, that he should get the sight gratis, which soothed and pleased his miserly soul; but at the sight of his hesitation the two women, who had never for a moment taken their eyes from him, began again to shriek and howl, and Hertha naturally joined in chorus.

Gotthelf's endurance came to an end. "Be silent, women!" he shouted; and then he plunged forward through the hay, brandishing his pitchfork so threateningly that Joseph Le Bas saw he must retreat.

"Come, old friend," he said to Pepin, "let us go. There is no use in reasoning with an angry man."

So the bear and his master turned their backs on the field which had promised to be such a pleasant resting-place, and once more they were driven to seek the high road.

PART V.

THREE days have gone by, but they have been full of delicious warmth, and Pepin no longer coughs; he seems to revel in the golden sunshine, which is sometimes too hot for his master.

Whether the general dryness and brightness have made the people more friendly, or whether the natives of the Odenwald are more genial by nature than those of the Rhine plain, it is certain that Pepin has been everywhere heartily welcomed. His fame had gone before him in the first village the wayfarers came to; several of the inhabitants, less prejudiced than Frau Wachter, had been to market at Heidelberg and had taken home a wonderful report of the bear's performance; as soon, therefore, as the first notes of Joseph's flute sounded, all the children quickly gathered into the square in the hope of seeing the bear dance.

The sight of an audience always pleased Pepin; he had slept well, too; the night before he was loudly applauded, and he danced his best.

When he took the tin plate round the admiring circle, by this time increased by all the mothers and grandsires of the place, he brought it back to his master almost as full as it was at Heidelberg. Pepin's success had been as great when they came to the next village, Neckar Steinach.

At Neckar Steinach a carriage driving by had stopped for a few moments, and two pretty little girls in it had thrown some coins to the bear. They looked so sweet and smiling that Joseph felt cheered. If he could, he thought, only show off his bear to gentlefolks he felt sure they would be kinder, and give Pepin a stable to sleep in. The person who sat in the carriage with the

children was evidently their nurse or some one of the household; and she soon bade the coachman drive on, but the children kissed their hands to Pepin as long as they could see him.

Joseph often thought of the two charming children, and wondered if he should have the good fortune to meet with them again. He had remarked the absence of luggage on the carriage; this showed that they were not travellers, and as he knew how far they were from any large town in the direction they had taken, it seemed to him that possibly they might live in some schloss or castle on the heights beside the river.

Pepin and his master soon reached another village, and in the daytime nothing could be kinder or more friendly than the behaviour of every one towards Joseph and his companion, but with night came a change; it was the old story over again. No one would give shelter to a bear. However, it has been said that the nights were dry and warm, and Joseph and Pepin had passed their nights sometimes under the eaves of a cottage, sometimes in an open shed into which they had crept when the lights no longer showed in the cottage windows.

They were an uncomplaining pair, and there was money to buy food with. There was plenty, too, to pay for a night's lodging, for Joseph could not bear to lose sight of his dumb friend, so he generally lay close against the bear's back, profiting by the warmth of the creature's shaggy brown coat.

The nights were so short and so light that the two friends frequently travelled through them; they took a long sleep in the hottest part of each day. Pepin was certainly better, his master thought, but to-day he had again become footsore, and they travelled more slowly beside the lovely river, with its border of gnarled fruit-laden apple-trees.

"I wish we were safe home again, my Pepin," Joseph said to his faithful friend this morning when he roused from sleep. He had been dreaming of his pretty cottage beside the Isère, with its vine-covered hills and olive orchards, and its golden river washing the feet of castle-crowned cliffs.

It was afternoon of the third day since they had left Heidelberg; in the last place they had passed through the innkeeper had told Joseph that it would save him some miles of journey if he left the river at the next town he reached, and struck boldly into the forest.

"There are many good roads through the Odenwald," the man said; "but this one strikes direct across country towards the bend which the Main makes at a place called Miltenberg. After that the river itself will lead you to Würzburg if you follow its course."

It seemed to Joseph that this was good advice. In the wild forest he thought he and his bear would be freer, and more likely to find a night-shelter than along the high road.

They had taken a shorter midday nap than usual, and they had just resumed their journey, when all at once Joseph halted.

"Eh, friend Pepin," he cried, "that is truly a sight to see!"

For some time past the wood on the left behind the apple-trees had been dark with the blue of pines, and the river curved inward towards them; but now a green hill behind the wood, some way in front of the travellers, seemed to advance towards the stream, shutting out further progress; in front of it, showing between the gnarled apple-boughs, were the red-tiled houses of a most picturesque little walled town; and on the pine-covered heights above stood a red ruined castle.

The town looked like some old mediæval city in miniature, crouching at the feet of the tyrannic lord of the castle, at once its protector and its oppressor.

Soon a path showed itself to the travellers, leading up to an arched gateway in the wall that circled the little brown, red-roofed town.

Joseph and his bear passed through the archway in silence; at first the little place seemed deserted—there was not so much as a child playing in the central street.

Joseph stood still while he put his flute together, and he looked about him. The little town seemed to be shut in at each end by a projecting green hill. On the right was the river, gleaming in the sunshine, and on the left the lofty pine wood, showing the old ruins, blood-red in the afternoon sunlight, at the top of the lofty hill. The houses on either side of him were very quaint and varied; some of them had open doorways, gaping like deep, dark mouths; but these black shadows looked cool to the traveller fresh from the dusty road.

When Joseph had blown into the holes of his flute, he began to play a lively tune. Soon from the dark doorway nearest them there peeped a little flaxen head, and a blue-eyed toddler stood, with forefinger in its mouth, staring at the pair of strangers. Joseph looked across the way, and beheld another head, this one closely shaven and dark, and as round as a bullet; and then, as he went on playing, it seemed as if a magic wand had touched each house, for quite a number of childish faces were to be seen peeping out along the street, although the bodies belonging to them kept within doors.

The sight of these childish faces warmed Joseph's heart, and he began on a yet more lively tune. For the moment he had forgotten Pepin, but the faithful creature remembered his duties, and he stood erect, holding up his paws, and in another moment he would have begun to dance. At this there was a sudden transformation scene. The pretty heads disappeared; cries and loud screams issued from the dark entrances, and then another set of personages appeared on the scene; angry mothers, some old, some young, some short, some tall, but all angry-looking, all with knitting between their fingers, and all eager to see the cause of the general terror of their children.

Some of these women merely shrugged their square shoulders and went into the house again, each carefully shutting her outer door; others stood still, staring in open-mouthed astonishment, but one middle-aged dame, in a dark-blue skirt and a black jacket, set her arms akimbo and came forward into the street.

"Go along with you," she said; "vagabonds and tramps are not allowed within the walls of Hirschorn; go along, I say."

She stamped her heavy, carpet-shod foot as Joseph tried to get a hearing, then, frowning heavily with her shaggy grey eyebrows, she said, "If you and that ugly brute don't decamp in two minutes I will set all the dogs on you."

In her anger, she neither heeded Joseph's pathetic face, nor the sound of approaching footsteps, but the Frenchman who stood facing her saw a lady come out of one of the houses and advance towards the scolding woman.

It seemed to the poor flute-player that he had never seen such a face as this one before him. The lady was not beautiful and she was very simply dressed, a large straw hat shadowed her grey eyes, but it could not hide the kindness that beamed in them. She was very tall and slender, but she was very erect; she came forward with a firm, springy tread, and put her gloved hand on the woman's shoulder.

"What are you making such a noise about, Gretchen?" she said. "Tell me—"

The woman gave a start; she turned round and made an awkward curtsey.

"Graciousest lady baroness," she said, while she pointed at Joseph with her knitting-pins; "it is because of these vagrants who come here to disturb the peace of your serenity's village children by their antics. Five minutes ago, gracious lady, there was not a child in the town with dry eyes."

An amused smile curved the lady's lips.

"I am sorry to hear the children are all so silly," she answered.

Joseph could not quite make out this dialogue, but some of the words were familiar to him, and the kindly glances the lady bestowed first on him and then on Pepin showed him that she at least was not an enemy who would threaten him with the dogs of the place, for the poor fellow had understood Gretchen's threat, and it had alarmed him seriously. He knew that if Pepin were attacked in this way he would become savage.

"Pardon me, madame," he said, and he pulled off his hat.

The lady turned to him with a smile so full of gracious sweetness that the poor fellow's heart melted—he could hardly keep from tears.

"You are French, are you not?"

She spoke his language so well that Joseph wondered if she could be German.

"Yes, madame;" he again pulled off his hat and made a low bow—"I come from the banks of the Isère."

"Have you travelled so far, my poor man? Is your bear gentle? Will he let me pat him, I wonder?"

She gave a glance at Gretchen, and said to her, "The beast looks good and gentle. I am going to stroke his coat."

"He is as gentle as a child, madame," and Joseph put his hand on Pepin's collar and led him forward a few paces.

"Come, Gretchen, do not be silly," the lady said, while she patted his shaggy hide.

But the woman drew back in terror and shook her head.

"It is all very well for the gracious baroness, if it so pleases her, but for me it is quite otherwise. He would see in my eyes that I—I—"

She did not choose to own her fear, so she added with some hesitation, "I dislike him—nasty ugly brute—and when he saw this he would bite me or open his horrid arms and squeeze me to death between them; yes, yes, I can assure her noble graciousness that I have seen in a newspaper a picture of a bear hugging a man to death between his paws."

"Fie, Gretchen, I am ashamed of you," said the baroness, "this is not a wild beast; see, he is bowing and smiling." She laughed. "He has been taught manners, and I am going to take him to the Schloss; my children having already seen him at Neckar Steinach, and they will love to see him again. If you will follow me, my friend, I will take you where you and your bear shall have rest and refreshment. Come, the ascent is not so steep as it looks."

Joseph had felt overjoyed at the mention of the children, and he was full of hope as he followed the baroness.

Gretchen held up her hands in horror as she watched them go.



THE ULTIMA THULE OF KERRY.

VALENTIA AND THE SKELLIGS.

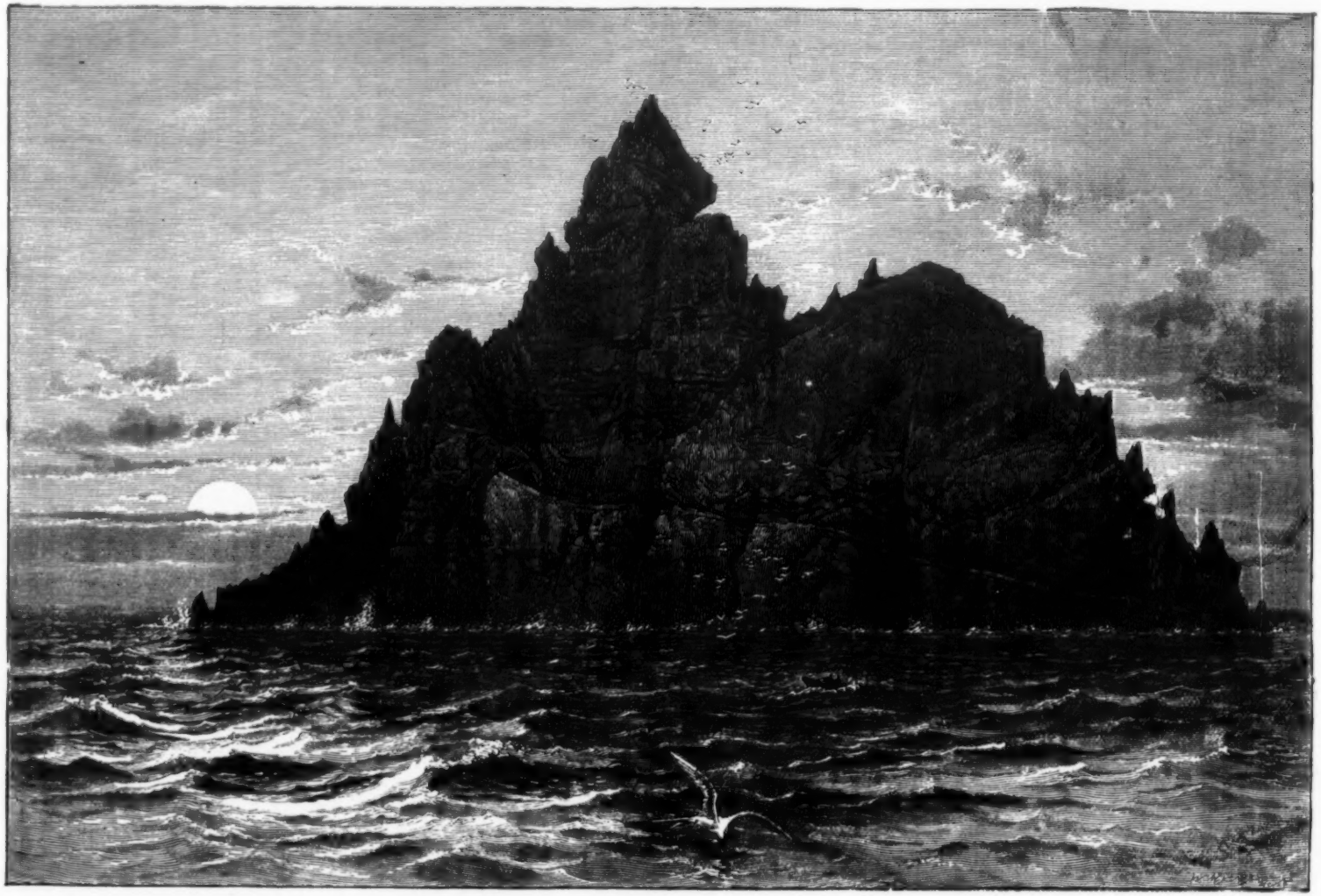
COMPARATIVELY few Englishmen seem to be aware of the variety and extent of Irish scenery. Or, if they are aware of it, few care to visit some of the loveliest parts of the United Kingdom. That the Killarney region is very lovely, that the Giant's Causeway is extraordinary, that the larger part of Ireland is a dreary peat-bog, that the country is not safe to travel in, and is most unlikely to reward the time and money expended in visiting it—these, perhaps, sum up the ordinary Englishman's general ideas about Irish scenery. This view receives confirmation from the fact that quite recently a well-known writer thought it appropriate to entitle a series of slight sketches of the most easily accessible parts of Ulster "An Unknown Country."

But, while admitting that the Lakes of Killarney possess an almost inexhaustible series of lovely scenes, and that the geological marvels of the Causeway are surprising, it may be stoutly maintained that these districts are, after all, equalled by many another in the Emerald Isle, whose merits are hardly ever celebrated. The beautiful southern Blackwater, the wild region of Gougane Barra, the rugged cliffs of the western coast, the whole of Donegal, and a large part of Derry exhibit natural beauties quite as attractive as anything Killarney can show, and much more pleasant to visit from the fact that they are free, for the most part, from the hordes of persistent beggars that infest the lake district. Could some considerable part of that host, which now annually betakes itself to Switzerland, Norway, France, and Scotland, be induced to visit Glengariff, Kilkee, Achill Island, Carrick and Slieve League, and other equally lovely spots, the travellers would not only see many of Nature's marvels, but they could not fail to come into much closer sympathy with the Irish people.

But our present destination is the Island of Valentia, in the extreme south-west of Co. Kerry, and the interesting group of yet more distant islets—the Skelligs. In not very remote times a trip to Valentia was somewhat formidable. But now a twenty-four hours' journey will carry the visitor from London to the neighbourhood of Valentia. The last stage must be made either on foot—and the pedestrian can find few finer walks in Britain—or by jaunting-car, the method which the great majority prefer. At present the rail does not extend beyond Killorglin, a little town some twelve or fourteen miles from Killarney. The route from thence to Cahirciveen is known as the mountain drive, and is justly extolled by all who have enjoyed its varying and striking scenery under a sunny sky. The road gradually ascends, with occasional views of Dingle Bay, until suddenly the crown of the ascent is reached, and the full extent of the bay is seen stretching away to the west. The traveller looks down a mountain valley which has recently acquired an evil reputation—Glenbeagh, of eviction notoriety. The road is perched on the mountain side high above the sea; and, as it winds around the shoulders of the mountain, very exhilarating views of sky and mountain and sea are obtained. Three miles beyond Cahirciveen the ferry, half a mile wide, is reached, and over this all intending visitors to Valentia must pass.

The crossing is usually made in a small rowing-boat, and the service is fairly good. It is, nevertheless, subject to those uncertainties which possibly occur a trifle more frequently in Ireland than elsewhere. On one occasion a boatman had promised faithfully overnight to meet me at the Valentia landing at 5 a.m., in order that I might catch the 6 a.m. mail-car from Cahirciveen. I was punctual, but no boat was in sight. At length a French fisherman, who was cruising somewhat aimlessly about in the harbour, was induced to take me across. The boat was large, but had about a foot of water in her. I had to sit in the bows, with feet upon the thwarts, for the quarter of an hour or so occupied in the passage. On landing, the car that should have met me was nowhere to be seen. I had to walk the three miles to Cahirciveen. The mail-car had, of course, started. When the landlord, who had faithfully promised to send the car to meet me, saw me, his conscience smote him. He said he had a fast mare that would soon catch the coach. A good specimen of the Irish driver accompanied me on the jaunting-car, but he had jumped up just as he was, without coat or any preparation for a long journey. For the first three miles he seemed hopeful of catching the object of his chase. Then he lost heart, and wished to return. A little resolution on my part urged him forward, and at last we *did* catch the coach, but it was only when we were within sight of Killorglin, eighteen Irish miles away, and where I was to take the train. It was "so Irish," but at the same time I caught my train. After the first hour it was one of the most amusing days I spent in the country, and one of the cheapest car rides I ever had. I refer to it here not to discourage any intending traveller, but to indicate the kind of adventures likely to be met—a kind all the more enjoyable because they tend to develop one's own resources, enable the stranger to get characteristic glimpses of native character and habits, and vary most successfully the somewhat monotonous regularity of modern travel.

Valentia Island, by its name, at once brings up Spanish associations. And no observant traveller can look upon many Kerry faces, or visit the western coast of that famous county, without recognising very clearly the presence of Spanish influences. In the faces of her people, in the names of her headlands, in the traditions and stories of her past life, Western Ireland reveals her ancient and her close association with Spain.



THE GREAT SKELLIG.

The old Irish name for the island, and that which the peasantry of Munster still use, is Dairbhre, pronounced Darrery, and meaning an oak forest, or a place abounding in oaks. According to the Irish legends it was once a great Druid stronghold, and hence, in the third century, the King of Munster summoned Mogh-Ruith, the chief Druid, to baffle the enchantments of those in the camp of the Great Cormac MacArt, who was then fighting against him near the hill now known as Knocklong. But both Druids and oaks have long since forsaken Valentia Island, and the visitor who now climbs its central hill and looks out over the breezy, brown uplands finds it exceedingly difficult to believe that there could ever have been a time when any variety of oak flourished on the slopes now constantly swept by the keen Atlantic breezes or the wild Atlantic storms.

The only place of any note upon the island is Knight's Town, a trim little port facing the harbour, the white houses standing out boldly against the background of hills rich in many of the darker shades of brown. Good harbours are none too frequent along this coast, and the inlet, some ten miles long, which separates Valentia from the mainland, being narrow at both the northern and western ends, forms a very fine natural harbour. In the fishing season Irish, Manx, French, and English fishing-boats may be seen at one time in its waters. The hotel is very comfortable and affords a capital centre from which to make trips. Waterville is within easy reach. Ventry Harbour and all the lovely scenery along the north shore of Dingle Bay is within a few hours' sail. The island affords some fine walks, and what, in the opinion of good judges, is the most fascinating trip in Ireland—an excursion to the Great Skellig—can be managed better from Knight's Town than from any other easily accessible point of departure.

At Knight's Town, moreover, the feeling of isolation and of being cut off from the rest of the world, which one gets so powerfully along the Connemara and Donegal coasts, is not here experienced. On the other hand there is a feeling rather of being near one of the centres of the world's busiest life. The recent importance of Valentia is due, as all the world knows, to the fact that the first submarine Atlantic telegraph cable successfully laid, here leaves the shores of the Old World. The station used to be at the western end of the island, eight miles away. It has recently been removed to Knight's Town, and now the visitor, curious in such matters, can go and watch the able and busy staff of operators at work day and night receiving messages from all parts of the Old World, in all languages and in manifold ciphers, and at the same time transmitting them to all parts of the New. It would, indeed, astonish that ancient Druid who was such a thorn in Cormac MacArt's side, could he revisit his former home. He could witness the transmission of the first half of a message to New York before the latter half has left London. He could see messages coming in from Embden at one instrument, and the operator sitting beside it transmitting them, by means of another, beneath the Atlantic as fast as he can read the letters. Among all the triumphs of modern science, perhaps, none is so remarkable as that which is inseparably connected with this remote Kerry island, viz., the close linking together by the electric telegraph of the two great sections of the English-speaking race, separated by the wide waters of the Atlantic.

But most visitors who get so far from the great commercial centres as Knight's Town, will prefer to avoid, rather than frequent, the great telegraph station, interesting as it is. And, however varied the tastes of the visitors, any one can hardly fail to find here some gratification. It is not a place that will delight the lover of such resorts as Scarborough or Brighton, or the men and women who cannot exist away from the modern grand hotel. But those who prefer Nature and fresh air to conventionality, and who love to look upon mountain and sky and sea, can here find all they desire. For those who are fond of rowing, sailing, and deep-sea fishing, ample facilities abound. Those who are interested in social and agrarian problems may here study some of the most important in their present acute stages. And for those who are fond of antiquarian lore there is a visit to Staigue Fort—one of the most wonderful of those prehistoric fortresses of which several fine specimens yet survive—or to the Great Skellig.

Adequately to enjoy the latter trip, the visitor must love the ocean, and must be fond of the wild rather than the pretty in natural scenery. The Skelligs are two lonely rocks that jut abruptly above the surface of the Atlantic some nine miles to the south-west of Valentia. The Little Skellig is uninhabited; but upon the Great Skellig stands a lighthouse, and the only dwellers upon the wild rocky peak are the keeper and his family, and his assistant. The light is the last the outward-bound steamer sees on her way to the West, and the first that greets the home-comer as he draws near his native shore. The western breeze that sweeps over the Great Skellig has travelled over nearly two thousand miles of open sea.

Owing to the exposed situation, and the somewhat dangerous character of the one point on the rock where it is possible to land, the excursion can be made only in fine weather. The sole communication between the rock and the shore is by means of a boat from Port Magee, which is supposed to go every week or fortnight. But it often happens that no trip is possible for four or five weeks at a time. The best way of getting there is to select, if possible in the time at your disposal, a day which the Port Magee fishermen consider suitable, charter your own boat, and then sail or be rowed the nine miles. Headland after headland, bold, precipitous, seemingly immovable and eternal, comes into view. The cliffs have a stern, cold look, and they convey the impression that the mighty Atlantic has here found its master, against whose restraint it roars and dashes in vain. One by one also rocky islands appear, looking very lovely against the distant sky, and enveloped in that soft haze which, when once seen, enables the observer instantly to comprehend how it is that the lively Celtic imagination has ever fancied that to the west lie the Isles of the Blest. As the

boat leaves Bray Head behind, on the right the Blasquet Islands, and away in the distance before us, the Skelligs look like gigantic sapphires set in the greyish blue sea.

Upon nearing the rock its power to impress the imagination touches the climax. There is something weird about this sharp, pointed, apparently inaccessible mass of rock which towers aloft nearly eight hundred feet above our boat as it approaches. It looks a spot in which such a genius as Victor Hugo would delight, and whose story could only be told by one who could write "Les Travailleurs de la Mer." But as we near the overhanging mass we discover a tiny harbour from which a well-made road winds up the steep face. It is ticklish work, even on such a fine day as we have chosen, to get a foothold upon the slippery ledges, covered as they are with seaweed. But by the skill and aid of the strong Kerry boatmen the landing is made, and we walk up the inclined road to the lighthouse.

At the Great Skellig, as so frequently along the west coast of Ireland, the life of the nineteenth century is brought into sharp contrast with that of a thousand years since. The courtesy of the lighthouse keeper enables the visitor to appreciate the skill and enterprise now exerted in the lighthouse service, and the prompt way in which the latest and best discoveries are turned to practical and beneficial account. You ask how, on that lonely, isolated rock the keeper educates his children, and he tells you he is trying to do it by correspondence classes—thus making use of one of the most recent educational developments. And then you turn from the lighthouse, reach a broad flight of steps that rise upon the face of the rock until they reach a level space some six or seven hundred feet above the sea, and in a moment you have left the nineteenth century, and are face to face with the buildings, the mode of life, the beliefs and the habits of men who lived a thousand years ago.

For upon this solitary peak stand the ruins of an ancient monastery, one of the best preserved in Ireland, and you can enter the curious bee-hive dwellings, standing to-day exactly as they did when the last hermit said there his last prayer. This is not the place to go into the details of that life, but I may be allowed to quote what I have said elsewhere[1] as to the impression this spot makes upon the mind. There is nothing like it, so far as I know, in Europe. "Around is the sky and the sea. In the far distance is the outline of the Irish coast. One cannot at first shake off the sense of insecurity. Then the loneliness of a high elevation oppresses one, and yet the disturbing influence of these feelings is soothed by the consciousness that the spot is rich in spiritual helpfulness. It is good for the soul to be thus lifted out of and away from all the mean and petty detail of life, to escape from the wearing friction of the selfish every-day life, and to be alone with the noblest natural features—the wide sky, the broad and health-giving ocean, the immovable rock so firmly rooted that through countless generations the Atlantic surges have thundered against it in vain. Another element in this potent charm is the conviction that upon this rock the men of the past met, and fought, and conquered those foes with which the true spirit of man is ever at war. We might not be able to use the forms of prayer through which those men expressed their penitence, their praise, their aspiration. We may differ altogether from their conception of life, and think that they were better placed when on the mainland and nearer the full tide of their brethren's life, and toils, and conflicts, and temptations. But few can stand on that lonely elevation, bound up indissolubly as it is with so much that is sublime in the present and hallowed in the past, without feeling lifted, for a time at least, out of the low common-place and the mean selfishness of too much of our daily life."

RICHARD LOVETT.

1 "Irish Pictures" (p. 131), to which also we are indebted for our illustration.

Answered.

ALONG the ways of life men crowd
  Past graves of the departed,
And some in anguish groan aloud,
  And some trudge on sad-hearted;
Some seek the way of right and peace,
  And some are vainly straying
In search of joy that will not cease;
  A few look upward praying.
    "I am the Way," saith Christ.

The human soul hath pressing needs,
  And men for truth are crying,
Confused by jar of warring creeds
  And old faiths scorned and dying.
And "What is truth?" the sceptic saith,
  "Where all these claims are raised."
A few look up with calm of faith
  And murmur, "God be praised."
    "I am the Truth," saith Christ.

"Oh, give us light," the mourner cries,
  What time the bells are tolling,
"'Tis very dark for human eyes,
  With death mists onward rolling.
Must all our hoping end in death?
  Our souls are cramped by sorrow.
Does all fail with the failing breath?"
  A few Heaven's comfort borrow.
    "I am the Life," saith Christ.

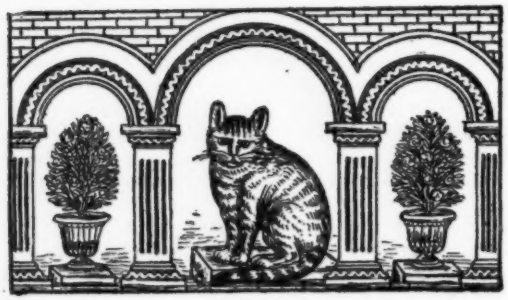
He is the Way, the Truth, the Life,
  They witness who adore Him;
His peace can conquer sin and strife,
  All mists disperse before Him.
The Way—go tread where He has trod,
  The Truth—which changeth never,
The Life—communion with our God
  For ever and for ever.
    Then "Follow me," saith Christ.

I. J. I.

A PERSIAN STORY, WITH PERSIAN ILLUSTRATIONS.

[The child's story of which we give a translation is one of the first that boys read in the schools of Persia. The illustrations are an exact reproduction from the Persian book.]

THE CAT.



"IF thou hast wisdom and understanding, come and listen to the story of the cat and the mouse. I will read it eloquently for you, and if it reaches your intelligence you will be lost in wonder."

"O learned and wise man, pray read the story of the cat and the mouse, read it well as if from the pulpit."

There was once a cat who lived in Kermān, like unto a dragon, a long-sighted cat, with mesmerising eyes and sharp teeth, who hunted like a lion.

This cat lived in Kermān, in the midst of friends, companion of the saucepan, of the cup and of the saucer, of the court and of the dinner-table.

One day, seeing the wine-cellar open, he ran into it to see if he could catch a mouse, and hid himself like a thief behind a wine jar. A mouse ran out of a corner and jumped merrily on to a jar of wine, and, putting his head into it,



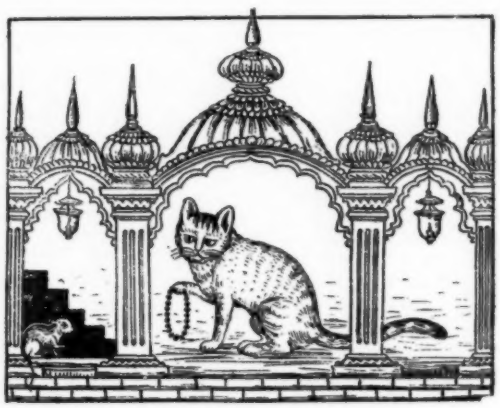
drank the wine until he became drunk and as bold as a roaring lion. "Where is the cat?" exclaimed he, "that I may take off his head. I would cut off his head on the battle-field. The son of Zāl and Rustam the brave, I am his representative to posterity."

The cat heard this and made a spring, and seized the mouse in his claws and teeth, and said, "O mouse, now, will you take my life?" The mouse answered, "I am thy servant, forgive my sin, I am thy slave, a slave whose ear is pierced, and upon whose shoulder the yoke is." The cat replied, "Was there ever such a liar! I heard all that you said, and I swear that you shall pay for your sin by your life." So he killed and ate the mouse.



But afterwards, being sorry for what he had done, he ran to the mosque, washed his face and hands, and anointed himself, and began to read the chapter to Allah in the Holy Book, and made his confession in the mosque, saying, "I have repented, and will not again tear a mouse with my teeth. O merciful and long-suffering One, my duty is to repent and do penance, and Thine is to have mercy. In atonement for this defiling blood, O Creator! I will really give two stones of bread. Forgive my sin, I beseech Thee, O Almighty, for I have returned grieving for it." This he repeated till he wept for grief.

A little mouse was hidden behind the pulpit, and he, overhearing this, quickly carried the news to the other mice. The news that the cat had become a pious and faithful mussulman, that he had been in the mosque, weeping and lamenting and sighing, putting his hands together in sorrow, and said, "Be not wrath, O God of the world, for I have offended like a fool!" He had the rosary in his hands, and made pious reflections like a true penitent.[1]



When the mice heard this news they began to make merry and were glad.

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[1] The rosary is used by Mohammedans, not only for prayer, as in the story, but for telling omens.

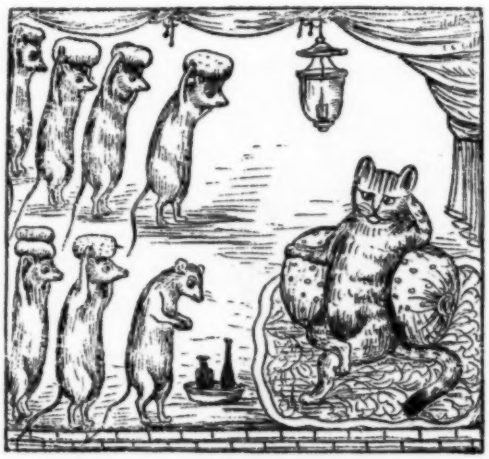
Seven chosen mice, each a governor of a village, jumped up and gave thanks, because the cat had become a faithful believer; and a great feast was immediately made. All danced, and shouted, and drank till they were drunk, two rang bells, and two played castanets, some smoked; and others played different instruments of music.



One day the king of the mice said to them, "O friends, all of you bring costly presents worthy of the cat."

Then the mice, having dispersed in search of gifts, returned, each bearing something worthy of a great man. One brought a bottle of wine in his hand, another a dish of raisins, others salted nuts, cheese, basins of sugar-candy, loaves of white sugar, and others pelau, bottles of lemon juice, Indian shawls, hats, and cloaks.

They approached the cat, and making obeisance, saluted him, and said, "O master, liberator of the lives of all, we have brought gifts worthy of thy service, which we beseech thee to deign to accept."

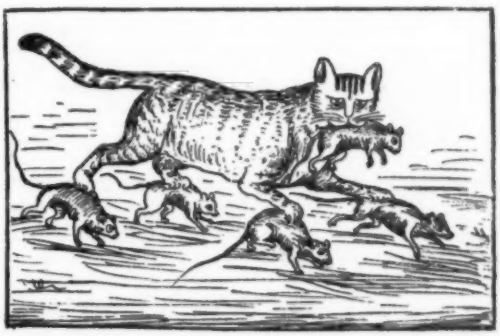


The cat, seeing the mice, said to himself, "I am rewarded for becoming a pious believer. I have endured hunger long enough to-day.[1] I have been freely provided for. I have fasted many days. It is clear that the merciful God is now appeased. To him who serves God truly, even hardships are made light." Then, turning to the mice, he said, "Come nearer, my friends."

They went forward, trembling with fear.

The cat sprang upon them like a brave warrior on the battle-field, and caught five chosen mice (each one the chief of a village), two with his front paws, and two with his hind ones, and one with his teeth.

[1] The cat's idea that, as it had fasted so long it might now reward itself by eating many mice, is like the Persian idea that when a man has been on pilgrimage to Mecca, he may sin more than formerly, having done one such good action. The flesh of a mouse is of course supposed to be to the cat what that of a pig is to a Mohammedan.



The other two mice escaped with their lives, and catching up one of their murdered brethren, quickly carried the news to the mice, saying, "Why do ye sit still, O mice, throw dust on your heads, O young men, for the cat has seized five of our companion mice, and killed them."

Then they rent their clothes, and threw dust on their heads, and said, "We must go into the city of Kermān, and inform the king of that which has befallen the mice; he must be told this story."

Whereupon they all rose up, and went in tears, one tolling the bell, and the rest groaning like mourners.

When the king was seated on his throne, they all did homage to him, saying, "O thou king of the world, we are slaves and thou the rich master; we are subjects and thou our king; the cat has treated us cruelly since he became a pious believer; he used to catch only one of us in a year; now that he is a true mussulman his appetite has so increased that he catches five at a time."



On hearing this the king became like a saucepan boiling over. He spoke kindly to them, and said, "O my newly-arrived guests, I will give the cat such a chastisement that the news of it shall spread through the world."



Then, seeing their grief, he took pity on the poor body, and ordered that it should be buried with all pomp and ceremony; so they made lamentation for a week, and having prepared a quantity of excellent sweetmeats, they put them in baskets and carried them to the grave; and having buried him, returned to the king.

Then the king commanded the army to assemble on the



battle-field; and when they were gathered together he addressed them, saying, "O men and soldiers, since the cat has cruelly illtreated our fellow-countrymen, he being a heretic and an infidel, we must go to the city of Kermān and fight against him."

Then 330,000 mice went, armed with swords and spears, and with flags flying, troop after troop, cavalry and infantry.

When the army was drawn up in line the king again addressed them, and said, "O young men, an ambassador must be sent to the cat—one who is discreet and eloquent."

All replied, "The king's order shall be fulfilled."

There was a learned and eloquent mouse, the governor of that province, him the king commanded to go as his messenger to the cat in the city of Kermān. Immediately he sprang out of his place like a brave man, and went swiftly, like the wind from the desert, to the cat, and said, "I am come from the king of the mice. I bring tidings to you. The king of the mice has decided to fight, and has gathered his army together."

When the cat heard the news he commanded some warrior cats to be brought quickly from Khoorasan to Kermān.

Then the army, having assembled, the king gave orders to march, and promised to come himself next day to the battle.

The cats came out on horseback, each one like a roaring lion. The mice also, mounted, boiling over with rage.

Shouting "Allah, Allah!" they fell upon each other with unsheathed swords. So many mice and cats were killed that there was no room for the horses' feet. The cats fought valiantly, and broke through the foremost line of the mice, and then through the second; and many were killed.

The mice turned to flee, crying out, "Throw dust on your heads, young men." But afterwards rallying, they turned round and attacked the wing of the cats' army, crying, "Allah! Allah! A mounted mouse stabbed the king of the cats, who fell fainting to the ground; the mouse sprang upon him, bound him, and brought him to the king.

So the cats were defeated on that day, and returned to the city of Kermān. Then the mice having bound the cat, beat him until he became unconscious; and beat their tomtoms and shouted for joy.



And the king, seating himself on the throne, ordered the

cat to be brought before him, and when he was brought,



said to him, "O scoundrel, why hast thou eaten up my army? Hear thou the king of the mice!"

The cat hung his head in fear, and remained silent like a mourner. After a few minutes he said, "I am thy servant."

The king said, "Carry the black-faced dog[1] to the place of execution. I myself will come immediately to kill him in revenge for the blood of my subjects." So he mounted his elephant, and his guard marched before him. The cat with his hands tied together stood weeping.

When the king arrived, and found that the cat was not yet executed, he said angrily to the executioner, "Why is this dog still alive? Hang him immediately; stab him with sharp spears."

Just at that moment a horseman came galloping from the town, and besought the king, saying "O king of kings, forgive this miserable cat; in future he will do no harm." The king would not listen to his entreaties, and ordered the cat to be killed immediately, but the mice were all afraid to fulfil the order.

The king seeing this became very angry, and said, "O foolish mice, ye will all take pity on the cat that he may again make a sacrifice of you."

When the cat saw him, he sprang from his place like a crouching lion, he burst his bonds, gave a spring, and caught five mice at a bound.



The mice in dismay and confusion cried, "Allah, Allah! shoot him! cut off his head," as Rustam did to his enemies in the day of battle.

The king of the mice seeing what had happened, fainted, whereupon the cat sprang upon him, pulled off his crown, and putting the rope over his head, hanged him so that he died immediately.

Then he caught the other mice, and beat them till not one survived.

B. E. BRUCE.

1 "Dog" is a term of abuse.

Varieties.

The Purchase of a Diamond.

It was at Colombo that we met him. He was the beau ideal of a rich young globe-trotter. We used to see him in the deep verandahs of the Galle-face and Oriental hotels, surrounded by the best gem-dealers, bargaining and buying at, for them, an exhilarating rate. He had bought rubies, he had bought sapphires, the best pearls and the finest cat's-eyes to be obtained for love or money, and still his money seemed abundant. He was a getlemanly fellow, for all that, and did not parade his wealth intentionally. Stones had a fascination for him. Probably some members of the sex that chiefly wear them had also, that *we* know not. How they would look out for his return. How their eyes, and their fingers, too, would "look brighter when he came."

He had often said that he meant to look out for a really fine diamond, but naturally found that these gems are not indigenous, or even existent, upon the spicy isle. Agra or Delhi were the places. Of course there was no place like London, but he wished to possess a stone uncontaminated by pawnbrokers' fingers, uncivilised and unchristianised, without a flaw, and also without a pedigree; a gem which had perhaps wasted its brightness, the virgin sparkle of its many facets, in the darkness of some native hoard until *he* caused it to be admired, worshipped, disparaged, or coveted by the fashionable world of her Majesty's or Covent Garden. We little thought he would ever effect his purchase before he left Colombo.

There were at this time in the roads no fewer than five mail steamers, two of the Messagerie and three of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Over seventy first-class passengers had to change steamers at Colombo, and wait two days before re-embarking for Australian ports, whither most of them were bound. Dinner that evening was a pretty sight. Seldom had we seen so many English complexions and so many Parisian dresses gathered round the small tables, or such airy flounces and pretty hair waving under the influence of the punkahs. Our gem-seeking friend

was dining at our table, and asking no end of questions about up-country life and the planting enterprise.

After dinner he proposed a game of billiards or pool. In the only room in which play was not going on was a gentleman whom we recognised as one of the Australian passengers. There being three, he was asked to join in one game, to which he consented. Upon the first stroke he made I could not help noticing two things—first that he handled his cue in quite an enviable manner, and that he had upon the third finger of his left hand the very finest diamond ring I had ever set eyes on. The stone seemed as large as a small nut, and the flashes of light it reflected from the gas-jets over the table were dazzling. The attention of our friend, it was easy to see, was riveted upon this ring, which his eyes followed round the table. The Australian passenger seemed a very pleasant man, and soon we all became more friendly.

"What a lovely ring that is you are wearing. Would you allow me to see it?" said our young friend, presently.

"Oh, with pleasure; but I am ashamed to tell you it is only paste," said its owner, slipping it off his finger and allowing us all to look at it.

It is needless to say whose fingers soon held it, while his eyes seemed to reflect the brilliancy of the stone.

"Nonsense, man," said he, pleasantly, "I know something about diamonds and don't know when I've seen such a perfect one."

"Ah, that stone has deceived even jewellers by artificial light. I only wish it were a real diamond, for it would be worth about six hundred pounds."

"It *is* worth every penny of it," said the other, enthusiastically. "How did you come by it, if it's not an impertinent question to ask?"

"It was left me by my aunt," said the owner. "She knew it was only paste, although she always wore it, and I was very fond of the old lady, so I wear it, too."

"Will you let me see it in the morning?" said our friend, handing the ring back with lingering interest.

"Certainly. We will have a return match, gentlemen, before tiffin if you are agreeable, as I must be off to the steamer now to bring some more of my kit ashore."

We all said good-night, and parted, each one of us thinking a good deal about the beautiful ring. After breakfast the next day S—— and I drove over from the club to the hotel, where we had promised to "tiffin" with young "Golconda," as we called him. He was there with a bevy of native "tambies" around him, displaying very inferior gems, which he refused to look at.

The Australian passenger soon strolled up, and asked my companion if he was disposed for a return match at billiards. These two had seen each other before breakfast, and "young Golconda" had backed his opinion of the diamond ring to the extent of offering four thousand rupees for it. During the game he renewed his offer, but the other said he did not wish to sell the ring at all, and especially as a real diamond, knowing well that the stone was paste.

"Will you lend me the ring, then, and allow me to show it to a native jeweller with whom I have been dealing? If he recognises the stone as a diamond too, I will repeat my offer, and also will give you an open cheque on the bank for the amount before closing time this evening."

"Look here, gentlemen," said the Australian, "of course I'll sell the stone for that, if any one can be so rash as to buy it at that price; but, you see, mine will be an awkward position. I *know* the stone to be paste, so I cannot and will not sell it *as a diamond*. If you, sir," turning to the would-be purchaser, "will give me in writing a statement to the effect that you buy the ring *as a paste*, all well and good; but I warn you honestly you will find that you are deceived in imagining this to be a diamond."

Young Golconda took the ring to his native connoisseur, who in a moment pronounced it to be a diamond; he also went to an European store, and showed it to the proprietor. This man, after testing it, said that not only was it a diamond, but that *he* would himself give four thousand five hundred rupees for it!

The bargain was struck, the requisite statement signed, and the cheque given, all in the presence of the native jeweller, S——, the Australian, and myself; and young Golconda sat all through tiffin with the ring upon his finger. He asked us the next day to come round with him shopping, and among others we visited the store proprietor who had tested the ring. Again the man looked at it, took it to the light, shaded it from the light with one hand, again he called for a file, touched it lightly, and said at once,

"Sir, you've been done; this isn't the stone you brought me yesterday—this is paste."

And paste it was! *Somehow* the ring had been changed, although we none of us remembered seeing it touched by the hands of the clever swindler who had sold it. And yet he had done it. The ring had lain on the billiard-table during the signing of the paper. The purchaser had paid four thousand rupees for a ring "knowing the stone to be paste."

The Australian had taken ship, undetached from his lovely diamond, but not before young Golconda's cheque had been carefully cashed. R. G.

Centenary of Simon Ohm.—Great interest has been taken in the celebration of the centenary of the eminent physicist and electrician, Georg Simon Ohm. A committee of the Royal Society, under the presidency of Lord Rayleigh, has been formed to assist in obtaining funds for a statue to be erected at Munich, where he died in 1854. He was born at Erlangen, March 16th, 1789. His father was a working blacksmith, who devoted his leisure hours to mathematical study, and imbued his son with the same taste. It was long before his countrymen discovered that a man of original genius and remarkable power was among them. Most of his life was passed in the drudgery of school-teaching, chiefly in Switzerland. On returning to his native town he supported himself as a private tutor, in mathematics. His studies and researches were continued, and in 1827 he published his greatest work on "The Galvanic Circuit treated Mathematically." Even after this, he was for several years neglected, till he was appointed professor, and, subsequently, master of the Polytechnic School at Nürnberg. Not till he was sixty years of age, five years before his death, was he appointed Professor at the University at Munich. The vast importance of Ohm's researches are now universally recognised, but it was long before they attracted due notice. The circular of the committee says that Ohm's discovery of the laws of the electric current insured the application of the power of electricity to practical uses. "The wonderful advances in the application of the electric current, in telegraphy, in electric lightning, and in all other electro-technical branches of which we have been the admiring witnesses in the last decades, could only be accomplished on the safe basis of Ohm's laws." The most important of these laws is that the strength of an electric current is directly as the electric-motor force driving it along its circuit, and inversely as the resistance it encounters. This, and all matters belonging to the electric science and art, will be found in the little volume on "Electricity and its Uses," by James Munro, published at 56, Paternoster Row. It is the first attempt to popularise the subject in all its branches which has yet been made in this country.

Lord Macaulay's Last Letter.—On the 28th of December, 1859, he mustered strength to dictate a letter addressed to a poor curate, enclosing twenty-five pounds. After signing which letter, he never wrote his name again (he died that night).—*Trevelyan's Life of Macaulay.*

Persuasive Eloquence.—"That Mr. Whitefield's eloquence," says Dr. Franklin, "had a wonderful power over the hearts and purses of his hearers, I myself was a witness. I did not disapprove of his design (to build an orphan house), but as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house at Philadelphia, and brought the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened, soon after, to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all! At this sermon there was

also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour, who stood near him, to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was made to perhaps the only man in the company who was not affected by the preacher. His answer was, "At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend the freely; but not now, for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses."—*Whitefield Anecdotes, R.T.S.*

My First Brief.—It fell to me to examine the first witness. I knew my brief by heart, but got up in the greatest funk to do my duty. The court swam around me, I did not know what questions I asked, or what answers came from the witness-box, and sat down, thinking that all was over with me, and wishing the floor would open to let me disappear as completely and quickly as possible. At the close of the case a little scrap of paper, two inches square, was passed to me in the cleft of the crier's white wand, and to my vast suprise and pleasure I read a note from Dundas, which said, "You examined your witness quite like an old and experienced hand, reminding us of your sire—

"O patre Pollock
Filius Pollockior."

Sir Frederick Pollock's Remembrances.

Middlesborough.—In 1830, a single house stood on the spot where Middlesborough now stood. They knew that in 1832 not a single cargo of coal had been shipped from Middlesborough, and they had now a vast population. When he was a child, a single farmhouse existed there, now they have iron works, institutes, churches, schools, and a population of not 70,000 only, but upwards of 100,000 on both sides of the river. Thirty years ago they had about 2½ feet of water on their bar, and it was not impossible to wade across the river at its very mouth, and now they had a splendid breakwater and a harbour of refuge, to which distressed mariners could come at any time when it was necessary. Their neighbours were none the worse off for the success and progress of the town. This was a fair example of the results which followed from English industry, English energy, English pluck, and English competition.—*Speech of Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith.*

Steel Houses.—A new system of building houses of steel plates is being introduced by M. Douly, manager of the Société des Forges de Châteleneau. It has been found that corrugated sheets only a 25th of an inch in thickness are sufficiently strong for building houses several storeys high, and the material used permits architectural ornamentation. The plates used are of the best quality; and, as they are galvanised after they have been cut to the sizes and shapes srequired, no part is left exposed to the action of the atmosphere. Houses so constructed are very healthy, and the necessary ventilating and heating arrangements can easily be carried out.—*Brick, Tile, and Builder's Gazette.*

The Duke of Wellington's Breeches.—Mrs. Loudon, of horticultural celebrity, wrote to the Duke, asking permission to measure the famous beeches at Strathfieldsaye, reported to be the largest in England. The handwriting was very illegible, and the signature perplexing, but was supposed to be that of the Bishop of London. Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presented his compliments to his Grace, and in reply to this request about his large breeches (as he read the word) the bishop was referred to the duke's valet at Apsley House, who would show that there was some mistake as to the abnormal size of that part of his wardrobe.

The King of Bavaria and his Travelling Companion.—The father of the Empress of Austria, who was peculiar in almost all his habits, was travelling incognito, many years since, from Munich to Vienna in an ordinary train. A stout man, of the bourgeois aspect, installed himself in the same compartment. The Bavarian Prince (he was not yet king), in the course of conversation, said he was going to see his son-in-law in Vienna. His fellow-traveller wished to know more. "Is he in business?" "Yes and no," was the reply. "How yes and no? What strange sort of business is his?" "A strange business is the word." "Ah, well, why does he not quit it and take to another line?" "That is what I say to him sometimes, and he seems to agree with me. But there are positions which one cannot well leave, but must keep in them."

"What a good joke," said the traveller. "Your son-in-law is an original, that's clear." "Yes," said the Prince, "he is the only one of his kind in Vienna."

The stout man, in his turn, said that he was an optician, and that his son-in-law was in the same business. On arriving at Vienna he begged his travelling companion to present his compliments to his mysterious son-in-law. "But, by the way, what is his occupation?" "No great thing," said the stranger. "He is Emperor and King."

This curious adventure obtained for the optician the patronage of the Austrian Court!

A Recollection of Wordsworth.—One of our contributors sends us the following: Some of the readers of the "Leisure Hour" may be interested in the following extract from a letter written to me by the late Mrs. S. C. Hall, and containing some most kindly criticism on work of mine. Years ago M. J. Jewsbury came to spend a few days with us. She came to us from Wordsworth's, where she had been a couple of months; and, speaking of the polishing and working necessary to make a perfect poem, she told me this: "I thought I had worked very hard at a short poem, and carried it down triumphantly to breakfast. 'There, Mr. Wordsworth,' I exclaimed, 'I spent three hours over these lines.' 'Young lady,' replied the great poet,—'young lady, *I* have spent *three weeks* over the same number of lines.'"

Cuckoo Plants and Flowers.—It is remarkable what a number of entirely different flowers bear the name of cuckoo. The early purple *orchis* is called in South Devon the cuckoo flower. So also the harebell and the lady's smock are called in other parts of England. The *arum* is often called cuckoo pint, and the delicate blue-veined wood sorrel is called cuckoo sorrel. The red campion is the gowky flower, gowk being a rustic word for cuckoo in many parts of the country. The explanation of so many different plants having cuckoo as an epithet can only be from their time of flowering being about that of the first appearance of the bird, and its familiar notes in early spring.

Travellers and Missions.—Upon the whole they are fair in their accounts, but they are sadly apt to invent, or at least to generalise on scanty premises. Mr. Thompson, in one of the liveliest books of African travel I have ever seen, "Through Masai Land," relates a visit to a Mission under my own charge, and gravely talks of our missionaries walking through the bush in long priestly garments and shovel hats. I happen to know all about what he did see. A man in charge of a station some eight miles off came in in considerable *déshabille*, and put on a cassock as the best means of making himself decent to meet the visitors. Thereupon they concluded that he had walked all the way in it, and invented the shovel hat out of their own consciousness. There certainly never was one at any of our stations. The same traveller, who is so good tempered and hearty that one can forgive him everything, singles out for special praise an undertaking of which he had seen nothing at all, and which is just now in trouble for importing such an inordinate amount of gunpowder, guns, and ammunition. Thus one sees that Missionaries are not the only people who make their stories picturesque at all hazards. But the main defect of travellers' talk about Missions is that they can only tell what they saw. Now there are two very distinct systems of Mission working. One is to take the natives into tutelage, and make them live and move by order, and work when and as they are bidden. This system, well worked, produces fine plantations, good cultivation, well-kept houses, and a most respectful demeanour. The other system aims at giving the native independence and force of character. It leaves him free to cultivate and build and live as he pleases, subject only to instruction and a

moderate amount of Church discipline. The strong point of this system lies in its development of a really native, home-grown Christianity, with a principle of self-improvement which works slowly and from within. It is morally certain that nine travellers out of ten will report better of Missions on the former plan, and therefore will say that Roman and Moravian Missions are more successful than any others. I doubt the fact. On one Mission I know of, managed on the tutelage system, gross cruelties and irregularities have lately occurred, which will very possibly be never heard of at home. Many people have special crotchets, which materially affect their estimate of what is done. Many treat the idea of converting the adults as chimerical, some seem to think it positively wicked. Some say that we should try first to make people more moral rather than to make Christians of them. Others affirm that we ought to begin with civilisation. Missions ought to be self-supporting, says one; the really important element, says another, is the industrial. And so they condemn and approve according to some abstract principle, and distort all they see by some antecedent bias. One man, high in authority, told me that he thought Missions very mischievous things. "Why, sir," he said, "you aim at making the people of one religion. If the people of India were all of one religion, they would chase the English out of the country in a week. I will never give anything to any of your Missions." Surely some means of securing good information should be attempted.—*Bishop Stere.*

Cocoa-nut Fibre for Ship Armour.—M. de la Barrière, in an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, first pointed out the important use that could be made of cocoa-nut fibre for the armour of ships of war. The refuse of the fibre is moistened and subjected to pressure, when the viscid substance can be made into sheets resembling thick mill-board, but more brittle and less easily penetrated. Even when a bullet goes right through, the hole quickly closes up so that no water enters. Dr. Lawson, curator of the Botanic Gardens at Nilgiri, has made experiments confirming the report first given in the *Revue des deux Mondes.*

The Great Pagoda at Rangoon.—The golden bird's wing which crowned the Shawg-da-goan, the great pagoda of Rangoon, being thrown down by an earthquake, the trustees of the edifice called for subscriptions for a new ornament of the same kind. In less than a month 80,000 rupees were collected. Many of the people brought ornaments of gold, bangles for the arm, rings, and all sorts of fine metal and precious stones. The golden umbrella at the summit of the same pagoda is said to have cost King Mindine Min six lakhs of rupees; it is of pure gold, richly set with gems, and is actually 15 feet high, although at its present elevation it does not seem two feet. The pagoda itself is 328 feet high and the hillock on which it stands is about 100 feet. The pagoda is at present surrounded by the barracks of the British troops.

General Gordon.—He went to Brussels preparatory to a final start, as he thought, for the Congo; but all this time the great finger which men call Providence or Destiny was weaving another destination for him. The hour had at last struck. No more was this great soul to be permitted to bury itself in unseen wildernesses. He is to go forth indeed into a remote region, but he will draw after him the eyes of all men; and ere this year, 1884, which has dawned in such complication of purpose, shall have closed, there will be seen, as though raised aloft upon a colossal pedestal, the figure of this grand centurion, with all the effort of his life, and the honesty of his heart, and the faith of his soul, made visible to the four points of the earth, written in letters of flame amid the darkness of disaster.—*Colonel Sir William F. Butler.*

Adolph Wurtz.—The name of Dr. Wurtz, although known in England only to men of science, is that of one of the most distinguished Frenchmen in modern times. Born in 1817 at Strasburg, the son of a venerable pastor of the Reformed Church, Adolph Wurtz studied medicine at Paris, and there took his doctor's degree in 1843. In the following year he was chief of the Chemical Department of the Faculty of Medicine; and in 1852 was appointed assistant to the illustrious J. R. Dumas, Professor of Chemistry. In 1853 he succeeded Orfila in the chair of Medical Chemistry. In 1858 he was elected a member of the Academy of Medicine, of which he was afterwards the Dean. He was also appointed Professor in the Sorbonne, in the faculty of Science. He was a brilliant lecturer, and to his advocacy was due the general reception in France of the atomic theory in chemistry, which Dr. Dalton had first taught in England. He was a Senator, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. The Royal Society of London awarded him one of its highest honours; and from the French Academy of Science he received the great quinquennial prize of the Institute, an award of 20,000 francs for his chemical researches. Above all these distinctions, he was a devout believer, and an active promoter of many Christian works of beneficence and charity in connection with the French Reformed Church. His death in 1887 was about a month after that of his old master, Dumas.

The Granaries of Chicago.—Chicago stands paramount in respect to its grain-elevators, of which it has twenty, with a storage capacity of more than 16,000,000 bushels, and handling 160,000,000 bushels a year. One granary alone stores 1,300,000 bushels, and its yard holds 400 of the long and large American railway cars, which are unloaded by lifts, or elevators, running to the top of the building, 130 feet above the ground, where the grain is weighed, and then sent down in spouts, or chutes, to its appropriate bin. The process of shipment is very rapid, and 180,000 bushels can be sent out in 10 hours. The grain is taken by elevators from its bins to the top of the building, where the weighing is done, and then long spouts lead it into the cars or the holds of the vessels lying alongside.

Hydrophobia cured by the Buisson Treatment.—At the Industrial School, Arlington, New Jersey, a boy named Klee, bitten by a rabid dog, had fully developed symptoms of hydrophobia. The master, Mr. Curran, who had heard of the vapour-bath system, resolved to try it in this case, though with small hope as to the result. Dr. Extor, the medical man called in, assented, saying the trial could at least do no harm. Next day Dr. Extor brought a medical friend to see the patient, whose symptoms were then relieved and ultimately a complete cure was effected. Subsequent to this a girl, Pauline Kichl, bitten by a dog, whose bites had proved fatal to two other persons, was taken to M. Pasteur, who said it was a hopeless case. The child was cured by the vapour-bath system in use at Dr. Léon Petit's establishment, 108, Rue St. Honoré. In any public inquiry these two cases can be verified. There are vapour-bath establishments for similar cases in London, and some benevolent persons have such faith in Buisson's treatment that they pay all charges. Information is given by Captain Pirkis, R.N., the High Elms, Nutfield, Surrey, as to the places open for receiving patients.

Population in France.—At a recent sitting of the Académie de Médecine, Paris, M. Lageneau, the statistician, pointed out that depopulation is not confined to any one class of society in France. The actual average of children born in wedlock in France is three per marriage. What is the progressive increase in families where the progeny is confined to three births? M. Lageneau reckons that after the fifth generation, at the end of 124 years, of 100 married couples having only three children each, more than one-half of their descendants will have no children at all, owing to 49 men only of these generations contracting marriages, and to frequent sterility in wedlock, being an average of 13 per cent. In the fifteenth generation, after 434 years, nine-tenths of the descendants of the primitive families will have no male issue. No doubt these statistics must not be accepted unreservedly. M. Lageneau maintains that it is necessary in order to avoid a continuous decrease in population that there should be an average of four children born in each generation; and taking this average of four children, he reckons that at the fifteenth generation, the number of sons married will be four times greater than during the first generation. Allowance is made for an increase of population at the rate of three per thousand, owing to illegitimate births in the proportion of three per hundred,

and also to immigration, there being an average of three aliens for every thousand natives. It is shown that in 1846 there were living only twelve descendants of 314 noble families dating from the twelfth century, and, according to Benoiston de Chateauneuf, 380 noble families of that period had only been prolonged 300 years. An inquiry into similar facts in connection with a small peasant community of 800 souls had shown that in comparing the family names registered in 1555 with the same names registered in 1888, there are at this moment only 11 per cent. remaining of the original number. The ultimate disappearance, therefore, of old French families, seems to be the fate both of the nobly and the humbly born.

Africa and British Trade.—Our trade with Africa—exports and imports— amounts to about £31,000,000 in value; and towards this total, North Africa (Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt) contributes £12,100,000; West Africa (Gambia, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Lagos, Oil River, Niger, Gabon, and Congo), £5,800,000; South Africa (Cape Colony, Natal, Transvaal, and Mauritius), £11,600,000; and East Africa (Madagascar, Zanzibar, Socotra, and Somali coast), £1,500,000. We have five great steamship companies connected with the African coast, and last, but not least in importance, comes the great British propaganda, represented by some nine missionary societies, who spend collectively on Africa about £200,000 a year, and whose steamers and sailing vessels navigate the Niger, Congo, and Zambesi rivers and the great lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, and Victoria. The amount would be vastly larger if trade with the interior was opened viâ Suakim and Berber.

Attitude of British Government to Christianity in India.—It was in these days that John Lawrence gave me instructions for drafting the despatch regarding the attitude of the British Government towards Christianity in India. He took the strongest interest in the subject, and conned over and over again every paragraph as it was drafted. The production of the despatch arose from some questions in respect to placing the Bible in the libraries of all Government schools, for the study of those who might wish to read it; and he determined that this step should be taken. Religious feeling had been more and more gaining strength in his mind for many years past, and now formed the mainspring of his whole being. He apprehended that things intended to be Christian were often performed in an un-Christian way, and thus lost the true character of Christianity. He held that Christian things done in a Christian way could never be politically dangerous in India. Any hesitation which might have formerly existed in this respect was swept away by the recent cataclysm, and by the victory which had been mercifully vouchsafed. The Government should be more explicit than heretofore in avowing its Christian character while adhering to the resolution of scrupulously abstaining from interference with the religions of the people. Education and private effort might produce their legitimate fruit, and yet the motive of the Government would be appreciated.—"*Men and Events of my Time in India*," *by Sir Richard Temple.*

Progress in Egypt.—Sir Evelyn Baring has forwarded to Lord Salisbury a memorandum by Mr. F. S. Clarke comparing the condition of the rural population of Egypt now and under the rule of Ismail Pasha. "The reports of men most competent to judge of the present condition of the agricultural population, all tend to affirm that the lot of the fellah has been greatly ameliorated in the last few years. He is, according to their accounts, better fed and better clothed. He no longer has to dread the courbash, nor has he such reason to fear the *corvée* or the military conscription. He knows the amount of taxes he has to pay, and the time at which they will be demanded from him. He has been enabled, to a great extent, to free himself from the usurer. He is, in fact, gradually emerging from the oppression and misery in which he had been plunged from time immemorial. A great deal of this has been accomplished since the British occupation of the country. The reforms introduced under English influence are the more noteworthy when it is considered that the first years of our occupation were taken up with military events which naturally diverted the attention of the Government from the internal affairs of the country, and that the year 1884 was marked by unusual depression in trade, owing to the heavy fall in the price of cereals. The financial difficulties of that year were also so great that at two distinct periods 'the Egyptian Treasury was within £5000 of suspending payment.' It is thus, practically, but three years that the work of reform has been going on. Many other beneficial measures are either on the point of being passed, or are receiving the earnest consideration of the Egyptian Government. It would be too much to say that bribery and corruption have entirely disappeared. Among the officials connected with the native Law Courts venality is, according to independent accounts, as prevalent as ever, and the fellaheen complain (with cause) that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. But with the system of bribery so ingrained in the habits of the people, it is satisfactory to learn that a great improvement has taken place in this direction in the branches of the Administration. According to the statement of an irrigation officer, who is well acquainted with the country, and who is constantly travelling in the provinces, no bribe has ever been offered to an English engineer to induce him to distribute water more partially to one than to another."

Retribution for Attacks on Slave Traders.—Indiscriminate shooting down of innocent natives, burning villages, and cutting down cocoanut-trees, I think mere barbarism. It ought never to be done by our Navy. Every shot fired, and every deed done by our bluejackets and marines, are acts of war; and is it right that a great nation should do such things to savages? Better far that we should suffer than that we should do wrong, and I altogether object to our Navy being used in such mean service, especially when, in many instances, some of our countrymen have suffered for their own or others' misdeeds. Crimes have been committed by white men in the east end of New Guinea and the Louisiade Archipelago that I fear many will suffer for in the future. Already payment is being made, and the innocent are suffering for the guilty.—*Chalmers' Pioneering in New Guinea.*

Shairp and Bradley at Rugby.—As we came out of school one morning in 1853 a troop or two of cavalry, I think the 14th light dragoons, rode through Rugby on their way southward for the Crimea. Shairp got out his horse and rode with them two or three miles, and came back most interested and excited with his conversation. He came to me on his way to second lesson, and after telling me about it, the old soldier's son gripped my arm, in his way, and said "Eh, Bradley, it was as much as ever I could do when I came back not to roll up this gown and throw it away."—*Principal Shairp and his Friends.*

The Duke of Wellington and Fancy Prayers.—In a family where the Duke was visiting, morning prayers were read from a book which was not the Book of Common Prayer. Lord Stanhope, in his Recollections, says that the Duke was much annoyed, remarking afterwards to his host: "Had I known that you used fancy prayers I would not have been present." This was hardly in accord with his habitual courtesy and common sense. Canon Fleming's book of "Family Prayers For a Month" meets such prejudices, being wholly in the very words of the Prayer Book, arranged for domestic worship.

Irish Bulls.—Every bull, of whatever age or clime, is at once localised in the land of the shamrock, and Pat made its hero. We cull a few at random. An Irishman living in an attic was asked on what floor he dwelt. "Sure, if the house were turned topsy-turvy I'd be livin' on the first flure." An Irishman, with a ragged coat on, was once asked what his coat was made of. "Shure, sir, I think it's made chiefly of fresh air." A young Dublin wife said, "What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens set on them a little longer." "Why didn't you write to me when you were abroad?" said Pat to one of his friends. "I didn't know your address," was the reply. "Shure, then, you had all the more reason to write and ask for it." It is only an Irish car-driver who, on driving an Englishman past the Dublin custom-house, could say, "Shure, it's only the rear 'ave of it you'll be seeing this side, sur. The front's

behind." It is only from Ireland that we should hear that "Single misfortunes never come alone," and "The greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."—"*Grace Montrose.*" *By Thomas Greenwood.*

Dr. Keate, of Eton, Hoaxed.—Once only did a head master attempt to stop an eight which he heard was to row up to Surley; this was Dr. Keate, and he was so finely hoaxed that he never even made a second attempt. Hearing that an eight was to go out on a certain day, he threatened to expel any one who should take part in the expedition, and then went for a walk along the tow-path to waylay them. There issued from the Brocas a crew of watermen dressed like the Eton eight, and wearing masks over their faces. Crowds of people followed to see what would happen. Keate caught them between the Hopes, and shouted: "Foolish boys, I know you all. Lord ——, I know you. A——, you had better come ashore. Come here, or you will all be expelled." The boat, however, pursued its course. Several of the masters followed on horseback, and the ruse was not discovered until the crew disembarked and took off their masks with a loud "Hurrah!" Keate was furious, and vowed that there should be no Easter holidays unless the boys who had been hooting him behind hedges gave themselves up, and some twenty victims were accordingly swished.—*The Badminton Library. Boating. By W. B. Woodgate.*

Long Life of The Oak.—A knight in ancient days who had done the king some great service, was rewarded by a broad tract of land which he was to hold for three crops. He sowed acorns, and thus secured for himself and descendants a tenure of almost 3,000 years. According to Dryden:

> The monarch oak, the patriarch of trees,
> Shoots, rises up, and spreads by slow degrees.
> Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
> Supreme in state, and in three more decays.

Fogs and Gas.—On one of the most foggy days in January of this year, the output of gas from the Gas Light and Coke Company reached the highest point ever recorded, 105,046,000 cubic feet. On the corresponding day of 1888, the quantity was only 79,978,000 cubic feet. The increase was at the rate of 23·86 per cent. The whole of the week ending January 7th, was foggy, and the output of gas was 627,317,000 cubic feet, against 512,943,000 for the corresponding week of 1888; an increase of 18·23 per cent.

Faith necessary to learn.—We accept the teaching of our parents and masters without being able to see the whole of its connection with the objects it aims at. We receive it in faith, because we believe them able to teach us. If we had no faith, and would believe nothing that we could not prove to ourselves, or did not fully understand, we could never learn.—*Bishop Steere.*

Municipal Workshops.—A valuable suggestion has been thrown out by the "Lancet" on the subject, which should receive careful consideration. It is that municipalities should build special workshops for certain trades, whereby proper light, ventilation, and sanitary accommodation could be secured. Such places could be let at a fair rent, and would thus be no pecuniary loss. The proposal offered at once a reasonable solution of the sweating difficulty, with a genuine chance of mitigating the evils of overcrowding and unhealthy conditions.

Hymettus.—An American correspondent of the "New York Observer" sends an account of the ascent of that classic mountain: "From Athens I reached its bald grey summit (3,500 feet high) after three hours of fast walking and hard climbing. The road at first winds over the plain along the dry bed of the Ilissus, for it is a winter stream. One looks in vain for the spreading trees and shady walks on the banks of this stream, immortalised in the dialogues of Plato. The place is now occupied by bare rocks or stunted shrubs. At the foot of the mountain the road ends and the climb begins over loose stones, thorny shrubs, and wild thyme, the whole plentifully sprinkled with large and beautiful anemones and puple crocuses. Half-way up, a tower and a deserted monastery, rapidly falling to ruins, are passed. Only a short distance from there, and snugly tucked away in a little valley, is the Kalsariani Monastery. Here are a few pines and olive-trees, and the verdure is always fresh and green owing to the presence of springs which are also one source of the Ilissus. The origin of the convent is unknown, but it is very ancient. It has long been famous for its honey, and formerly those who had honey to sell brought it here in order to have the stamp of the monastery put on it that it might bring a higher price. There are no monks here now. It belongs to the Crown, and is kept in repair. From here the ascent is quite rapid and difficult. The summit commands a wide and interesting view, embracing all Attica, Bœotia, the northern half of the Peloponnesus, Eubœa, and the islands of the Ægean, a hundred miles distant."

Great Auk's Egg.—In December 1887, one of these rare eggs was sold for £57. In the following spring, a specimen fetched by auction, at Stevens', Covent Garden, £225.

Adroit Flattery.—An aged officer obtained an audience of Louis XIV, in order to beg that he might remain in his service, and not be sent to the Invalides. "But you are very old, sir," said the King. "Sire," replied the officer, "I am only three years older than your Majesty, and I hope to serve you at least twenty years yet." This disguised flattery pleased the King, who acceded to the wishes of the adroit veteran.

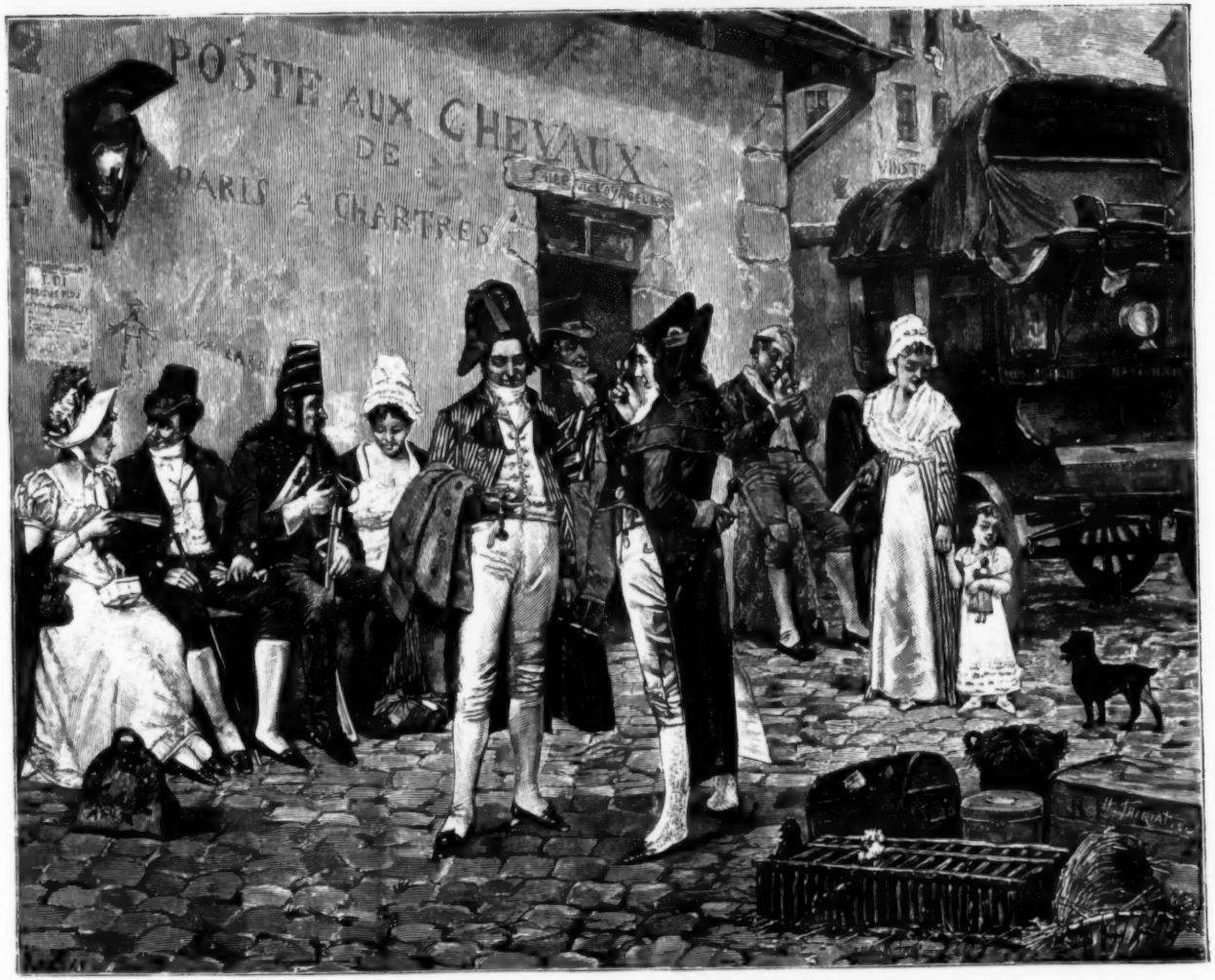
"Gentlemen of the Press" in India.—The Bombay Government, in the course of a review of the native Press, makes some rather startling disclosures. Out of sixty-three newspapers established in 1885, 1886, and 1887, twenty-four were edited by men dismissed from the Government service, or convicted of theft, breach of trust, and similar offences, or notorious for a loose character, or of unknown social status and limited education, or by Government College students, religious mendicants, and the like.

Lord Macaulay's Works in cheap form.—The complete works of Lord Macaulay, issued by Messrs. Longman at 12*s.* 6*d.* selling price, have seldom been equalled in cheapness, considering the good paper and good binding. At the usual retail discount price the cost of each volume is only 1*s.* 11*d.* The Lays and Essays, being out of copyright, can be sold cheaper, no doubt, but the copyright of the Life, and of the latter portion of the History, belonging to Mr. Longman, no Curll or Vizetelly can reproduce them in completeness.

Cowper's Sonnets.—In a note on the poet Cowper's sonnet to Mary Unwin, Professor Palgrave, in his "Golden Treasury," says, "Petrarch's sonnets have a more ethereal grace and a more perfect finish; Shakespeare's more passion; Milton's stand supreme in stateliness; Wordsworth's in depth and delicacy. But Cowper unites with an exquisiteness in the turn of thought which the ancients would have called irony, an intensity of pathetic tenderness peculiar to his loving and ingenuous nature. He is our highest master in simple pathos."

Astronomical Almanack for April.

1	M	Camb. Lent Term ends	17	W	Hilary Law Sittings end
2	T	♋ rises 5.34 A.M.	18	T	☽ least distance from ⊕
3	W	♋ sets 6.34 P.M.	19	F	GOOD FRIDAY
4	T	Venus the evening star	20	S	Jupiter near ☽
5	F	Clock before ♋ 2m. 38s.	21	☩	EASTER SUNDAY
6	S	☽ greatest dstace. from ⊕	22	M	Bank and Genl. Holiday
7	☩	5 SUNDAY IN LENT			☽ 3 Quarter. 1.56 P.M.
8	M	☽ 1 Quarter 1.47 P.M.	23	T	Camb. Easter Term begins
9	T	Fire Insurance expires	24	W	Daybreak 2.28 A.M.
10	W	Saturn near ☽	25	T	Twilight ends 9.34 P.M.
11	T	Regulus S. 8.41 P.M.	26	F	Clock after ♋ 2m. 21s.
12	F	♋ rises 5.12 A.M.	27	S	♋ rises 4.41 A.M.
13	S	Oxford Lent Term ends	28	☩	1 SUN. AFTER EASTER
14	☩	PALM SUNDAY	29	M	♋ sets 7.17 P.M.
15	M	Full ☽ 10.19 P.M.	30	T	Easter Law Sttngs. begin
16	T	♋ sets 6.56 P.M.			[New ☽ 2.5 A.M.



After C. E. Krathé.]

PASSENGERS WAITING FOR THE DILIGENCE.

IN THE TIME OF THE DIRECTORY, 1796–1799.

CARRICONNA:

A STORY MORE OR LESS IRISH.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XVII.—A PROBLEM SOLVED.



A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PISTOL.

ANTHONY'S tardy brain did not at the first reading lay hold on any special meaning in this letter. But he was sufficiently impressed to read it a second and a third time. Then he began to be puzzled, and ended by being uncomfortably mystified.

Climbing slowly from inference to inference, Anthony at length satisfied himself that his brother's daughter was living, that she had run away with her husband to Paris, that her husband had died there, and that she herself was now at Carriconna.

When he had arrived at this point Anthony was fairly petrified.

Had his niece's coming been accidental, so to speak, on her part—a mere affair of chance? No, it could scarcely have been that. She must have known, or at all events have suspected, from the first, by whom she was being engaged. What had been her motive? Anthony's suspicions were fired in a moment. Was it her father's fortune that had lured Dora to Carriconna? What could it have been else? On the other hand, why go to work in such a crooked fashion? Anthony was bewildered, stupefied.

It was well that he had no companions in the railway carriage. The more he worried over the matter the more excited he grew. He rolled about in his seat, he stamped on the floor, he got up and shook himself. A sudden greed of money, such as he had never felt before, gnawed at him. He made clutching motions with his hands, as

PASSENGERS WAITING FOR THE DILIGENCE.
IN THE TIME OF THE DIRECTORY, 1796-1799.

though holding in them the gold itself. It had been easy to talk of responsibilities towards his niece, while he felt certain that he had no niece at all. Now that she had appeared, now that she was actually an inmate of his house, and by her mere presence asserting her right to a share, his too ready generosity transformed itself into a fierce jealousy and over-mastering desire to cling to the wealth.

Then, too, his position was not a fraudulent one. His fortune was not ill-gotten. What affair was it of his that Kedagh had chosen to disinherit his daughter.

Anthony was his brother's heir by his brother's own choice. If Dora had been struck out of her father's will, in what way was Anthony to be blamed? Dora's father had doubtless had his reasons for his course.

Anthony's train went no faster than usual that day, but his thoughts were absorbing, and he was at Dublin before he had extricated himself from the maze into which his troubled speculations had led him. The prospective delights of the day's shopping—where were they now? He had pictured himself visiting *en roi* this shop and the other, where he had been accustomed to make his inconsiderable purchases, and taxing the resources of those shops by his munificent commissions. He had thought how different the town itself would look to him on this occasion. He had fancied himself standing in the middle of Sackville Street, gloating over the thought that he could buy up everything around him. These splendid fancies were dashed, shattered, and dissolved. He had hoped to pick up some old acquaintances and take them to dine with him. He slunk along the streets dreading to meet anybody. He felt as though he had been robbed of all his riches. He paid his visit to his solicitor, and made some half dozen out of the score of purchases he had contemplated; then went and took a solitary lunch at an inferior hotel, and was ready to go home again.

Meanwhile, it had been vaguely shaping itself in his mind that the knowledge he had thus strangely arrived at would be best in his own keeping. Along with this thought he considered how oddly it had chanced that the letter from Australia had been put into his hands on that particular morning, and in circumstances which enabled him to keep its contents to himself. But for his visit to Dublin he would have had his letter at the breakfast-table, and Barbara would immediately have shared it with him.

Returning home in the train, he finally decided that the secret of the letter should be his own. Hard upon that decision he resolved that the letter itself had better be destroyed. He felt in his pocket for a match; although he knew quite well that he never carried such things. Then he took out the letter, tore it into small pieces, and scattered them along the line at intervals of twenty yards or so.

But he was still undecided what course to take with regard to Dora herself. Of this only he was certain, that she must know no more than Barbara what curious intelligence her uncle had become possessed of respecting her.

John Maher drove him home, and could not twist a word from him. At the "grand" gate Dora and Arthur were awaiting his coming. They were in animated talk, and Anthony observed them. On the instant his problem was solved. Dora should have her share in her father's fortune by marrying Arthur.

"I declare, now, ye're the best of friends already," exclaimed the cunning old man, his spirits recovered. "Didn't I know just how it would be!"

"But what'll I do with Kitty?" he thought as he alighted from the car.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CROSS PURPOSES.

ARTHUR had not spent the day on the tower with Dora. He had come back from Africa as much as ever in love with Kitty, and had posted off to Doyne Abbey within an hour or two of his father's departure for Dublin.

At that hour of the day Kitty was generally out riding, and I cannot say why she had foregone her usual exercise that morning. Arthur at any rate made sure of finding her, and he was not disappointed.

She was cutting flowers in the great oblong pleasure-ground, and had a basket half-full on the ground beside her.

"You didn't see any roses like this in Africa, Arthur," she said, holding up a noble Duke of Edinburgh for him to smell.

"No, nor like this one either," said he, with a personal reference that was unmistakable.

"Mamma is in the shrubbery," said her ladyship, checking him.

"Still in the shrubbery!" exclaimed Arthur. "Why, she was in the shrubbery two years ago when I came to say good-bye."

"She does a great deal of good to the shrubs," said Kitty; "and, Arthur, I don't believe mamma objects to your coming home at all."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I do. Oh, Arthur, isn't it magnificent to think how rich you are!"

'It's the most elevating thought in the world, Kitty. I never felt so proud of myself before. The sun's awfully hot here; are there no blooms to cut in the rose-garden?"

"Yes," said Kitty; "but mamma doesn't want them touched. But I'll tell you what, Arthur; Cassandra's got a lovely foal, and you might like to see that. She's in the paddock."

The paddock was a good deal less shady than the garden, but Arthur said it was the very place; and towards the paddock they went.

"Kitty," said Arthur.

"Yes?"

"I have come on serious business."

"What is it, Arthur?"

"Yes, I shall want some private conversation with mamma."

"Have you come for me, Arthur?"

"What, Kitty, do you think I have come for anybody else?"

"Arthur," she said, looking down with twinkling eyes, "do you love me with a deep and an abiding love?"

"Kitty," replied Arthur in the same tone, "I do."

"Are you certain, Arthur, that no dusky beauty on the golden sands of Africa—"

"Ah, now, you are talking of what you know nothing about. There are not any beauties on the golden sands where I have been, dusky or otherwise."

"Then, Arthur, you have not been really tried?"

"No, I have not, Kitty," said Arthur. Then, plunging into practical matters, he added, "Barbara says she thinks we may have Gravelmount."

"But what does Mr. Astronomer think, Arthur?"

"He thinks of Jupiter; but I hope we shall bring him down to earth by-and-bye."

"Arthur," said Kitty, "don't you think that Mrs. Lytton is very pretty?"

"Very," said Arthur.

"And rather nice, too?"

"Yes, and rather nice."

"Arthur, do you think persons ought to have clever wives?"

"How many of them?"

"Stupid! I mean do you think *a* person ought to have *a* clever wife?"

"It depends a good deal on whether *a* person is *a* clever person himself, I expect," said Arthur.

"Well, now, Arthur, you are a person of some talent, you know."

"I am," said Arthur, "I am."

"Mamma has always admitted that about you, Arthur. Now what I want to know is whether *you* ought to have a clever wife or not?"

"The cleverest wife for a husband is the wife he likes the best, my sweet, and that's all the answer you'll get. There's somebody calling you."

"Is it lunch-time already?" said Kitty. "You'll stay to lunch, Arthur, won't you?"

"I must," said Arthur.

"What do you mean by must, Arthur?"

"Didn't I tell you that I had come upon a serious mission."

"But you can't launch out upon a serious mission at luncheon. Luncheon is mamma's favourite meal, and if you say anything to put her off her pet dishes she will never allow you near the place again."

"I have studied mamma during many years, Kitty, and I am not going to commit myself now."

"Well, then, let's run, or you'll have committed yourself already, for there's no second bell for luncheon."

"Where's your flower-basket, Kitty?"

"My flower-basket; my flower-basket?"

"Yes, where is it?"

"I must have left it in the garden."

"Very well then; the moment luncheon is over you will go and look for it. No, you haven't time now; you will go directly after luncheon."

"Very well; if you promise me that mamma shall be able to enjoy her lunch as she likes to do."

"I'll see she does that, Kit.

"Kitty, if I had expected all this I would have taken the fever two months earlier."

"I'm glad you took the fever, Arthur, or you might never have come home at all. Look, there's mamma waving at us, mamma's handkerchief is a peremptory signal; we had better run again."

"What did ye eat in Africa?" said Lady Frayne after grace.

"We missed a great chance once," said Arthur. "A friendly chief sent us a baked prisoner. He was black, or I think we might have ventured on him; for we had had bad sport, and we were very short of provisions. We never had sauce like this at any rate."

"Indeed, I'm sure ye didn't," said Lady Frayne. "I was three years inventing that sauce, and I'm not sure that I've got it perfect yet."

"Mr. Nugent's gone to Dublin, mamma."

"The poor man," said Lady Frayne. "I hope he took the lady in the great hat with him; for I am sure he is not fit to be his own keeper these times. I'm quite sorry for your father, Arthur, and 'twas a foolish thing of Kedagh to leave him all that money. And pray what are *you* going to be doing with yourself now?"

"Kitty, where's that flower-basket?" asked Arthur, suddenly.

Kitty had hardly had a mouthful, and her appetite was a healthy one, but there was no mistaking the covert glance which Arthur threw at her, and she dropped her knife and fork and said,—

"Oh, I must have left it in the garden, and the sun will ruin the roses. Mamma, I must run and get it this minute."

"Ring the bell, and let Wilson go for them," said Lady Frayne.

"Wilson's getting so short-sighted, he doesn't know a basket from a barrow," said Kitty, as she vanished through the open window.

"What was it I was asking, Arthur?—oh, yes, about yourself."

"Don't you think you might give me Kitty now, Lady Frayne?" said Arthur, making one dash for his point.

"I might what?" inquired Lady Frayne, feigning astonishment, if she felt it not.

"You see, Lady Frayne," went on Arthur, "there's really nothing that need stand between us now."

"And how do I know that, pray? I declare I don't think I'd give five years' purchase for the whole of your father's money. He has the best will in the world, I think, to make away with it before he knows rightly how much he has. Did he settle anything on you yet?"

"I only came home last night, you know, Lady Frayne."

"To be sure. And your father away to Dublin this morning. I don't suppose, now, that you've had ten minutes' talk between you yet."

"Aunt Barbara thinks he'll buy Gravelmount for me."

"Oh, ho! Don't ye think, Arthur, ye'd better wait till ye hear what himself has to say about that?"

"But suppose—"

"Well, now, what will I suppose? Suppose that your father behaves rationally—and he must be a changed man when he does that—I'll hear what ye have to say again. Now isn't that fair enough?"

"That's quite fair," said Arthur.

"Very well, then; go on with your lunch, or call Kitty in first, for hers is spoiling; she's a great little plotter, with her flower-baskets."

"Well, what does mamma say?" inquired Kitty, as she was accompanying Arthur down the drive, after luncheon.

"Mamma is amiability itself; she only wants his worship to act reasonably."

"Oh, he must do that. I've told him already that it's the bounden duty of rich people to make everybody happy who isn't rich. And he always obeys me."

This was at about the time when Anthony was entering upon that train of reasoning which ultimately led him to the conclusion that Kitty must be sacrificed.

Anthony had foreseen no occasion for speedy action, or for direct action of any sort in this matter. The most deliberate man in general, where his own affairs were concerned, he had not thought of Arthur scurrying over to Doyne Abbey after breakfast to lay himself and his proposals at the feet of Kitty's mother. Neither was he prepared to be tackled by Arthur that same evening on the same subject. Arthur, however, as he has shown, was no laggard in love. Accordingly, when he and his father were alone, after the ladies had gone to bed, Arthur resumed operations.

They had been talking about the African expedition, and Arthur said, carelessly,

"His lordship made some suggestion that if he were to be much longer away I might perhaps go out and rejoin him."

"And what do you think yerself, my boy?"

"I haven't thought about it at all, so far."

"To be sure not. You're only just home. And sure nobody's in a hurry to see your back again. Ye see, Arthur, me boy, Carriconna's no longer the place it was. I'm a great substantial man now, thanks to the goodness of your uncle, and I'll be doing this thing and the other by-and-bye, and why shouldn't I have you at me elbow to help me?"

If Arthur felt any trepidation in approaching his father on the delicate subject in hand, Anthony on his side had thought it as well that Arthur—whose ridicule of, if not his opposition to, the astronomical project he had been rather in dread of—should be won over immediately.

"Well, now, your worship," said Arthur, boldly, perceiving his opening here, "why don't you fix me down in some handy place like Gravelmount, which is next door to us here, and then you'd have me nicely."

"Gravelmount? Gravelmount?" queried Anthony. "What would I fix ye at Gravelmount for? Haven't ye comfortable quarters where ye are?"

"At Gravelmount, your worship, I might take a wife, and that would fix me better than anything."

"Wife? what wife?" growled Anthony.

"There's a question!" said Arthur. "Lady Frayne's ready to give me Kitty this minute."

"And who told you that, pray?"

"She told me herself. I lunched at the Abbey to-day."

"That's a great bounding way ye have, indeed. And what part did I play in your arrangements with my lady?"

"Oh, your worship, we gave you the part of the benevolent father."

"I'll go bail ye did. But ye didn't take my counsel first."

"We took that for granted, your worship."

"Ye did, indeed. But see here now, Arthur, my boy, I'm not too fond of a young man's marrying himself at your age. I was a good many years older than you before I ventured to make up to your mother. And Kitty, now—Kitty's barely out of her teens. I think Kitty would be all the better for a year or two more in the keeping of that fine shrewd woman, her mother."

This bold harangue took Arthur somewhat by surprise. From what Aunt Barbara had told him, he had supposed that his father's mind had been more orless attuned to Gravelmount and Kitty.

Apparently, however, Anthony's mind had not been properly prepared upon either of those subjects. Perceiving that his son paused, Anthony continued,—

"My boy, I'd have you reflect about this enormous matter, and weigh it well in your mind. Do ye know anything about the stars now? Do ye know how long it would take to go from here to Jupiter?"

"Well, let me see, now," said Arthur—"to Jupiter? 'Twould depend, of course, on how you proposed to go. If you went by English express—sixty miles an hour, say—I suppose it would take you about a thousand years; if you went on the old mare you would be longer, of course."

This was one for Anthony, who did not quite know what to say next.

"I see," said he at length, "that you know something of astronomy, Arthur. 'Tis a tremendous great science. 'Tis a science that a person can never get to the end of. And I don't know that you could do a better thing at present, Arthur, than to go on with your studies in the company of my friend, Mrs. Lytton. My! my! but that's a powerful clever woman, and so amenable too."

Arthur stared open-eyed at his father. What should this portend?

Anthony shifted uneasily under the gaze of his son.

"I shouldn't like, sir," said Arthur, "to step in between you and Mrs. Lytton. You see, you are only just beginning the subject yourself. You'll want a great deal of Mrs. Lytton's time for the present."

"I will," said Anthony, "I will. For I believe that the stars are me vocation; but I wouldn't like to cut you off entirely from all that Mrs. Lytton could teach you. I tell ye now, Arthur, that when ye're learning under Mrs. Lytton ye don't know that ye're learning at all, the way of her is so pleasant."

By the time his father had got to this point, Arthur's mystification was measureless. The sobriety of Anthony's habits forbade any notion that his counsel was inspired by wine; but other explanation of these extraordinary utterances there was none.

"Really, your worship," said Arthur, "I haven't the ghost of a notion what you're driving at."

"Phew!" said Anthony. "'Tis not your African lingo I'm talking, but plain Irish."

"Well, then, in plain Irish," said Arthur, "what are your proposals about me? You talked just now of my staying at home to help you. I'm willing; though I'm not tired of roaming yet, and can forage for myself as I have done. But if I stay at home I must have Kitty. I talked in 'plain Irish' at the Abbey to-day, but, of course, if I have not your support, which, as things are, I thought I might have had, Kitty and I must wait till I can make my own independence."

"Gently, now, gently," said Anthony. "I'm not saying no to you, I'm onlv for bidding ye wait. Don't go scampering off in that way. You're very well at home here, and there'll be plenty for ye to do, and plenty for ye to eat. But take your time, go easy; the Nugents must take things quietly and decently now. We'll be an example to the country. We'll walk soberly, we'll show no rashness at all to anybody. Buck went a great deal too fast. Buck was one of the family, my boy, though you don't remember him. I am sorry Buck didn't go quieter; but he's dead, and we'll say no more about him. 'Tis your father, my boy, who must be a pattern to you now. Kitty's a good girl, and one of these days she'll make somebody a good wife; maybe 'twill be yourself, but don't be hurrying the poor child till she knows rightly what you're talking of leading her into."

Arthur said that his father, if not opposed to his plans, had at any rate some mysterious purpose of his own that did not chime with them. What that might be Arthur did not divine. He laughed at Mrs. Lytton and astronomy, but he continued to be mystified. And as he went up to bed he could not but feel that Gravelmount seemed a trifle farther away than it had done at lunch-time.

CHAPTER XIX.—CAPTAIN TRENCHARD'S SECRET.

DORA sat on the top of a hill overlooking the lake, and wondered whether she were the most foolish woman in the world. It was mid-afternoon, warm, with a tempering breeze from the glowing surface of the lake. With her instinctive habit of taking the best possible care of herself, Dora had found a spot where the sun and air combined to produce the happiest and most equable temperature, and was comfortably reclined against an oak-tree, well padded with ancient moss, which served the double purpose of a support for her back and a shade for her eyes. In the shimmering air the landscape, spreading away beneath and around her, was but dimly outlined, but Dora was not intent upon the landscape. She was thinking of herself and her affairs.

"What, in the name of all that is absurd, am I going to do here?" she said, "was there ever such a wild goose chase as mine from Paris to Carriconna?" She picked up a morsel of grey rock and sent it rolling down the hillside, idly watching it as it bounded over the uneven surface of the ground, its progress finally arrested by a bush of furze.

"So!" said she, "I'm in a bush, too; happily for me it isn't a prickly one. I wish I had a confidante. What an odd thing for me to wish. I have always hated confidantes. But I should like some one to tell me how stupid I am, and then to tell me what to do next. My cousin has a smattering of astronomy; he knows how long it would take to get to Jupiter. I hope his knowledge does not extend much further; 'twould be awkward if he were to catch me tripping, and really this handbook," giving a little contemptuous tap to the volume beside her, "doesn't carry me much beyond the point I arrived at in school. School! What a long journey backwards to school! Why, it seems centuries since I had my first love-letter from Alec, and that was years after the school days. What do I want with Uncle Anthony's money! That's absurd; of course I want it. But can I get it—can I get any of it? I begin to think that a very impossible undertaking. I didn't come to steal bank-notes, but it is quite certain that they will not drop into my hands. *Que faire, donc?* Arthur and I are not to marry each other, I think, and—" A report which sounded like a pistol-shot echoed close at her ear. Another followed it almost immediately. Gunshots or pistol-shots, in Ireland, have a peculiarly disquieting effect on the tympanum of a stranger. Dora shut her book with a snap and started up. There was nobody in sight. A third shot disturbed the quiet air. On the side of the hill facing the lake there was not a human creature visible; Dora turned about and glanced in the opposite direction. At the bottom of the hill on this side she saw her friend, Mr. Trenchard, with a pistol in his hand. Seeing her he hastened up the hill.

"What is it?" said Dora, in a frightened tone. "Are you in danger?"

"I am the unluckiest and stupidest man in the world," said Trenchard, doffing his hat. "No, I am in no danger; I wish I had so good an excuse for frightening you."

"But what were you firing at?" said Dora.

"In effect, at nothing. The pistol is a hobby of mine. It stands me in the place of a dog on my rambles. You see," he said, holding out a very diminutive weapon, "it is not a formidable arm. I take random shots at anything non-human in my way. This is a trackless place, you know, Mrs. Lytton, and you are really almost the first person I have ever chanced upon on this hill."

"So much the better for *les autres*," smiled Dora.

"But I have frightened you, at all events?" he said.

"Not much; my nerves are pretty good. What a delightful little pistol; may I take it?

It looks too small to do much mischief. I wonder if you could really hit anything with it."

"You could kill with it if you used it properly," said Trenchard.

"Really, really," said Dora. "Well, we won't kill anything, but see if—"

"Throw this up," said Trenchard, rolling up and handing her a paper pellet, about the size of a marble.

Dora threw it as high as she could into the air, and Trenchard, aiming as it fell, blew it to a distance of several yards.

"That's capital," said Dora, "now let me try."

"You couldn't do it, you know," said Trenchard. "It takes six months of practice."

"How do you know what practice I have had? Still, I don't think I could hit the pellet. What shall I fire at?"

"I'll put up my stick for you," said Trenchard, "and pronounce you a capital shot if you hit it at twenty-four feet."

"But what will you say for your stick, if I do hit it?"

"Oh, you shall triumph over the stick, if you can. It's only an ash plant, you see. I cut it somewhere yesterday."

He drove the stick into the ground, and measured a distance of twenty-four feet from it.

"Now take your own time," he said, but while he was speaking the words Dora fired, and a white mark appeared on the stick where the bullet had carried away a morsel of bark.

"Bravo," said Trenchard, "splendid, indeed. Where did you learn to be a marksman, pray?"

"A long way from here," said Dora, "if I ever learnt to be one at all, which, you see, I don't admit. But one learns many things in Austral—"

She stopped with the words on her lips, and looked at him with an air half annoyed and half confused.

"In Australia?" said Trenchard, innocently, and yet with surprise. "Have you been in Australia?

Dora felt that she had trapped herself. But her self-possession once regained, she betrayed herself no further.

"I was there once, when a girl," she replied; "but that is a long while ago."

She vouchsafed no further information on this subject, and Trenchard refrained from inquiry.

Trenchard's manner this afternoon was entirely different from what it had been on the evening when Dora and he met first. He was animated, but without excitement; it was quite rational.

Dora did not fail to notice this, and she was still curious about the half-mysterious introduction to a confession which he had made to her a day or two before.

"Have you been riding to-day?" she asked.

"I rode for an hour before breakfast; an old habit of mine, but it has fallen into abeyance lately, with some more of my good habits."

"That's a sad admission," said Dora.

"Is it not? You, now, have no such admissions to make, I am sure."

"I might have, if I were candid enough; but I don't think I am very fond of confessing my shortcomings."

"Neither am I, I'm afraid, except in a general fashion. And when shortcomings pass into faults, and faults into worse, confession of any sort asks some heroism."

"Doubtless," said Dora; "but"—with a smile—"are you glancing at me in these grave words, or reproaching yourself for some deed too dreadful to be uttered?"

"How is it possible that I should be glancing at you, Mrs. Lytton?"

"Even so, you are not less enigmatical."

"A man who fails to be his own master," said Trenchard, after a pause, which was evidently painful to him, "who is crippled, weakened, degraded even, by some tyrannous and irresistible habit — how would you feel towards such a man?"

"You put an extreme case," answered Dora, her voice striving to express the sympathy she felt with what seemed like an effort on Trenchard's part to rid himself of some galling and even humiliating burden. "Complete mastery of self—which of us can boast of that? A habit that weakens and degrades—well, I do not know, but I fancy I would rather die than live enslaved to that. It would be a criminal surrender."

"Yes," said Trenchard, "such a habit as I speak of is a crime. Assuredly it must be."

"Against oneself; against one's better self," Dora hastened to say; and went on, "but when a habit brings one to this pass, surely one must find some combative resources within oneself! We should not relinquish our hold on our higher selves until every force for good in us is exhausted."

"The worst is," said Trenchard, "that those forces in us for good exhaust themselves silently, and by little, before our knowledge is fully awakened to the fact that they are failing us."

"That may certainly be to some extent—to a great extent even," said Dora. "But the note of warning is always sounded, and we are only deaf to it in so far as we choose to be? Is not that so?"

"Yes," answered Trenchard. "We are to blame at first, no doubt."

"But," said Dora, "we are, as I have said, discussing an extreme case. No friend of mine, I hope, is at this extremity."

"Perhaps not quite; but some of us arrive without knowing it. I was reading last night a book on opium and opium-eating. I would rather be a drunkard than an opium-eater; the case of the latter, when it has gone to extremities with him, seems to be all but hopeless. Years ago I read the 'Confessions' of De Quincey on this subject, and thought there must be more of the imaginative than of the actual in the torments he describes. But I know now that 'the pains of opium' are terrible beyond words. Oh, the dreadful struggle to come up out of the tomb of opium! It is a terrible book that I was reading last night. But," added he, changing his tone, "this is a dismal discourse for such a scene. Have you explored round here at all, Mrs. Lytton? There is an old fort of

Cromwell's within a quarter of a mile. Shall I show it to you?"

"Another day, if you will be so kind. I think I must go back in search of my pupil. By the way," —as if this were a careless afterthought—"will you be good enough not to remember for the present that I have been in Australia?"

Trenchard bowed in response to this request as they shook hands. After doing this, however, he walked with her to the foot of the hill, and there they parted.

"I have got Mr. Trenchard's secret, I am sure," thought Dora, as she walked home, "he is a narcomaniac."

CHAPTER XX.—A TELL-TALE TELESCOPE.

THEY were finishing luncheon at Carriconna, a few days later, when the slow roll of wheels on the drive and the excited voices of the domestics announced the arrival of the telescope.

Anthony, who had come in late to luncheon, pushed his plate away as if gooseberry tart were a thing of no consequence.

"Can't you let the men take the thing out of the cart, and finish your luncheon quietly?" said Barbara.

"No, I cannot," retorted Anthony; "how would the likes of them know the way a telescope should be handled?"

"Well, indeed, I hope you're able to instruct them yourself," said Barbara. "Mrs. Lytton, my dear, don't you be hurrying away till you've finished."

"Oh, I've done," said Dora; "and don't you want to see the telescope, too, Miss Nugent?"

"Well, if I don't see it before ye've mounted it on the tower, I'll likely never see it at all," answered Barbara, "so I suppose I must go, too."

"Come along, then," said Arthur, following his father to the hall door, where Anthony was already divesting himself of his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, as if an oak were to be felled.

"Now, take care what you're doing there, boys, 'tisn't kitchen-ware you've got in there, nor flower-pots; ye never saw the likes of what's in that case. Easy now, John Maher, don't be jerking it that way; take a hold of it there, beside him, Arthur; Mrs. Lytton, would ye just put the tip of yer finger there, above John Maher's ear, to steady the case, and ye may tweak the man's ear if he moves an inch. Barbara, will ye go to the horse's head. Now, just as gently as if it was whisky with a loose bung to it! There, now, that's just the way. But I'm sure ye'd have had it shivered in pieces if I hadn't been beside you. 'Tis no great weight after all, I believe. Mrs. Lytton, shall we open it here, or have it into the house, or get the case up to the tower as it is?"

"We may just as well open it here, I think. It's not so heavy at all, you see."

"Well, now, I'll untie these ropes myself, and let some one go get a chisel and a screwdriver."

"I hope there's no sin in it anyway," said John Maher, as he dispatched himself on this errand. "But I don't hould with thim clever things at all. Sorra haporth more light there'll be about the place to-morrow than to-day. I'll not look through it meself, I'm sure; I'm not for prying after the saints till I'm sent to join them."

By the time the chisel and screwdriver were found and brought, Anthony had the cords of the packing-case unfastened; and when the lid of the deal case was taken off, the gay mahogany case of the telescope was brought into view.

"Isn't that a picture of a case?" said Anthony, passing his finger gingerly over it. "Now give me a hand to lift it out. Fetch a rug from the hall, John, and spread it on the grass there. Here's the key, I suppose. Isn't that a sweet, beautiful key? Oh, my, my! see that!" he exclaimed as he unlocked the box, and the polished brass instrument was seen within. "Now, Mrs. Lytton, not a hand but yours must have the lifting of it."

"Well, I am really afraid," said Dora, "that in that case it must stay where it is. You take it just there, Mr. Nugent; and, Mr. Arthur, you give a hand here. It's not china, you know. So! Now, John, lift out the stand and get it up there. Are we to mount it at once, Mr. Nugent?"

"Not at all," said Anthony; "I'll wait till I get it upon the tower, where I can have a good bold sweep."

"But Aunt Barbara's never going up the tower at all," said Arthur.

"No, that she's not!" answered Barbara.

"Well, sure, we can fix it up here for a minute, and Barbara may take stock of the heavens where she stands," said Anthony. "There's sun enough at present to make a decent show for her. Will you take a look at the sun, Barbara, my dear?"

"I'm not one bit curious about it," said Barbara. "But set the thing up, and I'll put my eye to it for once."

"That's the shabbiest word about the sun I ever heard, and I declare I wouldn't have ye look at all, Barbara, only to hear how differently ye'll speak when you've seen it."

The telescope being mounted and pointed, Barbara was for taking possession of the eye-piece immediately, but Dora and Arthur both exclaimed against her.

"Stop, Miss Nugent!" exclaimed Dora. "You'd have been stone blind in another second!" said Arthur.

"I haven't put on the dark glass," explained Dora; "this is it, I think. Nobody dare look at a sun like that without the protection of the dark glass. Now you may look, Miss Nugent."

Miss Nugent took her place in front of the telescope and was silent for a moment or two, the others standing around in expectation, Anthony tapping the ground impatiently, and his features twitching with excitement.

"Well, but where's the sun?" exclaimed Miss Nugent at length, looking up from the telescope into the heavens, to make sure that the orb was still there.

"Oh, whirra, whirra, listen to her!" cried Anthony.

"Why, you were looking straight up at it, Miss Nugent," said Dora.

"Sure, I saw nothing but a dirty yellow little thing, as like a mustard plaister as anything I ever looked at; and spots on it, too, I declare!"

Anthony's breath was taken from him, he had no word to say in reply. But he took the place at the instrument vacated by his sister, and directed his glance upwards.

"Well, your worship," said Arthur, "how does it strike you?"

"Well, 'tisn't quite so clear as I'd have supposed," replied Anthony, slowly; "but 'tis just as I thought. We're too far off away down here; we'll see something different on the tower."

"One has to get used to looking at the sun through a telescope," said Dora, beginning to feel that science, and she as its exponent, must assert themselves, or suffer some loss of dignity in Anthony's estimation. "Now, Mr. Nugent, I'll take off the sun-glass, and you shall see how far you can range landwards. There's a nice opening through those trees. Have you got the right focus?"

"I'll see, I'll see," said Anthony, who, disguise it as he might, was evidently disappointed with the sun.

The telescope being lowered, and pointed between the trees, and the dark glass removed, he took his place again. From this point the telescope commanded a remote corner of the Bog of Carriconna, about two miles and a half away, and visible to the eye only as a dull brown patch on the horizon.

As he looked in this direction, Anthony's gaze became absorbed.

"Is it focussed rightly?" asked Dora. But Anthony vouchsafed no reply, save an impatient wave of the hand.

The movements of his back and his head expressed a lively emotion.

"By the powers!" he burst out at length.

"A heifer in the bog?" suggested Arthur.

"And who's that with him, now?" Anthony said, presently. "A little fellow with a stoop. 'Tis Mickey Flinn, as I'm a Protestant! Oh, ho! Ned Curtis and Mickey Flinn, me fine boys, yourselves won't bless the day I got me telescope!"

"Turf stealing, your worship?" said Arthur.

"And two carts with them, I declare. Oh my, see that now! There's Paddy Tuite coming up with a third. 'Tisn't above six weeks since I let Paddy off with the half of his rent. I'd give a hundred pounds this minyut if I could let them know I'm covering them with me eye. Whoop! whoo-oop!" and Anthony, without taking his eye from the telescope, bawled at the top of his voice, forgetting that the thieves were two miles and a half away.

Suddenly remembering this, he started up, and let go of the instrument.

"'Tis a great machine for this world, anyway," said he. "Take care of it now, while I'm gone; I'll be up with those chaps before they're home with those loads."

And offering no further explanation, he started off at full speed in the direction of the bog.

"Astronomy's not in it at all, Mrs. Lytton," said Arthur, with his genial laugh.

Dora was thinking the same thing, but the reflection not being altogether a palatable one to her, she made no reply.

CHAPTER XXI.—A CHANGE OF POLICY.

A FORTNIGHT passed. It was full summer, and the weather of an unimpeachable perfection. It was delicious to wake in the morning, and throw open the window against the lake, and smell the clear and pungent air, and bathe head and arms in the sunshine. Carriconna was pre-eminently an abode for the summer, when there was cheer of sunlight to soften the crude harsh lines of the old house and warm its chill interior. One should have lived at ease and mirthfully at Carriconna those July days; existence should have been all jocund. But it was not exactly so. Some sort of change, that was more to be felt than observed, had been, and was, in progress within the household. It had been very gradual, and dated back not farther than the period of Arthur's arrival. Its effects were visible first in Anthony himself. Anthony was clearly undergoing a species of transformation. The reader knows more on this subject than was known, as yet, to Anthony's fellow-inmates at Carriconna. Their knowledge was limited to the obvious fact that Anthony was not what he had been (in manner, bearing, or speech), even so recently as two weeks earlier. The truth is, Anthony was growing more and more perturbed about Dora.

It was by this time as clear as possible to him that the runaway daughter of his late brother, and the handsome and charming young widow, to whom he was paying a salary of a hundred a year to enlighten him on matters celestial, were one and the same individual. And the more he dwelt upon it, the more perplexing and threatening did the situation appear. There was a sort of humour in it, to be sure, but it was not the humour of the situation with which Anthony's cogitations were occupied.

His own niece—for Anthony no longer doubted that he was Dora's uncle—sitting at his elbow at meal times, and giving him sedate lessons in astronomy; addressing him as "Mr. Nugent," her aunt as "Miss Nugent," and her cousin as "Mr. Arthur," and never permitting herself the slightest familiarity with any of them: it was humorous in a manner, no doubt; but the joke did not appeal to Anthony.

For Anthony was quite resolved that his niece was playing this clever part of hers with a very definite end in view, whatever that end might be. But as to that end, could there be any reasonable doubt about it in Anthony's mind? Whatever the means by which she proposed to attain it, Anthony was sure enough that the "end" itself was the fortune which Dora's father had willed away from her.

Anthony had grown fond of Dora, in his way;

but once assured that she and he were in the lists together here, his fondness began to be tempered by his exceeding unwillingness to let go of the money-bags. He did not want now to lose his grip upon a single one of them. Those beautiful sentiments which he had uttered in perfect good faith to his sister about the duty of sharing with Kedagh's daughter — Kedagh's daughter being more probably dead than living—had melted as the lake mists melted at breakfast-time, under the conviction that Kedagh's daughter was much more probably living than dead. And Anthony had to be so secret about it all. He dared not breathe a word to Barbara or to Arthur. The course that conscience whispered him would be thrust upon him by those two in the very hour that he made them the partners of his knowledge. Barbara would insist upon Dora's receiving her portion, Arthur would not be backward in seconding his aunt, and both would take Anthony's concurrence as a matter of course. They would strip him of a full half of his goods on the instant.

Anthony recoiled before the dreadful prospect; hugging his cheque-book closer to him; gloating in fancy over his rich pile at the bank. Dora, without doubt, had a scheme of her own; let her begin to put that in operation, and Anthony would like nothing better than to match himself against his niece in a struggle for the ownership of that enchanting pile.

Sometimes he was half inclined to bring Dora on to the ground at once, face her with the discovery he had made, and demand of her what sort of claim she imagined hers to be. But he was never long in this mood; his intense curiosity to see how Dora herself would go to work barred him from any approach on these lines. Anthony accordingly was mum; but his mumness was visible. He wrapped himself up in secrecy and silence, but both his secrecy and his silence laid him open to the misgivings and the suspicions of those about him.

There had been no silence and no secrecy between Anthony and his sister in the old days. All the goings and comings of the brother had been known to the sister. There had been perfect openness and sincerity between them on all matters. Suddenly Anthony buttoned up his speech, as he was, in fact, beginning to button very closely the pocket that held his cheque-book. He became a man of mystery, uncommunicative, and with leanings to churlishness. Towards Dora only, his manner was in no way different from what it had always been.

The chief expression of Anthony's new manner was a negative one. He ceased to revel in talk of extravagant expenditure. He almost ceased to talk about his money at all. No more spendthrift visions entertained or frightened the table. It might have been the impecunious Anthony of days gone by who now sat severe at meals, and scanned the dishes, as the covers were lifted from them, to be sure that the cook was not wasting the resources of the home farm.

A vague uneasiness and distrust were visible everywhere; Anthony's mood reflected itself all around him. Barbara had discovered that he was not, at present at all events, to be brought to reason respecting the affair of Arthur and Kitty. Upon this topic Anthony was as evasive and as chary of converse as on any other. A direct answer was not to be drawn from him: all he could be got to say was, "There's time enough. I'll have the Nugents act like rational creatures now. We've been too headlong ever since we were a family. We'll go easy for the future, and make no show of ourselves."

Barbara argued with him, and Barbara upbraided him; but Anthony's obstinacy was a gift of nature. His attitude on this matter did not improve the relations between himself and Arthur, though there was nothing that could be called unpleasant on either side. Anthony was always a man of humours, but humour succeeded humour with him, and it was an experience of the family that the humour which had sway for the time being had best be left to exhaust itself. There was, however, an ugly and depressing shadow athwart those sun-illumined July days.

Arthur began to wish, for Kitty's sake, that he had been something less bold and hasty in that semi-official visit to her mother, which of course had resulted in placing the sweethearts on quite a new footing. Lady Frayne was now for the first time openly tolerant of their relations, and their troth was considered to be now as good as plighted.

"If he goes on behaving in this outrageous way I shall do something to his telescope!" said Kitty, whom Arthur was rowing on the lake one morning after breakfast.

"If you do that we shall have Mrs. Lytton down on us too, and then where shall we be?"

"I don't believe she cares a bit about the old thing."

"Oh, doesn't she just! I tell you I'm sure she's dreadfully vexed that the pupil doesn't make more progress. He's not half so keen about the stars since he found out that the telescope is a first-rate detective for the estate. You should see him up on the tower now, ranging the fields and the bog! He'll be the terror of the neighbourhood by-and-bye. Poor Mrs. Lytton will come in for some opprobrium too, I'm afraid; she'll be regarded as the evil genius of the big spying-machine. I think the old boy will have to pull his tower down, or have it pulled down for him, one of these days, if he doesn't take care. I expect to hear of some priest denouncing the telescope in chapel before long."

"Your father is becoming a wicked man, I'm certain," said Kitty, adding ruefully, in confirmation of this painful conviction, "He doesn't think a bit about you and me any more. And—oh, the unfaithful man!—why, I remember that when I helped him to draw up his ridiculous advertisement for the newspapers he as good as promised that as soon as you came home he would 'set us up.' Instead of setting us up he has gone and set his face against us."

"Don't be too hard on the old gentleman, Kit. He's not at all himself just now, but he'll wheel about presently, and behave himself sensibly. Don't you be frightened, Kit."

"Shall we make mamma go and say something awful to him, Arthur?"

"N-no," said Arthur, "I don't think we'll do that," remembering of old what execution her ladyship's artillery was capable of—"at least, not just yet. We might make a call on mamma's energies later, other resources being exhausted."

"I should like mamma just to shake him up a little, Arthur; mamma's wonderfully strong at that, you know."

"There's no denying that," said Arthur. "What I'm doubtful about is, how that sort of treatment would answer. I never knew a man take less kindly to shaking than his worship. You shake a medicine-bottle, now, and the sediment that rises is the best part of it—at least, that's what the doctors say. But shake my father, and the best of him goes plumb to the bottom. That's the odd thing about my father."

"Then perhaps mamma had better not shake him, Arthur."

"Better not, dear, *I* think. Aunt Barbara's the doctor for him. If Aunt Barbara can't bring him round nobody can—not even Mrs. Lytton."

"By the way," exclaimed Kitty, "do you know that Mr. Trenchard thinks Mrs. Lytton the loveliest woman he ever saw? He told mamma so."

"I don't care tuppence!" said Arthur. "Trenchard, or anybody else, is welcome to think that."

"Don't you like Mrs. Lytton, Arthur?"

"Haven't a thought in the world about her," returned Arthur, promptly. "Now, if Trenchard took to saying that about you, I should want to know what he meant by it."

"Oh, I don't expect him to say it about me," she answered, trailing the white fingers of one hand in the cool waters of the lake. Then she looked up at Arthur, and all her sweet little face dimpled with laughter.

"But he ought to say it after all, you know," said Arthur.

"He can't say it about ever so many people at once, and we don't really want him to, do we?"

"No, my beautiful, we don't," said Arthur contentedly; "I want nothing in the wide world outside this boat."

Dora's peace of mind was not like this; Dora was beginning to wonder whether she were in any way concerned in Anthony's change of front. On one point, indeed, she had no cause of alarm. She would have been greatly disturbed if Anthony had gone on with that reckless policy about which he talked so much and so largely during her first days at Carriconna. But Anthony was beginning to tighten his purse-strings even before he had fairly loosened them. That was very good from Dora's point of view, for a while back it had seemed as though the fortune would be scattered before Dora, or anybody else except Anthony himself, could lay a finger on it. But Anthony was giving her fresh cause for trouble now. He was dreadfully backward in his studies, and, worse than that, it was as though he were beginning to lose relish for them. This circumstance, combined with his increasingly parsimonious tendency, made Dora think it not impossible that Anthony might at any moment dispense with her services, in which event her position would be more desperate than ever.

Dora, of course, knew nothing of the real drift of Anthony's present conduct; she did not, and she could not, imagine that Anthony's dearest wish at this time was to see his son and his niece in love with one another, and that nothing was further from his thoughts than any scheme which would involve Dora's withdrawal from Carriconna. Dora knew something more than Anthony knew, and Anthony knew a good deal more than Dora knew, but, failing a confession on one side or the other, both must continue to work more or less at cross purposes.

As for Arthur's marrying Dora, no one knew better than she the unlikelihood of a settlement of affairs in that direction. In fact, during the very short time they had been under the same roof an antipathy, which neither of them had uttered, nor in any way expressed, but which both were distinctly conscious of, had established itself between them. Dora knew, moreover, that Arthur was all Kitty's.

"Well, then, all things considered, must I not do something desperate?" said Dora. She was seated on a ruined tombstone, in a little old disused Roman Catholic cemetery, in a boreen, or bye road, not a mile from the house. It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening, and Dora was out for the after-dinner stroll, which had become a habit with her since the first days of her sojourn at Carriconna.

"A nice pass I should be at if I had to leave here! I could support myself on my wits, I suppose, but I've no fancy to do that. And a beautiful opinion I should have of myself for the rest of my life if I went away and left behind me everything that ought in the commonest justice to be mine. Yes, mine—of course! The fortune belongs to me—morally to me. Morally is a good word; I wonder what Uncle Anthony would say to it? Never mind Uncle Anthony; I don't think *he's* very likely to help me. How then can I help myself? How can I get the fortune?"

She sank into absorbed thought; her great soft eyes, that looked so perfectly good, fixed on the far sky, whose sunset colours had almost paled.

Her fingers plucked nervously at the ribbons of her dress; long, energetic fingers, with nails of exquisite shape, and the veins of her hand streaking the delicate skin. Fingers that should be deft at all work requiring a fine and accurate touch.

"That seems the only resource," she said, presently, thus summing up and bringing to the point of decision the thoughts she had been busy with during her silence. "And I am disposed to venture it. I will venture it." Her gaze came back from the horizon to her hands, which were now fast clenched in her lap. "I believe that, given the opportunity — and opportunities can always be made—I can do it easily. As for the cost—well, I'm not eager to count that yet. After all, am I not a Nugent, too? Anthony could do nothing."

These dark speculations were here interrupted by a rude though slight accident. Dora received a

light blow on her hand, and a stone rolled from her hand into her lap. A morsel of unclean paper was tied with a worsted thread around the stone.

Dora, in rather a fright, pulled the paper off, and smoothed it out. At the top of it was a drawing of what purported to be a telescope, and these words underneath, written in very faint ink, and by a hand that had not often held pen: "See now, me ladi from Parris, that telscope is doin a Power of harm abouts here, an the sooner its away the Better."

Dora was really frightened now. She was two-thirds of a mile from home, and the spot was lonely and entirely deserted. The hand that had thrown the stone into her lap could not be very far away. She trembled all over, and scarcely dared to look around. Would she be waylaid as she went home? Though vague, the communication seemed to imply a threat. Dora was bewildered, as well as frightened. She was not a coward, however, and quite realised that whether or no there were an ambush in waiting for her, she could not sit all night on the tombstone.



THE PUPIL LOSES HIS RELISH FOR STUDY.

Assuming a little more bravery than she felt, she got up and went to the broken iron gate of the cemetery, and looked out thence with an air of great unconcern. The high hedges of the boreen prevented her from seeing far; and within the range of her vision neither man nor beast was visible. Then she reflected on the improbability that any bodily hurt was intended her, and set out boldly to walk home. Night

was coming on, but it was yet far from dark, and once outside the cemetery, with a good stretch of lane before her, and no apparent danger, Dora quickly plucked up her spirits. But before she had gone a hundred yards she was startled again by the sound of horse's hoofs pressing the soft and grass-grown tract. The hoofs were behind her, and thinking that if harm were approaching, it were just as well to see it coming, she turned about in the middle of the boreen and stood still. A horse cantered up, and at a distance of twenty yards Dora recognised her friend Mr. Trenchard. The sudden sense of relief made her heart bound, and, though she scarcely knew it, her face was aglow with pleasure as the Inspector drew rein beside her.

"Is it really you?" she said. "I never was so glad to see a friend before."

Trenchard perceived that there was something more than compliment in this, and said:—

"It is I, certainly; is anything the matter? You are trembling, Mrs. Lytton. What has happened?"

"I have had a fright, that's all," answered Dora. "Look at this. Is there light enough to read it? A stone, with that thing tied round it, was thrown at me just now, in the cemetery there."

Trenchard took the paper from her hand and glanced it over.

"Did you see anyone?" he said, when he had read it.

"No, I was too frightened to look at first, and I haven't seen anybody since. What is it; is it a threatening letter? Fancy anybody threatening me on account of that ridiculous telescope."

"I am sorry," said Trenchard, folding the paper, but without returning it to Dora. "It's the affair of the turf stealing, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Dora, "but rather hard on me, isn't it?"

"Mr. Nugent settled that matter with the men himself, didn't he?"

"Yes; he did nothing at all but threaten them. But I hear that everybody has been talking about it, and the people think they are watched now night and day."

"I'll keep the paper," said Trenchard. "Don't be frightened about it at all."

"But what will you do?" asked Dora. "I can't have the telescope bringing trouble upon all my friends; I'll break it sooner. And, you know, Mr. Trenchard, you were fired at once."

"How do you know that?" said Trenchard.

"Oh, I know it quite well. And you can't think that I should like you to be made a target of a second time, on my account."

"But that sort of thing comes in my day's business, you know. Now," added he, "the proper thing for me to do would be to ride at once for the cabins of Micky Flinn and Ned Curtis, for it is quite possible that I might overtake one, or both, of those gentlemen on an evening stroll. But to do that I should have to ride straight away from you, and, with your leave, I have not the least intention of doing that."

Trenchard, who had already dismounted, laid his hand on his horse's bridle.

"Well," said Dora, "I am not going to refuse your escort to night. Thank you very much. But my evening rambles are spoilt now; isn't that sad?"

"To be in the fashion," said Trenchard, "you ought to let me furnish you with a couple of constables."

"I'll go back to Paris before I let you do that," she laughed.

"Don't go back to Paris," said Trenchard.

"I don't want to."

At the gate of Corriconna Trenchard said, "I do not want you to feel alarm, and I don't think you need; but don't go out alone in the evening just at present."

"Very well, I won't; but you must make a promise that, if you are going to make any use of that paper, you will keep a good look out behind the hedges."

Trenchard smiled; but the pressure of his hand was rather close.

Off Corfu.

April, 1888.

THROUGH the still night our bark on even keel
Clove the crisp brine of the Ionian seas;
The grey north lands were left, but yet the breeze
Spake of the sheer frost-girdled peaks that feel
What winter is, and their black pines that reel
With ice-loads, when the valleys dream of May.
Southward we crept, but still far distant lay
The happy coasts that morning might reveal;
When sudden, from the boundaries of the night,
A warm wind swept across our brows, and passed,
Still panting with the heat of that bright shore
Whereto we sped.
So he who steers aright
His spirit's course, albeit with faith o'ercast,
Like pledges may receive of havens set before.

HORACE G. GROSER.

A RECOLLECTION OF TWO OLD FRIENDS.

MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.





AS I sit, on this twenty-third day of March, in my room in a remote city, gazing through a vista of bare branches, at the wild pathetic sunset skies of the Far North, I know that in a little churchyard, among the gentle hills and bowering trees of Surrey, a group of mourners gather round the grave of one who in his day has filled a large place on the stage of literary and artistic work. The journalist, editor, critic, and philanthropist, Samuel Carter Hall, rests at last beside his gifted and tenderly-loved wife, Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose sweet child stories and sprightly Irish sketches gave so much joy and exerted such a genial influence over the earlier days of those who are now grave middle-aged folk, standing in the front ranks of life and meeting the brunt of its battle.

Others must relate the joint labours of this pair, who, but for their friends, William and Mary Howitt, would be almost an unique feature in English literature. Others will know how much Mr. S. C. Hall, in his capacity of editor of the "Art Journal," did to introduce a love of beauty into common life, and can measure where he came short, or failed to keep pace with the progress he had himself started. Indeed, in his "Retrospect of a Long Life," Mr. Hall has himself written so voluminously on all these matters, that he has left little for anybody to add. She who writes this brief sketch desires only to tell what this husband and wife were as friends, how they overflowed with human kindliness and beneficence, what a charm Mrs. Hall exerted over all who came under her influence, and what a pleasant impression of dainty, happy household life was received by everybody—and there were many—privileged to enter their home as guest.

Mrs. Hall was born in 1800, at Dublin, of Irish descent, with Huguenot blood in her. She was intensely Protestant, intensely Irish, yet one could often trace the French streak in the playful coquetry of her words and thoughts.

The history of her life was very simple in its outward facts. She was brought up by a widowed mother on the sea-shore of Wexford, in the house of her mother's stepfather. It was on the beauty of that coast which she best loved to dwell in her Irish writings. She was very happy in her childhood's home, and enjoyed that best culture which enters, like sunshine, at every crevice. She has told me that she first heard Shakespeare's plays when sitting under the table among the dogs, an attentive auditor of whom the reader was quite oblivious! But sometimes the reading was of a severer cast, and she was very glad when the "Book of Martyrs" was exchanged for family "trios" and "catches." In 1815 she and her mother came to London, living modestly at Brompton—and Brompton and Kensington, with one or two brief and rather unwary sojourns in more remote suburbs, became in the main the scenery of all her after-life.

In 1824 she married Mr. Hall, a youth of her own age, then a reporter and *litterateur*. He has himself told us that the extra outlay occasioned by the marriage was defrayed by £40 which he had received as the price of a compilation he had just sold. The young wife at that time had never

written a line, and little dreamed of doing so. But she chanced to narrate to her husband some of the sayings and doings of her old Irish schoolmaster, who "had tried to teach her the multiplication table, an act no mortal man (or woman either) ever could accomplish." Whereupon Mr. Hall said, "I wish you would write that down, just as you tell it." She obeyed him, and he inserted the sketch in a periodical he was then editing. "And from that day dated her career as an author." The little story in question was subsequently promoted to a place among the "Irish Sketches" under the title of "Master Ben." There is no doubt that all the genius, all the "spirit" of her work, was distinctly her own, but there is as little doubt that she owed much to the professional skill and dexterity of her husband's polishing hand. She never troubled herself with anything but the production of her story. He prepared the manuscript for the printer, revised, altered, and erased, without any question on her part, and finally corrected the proofs. I have seen many of her manuscripts before and after they passed through this process, and could recognise exactly what they owed to it. Without it she could have never succeeded as she did, unless by first submitting to a long apprenticeship of discipline and disappointment, which one doubts whether her nature and disposition could have undergone. For she took a sort of playful pride in her total inability to master the dry details of her art. To the end of her life she maintained that the true bent of her genius was towards music. Yet when one reads her charming child-stories—her sparkling Irish sketches—one feels that among women-writers of her calibre it would be hard to name one in possession of a more genuine and spontaneous literary gift. But what a happy combination of circumstances—first in the way of suggestion, and next of surveillance—was needed to give the public the benefit of this gift!

Mr. Hall declared that she often quite forgot her own stories, and read them again with great unconscious enjoyment.

Of this marriage between Anna Maria Fielding and Samuel Carter Hall, but one child was born, scarcely to breathe; but Mrs. Hall's house and heart were open to all young people, so that as years passed on she became the "mother," in many senses, of an ever-increasing family, of both sexes, all ages, and every rank—the eldest "children" with grey hair, while the younger were scarcely out of their cradle.

Besides heaps of short tales, assistance to her husband by giving dramatic and poetic tone to the compilations of home travel, etc., which he issued, she wrote several novels, some of which abound with life and movement, and with keen though kindly knowledge of human nature and its weaknesses. They can still be read with interest for their vivid pictures of places, ways of life, and modes of thought that have already vanished. She had always a lively sympathy for governesses, and threw herself heart and hand into the early formation of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. It was the same with the Brompton Hospital for Consumption. And it was so, pre-eminently, with the Nightingale Fund, originating in a projected testimonial from *women* to one who had shown what the sex could do in the way of alleviating misery. The idea emanated from her, and she promptly wrote stating her views to her large circle of acquaintances, and met with so unexpectedly cordial a response that she felt she needed more skilled counsel, and accordingly appealed to Lady Canning and Lady Herbert, both intimately, and as it were, officially connected with the work in the Crimea, as to what form such a testimonial should take. They replied that if a sufficient sum could be collected to endow a training-school for nurses, that would be the testimonial most acceptable to Florence Nightingale, for it would fulfil the object of her life. This was ultimately accomplished, resulting in the great nursing-school which has its quarters and its functions in Dean's Yard and St. Thomas's Hospital.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hall, as the editor of many "annuals," and of the "Morning Journal," the "Literary Observer," and above all the "New Monthly," had made acquaintance with many of the literary people of the time, and indeed his "Recollections" include almost every well-known name. But, perhaps, the most important event in the Halls' literary career was the establishment of the "Art Journal." This originated in a suggestion of Charles Landseer (brother of Sir Edwin), who further proposed Mr. Hall as a fit person to conduct a periodical representing the arts. This was in 1838. At first the publication was issued by Hodgson and Graves, the print publishers, and was called the "Art Union." It presently became Mr. Hall's own property, and ultimately passed into the hands of Messrs. Virtue. Mr. Hall remained its editor from 1838 to 1880, being for a great number of those years ably seconded by Mr. James Dafforne, on whose conscientious and unostentatious assistance he could always rely, and whose quiet presence rises up in one's remembrance of many a gathering under the Halls' roof-tree, a living sample of that type of unselfish, simple-minded old bachelor whom we know in Ruskin's memories, or among the creations of Thackeray.

The work which the "Art Journal" proposed to itself was enormous. In Mr. Hall's own words: "It had to create a public for art"—to make it the right of all, not the luxury of a few—to turn the wealthy aside from the purchase of spurious 'old masters,' to the encouragement of living artists." Such "old masters" were then exported from the Continent at the rate of upwards of 45,000 in the course of five years. At the same time, on the day of private view at the Royal Academy, *very often not a picture was sold throughout the day*, and there was quite an excitement when it was reported that a nobleman had bought a "Turner" for two hundred pounds! It is scarcely needless to remark that a very different state of things prevails nowadays!

But since material prosperity is not always the best of things, it may be well to set forth a more æsthetic function of the "Art Journal's." By means of its exquisite engravings, it has carried the in-

terests and beauty of artistic masterpieces into remote villages and far away colonies. Further, it did much to introduce Fine Art into the Industrial Arts. In connection with the "Art Journal" I know Mr. Hall was never so pleased and proud as when he could do a good turn to some young or unknown artist. It was to him a joy, on which he loved to dwell, even as he always dwelt on any kindness that had been shown to himself in his younger days.

I first met Mrs. S. C. Hall in 1861. She was then editing the St. James' Magazine, and some very crude verse which was offered for her acceptance led to an invitation to visit her at her then residence in the Boltons, Brompton. She came into the drawing-room, already an elderly lady, of stately, gracious presence, with laughing eyes, humorous mouth, and forehead of great expanse. She was dressed with much care and precision, and never, during a friendship of many years, though I was free to come and go at all hours and under all conditions of health and sickness, did I ever see her otherwise. As she wrote in one of her letters to me, "the graces of life are the sweetness of life, in high or low." She always laid great stress on order—perhaps conscious of the national weakness in the other direction!—and on neatness, to rebut the common charge concerning the "slovenliness" of literary women. She used to boast that she could go to any of her drawers or book-shelves in the dark and lay her hand on what she wanted.

Despite all her stateliness and impressiveness of manner, there was something about her that set the trembling young literary aspirant instantly at ease. In the course of that first hour of our intercourse I am sure she knew more of me and my nature, disposition, and aspirations, than did many who had known me for years. I feel certain others will say the same on their part. She put one in possession of oneself by becoming, as it were, herself, possessed by one, and living herself into one as she might into one of the creations of her own imagination. Whoever interested her or touched her heart, seemed to haunt her until she had found some way to secure justice for whatever development they were capable of.

On that occasion I caught only a glimpse of Mr. Hall, already venerable in appearance, with his long white hair, and the picturesque black velvet coat, ruffled shirt, and buckled shoes, which he always wore when at ease at home. But from that time I was a constant guest, generally spending one long day weekly in their house. They found out all sorts of little pretexts for making me believe myself useful and welcome—I executed little commissions, or arranged manuscripts or photographs, sweet little subterfuges—which were easily seen through by one who had already discovered that a door her own father had always called his tiny girl "to hold open for him," would have stood open quite easily by itself!—but which naturally only endeared them to her the more.

As an adviser to aspirants in literature, Mrs. Hall seems to me to have been singularly wise. She advised me to lay down my pen absolutely for three years. "Read, think, and live," she said, "and have something to write about before you write." Somehow the advice commended itself to me, although I was already making small progresses into print, which promised well as "a thin end of the wedge." But I took her counsel so implicitly that, in one slight exception, which it presently seemed prudent to make, I sought her advice and permission before making it. This proves the sense of confidence and of strong personal interest which she was able to inspire. At the end of this appointed term of probation I felt so much benefit from it that I renewed the period. Long afterwards, Mrs. Hall told me that when she gave me that advice she did not expect me to follow it. I think it was my prompt obedience which clinched her friendship for me!

During those waiting years she gave me a great deal of advice about reading, and I often think that some of her counsels, old-fashioned and desultory as they may seem to many, might well lead to a wider and gentler culture than the study of condensed "primers," and the "courses," and "special subjects" of more modish ways. Among the books she recommended for careful perusal were "The Spectator," "The Rambler," "The Idler," the Waverley novels, Rollin's History, Herodotus, Spenser, Pope, and all those poets whom she described as "granite" poets, *i.e.*, those dealing with the facts of nature and human life, rather than with sentiment or metaphysic.

All along that period the memory of those constant visits strays like a thread of sunbeam. In the Halls' house one met many famous and notable people, who all, while there, seemed to come under its genial influence. Ruskin was at one time a frequent guest, and Mrs. Hall took me with her to lunch with him at his house on Denmark Hill, where his mother still lived, an aged invalid in her chamber, while its hospitalities were brightly dispensed by his cousin Joan (now Mrs. Severn). Jean Ingelow was once the Halls' neighbour opposite. The Howitts came and went during their brief visits to their native country. There, too, I saw Taglioni, in her bright-eyed, active, independent old age, and Helen Faucit, then in the pride of beautiful matronhood. Gustave Doré called when he was in London. Geraldine Jewsbury was an intimate acquaintance; but Mrs. Hall's own attraction had been towards Geraldine's older sister, of graver type, who had died in India. It is singular that Mrs. Hall regarded Mrs. Carlyle's friend Geraldine as a frivolous woman, superficial, and rather hard-hearted! They had once held entirely opposite views of some young writer, and Mrs. Hall's judgment had been justified by events. But it would serve no purpose to go on with such an enumeration of the guests. Nearly every artist, sculptor, or engraver came there in due turn; but there was never a gathering at that house at which there was not more than one who, utterly unknown then, has since produced good work according to his kind. This was part of the spirit and aim of the beneficent hosts.

But my greatest enjoyment was when I could get Mrs. Hall "all to myself" in her writing-room. It was one peculiarity of the Halls that for many

years they had never lived long in one place. From house to house they went, seldom staying in one for more than three years. And yet so thoroughly did they carry their "home" with them, with all its tone and atmosphere, that I find it hard to "locate" any remembered scene, and seem always to have seen them in one set of rooms! Mrs. Hall was tenderly loyal to all the ties of the past, and wherever she went, the little faded portraits of dear friends, or the little simple sketches of old scenes, were promptly hung in their accustomed groupings round her bed or her desk. Nothing new, however grand, ever displaced *them*.

Wherever Mrs. Hall went there were sure to be birds and flowers, and a group of little white Maltese dogs was a perennial feature in the establishment. There were one or two toy terriers and a pug, but their reign was not so permanent. And there was a much beloved Persian cat, "trained" not to molest birds. There had once been a monkey, but he had vanished before my day. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hall had a great love for animals; it begun with their own pets, and only ended with every donkey or mongrel cur that trotted to their door or came within their reach.

How glad I should be if I could give a detailed account of only one of the many delightful interviews I have had in those sweet-scented "writing-rooms," always sunny, yet never glaring. What a fund of anecdote, of memories; what snatches of quaint song; what bits of obsolete nursery doggrel were all freely poured forth! The little soft aged hands were often busy the while, for it was Mrs. Hall's will and pleasure to make up her own coiffures, and to toy a good deal among her laces. She liked lace, and knew much about it, as her husband did of china. She liked her personal ornaments, too, and had the best reason for doing so, for I don't suppose she had bought any for herself; they were nearly all mementoes of the most treasured affections of her life, and she loved to tell their little histories.

She was full of all sorts of quaint prejudices and peculiarities. To instance one, she did not like the moon, always shut out its light, and declared that she became ill, even to absolute suffering, under its influence. She loved talking about her mother, and quoting her sayings and opinions. She kept up a large circle of kindly acquaintance among homely working women — nurses, dressmakers, sempstresses, and maids, with whom she had come in contact. In relationships of this kind her manner was simply perfect. She did not "condescend," nor "descend," she raised up. I shall never forget the reverent tenderness of her look and manner as one of these left her chamber. "There," she said, "goes one of the best women I know—a saint—a martyr." That poor woman's history was no secret, or even that hint would not have passed Mrs. Hall's lips. Among her intimate circle there were, naturally, a few romances and tragedies, and it was when some of these were accidentally revealed by external causes that Mrs. Hall's remarkable reticence was made manifest. Her friends knew of each other how she loved and honoured them, but they were not always—or often—made aware of the basis of her affection and esteem.

She had a power of sharp repartee—sharp, yet so light and glancing, that even some who felt its scathing did not resent it, and would tell its story with the laugh against themselves! For example, a young lady, who aspired to be a professional singer, told me she was once engaged in talk with Mrs. Hall, and the conversation turned upon some public character who had dedicated the best of her life and the freshness of her powers to provide for her parents and younger helpless members of her family. I can imagine Mrs. Hall had brought forward this as a suggestive example. But the young aspirant for lyric honours had remarked, with utter frankness, that she had no such thoughts in her mind; she was thinking only of providing for herself. "Whereupon," she narrated, "Mrs. Hall looked up at me, and said,

"'Be thankful your ambitions are so humble; for I don't think you have any powers in you to do more!'"

For myself, I can only say that when my long waiting was done, and I was fairly launched on a literary life—and the final launching happened to be sudden and decided—her interest and sympathy were powerful and sustaining. I am sure that her delight in the modest success of my first book, "The Occupations of a Retired Life," far exceeded my own. That it should be so was the only reward her patience and goodness could ever find.

Her talk abounded in pretty picturesque sayings which always turned the shady side towards the sunshine. For instance, when one of her old favourites (for each of whom she had her own pet name) came to visit her, after going through a great life-sorrow, "What! grey hairs!" she cried, laying her soft touch on the bowed head; "but never mind the grey hairs, if only the heart keeps green!"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hall were by politics Tories of the oldest school. Mrs. Hall told me that when in the presence of certain gentlemen who claimed to be descended from the exiled house of Stuart, she always remained standing till they invited her to take a chair! Mr. Hall always uncovered when passing any of the Royal residences. Yet I never knew anybody with a clearer and more sympathetic recognition of the virtues of lowly folk, and whenever Mrs. Hall spoke of her own work with any pride or satisfaction, it was always in connection with some instance of its acceptableness among such people. The strong vein of romance in her nature made her an enthusiastic admirer of General Garibaldi, yet, in the great American war, her sympathies were on the side of the South, and a few years later she was very proud of receiving a visit from Governor Eyre.

When they were both quite old people, certain sad events which were brought under their notice caused them to adopt in practice (they had always held temperance in theory) strictly abstinence habits. Henceforth no wine appeared on their dinner-table or on any festive occasion. Alcohol was relegated to mere medicinal functions. It

must be remembered that for people of their age, training, and social prejudices, a sudden and complete change of lifelong habits meant a great force of conscientious conviction, and considerable resolution and independence of action.

Having myself left London for the Far North, I did not see Mrs. Hall for nearly four years before her death in 1881, and during that period the frequent notes that I received from her were very brief, the handwriting telling of physical decay. In the end of 1880 they were induced, most unaccountably, to take up their abode at East Molesey, an unfortunate removal, as it reversed many of their accustomed habits, and put them beyond the easy and frequent reach of their most devoted friends. But Mrs. Hall thought she enjoyed the change, and perhaps did not experience it long enough to discover its disadvantages. Her last illness was short, her death quiet and easy, her last word a loving epithet for her aged husband.

From that date Mr. Hall sank rapidly into the frailty of old age. His active work in the "Art Journal" was ended; his life companion was gone. Yet, though he had survived his contemporaries, and was a childless man, his was certainly no cheerless passage to the tomb. There was one (whom many will remember as a constant presence at the old "Thursday at Homes") who rendered him a cheery devotion, and a spontaneous tenderness which no filial affection could have surpassed. She must not be named here, for she is one of that great army of honourable women whose names the world has no right to hear. But when the newspapers spoke of Mr. Hall having "left no relatives," one could not help resenting, for her sake, the frequent inference that he "must have been very solitary at the last." Solitary! I saw him every time that I have visited London, and I found him the brightest of old gentlemen, his long snowy hair flowing over his scarlet dressing-gown, the last of the little white dogs seated at his side, his favourite books and his little paraphernalia on a shelf within reach of his couch, his faithful attendant, ever within call, ministrant to every want, and his daughterly friend, she who, next to himself, had loved and been loved by her who was gone, coming in towards evening with her bonnie, kind face to cheer his tea-table, play a little game with him, crack a few old jokes of excellent wear, and tell him the great news of the big world or the little chat of the near neighbourhood. As he said to me, he should be "very glad to go where his darling was, but he was content to await God's will, and had everything to be thankful for."

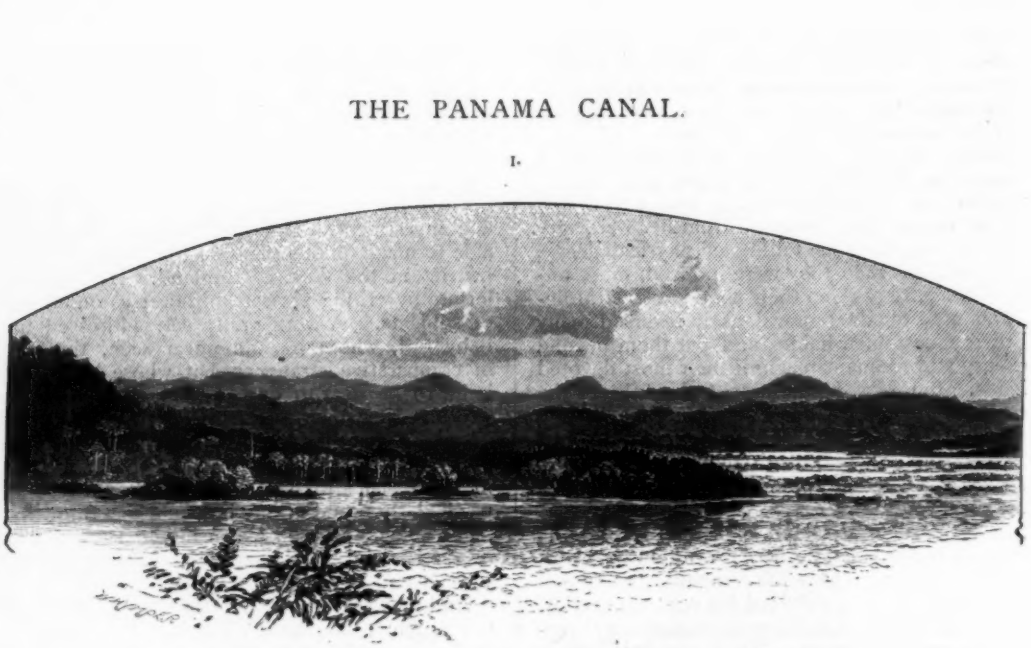
Other old friends were often at hand to offer him as much social variety as he could bear. And he retained the power of making new friends, one such doing his utmost to save the kindly veteran from all the troubles and perplexities arising from his own not too discreet complications of business and investment. Only last summer, too, he was able to make quite a pleasant tour in his favourite district in the West of England. He wiled his leisure by writing pleasant little verses on all sorts of subjects. A very pretty set, addressed to a baby girl, whom he had never seen, the child of comparative strangers, but whose parents he knew to be dear to one of his oldest friends, he wrote at New Year, saying they would be his last —as I believe they were. He delighted to gather all sorts of gifts for Irish orphan children living in the district of his wife's childhood, and was particularly proud of any he could get from Scottish friends, because he considered such a proof of good feeling would soothe and soften the Irish Romanists.

And now the last of the two lives is ended, and the public prints have each had their award of praise or criticism to render. She who lays this little leaf among the garlands knows well that her dear friends were human—very human! Sometimes they praised when they should not, and in some zealous partizanships they may have forgotten to be quite fair. Often they trusted where they should have mistrusted, and they may have even sometimes misled others, being themselves misled. There were some virtues they could scarcely appreciate—there were some frailties they found it easy to condone. Perhaps they sometimes failed to see what they did not want to see. In some ways their standards were of a different time and tone from ours. But I think they never caused a tear to fall; I think they never saw a tear that they did not long to wipe away. I think that whatever they once saw to be right, that they strove to do. I know that all the long course of their lives is marked by other lives "lifted up." It may be fanciful, but it seems to me significant beyond chance that the flowers shut within the old editor's coffin were those sent by a widow, by orphans, and by a stranger. And I feel that this world is a colder and a drearier place, because all that now remains here of that bright welcoming home is the tombstone in Addlestone churchyard.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

I.



THE INTERIOR OF THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA, FROM THE PACIFIC SIDE.

PANAMA is an Indian word signifying "very fishy." At the present moment there are a hundred thousand homes, even in France, where its peculiar appropriateness is freely admitted. The great projector has failed, and failed disastrously, and the prophets of evil are well pleased with themselves.

But though the French peasants may regret the day they parted with their little "fortunes," the world will not cease to remember the great work done by M. de Lesseps in uniting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The triumph of Suez is too great to be overshadowed by the fiasco of Panama. That difficulty happily surmounted should lead a man to think no difficulty possible to him, is no new thing, nor is it the mark of an ignoble character; and men will ever be found to sympathise with the heroic, even if it fails.

M. de Lesseps is no trained engineer. He is a projector of the type of Paterson, or rather of Law. He was born at Versailles in November, 1805. His father and grandfather were in the French diplomatic service, and he is, or was, a diplomatist by profession. He began his official life when he was twenty-one years of age, in the French consulate at Lisbon, and for the next four-and-twenty years continued in the direct employ of his country. He went to Tunis in 1828, and to Cairo in 1833, remaining there for five years, and gaining that thorough acquaintance with things Egyptian which he afterwards turned to such good account. Subsequently he held appointments at Rotterdam, Malaga, Barcelona, Madrid, Berne, and Rome, His diplomatic experience was thus very varied. His missions were nearly always successful; and it was the knowledge of his previous career that caused the British Government, who foresaw the complications to which the Suez Canal would give rise, to look upon his great work as chiefly a political scheme. And there are many amongst us of the same opinion regarding his attempt to drive a waterway through America.

M. de Lesseps is a man of genius, and his gifts have been even more conspicuous in the Panama scheme than in that of Suez. It is really wonderful how he worked, and how his countrymen believed in him. His was the scheme, the only practicable scheme, and Frenchmen had come to think there had never been another scheme worth a moment's consideration. But the idea of a canal across the American isthmus is as old as the conquest of Mexico. Even in 1520 we find Cortes supporting the plan of a canal across Tehuantepec, in 97½° long. w., and the same year Schoener making the globe at Nuremberg on which he drew what he thought to be the true line across Panama. Thirty years afterwards we had Galvao with his plans for four ways across. At the "Congress" convoked by the projectors of the Panama route in 1879 there were no less than seven schemes tabulated for consideration.

The isthmus, or rather series of isthmuses, if the term be permissible, is a strip over six hundred miles long, so that the rival engineers had plenty of elbow room. The United States first appeared on the scene in 1825, when the Nicaraguans, in the western part of the isthmus, invited Mr. Clay to conclude a treaty for a canal and perpetually secure its possession to the two nations. In 1828 Bolivar had the isthmus surveyed by Lloyd on behalf of Colombia, or New Granada, as it came for a time to be called. Next year the King of the Netherlands arranged with the local governments for permission to cut a canal. Six years afterwards the San Juan route was surveyed by our countryman Bailey. In 1838 the French house of Solomon

and Co. heard of a new route across the isthmus "where no locks would be required," and promptly obtained a concession from New Granada; but there was no such route, as Garella, who was sent out to survey by Louis Philippe, conclusively showed. In 1844 a Belgian company obtained a concession from Nicaragua, which also came to nought; as did also a curious political intrigue in which Prince Louis Napoleon, then in prison at Ham, proposed to give tranquillity to France by leaving that country for good, and accompanying the Nicaraguan minister to make a canal and found a powerful State on the isthmus.

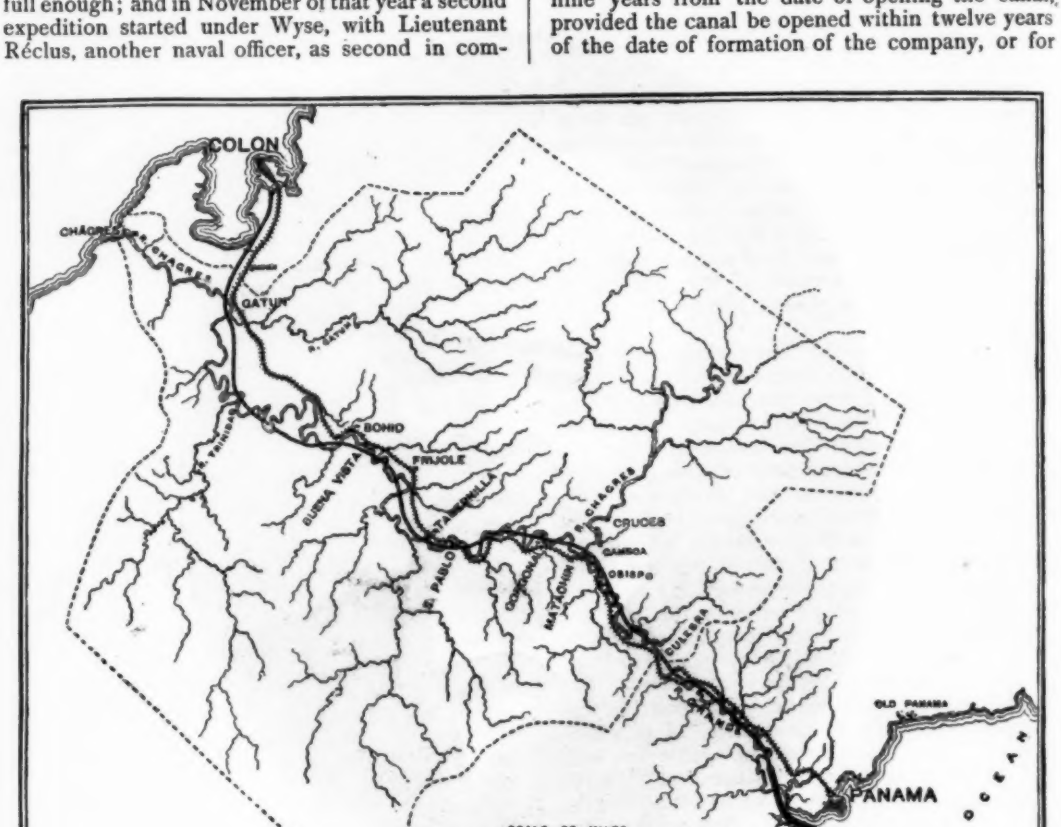
Then came the acquisition of California by the United States, which led to the Americans seeking a route to their Pacific possessions either through or across the narrow barrier. The result was the Panama Railway, opened in 1855, and much treaty-making, and surveying of the various canal lines. In time the rapid growth of the States on the Pacific seaboard made the matter one of national importance to the Americans, and under General Grant's administration in 1872 Congress voted money for surveys, and appointed a Commission of Enquiry. The lines then surveyed by the American naval officers were (1) that across Tehuantepec, (2) the San Juan route from Greytown to Brito, (3) the Panama route, (4) the San Blas route, (5) the Chucunaqua route, (6) the Atrato route by way of the Tanela, (7) the Atrato route by way of the Cué, (8) the Napipi route. The reports of all these expeditions were presented to Congress, and were all published before 1876, when the present French scheme was first heard of.



The project of the prisoner of Ham was not forgotten by Napoleon III. We can trace it in the expedition to Mexico. It was revived in the Canal which originated with a Bonapartist committee,

formed in March, 1876. The ostensible promoters of this committee were General Türr and his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse, who at the end of the year led the first French expedition to the isthmus, and proceeded to go over the old routes and secure a concession from the Colombian Government. The concession was not thought good enough by the committee, and the report published in 1877 was not considered full enough; and in November of that year a second expedition started under Wyse, with Lieutenant Réclus, another naval officer, as second in command. They made "fresh surveys," and secured a more favourable concession. The "surveys" were really amusing. The San Blas route was knocked off in nine days! The Panama route, which is as long as from London to Brighton, took from April 2nd to April 20th! Eighteen days in all, in a difficult forest country, through which they proposed to cut a canal at the bottom of a great natural line of drainage in one of the rainiest districts of the world, in which the rivers were to be crossed by the canal over forty times, and in which they proposed to drive a tunnel over four miles long and 140 feet high, through volcanic rocks notoriously the most embarrassing! It is the quickest survey on record. Alexander Selkirk was "monarch of all he surveyed," and so in a different sense must have been Lieutenant-de-Vaisseau Réclus, whom Wyse had left to the work while he galloped off to Bogota to secure the fresh concession by which the future Panama Canal Company was to be bound.

This concession, dated May, 1878, gives the exclusive privilege of making a canal through Colombian territory, which is to last for ninety-nine years from the date of opening the canal, provided the canal be opened within twelve years of the date of formation of the company, or for eighteen years if it is found when a third of the canal is made that the twelve years is not sufficient for its completion. As caution money £30,000 is to be deposited in London banks, to be forfeited, with interest, to the conceding Government, if the canal is not navigable within the time allowed. The Colombian Government are to be paid 5 per cent. of the gross takings of the company every year for the first twenty-five years, 6 per cent. for the next twenty-five years, 7 per cent. for the next 25, and 8 per cent. for the twenty-four years before they take full possession; and the company guarantee that the sums so paid over shall never be less than £50,000 a year! The company can part with their rights to other



MAP OF THE ISTHMUS, SHOWING THE DRAINAGE OF THE RIVERS.

capitalists or financial associations, but they cannot make them over or mortgage them to any foreign nation or Government—an awkward point for those people who wish the French Government to stand in the place of the now bankrupt company.

In August M. Wyse was back in Paris, and next year an "International Scientific Congress" was convoked at Paris to advertise the Panama scheme. The members of this Congress were invited by either M. de Lesseps or M. Wyse, and were all carefully selected with a view to the result. There were 135 guests; of these 74 were Frenchmen (13 of these being in the employ of the Suez Canal Company); six came from England, six from Holland, four from Switzerland, and eleven from the United States. The "Congress" sat for a fortnight. As soon as its real object became apparent many of its members refused to vote. By 74 to 8 a vote was carried that the cutting of an interoceanic canal at one level was possible, and that this canal, on account of the facilities of access and utilisation, should run between Navy Bay and Panama.

There were really only three schemes to consider: there was the Panama route it was decided to have, and there were the San Blas route in 81½° long. w., and the San Juan one in 88¼° long. w. It was in the San Blas and Darien country that Mr. Lionel Gisborne went exploring in 1852, on behalf of Messrs. Fox and Henderson, who, after building the Great Exhibition of 1851, sought another outcome for their energies in driving a canal between the Gulf of San Miguel and Caledonia Bay. And, strangely enough, it was in the discussion on Mr. Kelley's paper on the San Blas route, read before the Royal Geographical Society in 1856, that M. de Lesseps first spoke in England on the subject of an American canal. The San Blas is said to be the shortest road through America; it is only 30 miles long, 24 of which require a canal, the rest being navigable river with good harbours on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The rivers would help and not hinder the canal, which would only run for five miles in the rainy Atlantic slope. But the San Blas route requires a tunnel 10 miles long to be driven through the cordillera. And this tunnel must be of sufficient height to take a ship through with her masts standing. A nice tough job this tunnel would be, but it is a remarkable fact, that even with it the amount of excavation demanded by the San Blas route is not half that along the Panama line. In the project submitted to the Congress the Panama line was to have its tunnel through the central ridge, but this tunnel was speedily knocked in by the delegates and converted into an open cutting, with an enormously increased cubage to be excavated.

The San Juan, or Nicaraguan route, as now planned by the Americans, runs through a country which, as an evil omen, has five volcanoes for its coat-of-arms! The canal will be 169½ miles long. Of these, 56½ run through Lake Nicaragua, 84½ run through rivers and basins, and only 28½ by canal. The level is 110 feet above the sea, and this level is 152 miles long. There are six locks —three on the Atlantic, and three on the Pacific side. The San Juan has to be dammed and deepened; and the Rio Grande has also to be dammed, so as to flood its valley and leave a low divide of about 8½ miles to be cut from the Tola basin to the lake. The estimated cost is £16,000,000, and even if this be doubled it will be less than what has been spent on the hastily-surveyed French road.

The one great advantage of the Panama line was the railway, which M. de Lesseps had resolved to possess, and which his company has since bought for £3,755,000—a heavy price for a single line of rails only 47½ miles in length.

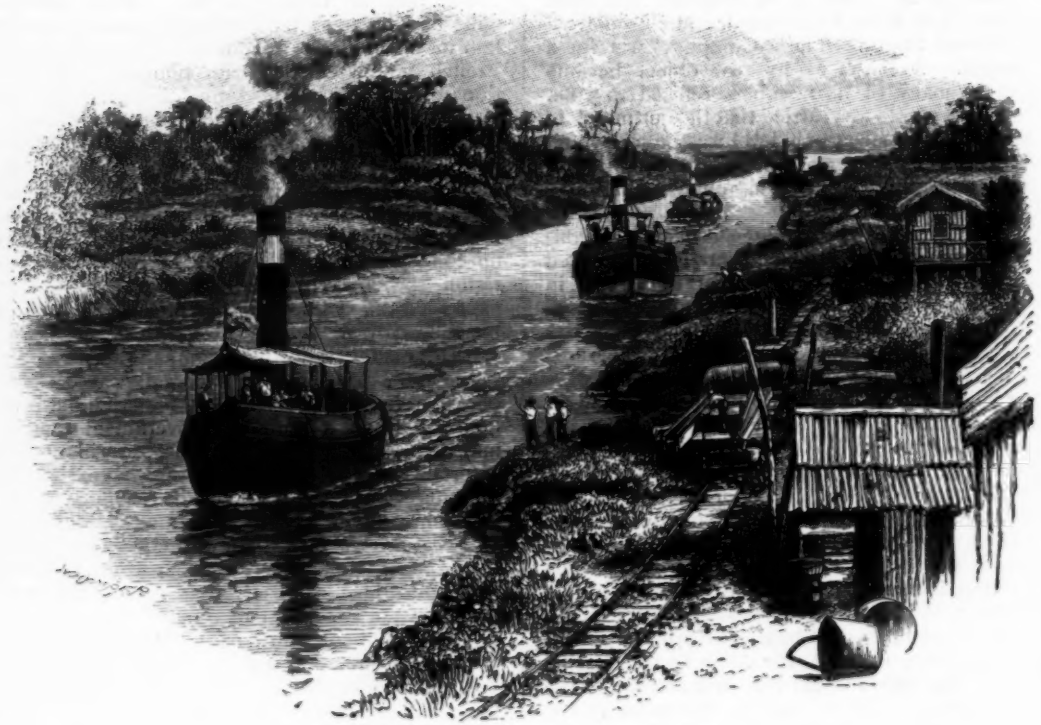
The task he undertook was a most difficult one; and he was at no sufficient pains to ascertain its difficulties. A Panama Canal made with French money bristled with political complications. It could but lead to disturbance of the world's peace. Where French money is invested French influence must be felt. But the United States would never stand French influence in Panama. Even the neutralisation of the canal would be but the reparation of an error that ought never to have been committed. There can be no misconception about this. In his recent inauguration speech President Harrison unmistakably expressed the opinion of the most influential of his countrymen.

"It is so manifestly incompatible with our peace and safety that a shorter waterway between our eastern and western seaboards should be dominated by any European Government that we may confidently expect such purpose will not be entertained by any friendly Power. We shall in the future, as in the past, use every endeavour to maintain and enlarge the friendly relations with all great Powers, but they will not expect us to look kindly upon any project that would leave us subject to hostile observation or environment. We have not sought to dominate or absorb any weaker neighbour, and have a clear right to expect, therefore, that no European Government will seek to establish colonial dependencies in these independent American States."

The French may have had some sentimental interest in Egypt, but they have none in Panama; and the canal, if ever finished, will only lead to constant trouble with the Americans until it falls into American hands. The people that will profit most by such a canal are the Americans; it will become their highway between their Atlantic and Pacific States; no other ocean route will it shorten so much; and under such circumstances, even if the Americans had not made treaty after treaty with the isthmian governments, it is only too clear that American influence must be paramount, and that the simplest solution of the canal problem would be for the canal to be made by American engineers with American money. In his anxiety to "give back to American shipping the pre-eminence over that of Great Britain," M. de Lesseps forgot that the Americans would resent as a favour what they were strong enough to claim as a right.

The Americans have had their own scheme all along, and were advancing with it cautiously and

soundly when M. de Lesseps struck in. No wonder that they became his severest critics. And they had only too much cause for criticism. Every rival scheme was objected to by him as providing "a canal with obstacles." His was the only canal without obstacles; and yet never was there a scheme with such obstacles, all pointed out and enlarged upon beforehand by those who knew best what they were about. And, cruellest fate of all, though he declared that "no man worth calling an engineer would have the audacity to say that a canal with locks was desirable," yet his last effort was to turn his canal into one having



THE PANAMA AT MINDI, LOOKING TOWARDS COLON.

more locks in it than any other line proposed across the isthmus.

That he would spend more than his share capital of £12,000,000, was to be expected. At the outset his small capital was reduced by £1,500,000, the largest sum ever paid to a projector for promotion-money and preliminaries, and the cost of the work was so obviously underestimated, that the ten and a half available millions could only have been regarded as a margin on which to raise loans and obligations. His reputation was not that of a careful valuer. The Suez Canal cost 128½ per cent. more than he estimated, and in the comparatively unknown rocky route across Panama the allowance for contingencies ought surely to have been greater than in that through the well-known strip of sand. Had the really needful capital been stated at first, the amount, particularly in francs, would have seemed so enormous that only a few possible investors would have believed that the canal would pay its way. But with truly marvellous tact and energy and advertising ability M. de Lesseps worked up the capital, issue after issue; and would probably have succeeded in getting all he wanted had not American antagonism been so marked, and the financial and political outcome so dubious. For that the canal can be made, even on the original plan, is clear enough Labour can do anything if it is worth while. The question is, is the investment safe, and will it pay? In this case the security is of the riskiest; and even if the canal were crammed with shipping from morning to night, by no possible improvement of trade could they stand the tolls required to pay interest on £120,000,000, which is what the original Panama scheme would cost.

Five weeks after the breaking up of the "International Scientific Congress" M. de Lesseps bought the rights secured by M. Wyse, whose expenses, according to his own statement, had been about £40,000. General Türr's committee were to receive £200,000 in cash, and the same amount in shares of the proposed company—if it would float, which, like the previous isthmian canal companies, it did not!

"More advertising was required," and, to do this vigorously, M. de Lesseps founded the "Bulletin du Canal Interoceanique," which became the company's official organ. Then he started on his first visit to the Isthmus, to inspect it at the head of the

so-called Technical Commission, which consisted of four Frenchmen, two Americans (the railway engineers), two Colombians, and a Dutchman. He arrived at Colon on the 31st of December, and he left on the 15th of February with the report of the commissioners, who in forty days had "verified" the former surveys, and definitely planned the canal. The celerity is enough to take one's breath away.

On the 7th of January, 1880, occurred the "premier coup de pioche" at Panama. And an imposing ceremony it was—in more senses than one: "Under the authority of the Republic of the United States of Colombia, with the benediction of the Bishop of Panama, in presence of the delegates of the general Government and those of the United States of Colombia, with the assistance of the members of the Technical Commission of the Definitive Survey of the Universal Maritime Interoceanic Canal, Mademoiselle Ferdinande de Lesseps has given the 'premier coup de pioche' on the spot which marked the entry of the maritime canal on the coast of the Pacific Ocean; and all those present have given picks in succession, in token of the alliance of all the nations who have contributed to the union of the oceans for the good of humanity!" So says the official account as given in the "Bulletin," and very tasteful and eloquent it is.

What had really happened was reported at the time by Mr. J. C. Rodrigues, one of the special correspondents. M de Lesseps had organised a fête for the solemn inauguration of the work, which was to take place at the mouth of the Rio Grande. "A steamboat was at his disposal, and of that of everybody who could go. A beautiful shovel and pickaxe had been brought from France, speeches had been prepared by himself, by the bishop, the representative of Colombia, and others. There was some delay, it is true, for at the start the steamboat could only approach within two miles of the spot of land where the first stroke with the pickaxe was to be given, as the tide had gone down." That tide which M. de Lesseps had declared hardly existed, and which on this, of all occasions, was to make itself so obnoxiously apparent! "The whole fun seemed to be spoiled. In the meantime, as the telegraph office in Panama closed early, the correspondents of the foreign press had already dispatched the news of the impending opening of the survey just before embarking. M. de Lesseps, however, was equal to the occasion. He called the audience together (a difficult task indeed, seeing that cognac and champagne had been freely distributed for two hours), and said that, inasmuch as the first stroke on land with the pickaxe was only a *simulacro* (he employed the Spanish word itself), he did not see why the whole thing could not be done right there on board. The bishop blessed the work, and all the speeches were delivered, just as though the party were on land!"

And then there came a banquet to end the fêtes at which—we resume from the official account—"the American General Millen, correspondent of the 'New York Herald,' remarked on the monumental nature of the work, and the curious coincidence that the steamer which brought thither M. de Lesseps and his interesting family, bore the name of Lafayette, the faithful friend of George Washington, the man who never," etc., etc., etc., the continuation being as per usual.

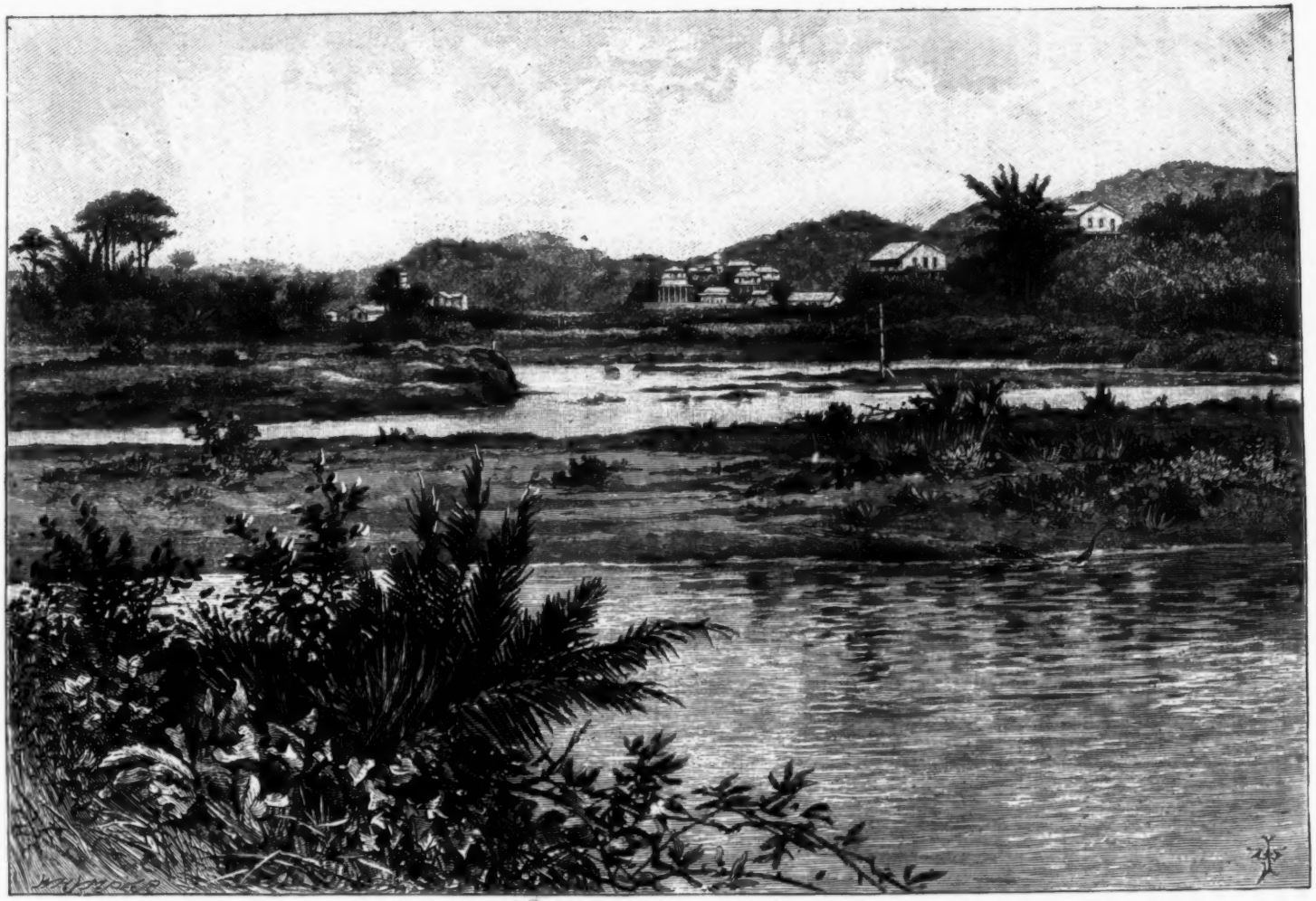
Nine days afterwards the first mine was exploded on the summit of the Culebra by the hand of the fair Ferdinande. "The basaltic rock flew in fragments," a happy omen of the ease with which the rocky backbone of the isthmus was to be pierced by the resources of civilisation.

Quickly as the commissioners had worked, they had seen enough to show them that the estimate submitted to the Congress was much too low. They found that the canal would cost £33,720,000 without preliminary, banking, or administrative expenses or interest during construction, and that 75,000,000 cubic metres would require excavation instead of Wyse's 46,000,000. They found that the tide at Panama was a serious matter. The tide at Colon rises but a few inches, but on the Pacific coast it occasionally exceeds twenty feet; and owing to its being high water at one end of the canal nine hours after high water at the other end, the difference in height would cause a current of five miles an hour in the uninterrupted portions of the canal, and of more if the cross section were reduced by the passage of a ship. Hence the bottom of the canal would have to be sloped and 10,000,000 more cubic metres dug out, or there must be a tide-lock at Panama. M. de Lesseps approved the idea of the tide-lock, and struck its cost out of the estimates! And all along the line he "economised," until he had brought the cost down to £28,000,000. Later on he reduced it to £21,200,000; but the figures have been changed so often that we need not take them seriously.

The company was brought out for the second time in November, 1880; the subscription closed on December 10; the shares were all applied for, principally by small investors, poor people who had only their hard-earned savings to speculate with. There were 1,206,509 shares issued; of these 994,508 were secured by French people in France, and 212,101 went abroad, chiefly to Spain. Not one share was applied for from the United States; all the shares that went there went to the company's bankers for advertising purposes. There were 102,000 shareholders, among whom were 16,000 women! And to these thousands of investors were to be added thousands more as the subsequent debenture stocks were taken up. Never had a company so wide an area in which to make misery if it failed.

M. de Lesseps had got the money, and he proceeded to organise and instal. A coldness had arisen between him and M. Wyse, and M. Wyse ceased to be director-general. M. Réclus took his place, to be removed in 1882, and be succeeded by M. Verbrugghe, who was succeeded by M. Richier, who began to dig. The canal was to be finished in seven years. In 1885 M. Dingler became the head of the works, and in October of that year—nearly five years after the floating of the company—there had been removed just 12,000,000 cubic metres!

M. de Lesseps extorts our admiration. The



RIVER CHAGRES, NEAR CRUCES.

facts were against him all along, and invariably came into prominence at inopportune moments. In his second prospectus he estimated his excavation at 72,986,000 cubes; this in time grew to be 150,000,000 cubes; and it is still growing! One of the great advantages of the Panama route was said to be its freedom from earthquakes, and yet an earthquake came in 1882, to be dismissed as never likely to occur again. We have seen how the tide that was "of no account" made itself manifest. Even worse was the reply of the climate to the compliments as to its "salubrity." His right-hand man, Henry Bionne, died, like hundreds more; and, notwithstanding the admirably-arranged hospitals, with their surgeons and sisters, and the convalescent station on the island of Taboga, the workmen on the canal weeded themselves down until they consisted almost entirely of negroes and creoles. Hard manual labour, in alternations of soaking rain and baking sun, is never healthy in tropical woods and marshes, nor anywhere else when wet clothes are steamed on the body.

But to all that was urged M. de Lesseps had an invariable answer. Look at the beauty of the country! And a beautiful country it is. Though there is perpetual summer in temperature, the summer and winter are represented by the dry and wet seasons, the *verano* and the *invierno*, which produce in the appearance of the vegetation a constant succession of changes, ever new and beautiful in colour and in form. During November the daily rains fall in torrents for hours as heavily as the very heaviest rain ever known in England. Occasionally the rain falls for days without cessation in violence and amount seldom seen in the rainiest of northern latitudes. During the months of wet the woods are clothed in brilliant greens of every shade, and many of the trees are a mass of white and scarlet and yellow blooms, girt and festooned together with myriads of parasites and flowering vines. During the dry season, when a couple of months may pass without a shower, the foliage tints become more varied, and the browns and yellows of the dying leaves add richness to the picture, which never, however, loses its preponderating green. Each season has its flowers. Some of the lowland trees bloom all the year round. There is the wildest abundance of vegetation. Palm-trees there are, says Otis, "slender and tall, from under whose crowns hang long scarlet and yellow tassels; palms, low and huge, with trunks scarce lifted above the slimy ooze, sending out graceful pinnate leaves half a dozen yards in length; great cedro and espabe trees, towering up like giants for a hundred feet, then sending out strong arms that almost clasp each other, their trunks covered with thick vines and parasites—these and many others so closely set and interwoven together that the eye fails to penetrate into the depths of the forest. The great number and variety of parasitic growths cannot fail to attract attention. Almost every tree and shrub supports more or less of these treacherous leeches, in form and size ranging from the simple tuft of grass to the enormous growths whose branches equal in magnitude those of the largest trees, and frequently exceed those of the poor victim from which their strength is drawn. Many bear beautiful and fragrant flowers. Often trees, so decayed that otherwise they must have fallen, are by these supports retained in their upright position for many years."

And it is peculiarly rich in flowers, the choicest of them being the rare orchid that grows in the low and marshy ground just beyond Lion Hill, and figures so prominently in Mr. Goodall's "Dream of Paradise," which is about the last thing one would have expected to have occurred on the site of the Panama Canal. "Its blossom, which is of an alabaster whiteness, approaches the tulip in form, and gives forth a powerful perfume not unlike that of the magnolia; but it is neither for its beauty of shape, its purity of colour, nor its fragrance, that it is chiefly esteemed. Resting within the cup of the flower, so marvellously formed that no human skill, be it never so cunning, could excel the resemblance, lies the prone image of a dove. Its exquisitely moulded pinions hang lifeless from its sides, the head bends gently forward, the tiny bill, tipped with a delicate carmine, almost touches its snow-white breast, while the expression of the entire image (and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see the expression) seems the very incarnation of meekness and ethereal innocence. No one who has seen it can wonder that the early Spanish Catholic, ever on the alert for some phenomenon upon which to fasten the idea of a miraculous origin, should have bowed down before this matchless flower, and named it 'Flor del Espiritu Santo,' or the Flower of the Holy Ghost; nor that the still more superstitious Indian should have accepted the imposing title, and ever after have gazed upon it with awe and devotional reverence, ascribing a peculiar sanctity even to the ground upon which it blossoms, and to the very air which it ladens with its fragrance."

Through such forests, and amid such flowers as these, lay the line of the canal—a most unlovely object in the making! The ugliest of tools is the steam-navvy; and a group of steam-navvies grubbing into a hill is about the strongest contrast conceivable to the luxuriant loveliness of the tropical woodlands. Take the works at Emperador as an example. A clearing has been cut, and not a vestige of vegetation is to be seen along the line. It is a wide gorge of stone and clay, the gorge in broad levels approached by zigzags, on which are laid rough railways, where dirty locomotives puff and smoke, and drag behind them trains of muddy trucks. There are three main plateaus, on each of which stands a steam-navvy scraping its way into the hillside. Each navvy is like a river-dredger, but it has but one bucket; and this, with rattling chains, is drawn up the wall of earth, into which it digs with the teeth on its edge as it is hauled to the top of the powerful arm that swings round at each mouthful, and deposits what has been bitten away into the railway-truck close by. At one of the levels the soil is so hard that the toothed bucket would slip up it and leave only a scratch; and there the negroes are as thick as bees, picking and shovelling and

boring the deep holes into which the charge of dynamite is to be thrust, which will shatter the rocky walls into fragments, for the men to dig off piecemeal in their turn. The gorge is over sixty feet deep, and it will have to be dug out quite four times that before the bottom is reached. The upper levels are in clay and grit, the lower are in massive dolerite, and silted over with the mud swept down from above. What is below the present floor no one knows, for in volcanic rock anything is possible.

At sixteen different places in this "section" of three miles is an attack like this is in progress, the sixteen being all managed from the camp close by. First the surveyors came to mark out the line; they built their huts, otherwise "ranchos," by felling a few trees, sticking in a few uprights, binding together the rough woodwork with the rope-like lianas, and roofing with palm-leaves. Then the telegraph instrument was set up and connected with the railway wire, and then to the nearest spot the railway brought, as the survey was completed, the rest of the things necessary for the station—the light railway, the wooden houses ready for putting together, the stores, the materials, the tools, the heavy rails, the locomotives, the waggons, the men-navvies, and, last of all, the steam-excavators, when the cut was deep enough for them to be of use.

In the lower country, where the river is navigable, the steam dredgers are at work. First the ground on the line of the canal has been levelled down to the average flood mark of the river. There the dredger has begun to fill its buckets, scooping out a trench along this line fifteen or twenty feet wide to the level of the river bottom. Floating in the new channel which it has cut, it will advance till it again strikes the bend of the river; and then it will return to scoop and scoop until the channel is the width and depth of the canal. And if it meets with undredgable rock? Then the bottom will have to be dynamited, or got rid of in some way not yet decided on, or the old river bed may have to be dammed and deepened and form the canal, while the cut is left for the river channel.



EXCAVATORS AT WORK.

A LONDON LAMP-POST (LOQUITUR).

NO one in describing my characteristics would credit me with nomadic tendencies, but, indeed, it is as well I have no inclination to wander abroad, for I could not gratify it.

All my life has been passed in one spot, and I cling to the ground with a tenacity which has resisted many shocks, even a heavy brewer's dray which once in a fog came into collision with my form not inflicting any more serious injury than the fracture of my head, the glass of which fell heavily to the pavement and was shattered into atoms; beyond exposing my light to the weather this was of little consequence, and another head being given to me with as much promptitude as one could reasonably expect, the temporary inconvenience was hardly worth mentioning.

I am slenderly proportioned, and though I take no exercise, show no symptoms of corpulence, which never ran in our family; but in spite of my thinness I am very strong, and need not take much thought for my safety, and I am therefore able to concentrate my attention on what is going on around me.

It has always been a matter of rejoicing to me that I do not live in the country. My cousins are found there at rare intervals, and I often think of the monotony of their existence with real compassion. Of course, they have the heavens to look at, they can watch the ever-changing glories of the sunrise and the wonderful hues of the sunset, they can behold the clouds which float beneath the blue, and the starry perfection of the firmament; for them, too, the earth decks herself, for them the lane is bordered with hedgerows, and the fields change their aspect as the seasons go by, and for them the little birds make music.

Yes, they have many things to delight them, and they possess the advantage in common with the rest of us of being able to contemplate the earth and the sky at a reasonable distance from each. But they lack that which seems to me of most vital interest—human life.

How few people do they see in a year, and how little variety in these. The labourer goes past to his work in the morning, and yet again when his toil is over in the evening; the little children run by in their play, or the lovers saunter along in the dusk, and perhaps the squire drives past them, and the ladies from the great house, and the curate trudges through the mud.

Maybe the lamp-posts get to know these thoroughly and to sympathise with them, but I expect they are too dreamy and poetical and too filled with the impressions of nature to regard them as much more than the figures in a landscape. Well, it is to be hoped that they are content; a country life breeds contentment, so the Telegraph wire called down to me, and it was he who described to me what manner of life my country cousins lead.

But as for me, my days are filled with interest.

To begin with, I live in London, and so of course there are the varieties of the weather to excite me. I never can tell in the morning whether the day is going to be hot or cold, or wet or fine, or each and all of these in succession; I can never be sure, because it is summer, that the ladies will not wear furs; or, because it is winter, that the day will not be close and stuffy. Then there is the fog, which comes upon us suddenly when we least expect it and throws the whole town into confusion, and we speculate as to whether it is growing thicker or slighter; and we watch to see how soon the person who grows out of the mist will be invisible again, and then we can see nothing at all, but we hear shouts and confused sounds, and we know that people are grateful for such light as we can give them, and that here and there a lady is holding on to us till she can get some one to take her across the road.

Then I am situated in that part of London which is called the Strand, and that means that I am in a position which enables me to see human life in many aspects. On either side of me stretch shops and theatres, and into the Strand run other streets which constantly pour out their flood of living creatures, who come intent on business or pleasure, little thinking that I am watching them, men and women and young girls, but few children, except perhaps about Christmas-time, if we except the urchins who, ragged and noisy, and often, I am afraid, hungry, run barefooted about the streets, shouting and playing and quarrelling, and begging of the rich ladies who have come to do their shopping.

And I look down upon the wonderful panorama, noting the different types—the sad faces and the happy faces, the good faces and the wicked faces—which go to make up the pictures; watching how rich and poor mingle, and yet are separate even as oil and water, and how sharp are the contrasts, and sometimes how pitiful!

At night, when the theatres are being emptied, how wonderful it all is—how gay and splendid look the streets, how great is the traffic! At such a time I feel that if I were a creature of flesh and blood my pulses would be stirred, and I should exult at the fulness and variety of human life. Ah, but sometimes I am glad I am only a post, because I have no responsibility for all the sin and the sorrow; indeed, as it is, I often wish a strong gust of wind would extinguish my light, that it might no longer shine upon the wickedness and the misery, or lend any fictitious brilliance to what is really only sordid and vulgar and evil.

I have a great many friends among those who constantly pass by me, and occasionally I beguile the time by making up little histories about them which at last I persuade myself are true.

To begin with, there is the actor, whom I have known for so many years. I remember him, first as a good-looking young fellow with long hair,

sauntering past me in a jaunty manner, and I came to the conclusion that he was just engaged to play a small part in a theatre. Then I saw him no more for a while, and I thought perhaps he had gone into the provinces. However, one day he reappeared very shabby, his hair longer than ever, his face thin, and the hopeful look gone from it; and I knew he had had to struggle, and that now he was looking the realities of life in the face a bit; but I am not sure but that I liked him better so than in his luckier days. And now he took to loitering about the Strand looking very wistful, and I wondered whether he would give up the profession, or if his luck would turn. And one day, when a bitter east wind was blowing, he came along without any overcoat, somewhat blue and pinched, and he stopped near me to read a playbill, and then he turned drearily away. Close by was a little girl selling matches, who kept running along by the people and asking them to buy, without much success, however; and sometimes she stopped and shifted her merchandise from one hand to the other that she might alternately blow on her small chapped fingers to warm them with her breath.

And so she asked the young actor to buy.

He shook his head and was passing by, then he glanced at her and stopped.

"Cold, little 'un?" he asked, gruffly, but not unkindly.

"Very, sir."

"And hungry, I dare say?"

"Awful 'ungry, sir."

"Feels as if you had something gnawing inside, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir." And at this description of her sensations she began to rub her red knuckles into her red eyes.

"Shut up that," he said. "I suppose you wouldn't believe me if I said I was just as cold and just as hungry, would you?"

She stared up at him.

"Well, I suppose it won't make much difference in the long run if I give it you."

He fumbled in his pockets, but his hands were so numb he could not feel. However, at last he produced a sixpence. He thrust it into her eager, outstretched hand. "There," he said, "you go and get something to eat. I expect hot buns will be in your line, eh?"

And he went on his way, passing the restaurant close by with averted face.

Now, hearing and seeing in the lamp-post, and not in human-being style, this conversation was audible to me amid all the roar and bustle of the Strand. The little incident impressed me, and I hoped the actor would not go unrewarded.

He evidently did not, for a few days afterwards he came by, walking briskly, and with his head in the air; the sun was shining, so that the deficiencies of his clothing were apparent; but he was brushed up, and he had a little of his old swagger on.

"Ah," thought I, "you are after an engagement, I warrant."

And no doubt he was, for he came back after awhile, walking quicker than ever, his head higher, his eyes bright, and looking as pleased as Punch.

And now he is no longer quite young. He passes me sometimes on foot, and he wears a very fine fur-trimmed coat in cold weather. Occasionally, too, I see him from my other side, driving in a hansom, and I fall-to wondering which of the names on the placards the sandwich men carry past is his.

Then there is the young girl who goes into the type-writing office every day, the girl with the merry eyes and the dimples, whom even the dowdy cloak and shabby hat cannot render otherwise than attractive, and who carries a little bag, which I suppose contains her sandwiches for lunch. She does not look as if type-writing would be a congenial occupation, neither do I think those rosy cheeks were meant to lose their bloom in a close room; but I expect there is a counteracting influence—a lover perhaps—for she does not seem any the worse for it, though to my knowledge she has had no change these six months. I believe her people are poor, and she is doing her best to help them. I expect she will not be at the type-writing long.

Another friend of mine is one of the omnibus-drivers of the London General Omnibus Company. He has passed by me for the last ten years, and his face is almost on a level with mine, so that I know him well by sight. Not a day older does he look than the first time I saw him, not a shade redder, not a degree stouter—not in any way more changed than I myself. I have got quite attached to him, and shall be sorry when I see him no more, for I know, however well he wears, a change *the* change, perhaps, must surely come.

Besides him there is the policeman at the corner—a fine fellow, whose skill in regulating the traffic is deserving of praise, and who always with great chivalry conducts across the crowded road the trembling female who, after many false starts from and rapid retreats to the pavement, throws herself on his protection; neither does he manifest any diminution of respect if she be old and ugly, and clutch at his arm and give vent to shrill little screams when a horse approaches, doubtless thinking the policeman far too venturesome.

I always feel the worth of the policeman, the moral dignity which transforms him from a man to an instrument provided by the State for the maintenance of safety and order, and which makes it right and allowable for even the most prudish lady to address him and trust to him. It all lies in his uniform, I suppose, for take it off, and he is once more a creature with human weaknesses, and he might hold up his hand till it ached without making a single coachman stop.

Then there is the young man who, on fine afternoons, walks home down the Strand. I think he comes from the City, and is a lawyer, and takes this as a constitutional, for he looks the sort of young man who would take a constitutional. He is a compact person, with dark eyes, a good face, a neat black moustache, and the sort of locked-up-and-put-away-the-key expression which I fancy solicitors so soon get about the mouth. He carries

a black bag, and wears his coat neatly buttoned up, and he always walks straight on, as though it were unprofessional to look into shops or to loiter at all. I have the greatest respect for this young fellow, whom I have known since he was a boyish-looking clerk, and the moustache was only prophetically visible; now I should imagine he was on his own account. I am sure his clients have perfect confidence in him.

But the life I have watched with the greatest interest for the last six years is that of a flower-girl just by my corner.

There are about half a dozen women and girls who, throughout the year, take up their position here with large baskets filled with flowers, many of which I presume come from abroad, for sometimes while the wind is fluttering their shawls and they are shivering with cold, the women are holding out sweet lilies of the valley whose fragrance makes one think of the sunny days, and warmth, and luxuriance. Violets they sell, and snowdrops and hyacinths, and then primroses and golden daffodils, and great bunches of wallflowers and anemones, and then roses and gardenias, and later on chrysanthemums, all which names I have learnt by degrees from the girls and those who buy of them.

Among the former I could not help noticing one day a new arrival. It was in the spring she came, and she evidently loved the flowers, for she mounted them so tastefully and smoothed the delicate petals with her little fingers, and had, one could see, not yet grown to regard them merely as a wherewithal to obtain food and clothing.

The girl seemed like an emblem of spring I thought, for she could not have been more than seventeen, and she was very fair, and exposure to the weather had not rendered her complexion coarse and rough, nor turned the blush roses on her cheeks to peonies. She was always very neatly dressed, and she had a pretty voice, and when she held out the flowers to the passers-by, murmuring "a penny a bunch," it was construed not as the automatic business cry of the others, but as a special half shy request which it would have been impolite, even clownish, to refuse. So she always emptied her basket in good time. She seemed a favourite with the other women, who were all older than herself, and they were very kind to "Nell" as they called her.

One morning Nell made an announcement. It was about a year after she had first come.

"I am going to be married," she said.

And at this arose a babel of questions as to who he was, and why she had never told them anything about it, to all of which she answered as best she could.

"He's been courting me a long time," she said, blushing; "but I couldn't make up my mind, bein' so happy here, and not specially wantin' to be married, but he came again yesterday and I said 'yes.'"

"And who is he?" asked one of the older women. "Tell us, Nell."

"Happen you might know him," said Nell. "It's Bill Parkins."

It was good to see her in those days so bright and sweet, and I must say I hoped Bill Parkins was worthy of her.

And she used to mount one little button-hole and leave in her basket and take back with her every day.

But one day I heard the women talking together before Nell arrived, and evidently there was a serious matter being discussed.

"You tell her" said one.

"No, 't'ain't no affair of mine," said the woman addressed, "and you don't get no thanks for meddling in other people's concerns, so I've found. Sweet violets, sir, a penny a bunch—penny a bunch, ma'am."

At last the oldest of them, a stern-faced woman called Sally, spoke out. She was never very talkative, seldom laughed, and I think the others stood somewhat in awe of her. For that reason they always listened to what she said.

"I'll tell her. Thanks or no thanks. None knows better than I the miseries of drink; none knows better than I what a warnin' s worth."

Presently Nell arrived with her basketful of spring flowers.

"Isn't it a beautiful morning?" she said; "you might think you were in the country, what with the freshness of the air and the blue sky, and everything looking so bright and so hopeful."

"Ah, that comes of being in love," said one of the women, the one who had refused to enlighten Nell.

"Look here, my gal," said Sally, curtly, stepping up to her, and pushing back her bonnet; she showed her a deep mark on her forehead. "I've a word to say to you, and I may as well say it and ha' done with it. Do you know what brought that?"

"It is a dreadful scar," said Nell, pityingly.

"It is, but there's worse scars. There's scars as is hid, but which you feels achin' and prickin' and hurtin' you; there's scars which will leave their mark till the body's dust; there's scars of the heart, which nothing can heal, and which make you bitter for life. And I've a many of 'em, and they was all brought there by one thing—the curse of men, and of women too—drink."

Nell looked at her sorrowfully, holding the unmounted lilies in her hand—sorrowfully but wonderingly, for she did not understand the woman's drift.

"You've said," went on the latter, passionately, "as you feel so bright and hopeful. So was I once. You mightn't believe it. I could sing for joy. But that's all over. I don't have much to do with hope nowadays, and the spring has a way of hurting that other and duller times have not. And what's to answer for it but one thing, the same thing?—drink. I loved a man once, and he was a drunkard, and now I hate him. He makes my life a burden to me, and it will be a day of rejoicing when I see him lying dead before me."

"Oh, hush!" said gentle Nell.

"And if you ask me why I tell you this, it's because they've been saying among 'em this mornin' that the man you're goin' to marry is given to drink."

Oh, how her face changed! If they had struck her it wouldn't have wounded her half so much as this charge against the man she loved.

"How dare you?" she cried, "how dare you? It is not true. Who said it?" and she turned upon them, clutching the lilies in her trembling hands.

"Don't take on so, Nell," said one of them; "it's only for your good we're telling you. But my brother Pat was out last night with some young chaps, and one of 'em was Bill Parkins, and he and another was drunk, and got run in."

Nell burst into tears.

"If it's him," she said, "it's the first time, and I'm sure he'll have to go through enough. You needn't have made it public. There'll be plenty against him. He'll need me to stick to him."

"If you take my advice, you'll give him up, Nell, before it's too late," said the woman with the scar.

"And what's the worth of love, Mrs. Smith, if it can't forgive and it can't help? I'll hear *him* first."

Throughout the day she was very sad, and it was some little time before she was as light-hearted as before.

One day she did not come with her flowers as usual, and the women said one to another it was Nell's wedding-day.

After that I lost sight of her for a bit, and though there were so many others to occupy my attention, I thought I should be glad to see her pretty face among the flower-sellers.

And sure enough, in the next spring, who should come along but a young woman—a very pretty young woman indeed—and in her arms she carried a bundle, and in the bundle a minute creature which I learnt to be a baby, a thing I had never seen so close before. And she stopped and looked at the women, and they said, "Why, it's Nell!"

And so it was. And what a fuss they made of her, and what a fuss they made of the small creature, and how well she looked, and how happy!

And that was the last time I saw her thus.

One night, about two years after this—one windy, rainy, miserable night just before the theatres were out, there issued from a side street and came reeling along the pavement, now on one side, now on another, now jostling a foot-passenger, now nearly falling, that miserable spectacle, a drunken man; and at last he knocked up against me, and stood helplessly clasping me.

A minute after I saw a woman come trudging along the muddy pavement dragging one foot after the other painfully; she was drenched and soaked by the pelting rain.

Near me was a public-house. I saw her, after passing and repassing it once or twice, hesitatingly go up to the gaudy entrance, timidly push open the door, and peep in. Her search was vain.

As she came out and walked towards me my light fell on her face. I saw it was Nell, but such a changed Nell, such a thin, pale, weary Nell in her black dress and old shawl. And amid all the crowd of people I could see but that white face and slender form, and I felt I knew the end.

It did not surprise me when she came beneath me almost in the very spot where she used to stand with her basket of flowers.

Then I heard a low cry.

"Oh, Bill! I have found you. Come home—for the sake of our dead little one—come home."

The other day a sad-faced woman in an old black gown came and took her place at the corner. Nell had come back a widow and childless to be a flower-girl once more, and in her basket were only snowdrops.

And she has each day left a flower or two unsold, as she did when she was betrothed, and I think they are for her baby's grave, and maybe for that of her husband, whose death released her from a life of misery. But concerning that life she never speaks.

Only sometimes when I look upon her sweet face and see how pure it is and how young, I think that God must still have some happiness in store for her.

IDA J. LEMON.

Brevities.

Never seek an opportunity for revenge, nor embrace it when it occurs.

A man may have the riches of this world and yet be miserable, but he cannot have the riches of Christ without being happy.

We never have reason to question the wisdom of God's dealings with us, but often to doubt our own interpretation of them.

Sleep has been fitly likened unto death, only there is this difference: We wake from sleep in our own image, but from death in God's.

We father our failures in life on fate, but take to ourselves the credit of our successes.

By the lives of many we see what human nature is, and by the life of One what it may become.

Man's soul has no portion in the fruits of the field.

Never be such a slave to yourself that an ungratified wish will disturb your peace of mind.

We should judge a man's life as we do a landscape, not by looking at one part only, but at the whole; for, as it is not necessary that all the objects be beautiful in order to have a delightful landscape, so it is not necessary that all a man's actions be good in order to have a noble life.

Do not borrow from your good deeds of yesterday to make up for your lack of diligence to-day.

J. MILLIGAN, D.D.

PHILANTHROPICAL PERPLEXITIES.

II.

IT is comparatively easy to relieve those who, beyond dispute, are helpless. We can, for example, hardly go far wrong in aiding the blind or comforting the incurable. But when we have to deal with poor people who, inasmuch as they have constant employment, are in the "swim" of business, and are yet miserably paid, the advocates of political economy cry, "Take care lest you disturb trade." All I can say in answer to this warning is that when, by the laws of trade, a woman is paid a halfpenny for making a shirt, the sooner that trade is disturbed the better. How, it is not easy to say; and how far? may be a still harder question to answer. And yet the answer must be found.

In looking for it the chief hindrance appears in the submission, however repining, of the workers themselves. Yes, there is the great difficulty. They lament, and submit. The whole question is of course complicated. Perhaps one of its ugliest and most baffling features is that the pressure caused by reason of the small wage paid to produce cheap articles arises in part from the eagerness of the people generally to give as little as possible for what they buy. It is not that some rich men alone screw gain out of the helpless poor, but the enormous demand for cheap clothes, ornaments, locomotion, and luxuries or comforts, as well as for necessaries of life, is made by the million rather than by the millionaire. The needy respectable multitude, the family with narrow means which tries to make a little show, the daughters of which wear high-heeled boots and trumpery brooches, the thrifty artisan's wife who fingers the articles ticketed 11¾*d.*, and tells her neighbour of the wonderful bargains to be had at such and such a shop: all these, and such as these, however kindhearted they may naturally be, are to a great extent unconscious promoters of the cheap labour which drives the producer to sit all day, without a break, over his or her work in order to keep the wolf of starvation from the door. No doubt the desire for excessive dividends leads some directors to pay the smallest wages which workmen will receive, and to exact the longest possible hours of labour from their servants, but the demand for cheapness made by the lower ten million, as well as by the upper ten thousand, does much to keep down the price of labour.

Anyhow, whoever has a share in its production, the present slavery of civilisation exercises the man who would "do justly." He sees that the Bible is especially severe on those who, as Isaiah says, grind the faces of the poor, or, in the words of St. James, charge the rich of their day with keeping back the hire of the labourer by fraud. This may refer to some gross Oriental ignoring of that relation between master and man which our county courts protect, but the spirit of it survives when advantage is taken of the helpless "hand" by some shrewd employer of labour; or the toilers' state is made worse by inconsiderate purchasers whose only object is to buy in the cheapest market.

We have been hearing much of these matters lately. The sufferers have been examined, interviewed, sketched, described by pen and pencil. Commissions have sat, witnesses have been examined, opinions have been given, advice of all sorts has been offered, and perhaps the difficulty of doing good seems to be most desperate in respect to the relation between employer and employed. Some workers are grievously depressed. In what direction can they best look for aid? If asked, indeed, I should say, roughly, that it is impossible to help them. They must help themselves. That is, their bettering must come from within. Tender-hearted givers may feed and clothe some, but when their kindness is spent the sufferers are often worse off than before. They are less dependent on their own resources. They are now a heap of sand, and anybody shovels them about at his will. The only radical remedies for oppression in trade are combination and legislation. And this, moreover, is the best Christian advice. The whole idea running through the Bible, and coming to a head in the New Testament and Christian church, is the value of "corporate" life. The most perfect or regenerated society comes before us as a "body," where all are members one of another. This, however, is not promoted by a patronising support of one part by another. The true union is realised as each part is encouraged and enabled to perceive that it is already a part, and that it is expected to discharge those duties which belong to one and all. I know of no fundamental lasting deliverance of society from the oppressive commercial scandals which now mark it except in the recognition of the Christian law of brotherhood. Only the rights of brotherhood must be exercised by the younger as well as elder, by the poor as well as by the rich.

This is the point which is too often forgotten, and the forgetting of which takes the charm out of fraternity. In one sense there are no "younger brothers" in the Christian Church. Each is fully a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. Here is the Door of Escape which is really kept shut so far as one class, however innocently and benevolently, takes the attitude of a protector as a final one. No man may deliver his brother nor make agreement unto God for him. The depressed workers, who, being isolated and suspicious items in the human total, are at the mercy of the greediest exactors of labour, can rise out of the mire only as they learn to join hands and trust one another. This is the fundamental Christian remedy for their complaint.

Nevertheless, all can aid them to some extent from the outside; for instance, in seeking ways whereby we may help to heal the sore of underpaid labour, and so meet one of the difficulties in doing good, we must not forget that much has been done by honest observation and persistent publicity. Any wider recognition of an evil is always a further step towards its removal. We may be doing more good than we think by honestly trying to realise the mean wide-spread distress of such as are commercially depressed. There is an incalculably potential significance in that saying, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." However disagreeable and difficult the process may be, one step in the removal of wrongs is to see things as they are.

And, following on the heels of observation, we may promote "publicity." This has already done much towards the relief of the heavy-laden and over-worked. When the "public" is penetrated with the persuasion that such and such a thing is wrong, a body of undefined influence is brought to bear against it. Public opinion may not seem to do much, it may be reckoned as gusty and fickle, but it is the "wind" which turns the mill, and fills the sails, of Reformation. Public opinion is, moreover, only an accumulation of private utterances; and thus, though a protest from individual lips may be small, it is a puff in the right direction, and helps to swell the effective breeze. We may do good not only by a stubborn determination to know the truth concerning the special evils of which I now speak, but by an open expression (however seemingly isolated) of what we think about them.

This, however, is by no means all that we can do. It has been remarked that if we cannot purify the street, each can at least clean his own doorstep. The scouring of this is not merely a protest. No right act, however commonplace, is without its influence for good in the Kingdom of God. No one is really insignificant. There is a personally minute effectiveness which, when concentrated, moves the world. Take an illustration from Nature. The greatest scientific observers have noticed that her ceaseless agriculture, whereby she ever tills the earth, bringing the nearest stratum of soil in its turn up into the sun and air, is carried on by those of her servants which are reckoned the smallest and weakest.

The really great farmers of the world are worms and ants. In the temperate regions the former continuously bring small portions of mould up to the surface of the lawn and field. The load brought by each of the labourers is only a worm-cast: and yet, in time their labours turn the soil more thoroughly than a spade or plough, enabling vegetation to progress. In the tropics, where there are no worms, the laborious ants carry their little burden of earth into the fructifying atmosphere, and by their widespread assiduity keep up a constant change in the surface matter which promotes vegetable growth. So in all social reformations, the seemingly insignificant individual may play his effective part in the great work needed.

A solitary effort may thus do more than record a protest. It may also set up an action. Behold how great a matter a "little" fire kindleth. It may help to promote the constitutional exertions of the sufferers themselves.

Moreover, even though the mass may not be stirred by the individual, some grains of it may be touched and moved by him. I am sure that there is need for a little more exercise of consideration in respect to the nature of small, or what some like to term, lower middle-class domestic economy. And certainly there is need of it with some among the rich and those in what are called "easy circumstances." They are tempted to disregard others out of the sheer thoughtlessness of independence. Though not without their special cares (and sometimes they are heavily weighted with the burden of command), their very exemption from impecuniosity blinds them to the social mischief done by a fanciful or peremptory use of the money they spend. The rich, indeed, are by no means the chief purchasers of cheap goods in the production of which the workman has been underpaid. On the contrary, those with whom "money is no object" like to have the best thing of its kind, and for this the best price is paid. And yet the inconsiderateness of these customers or employers may be most oppressive. They may give their orders at such inconvenient times, they may be in such a hurry for what they want, they may "shop" with such blind disregard for the personal feelings of those who civilly wait upon them as to rouse against their class a deeply bitter emotion of resentment. Could the comfortably seated lady, who rejects or comments on the successive "goods" displayed to her, with no more notice of the patient smiling attendant than if he or she were a cog-wheel, only read the thoughts behind that trained obsequious face across the counter, she would—well—be sometimes more than surprised. Having a heart kind at bottom, though conventionally ignorant, and suffering from unsuspected social degeneration, she would now and then be subject to a severe but wholesome awakening.

If those ladies and gentlemen who talk about the difficulty of doing good could only see the harm they sometimes do by a thoughtless demand for what they fancy, perhaps by an imperious hastiness for the making of an article of dress, or by the air of unfeeling politeness with which they ignore the humanity of those who serve them, they would reconsider the persuasion that their "good custom," or certain payment for goods, however dear, causes them to be reckoned among such as "deal justly."

Many of them are nevertheless familiar with the language of philanthropy. Perhaps they take an interest, or even a share, in some philanthropic work, for no doubt there has been an awakening of the social conscience within the last few years; but, like other things, this has its unreal as well as genuine aspects. Capable and graphic writers, touched with a fresh perception of the long-drawn contrast between the state of those who have, and of those who have not, prepare pictures of distress and oppression which are found to be interesting. Some are thus stirred up to offer their ministrations, and they give them at

the cost of much self-sacrifice; but others read about the hirelings of the "sweater" as they do of African slaves, with no more intention of attempting to help them than they have of joining the next expedition to the Congo. Thus righteousness sometimes becomes the mere material of fiction. The Kingdom of Heaven suffers not from violence but from unreality. The evils of oppression and inconsiderateness are exhibited, deplored, and untouched.

I am sure, however, that full as the air is of philanthropic movements which minister to more sentimentality than action, a very appreciable impression can be made on the evil which unquestionably exists by the mere exercise of a little more thoughtfulness and consideration on the part of many among both the rich and also those who are forced to see carefully to their expenditure. The great remedy for such injustice as prevails is, however, to be found, not so much by any amateur economy, however valuable, as by using the great constitutional influences and powers which belong to civilised Christian life. Without any necessarily attendant disorder or dislocation of righteous social framework, the poorest may be helped to employ the means which have already been found to answer by those a little better off than themselves. For this is their one chief prospect and promise of vitally social elevation. All else approaches from the outside. Though external aid is invaluable, as, *e.g.*, an overcoat to keep off the cold, the real protection and raising of the oppressed must be from within their own ranks if it is to be radical and lasting. Philanthropical machinery may ward off much suffering, but, like the glass which warms the plant, it is liable to be broken; or, as with the careless gardener who leaves the window of the greenhouse open some frosty night, it may fail just when the pinch is sharpest.

Assuming then that wholesome conditions of life are not radically impossible, and that you are not trying to make a Garden of Eden where you can expect only a good landlord and a fair employer; assuming that you do not seek to grow bananas under chilly skies, strengthen the plant itself. Give it room to spread. See that it has the facilities common to all growth. Then, though your handlights and stoves may help in the production of some exceptionally gratifying example of your care, the garden of humanity will grow good fruits of itself, with no more than the ordinary care of the husbandman, and the invaluable conditions of commonplace life.

Let none relax in individual self-sacrifice and consideration. These are needed throughout all the strata of society. There is one human bond which is required of every class. We are all bidden to be knit together in love. And yet beyond or rather accompanying this is the right of corporate life which legitimately and officially asserts itself; which employs the constitutional and legislative means (intended for the use of all) in order to gain and hold that influence and stiffness which averts oppression. If, then, any one is perplexed with the problems of philanthropy, and vexed with the difficulty of doing good, especially in regard to that suffering which arises from underpaid labour, let him believe that the best he can do is to help the weak, suspicious and divided to the fruition of the simplest human rights. Thus surely is righteousness promoted. Suspect any conspicuous philanthropical machinery which may strengthen the body for a day while it lowers the self-respect and therefore true force of the man; which perhaps fills the skin, and brings the grateful courtsey or bow, but leaves the subject of its concern where he was. Do kindnesses and spend money, indeed, with that secrecy and friendliness which protect the man from shame, and rather encourages a belief in his own resources. But above or behind all such attempts to do justly, keep the eye fixed on that living truth which runs through the promises of the gospel and teaching of the church, namely, that mankind is one body, that we are every one members one of another; and that the greatest good we can do to our fellow is to make him feel not only that each one may claim his place as a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, but that the application of this is not deferred till we reach a state of existence of which we know nothing. It is in force now.

HARRY JONES.

THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

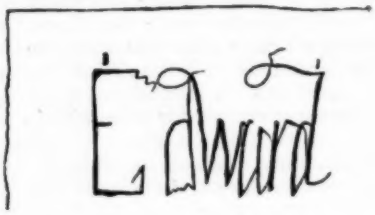
BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

EDWARD VI—"JANE THE QUEEN"—AND PHILIP AND MARY.

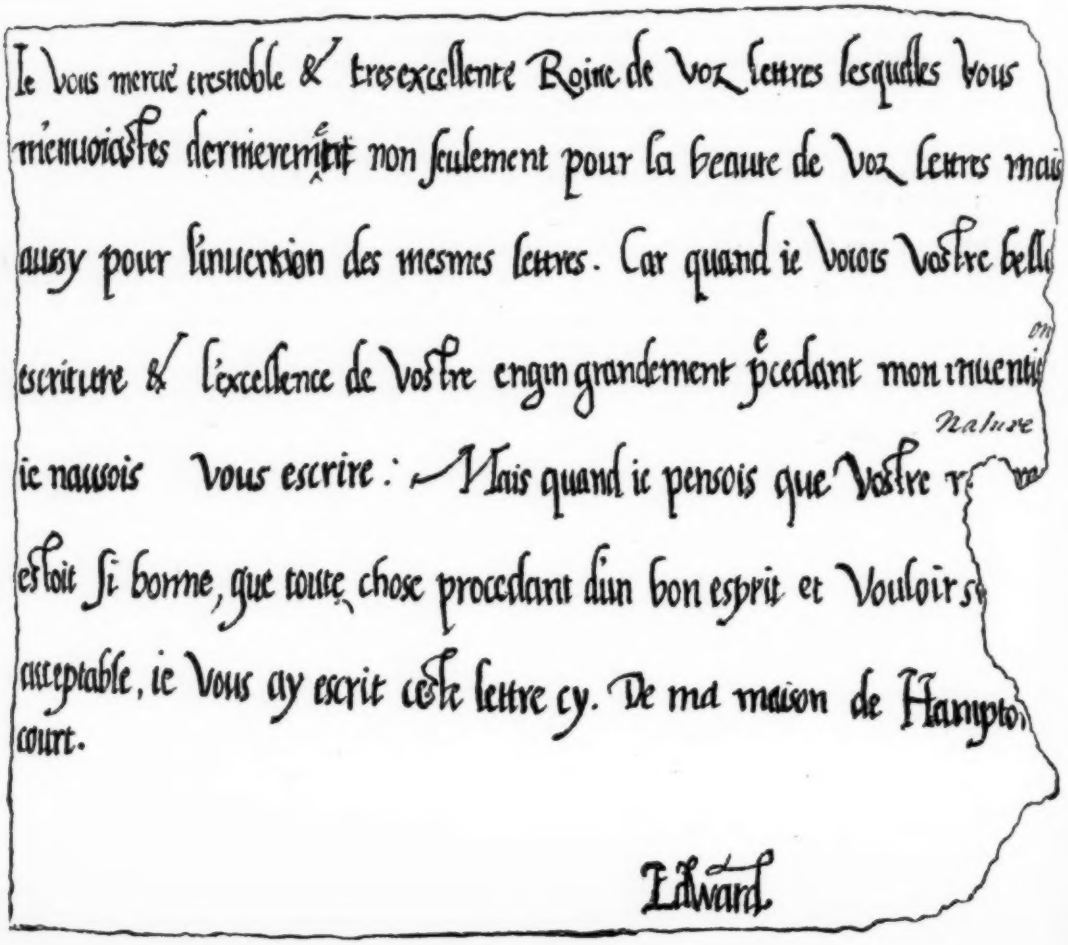
HENRY VIII was the last English sovereign who could truthfully plead bad penmanship as an excuse for being a bad correspondent. After the Reformation, elegance in handwriting was no longer aimed at alone by persons ecclesiastical; it became a fashionable study amongst the laity, and the fruits of the fashion are shown very plainly in the caligraphy of Henry VIII's children—Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth, and in that of Lady Jane Grey.

Edward VI has left us two interesting specimens of his early compositions—one in French, the other in Latin, and both characteristic of his fondness of study—addressed to his mother. (See facsimiles below and opposite.) The writing in each is so clear that we need not repeat the letters *verbatim* here.

The examples of Edward's signature as King are, of course, very few. Its presence at the head of the following proclamation, thus:



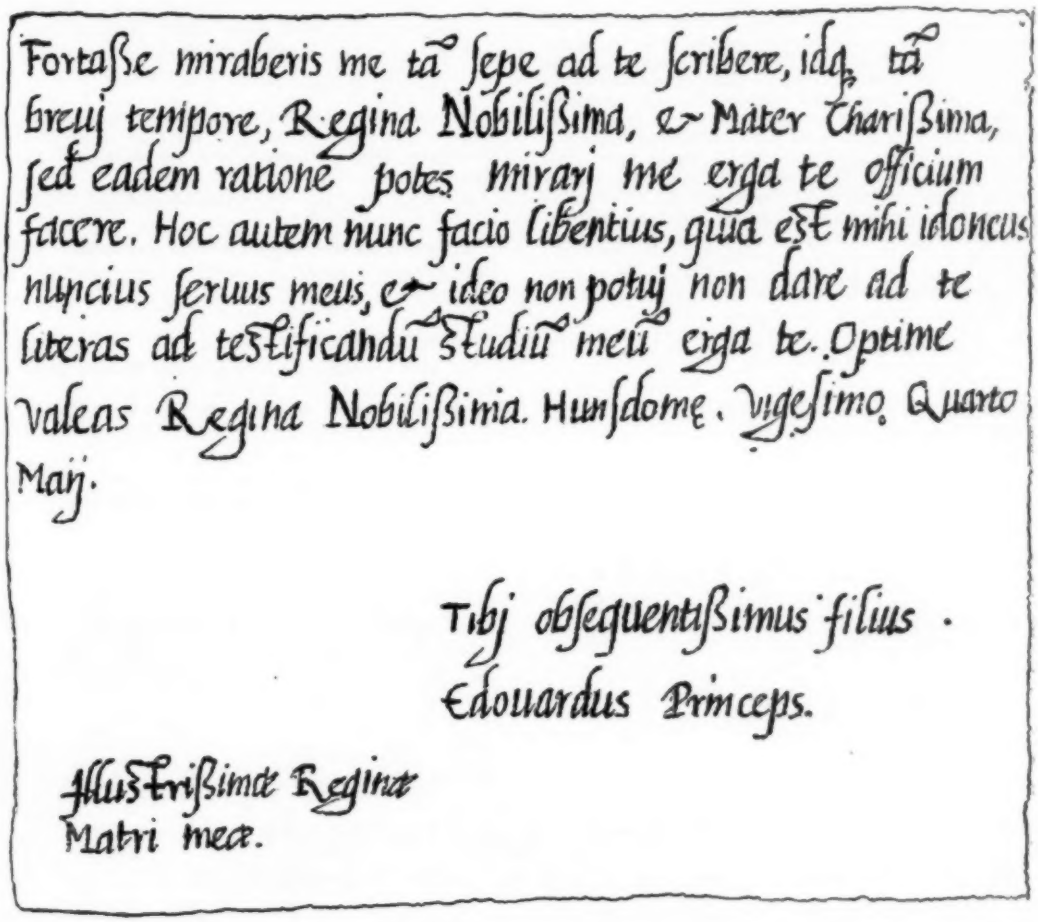
has a particular interest attaching to it, as it was evidently placed where it is at the instigation of



Ie Vous mercie tresnoble & tresexcellente Roine de Voz lettres lesquelles Vous mienuoiastes dernierement non seulement pour la beaute de Voz lettres mais aussy pour linuention des mesmes lettres. Car quand ie Voios Vostre belle escriture & l'excellence de Vostre engin grandement ꝑceiant mon inuention ie naussois Vous escrire: Mais quand ie pensois que Vostre nature estoit si borne, que toute chose procedant dun bon esprit et Vouloir soit acceptable, ie Vous ay escrit ceste lettre cy. De ma maison de Hamptoncourt.

Edward.

the Protector Somerset, who countersigns the warrant, in order to give additional force to a document on which—so far as he personally was concerned—much, if not all, depended. The warrant runs as follows:



Fortasse miraberis me tã sepe ad te scribere, idq; tã breui tempore, Regina Nobilissima, & Mater Charissima, sed eadem ratione potes mirari me erga te officium facere. Hoc autem nunc facio libentius, quia est mihi idoneus nuncius seruus meus, & ideo non potui non dare ad te literas ad testificandũ studiũ meũ erga te. Optime valeas Regina Nobilissima. Hunsdomę. Vigesimo Quarto Maij.

Tibi obsequentissimus filius.
Edouardus Princeps.

Illustrissimæ Reginæ
Matri meæ.

Original Public Record Office. State Papers. Domestic. Edward VI, vol. ix, No. 1.

EDWARD.

The Kynges Ma^to streightlie chargeth and comandeth all his lovyng subiectes w^t all hast to repaire to his highnes at his Maties manor of Hampton Court in most defensible Aray w^t harnesse and weapons to defend his most roiall persone and his most Entiarlie beloved uncle the Lord protector, Agaynst whom certaigne hath attempted a most daungerous conspiracie, And this to do in all possible hast. Given at Hampton Courte the furst day of Octobre in the third yere of his most noble Reigne.

E. SOMERSET.

The suddenness of the Protector's fall must surely have been startling, though it happened at a period when men were used to witnessing swift fluctuations in fortune and favour. Somerset was in the full enjoyment of his authority on the 25th of September, 1549, by the 10th of October he was practically at the mercy of his enemies. Holinshed, the historian, tells us of the unexpected withdrawal from Court of the greater part of the nobility, of their hasty meeting at the Earl of Warwick's lodging in Ely Place, and of their threats against the Protector. It was on learning of this meeting that Somerset caused the foregoing proclamation to be issued.

"JANE THE QUEEN" AND PHILIP AND MARY.

Apart from the personal interest which attaches to the handwriting of the unhappy "nine days Queen," the fact that Lady Jane Grey signed, as Queen, certain official documents, is a reason for including her name in the present papers and giving specimens of her writing. Before, however, alluding to examples of her writing after her ill-advised assumption of the title of Queen, I will refer to a letter written by her at the age of eleven; its composition is characteristic of her learning, and the genuine ring of gratitude which pervades it, of her unaffected disposition. The letter is addressed by the writer to her uncle, the Lord High Admiral Seymour:—

Original at Public Record Office. State Papers. Domestic. Edward VI, vol. v, No. 5. Holograph. See facsimile below.

My dutye to your lordeshippe in most humble wyse remembred withe no lise thankes for the gentylle letters which I receavyd from you, Thynkynge myselfe so muche bounde to youre lordshippe for your greate goodnes towardes me from tyme to tyme that I cannenot by anye meanes be able to recompence the laste parte thereof. I purposed to wryght a fewe rude lines unto youre lordeshippe rather as a token to shewe howe muche worthyer I thynke youre lordshippes goodnes then to gyve worthye thankes for the same and thes my letters shall be to testyfye unto you that lyke as you have becom towardes me a lovynge and kynd father so I shall be always most redye to obey youre godlye monytyons and good instructions as becometh one uppon whom you have heaped so manye benyfytes and thus fearynge leste I shoulde trouble youre lordshippe to muche I moste humblye take my leave of your good lordshippe.

Your humble servant durynge my lyfe,

JANE GRAYE.

[Addressed]

To the right honorabe and my essingular good Lorde, the Lorde Admiralle yeve this.

Lady Jane assumed the title of Queen on the 6th of July, 1553. Amongst the Privy Seals for the year is one of the few public instruments which she executed. It directs a patent to be prepared for the appointment of Edward Baynard, Esq., as sheriff of Wilts, in the room of a deceased sheriff. The appointment by "Queen" Jane is dated on the 14th of July, eight days after the death of Edward VI. It will be noticed that the sheriff's name is inserted by Jane in her own handwriting:—

Original at the Public Record Office. See facsimiles A *and* B *opposite.*

JANE THE QUENE.

Let letters Patent be made, appointing Edward Bernarde sheriff of the county of Wilts in the room of Sir William Sharington, knight, deceased, late sheriff of the county afs^{d}.

Witness—14th day of July.

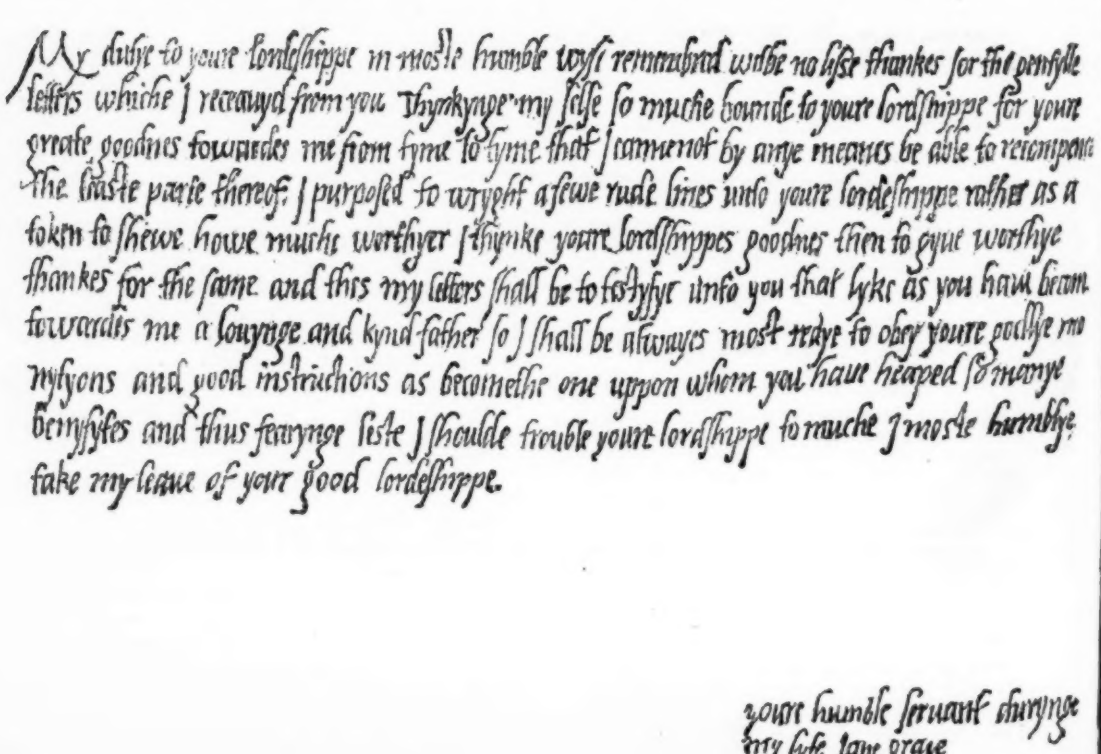
Attached to the slip of parchment which bears Jane's appointment is another slip inscribed as follows:—

MARYE THE QUENE.

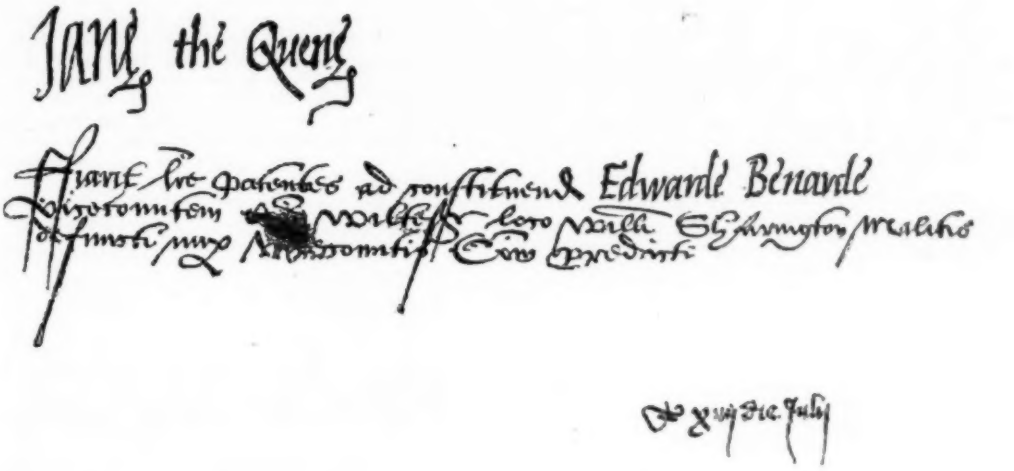
Let letters patent be made appointing Edward Baynarde sheriff of the County of Wiltshire in the room of Sir William Sharington, Knight, deceased, late sheriff of the county afs^{d}.

Be it remembered that on the 6th day of July in the 1st year of the reign of Queen Mary this Bill, etc., at Framlingham for execution.

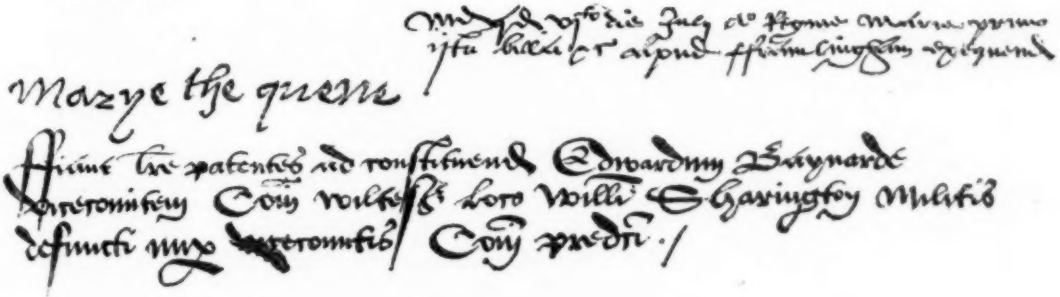
Mary's coronation took place on 18th October, 1553, and one of the first acts of her new Parliament was not only to ratify private deeds, and the like, bearing an expressed date during Jane's usurpation, but to annul royal grants, hence the existing appointment of Edward Baynard was void, and it became necessary to appoint a new sheriff for



Facsimile (A).



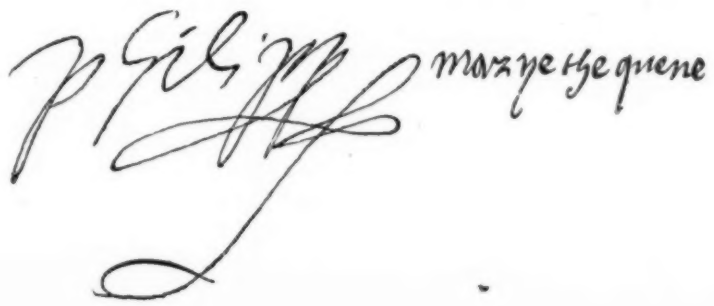
Facsimile (B).



Wiltshire. This Queen Mary did by reinstating Jane's nominee in a document, which, it will be noticed, ignores his previous appointment, by being ante-dated on the day of Edward VI's death. The two slips of parchment together introduce us to a curious incident in the historic drama, or perhaps we should say tragedy, then being enacted.

Mary married Philip of Spain in July, 1554. The following example of the signatures of the King and Queen appears on an appointment of certain persons to the care and management of the Royal revenue, dated on 12th of April, 1555.

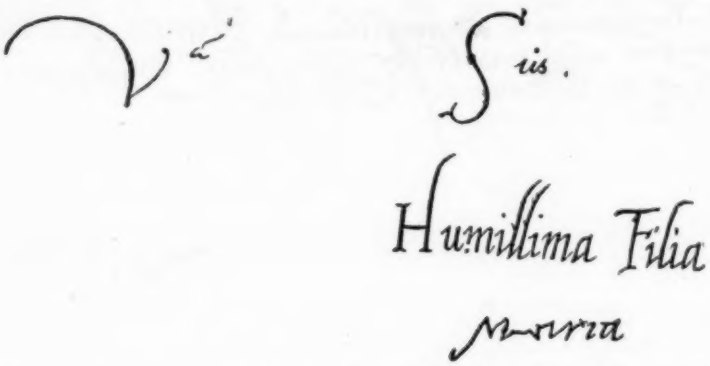
In concluding this paper, we will instance one more specimen of Mary's handwriting as it appears in Latinised form attached to a document which relates to a very curious circumstance in her history, namely, the hallucination under which she laboured during a portion of the first year of her married life, that she was about to give birth to a child. How strongly this delusion impressed her, and how generally she convinced those around her of the truth of her conjectures, is shown by this extremely interesting letter (written in May, 1555), which, with only the date left blank, was intended to convey to Pope Paul IV the joyful



news of the birth of an heir to the English Crown born of Catholic parents:—

British Museum. Cotton MS. Vesp. F. 3, No. 23.

To the most holy father our Lord Pope Paul IV by divine providence Chief Pontiff, Mary by the grace of God Queen of England France, Naples, Jerusalem, Ireland &c. Eternal Greeting and our most humble obedience. We are so strongly assured of your paternal love and affection for us as to think that no happiness can be befal us without affording your Holiness singular gladness as well. Therefore we consider that nothing more behoves us than that we should first signify to your Holiness that God has at this time blessed us by a labour as easy to ourself as propitious to our subjects, and has in his marvellous goodness towards us given unto us the child we so much wished for. We therefore desire your holiness that in like manner as your holiness will rejoice at this our sure happiness so you will with us offer up your pious prayer to God for the benefit thus vouchsafed unto us. May God long have your holiness in his Holy keeping. From our place of Hampton——1555.



[Addressed]
To the most holy father our Lord Pope Paul the IVth by divine providence chief pontiff.

In translation "Your holiness' most humble daughter. MARIA," the word "Maria" only is written by the queen.

Spring.



HERE'S a chatter of starlings—the garden is waking,
The spikes of the crocus through brown earth are breaking,
The sharp spears of corn on the furrows are springing,
And in the wet coppice the thrushes are singing.

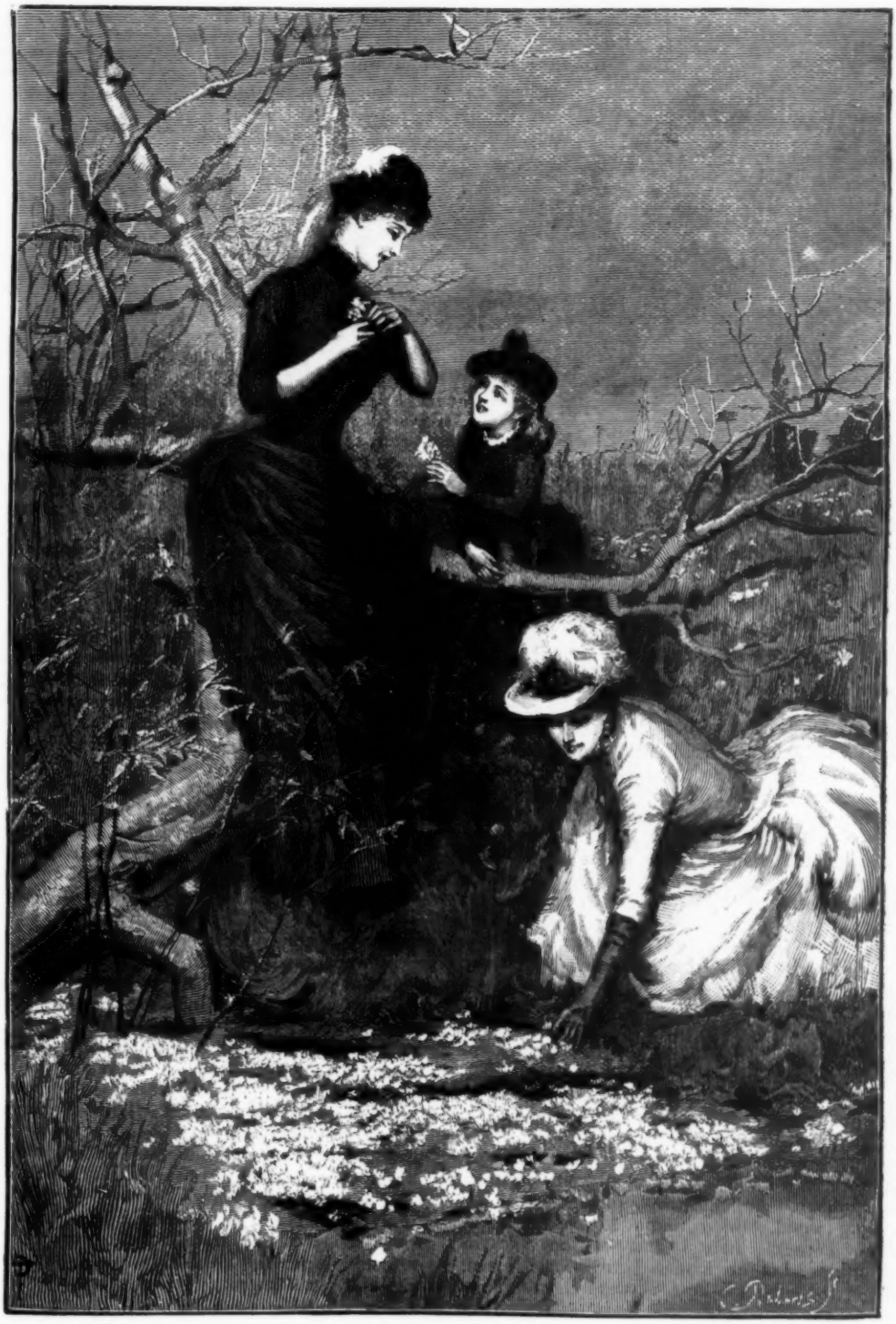
Where still, all the winter, the tired earth was lying,
The breath of the spring-time goes kissing and sighing,
And earth thrills with gladness—her mourning is over,
She laughs and grows fair at the touch of her lover.

The stream through the sedges runs fuller and deeper,
Bronze buds on the lilac, red buds on the creeper,
The hedges look grey where the green buds are showing,
Not a green thing on earth but is glad and is growing.

And all down the garden's dear old-fashioned border
Stand primrose and pansy and woodruffe in order,
The kiss of the spring by its magic has won them,
To yield all their sweets, now her breath is upon them.

The orchard's in bloom, and the lilac comes after,
The birds build again under gable and rafter.
Will hope bud again? Will the spring re-awaken
The voice of new love in the nest once forsaken?

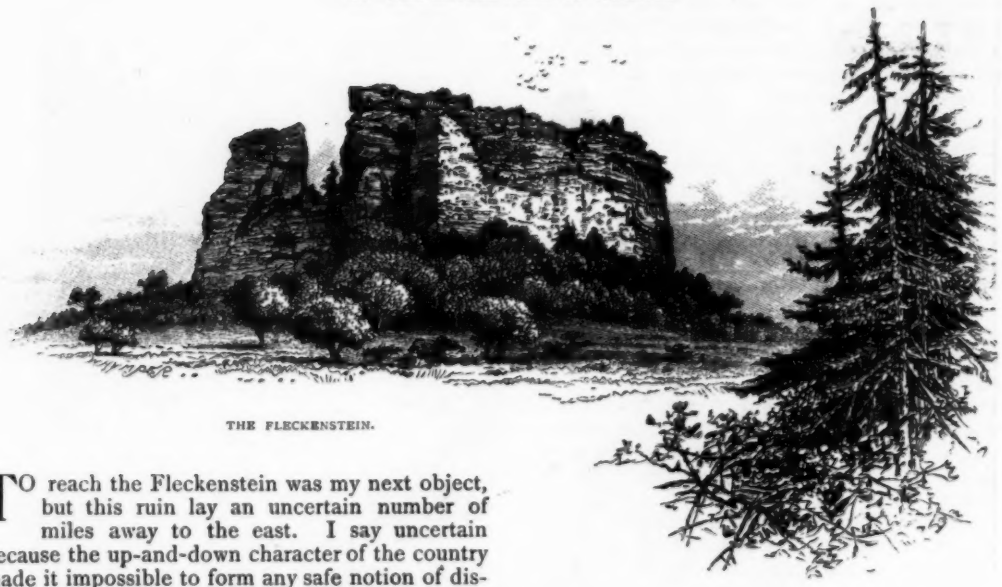
E. NESBIT.



WATER DAISIES.

A WALKING TOUR IN THE VOSGES.

II.—THE BATTLE-FIELD OF WOËRTH.



THE FLECKENSTEIN.

TO reach the Fleckenstein was my next object, but this ruin lay an uncertain number of miles away to the east. I say uncertain because the up-and-down character of the country made it impossible to form any safe notion of distance by the map. There were no arrows pointing the way, for I was quite out of the ordinary track. All that I could do was to keep going in a line as nearly east-by-south as the circumstances of the ground would admit of. It must be remembered that I was in the forest, and that, with the exception of an occasional glimpse of a wooded gorge or the hill on the other side of it, all was mystery and indistinctness beyond a range of some fifty yards. Save the scream of a magpie or the cry of a hawk (like that of a cat in distress), there was not a sound. There is no silence that seems so deep as that of the forest, not even the silence of the moor. Few flowers had the courage to bloom in the shadow of the overhanging leaves. Among these few was the rose-bay (*Epilobium Angustifolium*), whose fine purple-red flowers shone flame-like in the shade of these sylvan aisles. Still more flame-like were the fly-agarics, those deadly mushrooms whose orange-crimson caps gleam so weirdly luminous in the solemn twilight of the woods.

A cloud of white smoke wandering about in fragments among the trees, but very dense in one place, prepared me for a meeting with charcoal-burners. I came to the charcoal, covered over with earth, in a shallow circular pit many yards in circumference, and heard the human sound of the crackling wood, which reminded me of warm chimney corners where I have sat on cold or rainy nights, but no human being could I see. Perhaps the charcoal-burners were lighting another fire a long way off. Soon afterwards I dropped down into a little valley, where there were fields and a ruined house, with old fruit-trees around it. The house had a story without doubt—perhaps a tragic one, or at least a pathetic one—but there was no one to tell me anything about it. The valley was that of the Sauer, and by following it northwards I soon came to the village of Hirschthal, in the Palatinate. On my way from the Wasigenstein I had passed very near the castles of Klein-Arnsberg and Frœnsburg, ruins of little interest. I was glad to reach Hirschthal, for the beauties of the forest do not satisfy hunger. Any such luncheon as men who pride themselves upon being civilised are accustomed to eat was out of the question there, but I thought myself lucky in being able to get bread-and-butter and cheese. The inn was not interesting, but I have a pleasant recollection of sitting by a sunny window that looked upon a gigantic yellow mullein, gorgeously arrayed in blossom, and growing by the side of the road.

On leaving Hirschthal, I followed the winding Sauer about half a mile down its valley, then took a path leading up the steep ascent, which is crowned by the Fleckenstein. This hill, or mountain, is one of the very few in the Eastern Vosges which are bare of forest. I walked through flowering heather and bracken edged with russet. These as I approached the rocky summit gave place to dwarf juniper and feathery spurge. Meanwhile the weather had changed, the sun was blotted out, and from the pine-forest of a neighbouring hill came the roar of the storm wind. The hail was hissing amongst the herbage, and the thunder was echoing from mountain to mountain as I took shelter in an archway of the ruined castle's outer works.

Of all the castles which rise above or are hidden by the forests of the Vosges, the one most remarkable by its situation is the Fleckenstein. Although what is left of the stronghold conveys but a feeble idea of what its grandeur must have been before its destruction by the French in 1680, it makes one realise, as few such ruins can, the daring spirit with which the builders of the middle ages seized upon beetling rocks and savage crags, and grafted their stupendous fortresses upon the rugged bastions of nature. The rock of the Fleckenstein is 140 feet high, and on all sides nearly perpendicular. It contains many excavated chambers, and is capped by the ruined keep. The works about the base must have been very extensive, and, judging from an old print, must have afforded habitation to numerous dependants. A detached needle-like fragment of rock served as a watch-tower, and it can still be ascended by the spiral staircase, which was cut out in the interior. This spiral is of such smooth and geometric workmanship, that I had gone up several steps before I realised the total absence of masonry. The castle was held to be impregnable for several centuries, but Vauban took it by surprise in 1674, and four years later it was completely dismantled by Montclar, together with the neighbouring strongholds.

The main rock is rendered accessible by means of a stone staircase built against it, and protected by a wall of great strength, a considerable portion of which still remains. The view from the top was wildly beautiful. The forest-clothed mountains were again in sunshine, but the fleeing storm still darkened the sky in sombre threatening masses that ended in golden fleeciness and purple vapour far down the west.

I plunged again into the forest, now in a northerly direction. I endeavoured to reach another castle—the Hohenburg—by keeping in a straight line according to the compass in spite of all obstacles.

The attempt would have been successful had I persevered in it; as it was, I should have attained my object much sooner and spared myself great toil had I followed the circuitous zigzag but sure path which the Vosgian Club had well furnished with directions, out of pity for wanderers in this wilderness. My straight line soon led me, not without some desperate struggling with brushwood, up a steep ascent to a mountain ridge of the herring-bone pattern. Climbing up rocks one minute, scrambling down rocks the next, continually harassed by the brushwood, my resolution gave out when I must have been within a mile of the Hohenburg. I descended into the valley on the eastern side of the ridge.

During this descent I heard with disagreeable distinctness, not many yards in front of me several grunts. A boar was either waiting there or was running away, and I hoped he was doing the latter. I stopped and peered through the tangled undergrowth, but it was so dense that I could only see a few yards around me. I went on, and the boar I suppose did likewise, for we did not meet. Having quite lost my bearings with regard to the Hohenburg, I must have wandered about two hours in the forest without being able to find it. At length when it was getting dusk—very dusk in the shadow of the trees—a mass of rock like the hull of a great ship loomed from the top of the mountain up which I was then toiling. I knew it was the summit because there was an opening of clear calm sky beyond the trunks of the trees.

I found the ruined castle on the rock. How mournfully black the ivy looked upon the shattered walls! Funereal drapery of nature; how well did it suit this ghostly ruin in the solemn twilight! Mosses and ferns flourished in the dilapidated halls open to the sky. Fragments of carving showed that the rough feudal manners were passing away when this castle was in its highest state of embellishment. There was a hollow echo as I walked that might have come from cellars or dungeons below. At another hour the effect upon the imagination would not have been the same. I was conscious of some uneasiness, and there were certain dark corners and passages which I avoided. Let those who laugh pay a solitary visit to this castle in the forest when the night is fast settling down.



THE FLECKENSTEIN RESTORED.

The fortress, which dates from the thirteenth

century, originally belonged to the Puller family, of which the Minnesinger Puller Von Hohenburg was one. Upon this family becoming extinct, in the fifteenth century it passed to the Sickingens. The famous Francis von Sickingen was one of the lords of the Hohenburg, and after the violent death which closed his stormy career, the fortress was reduced to ruin. In 1542 it was restored, and was finally demolished by Montclar in 1680.

Before leaving I climbed to the top of the rock by means of the Vosgian Club's ladders, which are safer than they look. A colony of mountain ashes had firmly established themselves upon it, and there was enough light to see the lustrous scarlet of their berries against the calm evening sky. But where was I to pass the night? The question had become quite a serious one. The shadowy lords of the Hohenburg, however well-disposed they might be towards me, were no longer pleasant or congenial hosts. Any night quarters rather than their dismal castle! Far down in the valley to the north I could distinguish houses and lights twinkling through the fast-rising mist. I went off in this direction. So dark was the forest that when I came out upon a hillside amidst brambles and bracken the day seemed to come back.

Suddenly I espied a human form crouched near the ground. This figure was picking blackberries, which were numerous enough to be seen in the twilight. Now it is a rare thing—on the Continent, at all events—to find a person picking blackberries except on the outskirts of a large town, these berries being despised by country-people, who frequently consider them half-poisonous, conducive to fever, etc. My curiosity was therefore at once aroused in this stranger. I asked him if the village in the valley was Schöenau. No, he said, it was Northweiler. We had been talking for some minutes in French before the truth broke upon both of us that the other's language was English. He was an American. It is a curious fact that when Americans and Englishmen meet in lands foreign to both, without having had an opportunity of speaking their own language for days or weeks, the distinction between English and American appears to them arbitrary nonsense—so potent a force is community of idiom.

My new acquaintance was a young man under twenty-five, and an artist, as his sketch-book and colour-box told me. He was still in the student stage, and had been working at Munich and Baden, the latter place being only a day's walk from Northweiler.

"Where can I find a night's lodging?"

"Come to my inn. I think Frau Gruny can put you up."

The proposal was a welcome one, and we were soon at the village. The inn was but a trifle better than the one at Ober-Steinbach. Dinner consisted mainly of potatoes and apple-pie, but I had the companionship of my artistic friend and the village schoolmaster, both of whom were perfectly satisfied with a meal even more simple than my own; so the evening passed pleasantly enough. The young artist, I may say, had a full and serene confidence in the glittering future that awaited him, that was not vanity, but hope, joyous, robust and strong-winged.

Sketch-book in hand, he accompanied me the next morning a part of my journey back to Niederbronn. We left Northweiler, which is picturesquely situated, but not an interesting village, at an early hour. There was a cold, drifting mist in the valley, and the leaves and grass were dripping with dew. Autumn had crept over the mountains during the night and had given summer a chill. We passed under the Wegelnburg, a conical mountain that rises symmetrically to what looks like a fine point from the valley, and is covered with dense forest from summit to base. Quite hidden by the trees is a ruined castle. The fortress was first destroyed by the Strasburghers in 1282, and was finally razed by the French in 1680.

As we rose upon the flanks of the hills we left the cold mist behind, and saw the sun. No gems could have gleamed brighter than the dewdrops on the young firs. My plan was to return to Niederbronn by following the valley of the Sauer. Soon after we left the Palatinate and entered Alsace, my companion sat down to make a sketch, and I continued the journey alone.

After walking knee-deep in heather down a neglected path, I struck the Sauer a little below Hirschthal. A good road followed the course of the stream. There was a purple glow of colchicum over the meadows, and now and again a rich scent of new-mown grass rose where the dew was drying on the level swathes. A peasant angler, not an enthusiast, but a man with an eye to business only, was wading through the wet grass fishing for trout. He had already pulled out four. The winding valley was very beautiful. From the tops of the high hills on either side the forest came down to the green ribbon of meadow. The trees in the forest were mostly pines, but the road was lined with silver birches. I met a poor family on the tramp. The man was carrying a bundle on a stick over his shoulder; the woman was pushing a very old but monumental perambulator, with a very young baby, that looked quite lost in it; three or four other children were trudging along barefoot, holding their boots in their hands so as not to wear them out. After walking several miles by the murmuring waters of the Sauer, a turn of the valley brought into view a cluster of red-brown roofs. A little later I was in the village of Lembach

Here I stopped awhile to look at a little church, insignificant architecturally, but interesting from the circumstance that it was a "mixed" one. In this village Protestants and Catholics are of about the same numerical strength. One church serves for all. The hours of service are so fixed that neither party shall interfere with the other. The Lutherans do not enter the sanctuary, or chancel, but have their Communion table placed in the nave. This system used to be very general in Alsace; but of late years, especially since the German occupation, there has been a great deal of church-building, and Catholics and Lutherans

have in many villages distinct places of worship where formerly they had but one.

The next village was Mattstall, which I reached after traversing a forest. Here the population was Protestant, and they had the church to themselves. I made my midday halt at Mattstall. A little old inn answered the purpose. It was kept by an aged man, whose ideas were constantly starting off on some woolgathering expedition. Having understood that I wanted a certain thing, he went away briskly to fetch it; but when he had gone a few yards some fresh idea crossed his path and drove the other out of mind. It was quite pathetic to see him feeling about for the lost threads of purpose. Poor old man! time had played a cruel game with him. It were surely better to lie under the waving plantains of the village churchyard than to live like that. At length he brought me Münster cheese, bread, butter, pears, and wine. The plates evidently belonged to the French period of Alsatian history, and the Germans would only have acted consistently with their other performances in this much oppressed province had they confiscated them as seditious emblems. They were pictorial plates, such as are to be seen in most of the village inns of France. One illustrated the Battle of Inkerman. French soldiers were storming the heights, the most prominent figure being an officer, very tightly laced, judging from his slender waist, his sword in the air, his moustache most fiercely curled, and his eyes starting from his head. The charge made for my entertainment at this inn was sixpence, and I had lunched on the best that was to be had for money.

At Mattstall the people, with the exception of those who had grown up since the war, could speak a little French when they tried. In the villages bordering the Palatinate French is almost an unknown language.

After passing the next village, Langensultzbach, I was on the outskirts of the great battle-field of Woërth. The high table-land across the Sauer to the east was where the Prussian army was encamped the night before the battle. I was soon on the height of Froëshweiler, where MacMahon posted the centre of his army, and which was the last position taken by the Germans. At the foot of a steep hill, on the banks of the Sauer, was the village of Woërth. In the early part of the action the French descended this hill, crossed the valley, and drove the attacking forces some distance up the opposite heights. But the advantage could not be maintained; they were outnumbered by three to one, and when late in the afternoon MacMahon's right wing was turned, his position, notwithstanding its immense strength, was no longer tenable. Not even on the field of Gravelotte is the scene so mournful as on the slopes of the hills and on the table-land above Woërth.

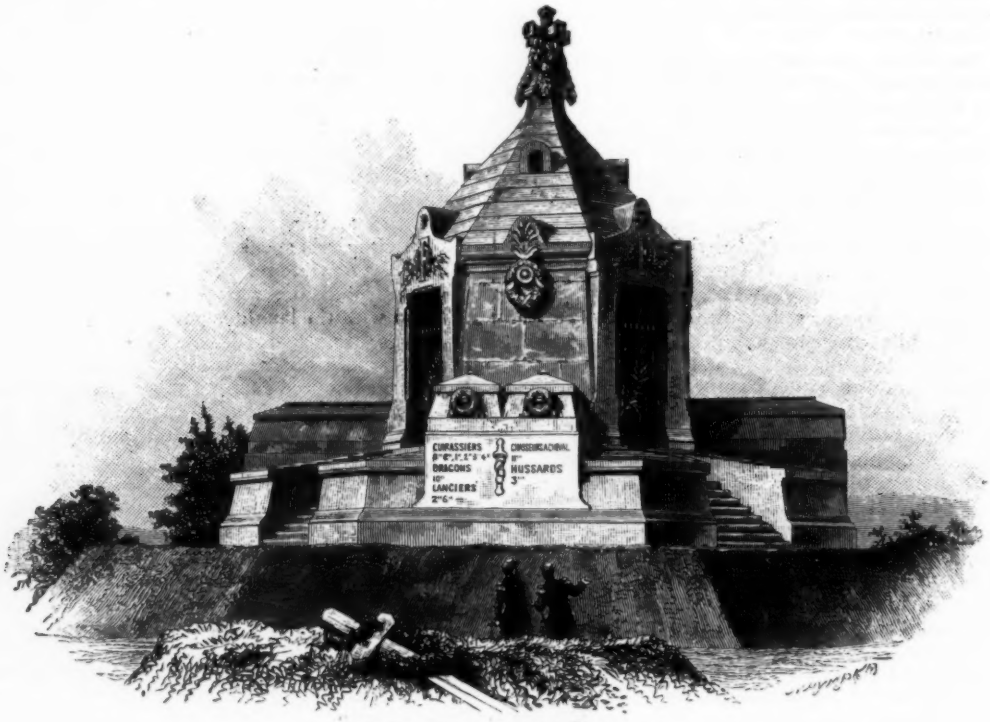
I walk through an orchard. At every few yards' distance is a grassy mound with a little white cross stuck into it, with no other words than these, "Woërth den 6 Aug. 1870," to mark the spot where twenty or thirty, sometimes forty, men were buried in the same trench. There they lie together, Frenchmen and Germans; comrades in death, deadly enemies in life. I am now skirting a vineyard on the slope of Froëshweiler. A German inscription on a small monument states that several officers and sub-officers and thirty-five men are in the grave beneath it. Now I read a French inscription: "Ici reposent 5 officiers de Tirailleurs Algériens morts le 6 Août, 1870." Farther down these words met me: "Mit Gott fur Koënig und Vaterland." In the carnage that took place here it would be hard to say on which side was the heavier loss. Scattered all among the vines are the grave-mounds of the unknown dead, the white crosses standing amidst the luxuriant foliage and golden grapes. Quiet, without a leaf stirring, drinking with the silence of great thirst the mellowing sunshine, the broad and fruitful vineyards speak by their deepening colour of the joyous vintage. The time is coming when this sunny hillside, where I am now alone, will resound with the laughter and songs of the grape-gatherers; their feet will pass lightly by the green mounds where lies the skeleton of many a youth who never doubted that he, too, would join again with sisters and brothers in singing of the vintage on some other hill far away, until he lay in a pool of his own blood among the vines of Froëshweiler. And the juice which these vines still pour from the wine-press is as golden as ever, after all the blood they have drunk. To nature there is no difference between rain and blood, but a fertilising force expressed by chemists as albumen, chlorides, and phosphates.

The village of Froëshweiler has now two churches, one Protestant, the other Catholic, both having been raised since the war to the memory of the slain. The old mixed church was destroyed during the battle, together with most of the houses, which were battered to pieces, or set on fire by the shells. The villagers took refuge in the cellars. A peasant with a bent back and grey head told me that he was one of sixteen in a cellar, and that when the battle was over, the Germans compelled him and all the other able-bodied inhabitants whom they could lay hold of, to dig graves for the dead.

From Froëshweiler I crossed the plateau to the hamlet Elsasshausen, the scene of the disastrous cavalry charge in which four regiments of cuirassiers, which MacMahon, when driven to desperate expedients, threw upon General von Bose's corps to check the enveloping movement on his right and gain time for an orderly retreat, were destroyed almost to a man. All about this hamlet are mounds and monuments. A little farther, on the brow of a hill, I came to a fine old walnut-tree surrounded by a paling. It is now known far and wide as MacMahon's tree. Here the marshal stood and directed the movements of his troops during the greater part of the battle. Late in the day the Crown Prince chose another commanding point on the hill facing this one, on the other side of the valley. The two commanders-in-chief were almost within rifle-shot of each other. If Marshal MacMahon's motive in remaining here was not to seek a soldier's death, he exposed himself with singular rashness. Eighteen years have

not healed the rents and gashes made in this walnut-tree by the bullets of 1870.

Returning to Froëshweiler, and taking the road to Reichshoffen, I came to a small isolated house with a vine trellis in front and a little orchard in the rear, which looked like a rural cemetery, so



FRENCH MONUMENT AT WOERTH.

nany grave mounds and crosses were there in it. I stood awhile in the long grass, under the laden fruit-trees, wondering how it happened that so many soldiers were buried in this orchard. I was soon in conversation with a wild-looking woman who lived in the cottage. She had a scared expression which seemed chronic, and when I heard her story I was not surprised that she should have it. During the retreat, or rather the rout—for such it was in the end—a detachment of French infantry, numbering some eighty men, took their stand behind the house and sheds with the resolve to sell their lives as dearly as possible. As the German cavalry dashed along the road in pursuit of the fugitives the men in the orchard kept up a continuous fire upon them. For a little while they used their chassepôts with deadly effect; but the order being given to dislodge them, they were soon overwhelmed by numbers and killed to a man. They were buried under the apple-trees. The house and sheds were afterwards filled with wounded soldiers, about half of whom died, and they too were buried in the orchard.

The woman from whom I learnt these details further told me that she passed the terrible 6th of August in the cottage until the evening, when she and her family left with the exception of her old mother, who remained in the cellar and declared that they might carry her out if they liked, but she would not go out on her own legs. She had lived in the house all her days and she intended to die in it. During the flight one of the children, a boy of three, was missed, and his mother, believing him to have been killed, spent the next two days searching for his body on the battle-field. On the third day the child returned to the cottage. He had been swept away by a stream of fugitives, and two soldiers carried him by turns to Reichshoffen, where they left him in charge of some peasants, promising to send money for his support if they escaped. Such an impression had the day's carnage made upon these soldiers' minds that they concluded that the child's parents must surely have been killed by the Germans.

While she was speaking, the poor woman's face and gestures became tragic. A young man listened in the background with an expression of indifference. He was the child who had been carried on to Reichshoffen. He could not understand his mother's horror when in imagination she felt again all the suffering she had undergone on his account eighteen years before.

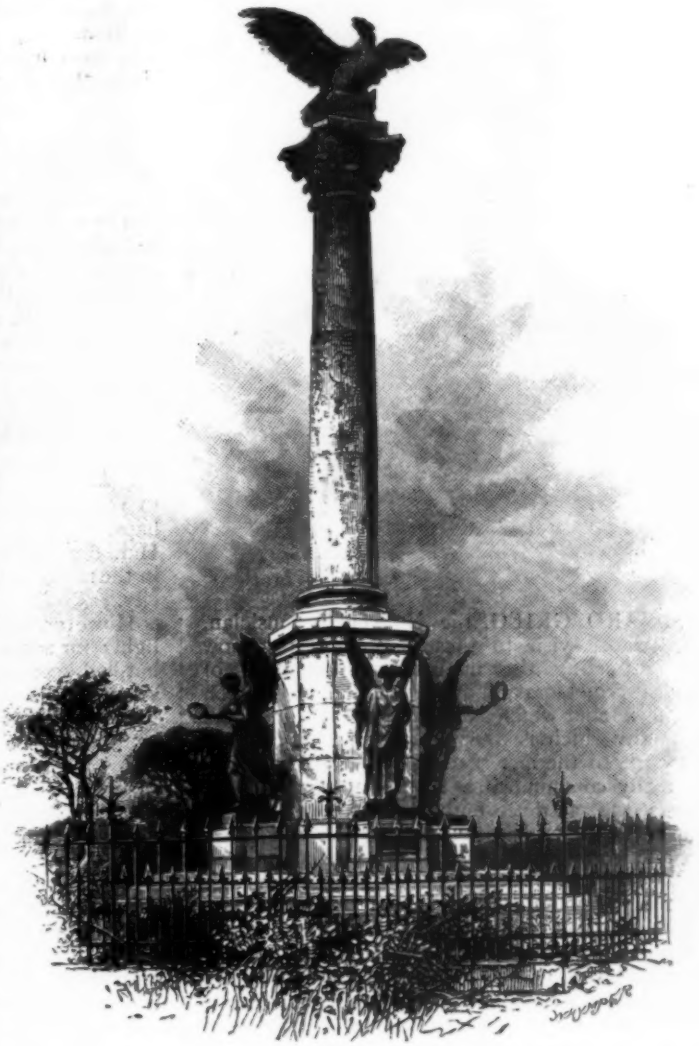
Beyond this house towards Reichshoffen and Niederbronn the road lay between cornfields. I have been assured by the people of the country that when the corn came up in the spring of 1871 there were many patches of a much deeper and more luxuriant green than the rest. Each patch marked the spot where a man had fallen, and where his blood had "fertilised the soil." After

the cornfields came the forest towards which the fugitives rushed so frantically when, all hope of victory being gone, the animal instinct of self-preservation returned with its deplorable revelation of the abject basis of human nature. This forest, on the Reichshoffen road, was strewn with chassepôts, knapsacks, képis—every article of a soldier's accoutrements or uniform which might interfere with the swiftness of his flight.

Bordering the road on both sides, but often in the shadow of the trees, is a long line of mounds and crosses. These mark the graves of fugitives who were shot and sabred, and they bear mournful testimony to the ruthlessness with which the Germans continued the carnage long after the battle was over. A great crucifix stood then and still stands on the Reichshoffen road with the forest for background. On each side of it are deep trenches now filled with human bones.

This road was already familiar to me. One dark night late in August I crossed the battle-field while walking from Soultz to Niederbronn. It was getting dusk when I started, and the peaasnts were coming home from their fields in their bullock-carts filled with new hay. The red glare darkened mournfully in the west; then the stars came out. It was past eleven when I reached the forest between Froëshweiler and Reichshoffen. I knew that the road was lined with graves, and I could see by the starlight the little white crosses and the great spectral crucifix against the awful blackness of the woods. The sound of my footsteps was as if I were walking under vaults—merely the effect of the tall trees, but sepulchral and soul-chilling. The chirrup of a grasshopper, although it came from the wayside mounds, was like a familiar and cheering voice. I walked my best, and yet this forest seemed interminable. Still the black walls rose on either hand, still the band of starry sky far above seemed as though it would never widen. But it did widen at length until the great dim vault of heaven was revealed again with all its lamps. It was a relief to be in the open country once more, and to know that the long dark line of that awful forest was receding. The moon now rose, showing a very weird face through the mist, and in the valley before me were the dark roofs of Reichshoffen, beneath which some three thousand people were sleeping.

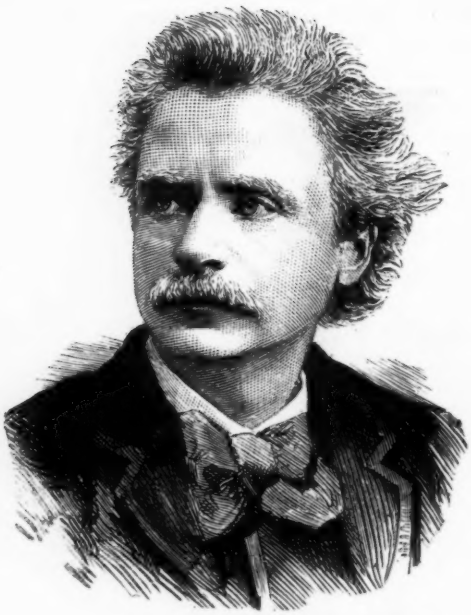
I contrasted the deep repose of the little burg then with Reichshoffen, hospital and charnel-house, on the night of the 6th of August, 1870. The groans of the dying and of those who groaned because they lived, the stir and tumult of fear and sympathy, the shouts of victorious soldiers, the thud of heavy boots, and the metallic clangour of arms—such were the sounds then; now the silence was only broken by the cock growing restless as the wild spirits of the night gathered round the belfry, and the strokes of midnight startled the home-coming bats. Reichshoffen was asleep. Not a flash of fire came from any hearth, not a gleam of candle or lamp from any window. But the moon rising above the mist was peering in at many a dormer lattice, and throwing a pale glitter on the ripples of the Falkenstein.



GERMAN MONUMENT AT WOERTH.

EDWARD BARKER.

EDVARD GRIEG.



[*From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

EDVARD GRIEG, the Norwegian musician, whose visit to these shores is just now attracting the interest and attention of musical professors and amateurs alike, owes much of the honour which is being paid him, and the sympathy which is everywhere extended towards his work, to the fact that in every note he writes he really communicates to the players and listeners the patriotic enthusiasm which prompts him to write; and in every piece, however small, he admits us into his own heart, and compels us to admire nature as he admires her, and to gaze with him upon the wonders and the beauties of his beloved country. It is evident that he has lived and walked amongst scenes of the sternest grandeur, with eyes and heart receptive, and that mountain, fjord, and waterfall alike have spoken to him and have been hearkened to by responsive ears. We cannot approach such students without a sense of being the better for our visit.

Grieg was born on June 15th, 1843, at Bergen, which is, like Rome, a town of seven hills, and is in the vicinity of very lovely scenery. Here also is the birthplace of Ole Borneman Bull, who used to astonish all Europe and America during his travels by his dexterity as a violinist. Other Bergen celebrities are J. C. Dahl, the painter, and Ludwig Holberg, the well-known traveller and poet. Grieg's father, Alexander Grieg, is described in Mendel and Reissmann's Lexikon as being a consul in Bergen.

Of his mother we know that for fifteen years of his life she guided him in his music, and, herself a good pianist, taught him to play upon the piano; and one can estimate the influence of her bright encouragement, and picture the interest with which she would notice his early efforts in composition.

It must have been about the year 1858 when his mother showed some specimens of his work to Ole Bull, who was on a visit to his native town.

The travelling violinist was sharp enough to observe the germ of budding genius, and advised the parents to send their boy to Leipsic, and enter him as a student at the famed conservatoire. So he bade farewell to his little world where his own people were the only musicians, and the solemn grand scenery the inspiration for their music, and found himself, giddy and confused, no doubt, in the midst of a greater world, with all the vast stores of greatest music suddenly discharged at his feet. He found himself in the land of Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Mozart, and in a school where Mendelssohn, Schumann, and modern romanticism were paramount. His masters were Richter, Reinecke, Moscheles, and others. Picture to yourselves this child of nature, to whom perhaps, in the quiet of the night, dreams of the Hardanger Fjord would come as a peaceful oasis in the midst of the din and confusion of a crowded city.

However, gradually from out of the mist came light; for some months he had seen others work, but had been too dazed to work himself. Now he seemed to realise his mission, and set to work with such overzeal and so great a disregard of health, that in time he completely broke down, and had to endure a serious illness. During this time we find the tender mother at his side, nursing him through it all, and with her he travelled, when convalescent, to Copenhagen. This was in 1863.

In Copenhagen he met Gade, who two years previously had been appointed Hof-capellmeister in the place of Glaeser, and he studied with him.

It is hard to believe that Grieg, with his early surroundings, could ever have been infected to any great degree by the school of romanticism, which commenced with the influence of Mendelssohn and terminated in that of Schumann; had he been so, Gade, the friend and disciple of these distinguished composers, would have infected him to a greater degree; but he appears to have found a powerful alterative in the form of one Richard Nordraak, a young Dane as full of love for northern folk-musik as Grieg himself. To his influence is due the casting off any signs of southern warmth or effeminacy; with Nordraak, his enthusiastic friend, he struck out boldly into the strong rugged path, which they were confident alone expressed Norwegian thought and Norwegian nature. Nordraak, in the full spring of his enthusiasm, died young, and in 1867

Grieg settled in Christiania as a teacher, and started a musical society, by means of which he was able to introduce to his countrymen the great works of the greatest masters, old and new, and it appears to have flourished under his capable direction.

Christiania was the scene of his labours until the year 1873, in the early part of which he returned to his native Bergen, and, with the added experience of manhood, resumed the surroundings of his youthful days; and now he has established his home in a lovely spot some few miles out of the town, where, having set aside the labours and drudgery of the teacher, he is enabled to devote his time to original productions, and write just as he is inspired by the glorious moods of nature around him. He has so far produced between forty and fifty works, a great number of which are written in short form, and for piano alone.

It is surely unnecessary to name these, since there is scarcely a home in England in which they are not played and delighted in; but we might especially refer to the little Lyrical pieces (Op. 12), the Poetical Tone-paintings (Op. 3), and the Volksleben pieces (Op. 19), so aptly illustrating the life and customs of the country folk.

In one of the last named pieces a bridal procession is represented passing by, and only those who have witnessed it know what an imposing ceremony this is in Norway.

The fiddler heading the way is followed by the kander, or tankard-man; then comes the best man and the well-built young bridegroom, a man stamped with the honesty and quiet self-reliance of his race; then the fair bride in her grand costume, with a silver crown upon her head, the procession being completed by the parents, relations, and friends. The Elizabethan ruff of the officiating priest adds one more touch to a most imposing ensemble in the village church.

After the ceremony the dance; and what characteristic dances we find in Op. 17, and some for four hands in Op. 35. We not only see the peasants making merry, and moving round and across in their rough, untutored grace, but here also is the added mystery, the supernatural, which is a part of the belief of this wonder-girt people, for is not that lovely girl with the bright blue skirt and white kerchief the Circé of the North, Huldre the bewitching, casting her wild glances around, and finally disappearing as suddenly as she came, leaving behind many a young *bonde* broken-hearted! The very humour and fun is combined with magic, and the freaks and oddities are those of imps and bogies. Are not the Nisser responsible for mischief on shore, and do not the Nökken play their games in the water?

So far it is by these finished sketches that we best know Edvard Grieg; but students of music are well acquainted with his greater works, greater in size, and yet but an extension of the same nature and the same national traits that we have already spoken of in the shorter works. He has himself played the pianoforte concerto, and shown our players how much can be done with it. His one pianoforte sonata is frequently heard, and grows upon our intelligent admiration with every hearing. It is one of his earlier works. Lady Hallé and other eminent violinists give us the enjoyment of hearing the violin sonatas, the latest of which was first performed in England only the other day. For the full orchestra he has written music to Ibsen's play, "Peer Gynt" (Op. 23), and his arrangement of two of his songs for stringed orchestra gave us the first opportunity last year of seeing what a splendid conductor he is, never noisy or bullying, but invariably drawing out of his orchestra every nuance he desires, down to a *ppp*, such as only the London Philharmonic Band is capable of.

In all his music we feel ourselves *in* Norway itself. We are really surrounded by the mountains, rearing their crests in savage nakedness; we see their reflections in the clear deep waters of the fjord, into which they pour their beautiful waterfalls, and there Folgefonde, the vast glacier, spreads out her arms to the south, whilst, by way of occasional relief, here and there nestle gently smiling valleys, rich in vegetation and life.

Amid such surroundings lives Edvard Grieg, having for his companion and helpmeet that accomplished lady and true musician whose rendering of some of the fifty or sixty songs which he has composed has been the delight of music-lovers during the present season.

Amid such surroundings speaks Edvard Grieg. He has himself remarked that he cannot say anything, except when he feels that there is indeed something worth saying. Surely, encircled by such an environment, the heart could not be dumb, but must be full to overflowing with gratitude and love.

May he be spared in health to double the present number of his works—works towards which our evidently strong sympathy is extended. This may be attributed, in part at least, to the affinity in race between our people and his, the Vikings of old and the East Anglians.

A strong, hardy, straightforwardness is the tie between us, the common ground upon which we meet and fraternise, and upon which rests our manliness and strength.

Embedded in the tower of Bergen Cathedral is a cannon-ball, fired from the English Fleet in 1665; embosomed in the heart of England is the music of Edvard Grieg.

Skaal to Gamle Norge, and her faithful son!

MYLES B. FOSTER.

THE DANCING BEAR.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

VI.



ANNA LEADING HOME THE CAPTIVE IN TRIUMPH.

THE ruined red castle crowned the top of the hill, and the pine-wood reached nearly up to its broken walls; but on the right of the ruins, so that it could not be seen from that side of the village by which Joseph had entered, was a comfortable-looking stone mansion nestling under the shelter given by the old walls; near this a clump of forest-trees took the place of the pines and made a vivid contrast against their sombre blue background. A fair green meadow stretched out beyond the trees, and descending the shoulder of the hill, behind the house, was a succession of varied tints in the landscape—ploughed fields, showing rich red earth, green meadows, golden cornfields, with every here and there the rich yellow verdure of a vineyard.

Two children were sitting on the bench under the largest of the beech-trees; they had just come out of the field, and had left the gate open behind them; their hands were full of roots and flowers.

"I tell you what we will do, Josephine," said the younger girl, a little dark-eyed, fairy-like creature; "we won't both be the same, dear, will we? You shall have a vegetable stall, and you can sell fruit, too; but I will be a flower merchant. You shall see what grand bouquets I will make!"

Josephine opened her large bright eyes, wondering at her little sister's cleverness. Josephine had a beautiful face, with regular features and a clear, glowing complexion, and a quantity of silky brown hair curled over her forehead. She was round and plump, too, and she made a complete contrast to her little sister's slender, fragile figure.

"You clever little Anna!" she said. "Yes, yes; I can soon make carrots and radishes and salsify out of my roots, but what shall I do for fruits? a vegetable-stall must have fruit in it, little one."

While she spoke she had been deftly nipping some of the dandelion roots to an equal length and dividing others into little round lumps that looked like potatoes and turnips.

"Nothing is easier," Anna answered, but she was evidently considering what to say, for she half-closed her eyes and pushed out her red underlip till it looked like a cherry. "I know!" she said, suddenly; "there are berries on the wayfaring tree on the way to the wood, they are just like currants, and on the privet-bush there are green berries, and black ones too; and see, the beech-nuts may pass for almonds; and you forget the cornel-bush in my own garden."

"It would be nicer to have all wild things," said Josephine.

By this time her end of the bench exhibited quite a little market-stall in miniature. There were salads and bunches of herbs, a heap of vetch-pods represented beans and green peas, while some that had already turned brown and yellow were arranged to look like bananas; and when she had heaped up the scarlet hips and the green and black privet-berries, with a border of golden beech-nuts as a finish, Anna clapped her hands with delight.

Meantime the little maid had not been idle, she had made varied nosegays, some of starlike ox-eye daisies, bordered by blue cornflowers, and others with flaming poppies in the centre, and golden corn marigolds for border; and she had festooned the edge of her stall with wreaths of flowered clematis from the old red wall of the ruins. She had found there, too, bunches of sweet white rocket and tall, showy golden-rod.

Josephine was delighted. "What a handy little thing you are," she said to the small elf, who danced about with glee at her sister's praise. "But there's only one thing, Anna—what can we do for money?"



A DANCE TUNE.

"Look here," said Anna, "I got these for your stall, but I could not think what they would do for, so I kept them," and she pulled out of her pocket a handful of laburnum-pods and quickly began to shell the shining black seeds. "There's another thing," she said; "we might have some birds to sell if you could only think, José, how to make a cage; I could soon get you a dozen grass-hoppers to jump about in them."

"Yes, yes; that is excellent!" Josephine clapped her hands and kissed her little sister; "we will think of something, Anna!"

All at once there was a sound of music in the pine-wood just below, and little Anna held up her finger.

In a minute or two they saw coming to them, out of the gloom caused by the red-armed pine-trees, first their mother, then a man in a blouse playing a flute and leading a bear by a long chain; behind all came Heinrich, carrying the empty basket in which his mistress had taken some comforts to two poor sick women in the village.

Anna felt a little frightened at the sight of the bear, and she drew closer to her sister; but Josephine's common-sense reassured her. She saw her mother and Heinrich; the baroness came forward as if she were sure of giving the children pleasure.

Meantime Anna had remembered the dancing bear she had seen beside the river, and her tears fled. She ran forward and put her little hand into the lady's: "Oh, mother," she cried, "is it? Yes! I do believe it is the very same bear we saw at Neckar Steinach? And do you think he will dance to us?"

"Yes, it is your dancing bear," her mother said; "he has come all the way from Dauphiné. You can ask the man, in French, Anna, to make his bear dance for you—as it danced at Neckar Steinach."

"I should like to pat him," said Josephine; and, as Anna did not wish to be behind her sister in courage, the two children went hand in hand up to Pepin, and patted his shaggy coat.

Joseph stood bare-headed, thanking them with effusive gratitude.

Then he began to play a dance tune, and Pepin got awkwardly on to his hind legs, and held his paws ready for the pole his master carried. The children shouted "Bravo!" and clapped their hands with delight; even solemn-faced Heinrich murmured in his yellow beard, "Good, that is well done!"

"Pepin ought to be crowned, he is a darling!"

Anna snatched up her clematis garlands, and asked Joseph to put them round the bear's head.

Finally, after some few attempts, the flowers were fastened round Pepin's neck, and Anna, who by this time had become quite fearless, took the end of the chain from Joseph's hand, and began to lead the bear towards the castle court.

Pepin looked slyly down at her out of his little red eyes; they seemed to be twinkling with satisfaction, and he shambled along at the pace chosen by his little guide.

"He is content," Joseph said in answer to an appealing look from Josephine. "If he were not, you would know by his ears; yes, he must be very happy, or he would not permit himself to be guided by a stranger. Pepin is wise, my fraulein," he said, gratefully; "he knows a true friend when he meets one, and he loves little children."

Anna had got into the courtyard, leading her captive in triumph before the rest of the party had reached the entrance gates.

There was at once a loud outcry of surprise and terror from two maids who happened to be standing at the house door.

"Mercy on us! the child will be eaten up like the Babes in the Wood!" said one, while the other threw her apron over her head to shut out the dreadful sight, and screamed as loud as she could.

All the servants—men, women, and boys—came running, flocking into the courtyard; some of the men caught up sticks and brooms, and as it sometimes happens that the foolish panic of a few may do a great deal of real mischief, it was on the whole fortunate that Frau Waldeck and Joseph reached the courtyard before the assembled household had time to act.

At sight of their mistress walking with the bear-leader there was a hesitating pause, and the major-domo and the housekeeper edged their way from the front to the back of the gathering, in the hope of slipping away unobserved.

Frau Waldeck smiled graciously at the assembled group.

"It is well that you are here, my friends," she said, "I should else have sent for you. You will all see the performance of this clever bear, and then you will make him and his master as comfortable as you can; above all, see that they have good beds."

Joseph understood the lady's words, and he gave her a fervently grateful glance. On the way up through the wood he had told her the story of their weary pilgrimage, and she had advised him to take his bear back to the sunshiny home beside the Isère before cold autumn days began.

"You do not know how much colder it is in Germany than in the south," she said.

Frau Waldeck, however, thought that now he had come so far he had better go on to Wurzburg, and thence to Strasbourg by rail; this would greatly shorten his homeward journey, and the kind lady had promised to help him on his way.

PART VII.

JOSEPH blew his nose loudly, then he wiped his eyes, and patted Pepin.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "we shall not often meet with such treatment; it would be like one of the tales that Françoise tells to little Pierre if we had many such days and nights as the last two at the Schloss have been, eh, Pepin?"

Pepin blinked his eyes approvingly, and opened his red mouth till he seemed to be laughing at his master.

"I believe, you old scamp," Joseph said, "that you liked that little maid as well as Pierrot; how she did kiss and pet you. I believe she was crying when we left the gate."

He looked over his shoulder, but the closely planted pine-trees among which they walked had by this time completely hidden the Schloss and its inhabitants. Little Anna still lingered beside the gate, if they could only have seen her, while Josephine was actually wiping away tears, for in those two days the children had become very fond of their dumb playfellow and his kind master.

"Mother says," Josephine sighed, "that if Joseph would have sold it, and if Pepin had been younger, she would have bought him for us."

"Why need he have been younger? He would not have been so clever," cried Anna. "I like him best as he is—dear, darling Pepin!"

"Well, and so do I; only mother says that bears get cunning and cruel as they grow older. I believe a bear sometimes turns against a keeper even when he has been fond of him."

"And then he would have had to be killed! Oh, my precious Pepin, that would have been horrible!" said Anna, impetuously; "and, besides, one could not go on loving him if he turned bad—well, perhaps not; I am not quite sure about that," and she began to climb a ruined wall, to reach a tuft of snapdragon that was flaunting gaily in the sunshine.

Heinrich had walked part of the way down through the woods with Joseph and the bear, to make sure that they struck into the right track through the Odenwald.

"There are many ways," he said, "and there are few villages; nor will you chance on many wayfarers; and therefore my lady bid me put some bread and meat and fruit in this basket; and Ulrich, our major-domo, told me to put this bottle along with it—as good schnapps, bear-master, as you ever swallowed. Now I say farewell, and the good God guide you."

Joseph shook his hand heartily.

"I thank you, my friend," he said, "and also the worshipful Master Ulrich; for your gracious lady I do not know how to find words in which to say my thanks. But she does not look for thanks from men, and it is the good God who will give them to her."

Heinrich did not altogether understand, but he shook Joseph's hand again.

Joseph and Pepin soon found themselves in the deep forest; even the air seemed blue-green here, the dry pine-needles crackled sharply under their

feet, and every now and then a gust of fragrance came refreshingly to the wanderers.

Up at the castle, while he was petted and cheered by the children, Pepin had seemed quite himself again, and had gone through his performances with wonderful spirit; he had balanced his pole, and then he had hugged it and waltzed with it; he had turned from side to side whenever he was bid; and finally, at Anna's earnest entreaty, he had, with his tray in his mouth, gone round a group assembled in the castle-yard to witness his last performance.

And this morning, when he started, he had shown no sign of fatigue. But now, towards evening, although they had taken a good long midday nap, the bear began to limp; he sighed, too, as if he were in pain.

"What is it then, old fellow"—Joseph put his arm round Pepin caressingly—"are you fretting for your little ladies at the Schloss? Well, well, we must see for a bed presently, and this thick carpet underfoot is good enough for us two, I fancy. We must be thankful to have it dry, my Pepin, vagabonds cannot expect a mattress and a bed of sweet hay every night." At the Schloss, Pepin had been lodged in an empty coach-house, and Joseph had been put in a neat little bedroom above.

Almost as he said the last words, a strange sound came from the trees, one might have thought the pines gave out a moan. Then a deep hush fell over the forest, the gloom became a sudden darkness, and a heavy drop fell through the pine foliage, under which they stood. One, then two, three, four—and now the drops were falling so thickly that they began to filter even through the thick pine-branches.

Joseph looked perplexed; he did not believe that even if the rain lasted they could get very wet in this dense forest, where the difficulty seemed to be to keep to the track between the trees; and for himself he would not have minded the change of a damp bed, but there was something about Pepin that made him uneasy, he seemed to tire so quickly, and now he was evidently quite unwilling to move on.

Joseph looked anxiously round him; there was no sign even of one of the woodcutter's huts, and Heinrich had told him to look out for one of these; the man had also said that there were sometimes charcoal-burners to be found in the forest, but that these last had not a reputation for hospitality.

Joseph looked again at his bear; Pepin's ears were laid back, and he began to shiver just as he had done at Heidelberg.

"I must risk it, old friend," Joseph said; "you will be none the worse if I fail, and I may find you a dry bed."

He passed the chain round and round the thick bole of a pine-tree, and fastened it with a padlock; then taking a lump of bread from his wallet, he gave it to Pepin. "Lie down, my friend," he said, and slipped quickly away into the forest.

He took the precaution as he went, although as well as he could see he was following a side track between the trees, to make a notch here and there, so that he might easily return to Pepin. For some way he only got deeper and deeper into the wood, his progress being hindered by undergrowth from trees which had been cut down without being uprooted. All at once he felt that he was going down a steep slope, and he quickly found himself in a shallow dry hollow, on one side of which was a dull red light.

The hollow was so small, and the trees round it so leaned over its edge, that there was not much light here except that afforded by the dull red glare.

Joseph's hopes rose; he could not see any one, but still a fire could not come of itself, he thought.

"Is any one there?" he called out.

There was no answer; but he fancied he saw some dark object skip nimbly past the red light.

Joseph felt himself shiver; his hair rose on his head.

He was no scholar, he could not write, and he could only read with difficulty, but he was well versed in his own local traditions, and he believed in them implicitly. He had, therefore, listened greedily to the tales of the Odenwald with which the old nurse and her son, Peter the forester, had regaled him at the Schloss; and he had owned to himself that he should prefer to spend the night he might have to pass there, in the company even of an inhospitable charcoal-burner, rather than meet the Erl King and his daughter, or the Washing Maidens, or worse than all the Wild Huntsman and his train, for, in this case, the troop of fiendish dogs would certainly mark Pepin as sport and worry the poor beast mad, even if they spared his life. And now Joseph felt with a shudder that the forest was truly a haunted place, and that he had done wrong to stray from the track.

He made the sign of the cross, but the fire did not pale and the silence was as deep as before.

"In God's holy name," he said, hoarsely, in German, "speak if you are a Christian man."

For answer came a peal of shrill laughter; a small dark figure leapt the space between the fire and Joseph, and he felt himself clapped on the shoulder.

Something hearty in the touch convinced Pepin's master that he had flesh and blood to deal with, and he turned quickly and caught a small hard hand in his grasp.

"There, friend, that will do," said a squeaky, high-pitched voice, that sounded as if it came out of a toy trumpet. "Donner und blitzen, what a grip! Come to the light and let me see whether you are made of clay or steel."

The small creature (Joseph now saw that he had to do with a man about five feet high) pulled him close to the fire, and then plunging a bit of dry wood into it, he held up the blazing billet, and gravely surveyed the wayfarer.

Joseph looked at him in return, and he felt startled. He saw a small pale face, overhung with elf-locks of dark-red hair. The face was creased with lines like the furrows on an old man's face, but his wide mouth had red though thin lips, and his eyes were youthful in their sparkling brilliance. They were, however, so mischievous

that Joseph felt a new distrust as he looked into them, and this uncanny impression was heightened by a pair of enormous ears as thin as those of a bat, projecting on either side of this little creature's head.

"Well," the little man said, in French, "you do not look wise, but then you do not look wicked, my friend, so we will set the absence of one quality against the absence of the other. What's your name, gossip?" He ended with an abrupt squeak that startled Joseph. He did not answer.

"Ha, ha, ha!" the little man laughed, in the same shrill fashion, and, flinging himself into the middle of the hollow, he turned rapidly three somersaults, and came up again facing Joseph.

"You are French. Come, out with it. Here's the rain, and I want shelter!" he squeaked. "You cannot speak German, so do not try. Ha, ha!"

"I am called Joseph Le Bas; but I am not here alone, I have a four-footed comrade, a bear named Pepin."

The sound of his own tongue had set Joseph more at ease with the elfish-looking man of the wood. "What is your name, friend?" he added.

"I"—the creature made a hideous grimace—"I have plenty of names. To you I will be Jacob the Woodman, at your service; Jacob was the father of Joseph, you know. So you are the bear-leader, are you? But where is your bear? I heard of you from a passer-by, not so long ago, who saw you beside the Neckar. Do you come from that quarter, eh?"

"Yes," Joseph answered, "but my bear is ill. Can you give us shelter from the rain? I have wherewithal to pay you for our lodging."

"Ha, ha, ha!" the little man shrieked, and skipped round and round Joseph, examining him curiously. "You would like fine-cloth sheets for your bear, I wager, and a red-silk eider-down quilt. Yes, yes, your bear shall be feasted royally. Or, stay," his eyes glittered with mischief, "why not put an end to him if he is sickly? I am an excellent cook, and by the next time you pass through the wood I will undertake to present you with his hams, cured to perfection."

Joseph had become impatient of the little creature's joking.

"Enough, my friend! I love my bear dearly. I have left the poor fellow in the rain," he said. "Will you kindly provide a dry resting-place for him while I go to seek him?"

Jacob nodded several times, and then vanished out of sight.

"He is a little crazy, I fancy," Joseph said to himself; "I hope he will not tease Pepin with his antics, the poor beast might not like it now that he is suffering."

He went back as well as he could to the place where he had left the bear, guided by the white marks which he had made on the trees. Just before he came to Pepin the bear's hollow cough reached his ears.

Joseph shivered. He thought he would have been wiser to turn back at Heidelberg instead of prolonging his journey; now he must go on to Wurzburg; he had no choice.

"Eh, Pepin!" he called out, "here I am, old man!"

Pepin gave a low growl of pleasure when he heard his master's voice, and he licked Joseph's hands while he unfastened the chain from the tree.

It took some time to get back to the clearing. Pepin went slowly, trampling down the undergrowth with his heavy weight. At last they came out from the trees and found Jacob waiting for them.

"So here you are," he said. "Well, friend Pepin, your servant, sir. I have the honour of wishing you good evening." He made a bow. "You are big enough, I must say that for you. Now follow me, friend Joseph, and let your bear come last. Prevention is better than cure; I'll not have the brute sniffing and snapping at my heels. You are wondering what I do in this wood," he said, over his shoulder, "and as I always like to satisfy legitimate curiosity, I will tell you. I am a charcoal-burner. I live in this hut as long as I stay here, and that shed," he pointed forward in the darkness, "covers my wood and keeps it dry. I have been stacking it just now, and I have made a place for your bear to lie in. My cottage is humble, but still I cannot extend its accommodation to a bear, good man," he said, loftily.

"I do not ask it," Joseph said; "I will share my bear's quarters and keep him warm."

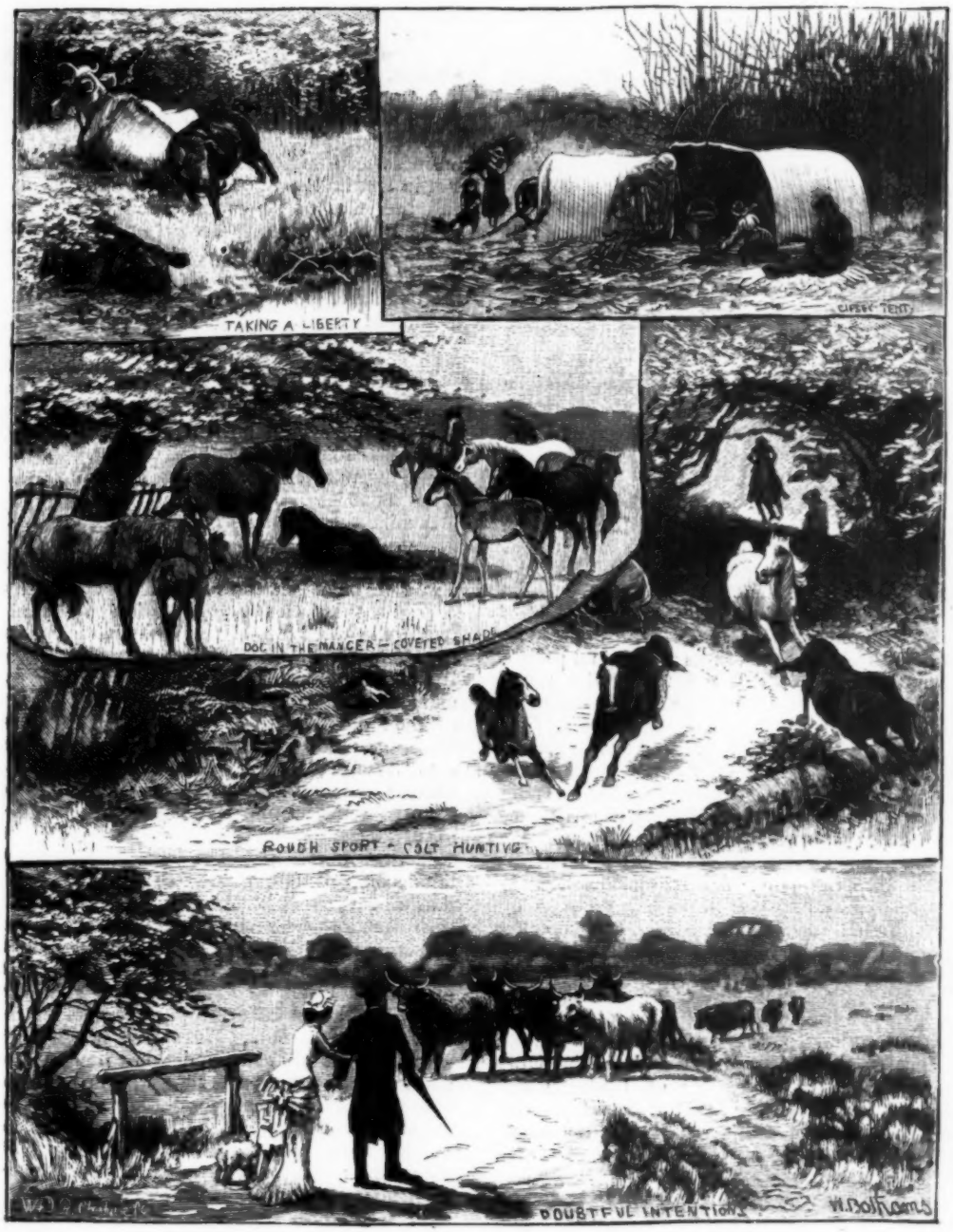
"Ta, ta, ta; that is romance," replied the other; "the space is so small he would roll on you in the night and smother you as mothers do their babes. Bah! man, when you have had your supper you will see the matter with clearer eyes."

And then he struck a light, for they had hitherto followed him in darkness. Joseph started when he saw that they had already reached the promised shelter, a low hut, built partly of logs, partly of branches twisted and twined together, and stuffed with long grass and moss, and sometimes with patches of straw and clay. It was like a gigantic bird's-nest, and its opening was so low that even the owner had to bow his head as he went in. He came out again with a lantern.

"We will stable the bear before supper," he said.

Joseph and the bear followed him between two stacks of logs, thickly covered with the same kind of protection as the cabin. The ground was dry and soft with a thick coating of pine-needles, and the little man showed Joseph two upright posts in the middle of the small clear space left between the heaped-up logs.

"You can chain him up here," he said. "See, I have put him a pan of water, you give him some bread, and he will be as snug as you could wish."



A LEAF FROM THE NEW FOREST.

MINES AND MINERS.

V.

NO sketch of mining industry could be fairly completed without some words on mining companies, some hints to investors in mining shares. How genuine enterprise may be encouraged and mere financial gambling avoided, is a perplexing question to the investing public, and a comparatively simple matter to the mining engineer. The latter has rarely occasion to offer an opinion on such subjects, but his occupations enable him to regard them from an instructive point of view.

The amusing contrast between my theme and my surroundings may be worth a word of notice. I write from a dilapidated house in the remotest wilds of Spain. A storm howls round the rotted rafters, swaying the heavily timbered roof. The snow lies deep in the surrounding forest, and the dogs bay even in daylight at the wolves that watch us from the neighbouring heights, and whose ghastly howling occasionally awakens us in the night. Yesterday we destroyed, with dynamite, axes, and saws, a large house and a lofty tower, whose eccentric construction and rotted timbers rose above the main shaft of the mine. We sawed and hewed, bored holes in the beams, and blew them to fragments with explosives. Some sixty men on a rope, some final shots at essential points, at length accomplished the task; the tower swayed over, and majestically crashed down in its destined place, without damage or disaster. To-day we cleared the rubbish, stacked timber for the fires, and felled huge trees for a new shaft framework, forty men hauling together on the splendid trunks that glided over the glittering snow. Meanwhile the work proceeded underground, and the miners in sheepskin hoods emerged at intervals from the dripping galleries to watch the adventurous labours of the carpenters and woodmen on lofty shingled roofs, and among great hanging beams. The suttler in his snug canteen tapped a skin of wine to reward the accomplished work, and prepared a cauldron of coffee for the bitter cold of the ensuing morning. Messengers from neighbouring mines struggled through the snow; one was found dead from cold and fatigue under a tree a week ago. Strings of loaded mules picked their way over the rustic bridges that spanned the winding torrent. At length a cracked bell rang from a lofty gable, and the work ceased long after the usual hour.

We fought our way against swirling blasts of frozen snow to the neighbouring foundry, and sitting with buckets beside our table to catch the drippings from the roof, we endeavour to record our experience of mining companies and mining swindles in the great cities that seem so far from our pursuits. It must, however, be understood that I am writing in general terms; and that what I say is based on experience in various regions, supported by the testimony of practical men from different parts of the world.

Mining is unfortunately so utterly unfamiliar to the general public that the shrewdest men of business seem at sea where mining is concerned. Yet in fact it differs little from any other business, and the rules of common sense can usually be applied to its leading features. It offers few prizes and many blanks, much in the same way as does the opening of a shop in a London thoroughfare, or the starting of a business in an unfamiliar town. People who invest on the advice of untaught foremen, or who pay huge prices for vaguely described and remotely situated properties, must expect disappointment. But mining is often a legitimate investment, dependent for success on fairly adequate management and reasonable price. Without mining, civilisation would disappear. Nothing can be condemned in it but its abuses.

A mine that has failed to pay its expenses during many years, and that has been repeatedly offered for a moderate sum, may be suddenly proposed by financiers to the public at ten times the price in question. The financiers managed to retain the direction of the concern, in virtue of the character of the men associated with them. It may sometimes happen that they name as local manager some interested workman, who may be counted on to report whatever the directors require. A glowing description of the property appears, signed by no responsible name, and for which the directors at home may decline responsibility on the ground of unfamiliarity with technical details. If the annual result is a considerable loss, then double that sum may be placed to the account of development of the property, and thus a heavy profit is inscribed in the accounts. A large floating debt meanwhile accumulates, since no serious provision has been made for the next inevitable expenditure. The cost of extracting ore is alone dwelt upon, and the probably several times larger cost of dead work is kept carefully in the background. Meanwhile the directors supply, at exorbitant commissions, the machinery and materials required for the work, so that articles of chief consumption brought by a costly railway are charged at a higher price than at neighbouring mines, where no outlay has been incurred to cheapen the transport. The miners' food may be supplied in the same fashion, and the price of provisions doubles or trebles in a few years, the miners' wages rising in proportion at the cost of the shareholders. In some districts potato-spirit yields a brilliant profit, and maddens the men, so that the police expenses become exorbitant, and nearly every Sunday is signalised by sanguinary disturbances.

Dynamite, oil, iron, timber, and a hundred other

stores, each yield their pickings. Patents for spurious processes of treating the ore are secured by directors, and yield a commission per ton. Worthless machinery that wears out in a few weeks may be sent to the mine. When at last the bubble bursts, it appears that the accounts of the probable duration of the mine were founded upon the imagination of ignorant and interested workmen, and upon surveys that were phenomenally incorrect. In the general chaos, trained chemists who had never seen a miner's dial have been employed as surveyors, mere surveyors have been employed as chemists; accountants have been employed as architects, and marine engineers have been managing the mining work. The accounts, it may be, show a credit balance on paper, but it finally appears that this balance represents simply a mine wrecked and exhausted by incompetent and reckless working, and possibly buildings that have no future value in the district, a railway leading nowhere, and a mass of old iron not worth retransporting to England. The speculators are enriched, and the *bonâ fide* shareholders lose everything.

The expenditure that will one day be accounted for in mines worked in this manner increases with startling rapidity in proportion to the size of the concern. Every technical detail neglected or inadequately provided for becomes a source of serious loss. Each ton of ore may cost, for each neglected necessary improvement, a few extra pence for treatment and extraction. On many tons the total of avoidable loss may more than represent the entire genuine profit of the mine. Yet all improvements may become impossible because the engineers have learnt that any change suggested may interfere with some commission or other profit obtained by the directors. Men of professional independence resign their posts. The state of things becomes desperate. The surveys on which the safety of the workings depend are executed with such astounding errors that large sums are spent in useless tunneling, and the pillars that sustain the workings are located on crumbling cavities in place of solid rock. Dams filled with rubbish in place of costly cement threaten to burst and overwhelm the works. Buildings similarly constructed exhibit their instructive vestiges on every side. From time to time large portions of the workings fall to ruin, costly tunnels crumple up when barely completed, and huge masses slide down to overwhelm the essential spaces of the workings. Tremendous explosions, that might have been avoided, occur, wrecking portions of the mine; and shafts, carelessly packed with brushwood and timber, take fire, causing danger and heavy loss.

Contracts for excavating tunnels and extracting ores may be carelessly granted in such fashion that fortunes may be realised by the contractors at the cost of the mine. The timekeeping may be organised in such a manner that a simple understanding between several of the subordinate officers would enable the latter to rob the company of considerable portions of the daily wages. The smelting may be so conducted that large quantities of valuable products may disappear, or be lost in the slag, without any proof of such disappearance in the accounts. The samples need only be carelessly or ignorantly selected to render possible such results. Cases in which samples are cunningly selected for the purpose of justifying some patent process are doubtless rarer, but might easily occur in mines. If it happens that there is a manager who is totally ignorant of the language of the country, absolutely unfamiliar with mining and smelting, and whose inexperience of foreign plausibility and intrigue renders him a convenient tool, who can wonder at any collapse? And it may even be that the prospective ruin of the concern is regarded with satisfaction by those who might help to avert it. Probably every member of the staff could save some pounds daily to the company; not one will lift a finger to do so; but the directors, who have chosen to regulate every detail for their interests, are regarded as solely responsible.

Some mines are of such value that no abuses can ruin them except in course of years; but meanwhile the shareholders may be none the less deprived of large returns, and may ultimately pay heavily for every present advantage. Possibly, however, the mine may yield no real profit until the shareholders are tired of waiting for results. In such case the company will be wound up, the mine will be sold for a song, and perhaps bought, and in future worked rationally, by the very persons who have brought about its temporary ruin. In such cases the accounts are very carefully prepared, and supply no real information as to the cost of the work or the destination of the capital obtained. It is pretended that such information would be disadvantageous to the interests concerned. This is true in so far as it would be highly disadvantageous to the directors. They and their friends alone know the real prospects of the enterprise, and can realise large profits by the turns of the share-market. They alone are in the secret of prospective syndicates and ingenious rings. They alone are enabled, by some unregarded clause in the articles of association, to conduct for their own personal profit every business transaction paid by the shareholders. And they courteously refuse to afford any means of comparison or control. Where accounts are meagre, and no known mining engineer is responsible for the technical reports, investors should be on their guard.

It is unfortunately the case that throughout the continents of Europe and America English mining enterprise is to-day believed to be distinguished by the absence of reasonably competent management. Consequently Germans are now usually preferred where Englishmen would formerly have been selected. Nor is there anything surprising in this state of things. Confiding in our past industrial reputation, we have neglected the means of improvement that are eagerly adopted by other nations. Mining has become abroad the most complex and highly scientific of all professions. Picked men from the first educational institutions now fill its ranks. Prime ministers claim the title of mining engineer. In Germany, eight

years of combined scientific training and practical work underground are required from those preparing to be Government inspectors of mines.

At the present day very few men desiring to meet Continental engineers on equal terms can regard their English training as more than a preliminary to study on the Continent. Even the literature of the profession is for the most part to be sought in foreign books. It is a scandal that this should be the case. A transference of the English Government School of Mines to Cornwall would restore it to its legitimate purpose, while affording practical training to engineers and theoretical information to local foremen. Cornwall as a mining centre might thus surpass Clausthal, Freiberg, or Pribram. Some preliminary steps have been taken in connection with the Hunt Museum, and all interested in English mining might help to further this essential reform. Educational improvements should be founded on tried successful lines. Mines are as essential to a mining school as an hospital to a school of medicine, or a training-ship to a naval college.

Some typical incidents of mining may fitly conclude these remarks.

A young English engineer was engaged in reporting on a German mine for which a high price was asked. The mining captain conducted him to the end of a gallery, and triumphantly pointed to a splendid mass of ore, into which a party of miners were vigorously boring, as if such masses were the daily subject of their labours. Accidentally, the engineer's attention was attracted by a peculiar feature of the surrounding rocks, which surprised him as a geological novelty, but which was of no interest to the mere miner. The captain assured him that the ore before him was no unusual mass, and proceeded to conduct him along successive galleries, up shafts and down again, through the labyrinthian windings of the mine. The young engineer had more experience than was supposed, and was able to recognise the fact that the route followed was bringing him back to near the point from which he had started. At length the end of a gallery was attained where a splendid mass of ore was being driven into by a totally different party of men, with different implements, and, beside, different timbering from that which surrounded the first treasure exhibited. Only the remarkable geological feature of the rocks persisted unchanged between the altered faces, novel tools, and shifted scaffolding that might have imposed on a tyro. The German mining captain admitted the imposture, and attempted no further tricks. The presence of two similar masses of rich ore at distant points might have sufficed to double the value of the mine.

In another case, a cosmopolitan count heard of some veins of ore of considerable value which were already the subject of a serious enterprise. He proceeded to acquire concessions of the neighbouring ground, in which some poor ramifications and extremities of the veins had been neglected. Some English foremen, of course ignorant of the country and its ways, were sent to report on the affair. The count conducted them to a point where their feet stood on his own land, and where their eyes rested on the splendidly imposing outcrops of his neighbours' lodes. A glowing report was dispatched to England, accompanied by specimens of a variety of ore of which a few small lumps had been discovered as a rare mineralogical curiosity in the veins, but which bore no resemblance to the general mass. Seven other foremen were sent out in charge, and galleries were driven till they struck the ore at points within the neighbouring concessions, whereupon the neighbouring engineers interfered. Other galleries were driven with such remarkable surveying, that they went round a circle, so as to cut the same vein twice in succession, proving two veins in place of one. Expensive roads were first made over the property, then something was heard of wire tramways, which were at once erected to supersede the unfinished roads. On the whole, about £100,000 was spent at random, mainly in preparations to bring down the ore. In course of years the numerous staff acquired some slight acquaintance with the peculiarities of the district and the nature of the lodes, and arrived at conclusions which any educated mining engineer would have formed in a week. The work was abandoned, and the roads and tramways were left to fall to ruin.

In another case a mine had been worked by a company whose machinery and skill in dressing ores is famous in Europe. The ore was of so unhappily complex a composition that they decided to be rid of the mine, after having accumulated a vast mass of rubbish that would not pay for clearing. An Englishman, virulently abusive of all modern improvements, was sent to report on the mine from the point of view of the so-called practical man. He reported that there was £40,000 worth of rich ore ready for dressing at the mouth of the mine. A company with large capital was started without further delay, and after some years the men placed in charge acquired an elementary knowledge of ore-dressing, and understood that the stuff in question was not susceptible of profitable treatment. One or two successive ore-dressing plants were first, however, ordered from England, much as a library was once ordered from a bookseller by a celebrated self-made man. The machinery revolved beautifully on its axis for several years before the mode of using it was acquired. To work it the largest water-wheel obtainable was ordered from England at enormous cost. After this wheel had arrived, and after it had been installed in monumental grandeur on the mountain side, the men in charge gradually learned that before ordering a wheel it is advisable to calculate the size of wheel which the available water is fitted to turn. This wheel was just fitted to be slowly revolved by the available stream, but the power was not sufficient to make it turn anything else. Then a large steam-engine was ordered from England, a man to understand it was included, and the dogged persistence of the practical man was successful at last. I believe that a moderate quantity of ore was at length extracted from the mine, after it had been very nearly abandoned in despair.

I was once instructed to visit a lode of copper

sixteen yards wide, which had been discovered by a practical man; and in another case I was taken to inspect a series of workings opened on promising indications of lead. In both cases I found that nothing was in question but a band of peculiar rock which, to my certain knowledge, contained throughout a trifling sprinkling of copper or lead over hundreds of square miles of country. I had traced it over lonely passes and in the unfrequented gorges of an extensive district. I told my friends that they might as well seek a needle in a haystack, and they wisely stopped the works and gave up all thought of the matter. Such deposits are in some countries not uncommon, and belong to a peculiar and recognisable type. Within my experience I have known £3,000 in one case, £24,000 in another, and £90,000 in another, seriously and hopefully demanded for patches of such deposits which had happened to catch the eye of the practical man. To recognise the frequency of such misleading appearances, to distinguish them from genuine ore bodies, is one of the objects of the science of mineral deposits as taught in the great foreign schools.

When will thoroughly efficient means of instruction in mining science be provided in England, as long since in other civilised countries? That Cornishmen can sink shafts and drive galleries of the most costly and elaborate description is an undoubted fact. Few but the richest mines survive their operations. To recognise the geological formation of a single mine I have known scores of shafts sunk. Two-thirds of these might have been replaced with equal results by a slight acquaintance with the art of practical geological observation. The hopelessly wasted capital, the inevitably abandoned mines, the ruined fortunes that might have been saved by the provision of fairly efficient training for mining students, represent a sum that might double the industrial resources of our country and afford employment to every unoccupied arm within its limits.

P. W. STUART-MENTEATH, A.R.S.M.

P.S.—The author of the articles entitled "Mines and Miners" regrets that an alteration of title, justified by the first sheets that reached England, has appeared to identify the general remarks included in the latter part of the series with his personal experiences of particular mines. In attempting a general sketch of the subject of mines and miners, he has founded his remarks on the mines of many countries. He trusts that his endeavours to point out the abuses that may easily result from certain defects in the traditions and usages of English mining industry will not be supposed to have any special application to particular individuals or particular enterprises. No adequate description of mining abuses can fail to give offence to some. The author has expressly alluded to the laudable and unappreciated effort of the "exceptional mine director," as distinct from the general usage of companies. Similarly, in attempting to give hints to investors in regard to what may be done to improve mining industry, his remarks are of general and not of particular or personal bearing. That such abuses as he describes are at present inevitable is sufficiently obvious. Their enumeration may be sufficient to effect this cure. None interested in the welfare of mining can desire the suppression of reasonable criticism. P. W. S. M.

The following account of Rio Tinto, the scene of one of the greatest mining enterprises in Spain, and the philanthropic work carried forward there, reaches us from a correspondent who was for some years on the spot, and will not only correct any mistaken impression previously given, but show how much may be accomplished by vigorous effort.

THE MINERS AT RIO TINTO.

The first duty of a mining company is to house its employés. At Rio Tinto this is no small difficulty; the problem was to provide accommodation for about nine thousand men, where formerly three hundred had been crowded. Most of the houses in the old town are private property, and it is next to impossible to prevent extortionate rents and overcrowding. Moreover, building is not cheap. There is plenty of porphyry, but it is too expensive to work; there is plenty of shale, but it is very poor material. Many of the company's houses are built in the common Spanish fashion, of mud. But, unfortunately, they have to be built in most exposed positions on the top or on the slope of hills. The mud cannot stand this exposure, especially when new. After the tropical deluges of rain which sometimes occur, I have seen a dozen recently built cottages in ruins. Thus the company had great difficulties to face before it could house its workpeople. These it has surmounted. It has built five villages placed conveniently near the different works. These villages are not much to boast of, perhaps, yet they would bear comparison with many of the "colliers' rows" in this country. They are better than the houses I have seen in other mines in Spain. Often "chozas," miserable wigwams, built of oleander twigs with the leaves on, are the only shelter for the miners. At Rio Tinto these are not allowed. It would be too much to say the people are satisfied with the houses, but women have told me that their chief defect was that the asphalte floor made them very "triste." Any one who knows how the poor are housed in Spain will admit that the miners at Rio Tinto are, comparatively speaking, well off.

The next problem in a remote mountainous district is "How to provide food?" Every article of food has either to be brought miles over bridle-paths—for there are no roads—or to be transported by railway from Huelva, the seaport. The country people bring in their produce on horse, mule, and ass back. Every morning from four o'clock the plaza is filled with these people,

some of whom come five leagues and more with their oranges, grapes, melons, tomatoes, chilis, etc. Much of the bread is carried five leagues. In order to keep down prices the company carries produce on its railway free, only insisting that the men who travel with their produce shall provide themselves with "passes," which are given gratis to any responsible person. It has built waggons specially adapted for the transit of fish and fruit. These are run at convenient hours, so that there is an abundant supply of fresh and cheap fish, although the mines are nearly sixty miles from the sea. Stores are kept in the town and outlying villages. In these the people are supplied with meat of all kinds, groceries, bread made at the company's bakery, as well as with clothes, alpargatas, *i.e.*, hempen shoes, or sandals, hats, etc., etc. Beer, wine, and spirits used to be sold, but it has been found better to restrict the sale to more necessary articles. All the articles are of as good a quality and as cheap as possible. The stores are not expected to make a profit, but only to pay expenses. They prevent monopolies, keep down prices, and keep up the standard of quality. Moreover, the weights and measures are honest, an important matter in Spain. The company has had the greatest trouble with the stores, but has succeeded in making them really an advantage to the workmen. Men arriving at Rio Tinto in a starving condition, as many of them do after their long tramp right across Spain from Granada or Galicia, can supply themselves at these stores with the necessities of life, by means of a system of orders which enable them to anticipate their pay. But there is nothing like the truck system.

The next problem is medical aid. This is a very serious one in a mine which employs about 9,000 souls, and has had as many as 14,000 in its pay; where sixty locomotives are rushing about day and night; where dynamite has to be handled by men who are sometimes ignorant of its nature, and too often grossly careless; and where, in addition, the climate is perniciously malarial. To provide medical attendance for accidents, for the common infectious diseases, and for the various forms of malaria is clearly a duty. At Rio Tinto there is a staff of nine medical men, of whom three are well qualified English surgeons —two of them being stationed at Rio Tinto, and one at Huelva. In the villages where there is no médico there are "practicantes," men something like "clerks" in an English hospital. They are able to dress wounds and prescribe simple remedies. The company has three hospitals—two at Rio Tinto, a surgical one containing about thirty beds, and one for infectious diseases, where cases of smallpox, cholera, etc., are at once isolated; and one at Huelva, which is used as a surgical hospital for the employees there, and as a convalescent home for patients from Rio Tinto. This last is a splendid little hospital, beautifully situated on rising ground behind the town, and could bear comparison with most similar institutions here. These hospitals are under the charge of trained English matrons. The patients are supplied with a number of daily and illustrated Spanish papers, and a small library has been formed, of which advantage is taken to some extent. But a large proportion of the patients cannot read. The medical supervision is now so good that smallpox, which formerly was a frequent scourge, is almost unknown, at least as an epidemic.

The workmen pay 10*d.* a month, which entitles them to medical attendance and medicines. When they are in hospital they get half pay. Those who are maimed are appointed to light work as pointsmen, etc.; those permanently disabled get a small sum, which appears a fortune in their eyes. Widows, or other relatives, who lose their bread-winner, are also compensated.

A large number of girls and women are employed, and a special ward ought to be provided for them. Fortunately very few accidents happen among them; but when they do happen it is very awkward that special arrangements have to be made in the hospital to receive the injured women.

Another duty is to provide means of education. The chairman of the Rio Tinto Company did this at first at his own expense. When he had shown the necessity, organised a school, and proved by experience that it was appreciated, he handed over his work to a board. There are now six schools, one in each of five villages, and a central one in the town. In these schools two English masters and a mistress superintend about a dozen Spanish teachers and various pupil teachers. The education is Christian—that is, the Bible is read and taught, and hymns are sung. The fees are higher than in the municipal and priests' schools—they run from 5*d.* to 10*d.* a month, but orphans are educated gratis. In spite of these facts, and in spite of the priests, who now and then warn parents against them, the schools are about as crowded as is consistent with the health and instruction of the children. This is because the education is so much better than what can be had in the other schools. Improved methods and better text-books have been introduced. The English masters and mistress, with a chaplain at Huelva, who is a trained teacher and an enthusiast in the profession, have effected much, and doubtless, in the course of time, will be able to do still more to elevate the standard of education. Some girls attend the schools for the ordinary branches, and other schools for sewing, etc., to which Spanish mothers attach perhaps the chief importance. Not only have these schools been a benefit directly to the taught, but they have raised the level of teaching in the town. The priests have found it necessary to bring good teachers from a distance. The position of the teachers has been improved—a very necessary thing, for perhaps in no country in the world are teachers in a worse position or worse paid. There are also night-schools for youths and men, which, as a rule, are well appreciated and attended. Two years ago, at the various day and night schools, more than one thousand pupils were receiving the elements of education, while a few were laying the foundations of a liberal education. More than one lad had learnt English in a very creditable way. No doubt the statistics are better now.

There ought to be a library in connection with each of these schools. But any one who knows Spain knows the difficulty of forming a library of books, attractive and fit to be put into the hands of children. There is scarcely anything like the suitable literature with which we are now so well supplied. The working class does not read. Here and there you find them reading long-winded romances of the French War, or of brigands and smugglers, or "The Thousand and One Nights." The children do not read. They listen to stories, legends of the apostles and saints, of St. Peter and his toothache, etc., of which the old women have endless stores. Many of the legends are grotesque, but most have a distinctly moral teaching, and contain the philosophy of life, which, far more than the church, or rather, in spite of the degeneration of the church, has done much to make the Spanish peasant a God-fearing and worthy man.

As regards amusements, it must be said to our shame that at Rio Tinto, as elsewhere in Spain, some of the English were the most regular supporters of the bullfights. There was a large bull-ring at the mine, which became the focus of all manner of devilry. The company was compelled to buy up the property and raze it to the ground. When it is remembered that the population of these mines is migratory to a degree, and also that it contains the scum of all Spain, it will be evident that the question of amusements is no simple one. In six weeks there were once seven murders in Rio Tinto.

But none of the English mining companies can be accused of indifference on the subject. At Rio Tinto, in each of the villages built by the company there is a "casino," provided with billiard-tables and plainly furnished, where the employés can meet and have a friendly talk. These are managed by the men themselves under the supervision of the director. At Tharsis, where the conditions are more favourable, as the whole property belongs to the company, and it can expel undesirable members of society, the casino is a large and well-conducted club. At both these mines the English employés are provided with clubs, maintained by themselves, and supplied with English papers and magazines. Small libraries are connected with them. The Rio Tinto Company subscribed to Mudie's, and if it does not do so still it is scarcely the fault of the board. Yet the companies might, and ought to do far more in this matter. The employés deserve that the boards should do everything possible to keep them in touch with the intellectual life at home—everything that may enable them to resist the lowering influences of the moral atmosphere in which they have to live. But the men take care to provide themselves with rational amusement. During the winter they get up frequent entertainments, which often would put to shame similar affairs at home.

With regard to the natives, the best that an English company can do is to provide leisure for them to amuse themselves in their families. They are ready to do it. They are far more capable of enjoying themselves rationally than our working-classes. It is a pleasure to see groups of families setting out on a holiday in their brilliant and graceful dresses, and going a journey of some miles to enjoy the green country. Rio Tinto, like the other copper mines, is in the centre of a desert where no living plant is visible. It is the abomination of desolation. But on holidays whole families go out in parties to picnic in some sheltered nook, in a garden or an orange-grove, or under some trees, and there, to the music of their guitars, bandurrias, tambourines, and castanets, they sing and dance, and have games in the merriest, pleasantest, and gracefullest fashion.

Work is stopped every Sunday. Of course some work must go on—pumps, furnaces, necessary repairs must be attended to. Perhaps there is still too much work considered "necessary." But the great mass of the workmen have the Sunday for themselves. This has not been achieved without great efforts. It is no secret that the credit of this is due to the determination shown by the chairman from the first. If the manager could be persuaded to tell the difficulties he encountered, and the means he had to employ before he succeeded in stopping Sunday work, it would be a piece of amusing and instructive reading. It was prophesied that it would be impossible to keep Spaniards from working on Sundays. It was alleged the output would be diminished; that the men who were hardly able to keep body and soul together by seven days' pay would starve if they only got six. None of these prophecies was fulfilled. The men were glad to get a rest: they were stronger, and lived better: the output was not diminished. Perhaps some of the foremen and contractors did not make so much profit. But the Sunday rest proved a boon to the men, which they appreciated. The way the day is spent might not please the strict English Sabbatarian. Doubtless there is much profanation of the day. Many play cards and gamble in the sun. They do in the open during the day what they would have done at night in some den. Yet nothing could be done better calculated to elevate the working people of these mines than to take care that once a week they should have a chance of breathing "the sweet air which by the sun is gladdened."

Nor can it be said that the English companies at Rio Tinto are careless of the religious condition of their employés. A Roman Catholic priest is chaplain to the hospital, which he is bound to visit every day. The company has rebuilt and enlarged the church in the town as well as a small chapel. It is on the best of terms with the priests. A church for the English is to be built to replace the present temporary building. A building at Huelva is about to be put up, which will contain a church for the English, a much-needed club for sailors, which will save them from the innumerable "hells," and a school for Spanish children. The company has two English chaplains — one at Rio Tinto, the other at Huelva, where he ministers to all the English residents, and to the crews of the numerous English ships. As all denominations are represented, the com-

pany considered it the best policy to appoint Presbyterian chaplains. But the service of the Church of England is read at stated times, and the other services are catholic, and are appreciated by members of all the denominations.

Crowds of men come from all parts of Spain to these out of the way and barren hills. The work is, so far as possible, let in contracts. The policy of the management is to arrange these contracts so that there may be a reasonable profit, and to give them directly to gangs of workmen, so that they may not be exploited by small capitalists and middlemen, but may obtain all the profit of the contract. The endeavour of the management is to treat them justly, and they are enabled to save. (Here I may digress to say that the Rio Tinto Company would confer a great benefit on its employés if it established a savings bank, as has been done elsewhere.) The work is, on the whole, "fair" in its arrangement.

The miners work in three shifts of eight hours each. But those whose work is above ground are not so fortunate. They labour in Spanish fashion from sunrise to sunset, or till their "darg" is complete. The labourers at the furnaces especially have a hard time. Apparently it was among them that the riots began a year ago. They had attempted strikes before. Agitators got a footing among them which they could not get among the miners. They are highly paid, comparatively, but high pay cannot make up for the conditions of their work. They work in two shifts. If the eight hours' shift could be introduced at the furnaces, as it is underground, it would be a great reform. Whether this be possible cannot be decided by an outsider, but it deserves attention.

Never be Idle.

NEVER be idle, find something to do;
Water grows stagnant when still,
Tools, if neglected, will rust: so will you;
Work, while you can, with a will,
With patience and zest,
And hope for the best,
Whate'er the position you fill:
Men who were poor
Have pushed to the fore,
And toiled to the top of the hill:
What they have done
You may do if you try;
What they have won
You may win by-and-by!

Man is a wondrous self-acting machine,
Made with unmatchable skill;
Sloth clogs and injures him, work keeps him clean,
And potent for good or for ill.
Man needs no oil
Other than toil,
Labour-oiled works do not creak;
Action ne'er clogs
Cranks, pistons, or cogs;
Labour gives strength, sloth makes weak.
Be this your plan;
To persistently try,
To work when you can,
And to rest when you die!

CHARLES JOHNS.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

DR. DALLINGER AND THE BINOCULAR MICROSCOPE.

IN some former papers on the microscope[1] the respective merits of the monocular ("single barrelled") and binocular ("double barrelled") forms of the instrument were alluded to, more especially from the point of view of beginners in the art of microscopical observation. The advanced student will be interested to learn that the binocular microscope has recently received a testimony from no less eminent an expert than Dr. Dallinger, F.R.S., who gives this form of the instrument a decided preference even for high power work. Dr. Dallinger stands almost alone in England in what we may call a German faculty for continuous and prolonged observation with the microscope, sometimes spending as much as ten hours at a time in critical observation of monads and their life development with an object-glass of $\frac{1}{25}$ in. focus. Hitherto the binocular microscope has not found favour in our great biological laboratories, where the single-barrelled instrument has been considered preferable. But the truth remains that the bubble of spontaneous generation was burst on the stage of Dr. Dallinger's binocular. This alone should lead the votaries of the monocular to pause and to judge for themselves whether the reduced strain upon the eyes and the increased solidarity of the image are not worth the extra expenditure. The use of the monocular in our great laboratories may possibly be explained by the fact that there the work does not generally require continued observation for many hours together. The majority of working bacteriologists will probably follow their great leader's example and remain faithful to the binocular in researches in which comfort and convenience are to be ranked as something more than matters of luxury. As Dr. Dallinger is understood to be editing a new edition of Carpenter's "Microscope," we shall probably at no distant time have before us a new chapter on the optics of the microscope.

RECENT ADVANCES IN COAL BLASTING.

A considerable reduction in the number of fatalities in coal mines has happily resulted from the great advances which have recently been made in the methods of blasting. The process of blasting in a mine containing a large percentage of explosive gas is necessarily attended with great danger, and has proved a frequent source of explosions and fires. As an explosive, gunpowder is practically a thing of the past, owing partly to the bulk of the charge required, but even more to the very large and dangerous flame which its ignition produces. Gunpowder was at first replaced by tonite (or cotton powder) and gelatine-dynamite. This latter is simply highly explosive nitro-glycerine, rendered safely portable by combination with gun-cotton. But although these agents break up coal in a less wasteful manner than does gunpowder, the difficulty of the flame still remained, and it was towards the best means of extinguishing this flame at the moment of explosion that researches were directed. The first result was the invention of what is known as the "water-cartridge."[1] Here the explosive, surrounded when necessary by some waterproof material, is suspended in an outer case filled with water. On the charge being exploded the flame should be immediately extinguished by means of the "jacket" of water. Theoretically this seemed little short of perfection, but in practice the result does not appear to have been invariably favourable. The water covering is liable to become displaced, and owing to the irregularities in the sides of the tube bored in the coal down which the cartridge had to be rammed, the bag was liable to be torn. The water would in such cases leak away without the knowledge of the fireman, and a terrible explosion would result owing to the unextinguished flame igniting the gases in the mine.

The water-cartridge is nevertheless considered to be sound in principle, and its development has resulted in the invention of the "gelatine cartridge." In this case the water is replaced by a gelatinous substance composed of glue, soap, starch, and water, to which the name of "gelatine" has been given. It will be seen that if the external case is lacerated the dense consistence of the gelatine prevents it from leaking. For the same reason there is no danger of the charge becoming exposed owing to the displacement of the surrounding medium, nor does it require any mechanical support. As a proof of the instantaneous extinction of the flame it may remarked that a cartridge placed in the centre of a barrel of gunpowder may easily be exploded without igniting the powder. The extinction of the flame is caused by the heat of the explosion melting a portion of the gelatine. The liquid thus formed is volatilised at the expense of the heat of the flame, which is therefore suddenly cooled down to extinction. The gradual development of so improved and safe an explosive for blasting purposes forms an interesting example of the methods of scientific research in the cause of humanity.

RECENT GEOLOGY AND THE IGHTHAM FLINT IMPLEMENTS.

It is now some fourteen years since the publication of Mr. John Evans's great and classic work on "The Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain," in which a new-born and struggling

[1] See "Leisure Hour" for 1886, "Among the Microscopists," pp. 105, 206, etc.

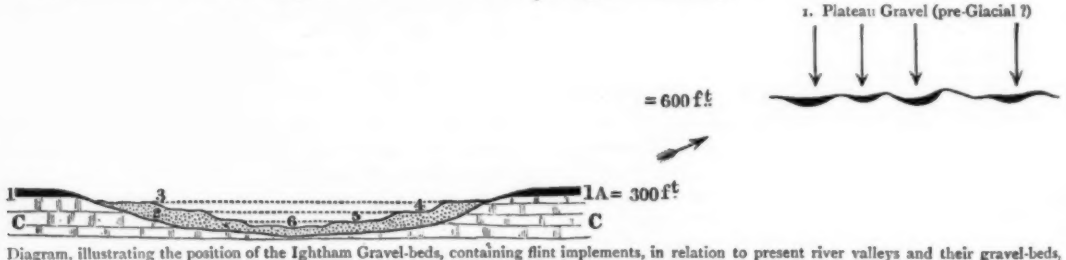
[1] A description of the water-cartridge, with a woodcut, was given in the "Leisure Hour" for 1886, p. 787.

science was presented to the world with singularly wide and accurate knowledge by an original and thoroughly competent archæologist. In a notice of that volume[1] we remarked: "Soon, it would seem, the opening pages of our school manuals and popular histories of Britain will begin with records of men in our island far back beyond the times of Celts and Iberians, Gaels and Cimbri. No longer will the figure of the Celtic Arch-Druid, with golden sickle amid groves of oak, appear as the first human figure in the dim historic twilight. In the hands of the geologist and archæologist, the materials are fast accumulating for an earlier chapter in the history of Britain, and soon perhaps we shall see, even in our common historical text-books, as the earliest forms which emerge from the darkness, the mysterious men of the Stone Age, the contemporaries of the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros in Britain." Much has happened since Mr. Evans's book was written. The existence of a prehistoric Palæolithic Age, and the genuineness of the only memorials of that age as veritable works of man, are no longer disputed. So large has become the number of workers in this new field of prehistoric archæology, and so successful the harvest, that even Mr. Evans might shrink from the almost impossible task of bringing his book up to date.

To-day the search in our river-valleys of the South of England for stone implements is the recreation of thousands of Saturday half-holiday-makers, and the serious work of hundreds, if not thousands, of amateurs. Moreover, in every such valley there are now educated workmen who well know the look of a genuine chipped-flint implement, and, it may be added, its money value as well. It is, however, still true that the pleasure of finding a Palæolithic implement for oneself by original search will—at least, in the Home Counties—cost on the average some fifty miles of walking, spent in regular visits to excavations in gravel-beds, and in scanning every wayside gravel-heap or newly-metalled road. Such, at least, is the recorded experience of our most successful London Palæolithic hunter, Mr. Worthington Smith. On the other hand, by a judicious enlistment of the services of intelligent excavators, as many as three hundred of such implements have been obtained by one collector alone in the course of five or six years. The large collections amassed by London archæologists—Mr. John Evans, Mr. Franks, Mr. W. G. Smith, and Mr. J. E. Greenhill (of Stoke Newington)—and the magnificent suite in the cabinet of Canon Greenwell (Durham), have been largely obtained in this manner. It should be added that all these gentlemen first devoted themselves to years of original and successful work in the field, which is an indispensable preparation for the discernment of genuine flint implements.

The newest and most remarkable chapter in the history of flint implements in Britain has been contributed by Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Ightham, Kent. Mr. Harrison is a self-taught observer, of the class of geniuses whom Mr. Smiles has taught Englishmen to honour, and his work will be a memorable one. His title to distinction is not simply the finding with his own hands of as many as four hundred flint implements in the course of some seven years—a feat in itself unparalleled. It is the unique situations in which he has discovered such implements, and their bearing upon the physical history of the landscape, which give a startling novelty and significance to his work, inasmuch as they supply new and important clues to the existence of a hitherto unsuspected former physical geography of this part of Britain. A few words may be profitably devoted to the geographical element in Mr. Harrison's work.

Briefly, many of the Ightham Palæolithic implements are found in gravel-beds, or gravel-stained, at heights which not seldom reach 600 feet. Attention has thus been called to the existence of old river gravels at this surprising height. The altitude in question is far above the river drift of the present valleys, so that these old gravels and their contained implements were deposited as we find them long before the present hydrographical basins below them were established. In other words, occurring as they do some 250 feet above the highest valley drifts of the Ightham district, they belong to an altogether earlier and now vanished physical geography of this part of England. In that remote period the rivers ran from 250 to 600 feet higher than they do now. The contrast between the ancient and present levels will appear as illustrated in the following diagram. See original drawing.



Diagram, illustrating the position of the Ightham Gravel-beds, containing flint implements, in relation to present river valleys and their gravel-beds, also containing flint implements:

C, Solid rocks; 1, The Ightham Plateau gravel, perhaps of pre-Glacial age; 1A, High-level gravel, also deposited prior to the excavation of the valley; 2, Valley-gravel, originally filling the valley as high as the uppermost dotted line, 3; 4. 5, and 6, Successive terraces cut in the gravel by the action of the river. (All the gravel-beds shown contain implements.)

It is this enormous extent of valley excavation—to the depth of six hundred feet—during the existence of men in Kent, which is the great feature of the Ightham discoveries. Some twenty-

[1] "Leisure Hour" for 1876, p. 726.

five years ago Sir Charles Lyell only dared to claim that flint implements had been found on cliffs eighty feet above sea-level; about fifteen years later Mr. John Evans announced that such implements had been found on the high levels of the Medway valley, three hundred feet above the surface of the river—a statement received in many quarters with great scepticism. But Mr. Harrison has struck out quite a new track of research. His first and earliest successes were in the present valleys round Ightham, in the basins of the Strode, the Darent, the Leybourne stream, and the Thames basin. Here he has discovered implements in no less than forty localities. But by breaking away from the valley region—the chief home of all the drift of the landscape—and ascending to heights and plateaus of an earlier date, he has quite revolutionised (1) the old conception of the heights at which river drifts and flint implements may be found; and, as a consequence, (2) our knowledge of the enormous physical changes, such as the excavation of valleys, which have happened since the existence of Palæolithic man in Kent.

At a recent meeting of the Geological Society of London, the venerable Professor Prestwich pointed out that the rudest and earliest form of flint implements found by Mr. Harrison, such as those of Ash and Bower-lane, occur on the chalk plateau, above the greensand, at from 500 to 550 feet (the high-level valley drift terminating at 350 feet), and he thinks they may even be of pre-Glacial age. It being impossible to arrive at the age of man in Britain by solar measures of time, these physical changes, such as the excavation of valleys by natural forces to a depth of 600 feet, are among the few data available for even a rough approximation to the truth. It should be added that Professor Prestwich is one of the cautious geologists who believe that physical changes in the age in question were effected by atmospheric agents of greater force than those operating under the present river *régime*; yet his inquiry, he says, tends to carry man further back, geologically, than is usually admitted — that is to the pre-Glacial period.

As we have already intimated, the age of the human race, from the geological point of view, is no longer discussed in terms of solar years. Even Dr. Croll's once dominant astronomical measures of time as applied to the Glacial period are much less in vogue than formerly. All that can be said at present with regard to the Ightham Palæolithic implements is, that, judging solely by the amount of work done in the landscape by geological forces, and the physical phenomena which are now seen to have come into existence since the Ightham Palæolithic man lived on the North Downs, our most conservative British geologist puts considerably further back the limit which his science seemed to fix for the arrival of man in Britain. Discoveries so notable as Mr. Harrison's may well popularise still further one of the most fascinating of geological studies, that of the gradual derivation of present landscape forms and contours, hills and valleys, from a pre-existing land-surface, as shown by the traces of former river action on the summit of our present lofty plateaux and hills.

THE GIANT EARTHWORM OF GIPPSLAND.

Mr. Baldwin Spencer, whose investigations into the third eye of lizards were considered in a former paper,[1] is now devoting himself to the natural history of the Australian fauna, having been appointed Professor of Geology in the University of Melbourne. His latest researches have resulted in a series of valuable observations upon the Giant Earthworm of Gippsland. This worm attains to the extraordinary length of six feet. It was first described by Professor M'Coy in 1879, and named *Megascolides Australis*. It belongs to a peculiar Australian group, of which five species are now known. In giving an account of some of his recent excursions in search of the animal, Mr. Spencer says it is apparently confined to Gippsland. It is, when found at all, somewhat abundant. It makes its burrows principally in the sides of river creeks; at times it is found beneath fallen logs, and it may also be turned out of the ground by the plough. The surest test of the presence of the worm underground is a very distinct gurgling sound, made by the animal retreating in its burrow when the ground is stamped upon by the foot. The entire absence of "castings" in and around the burrow is at present a mystery. What the worm does with the immense quantity of earth it passes through its body it is impossible to say. In its burrow the creature is wonderfully quick in motion. On the contrary, outside the burrow, when the whole body surface and its setæ are no longer in contact with the earth, the worm makes no attempt whatever to move, lying passively on the ground.

Mr. Spencer remarks: "It is interesting to note the fact that at the present time we know of three especially large kinds of earthworms. Of these one comes from South Africa, another from the southern parts of India and Ceylon, and the third from the south of Australia. We know as yet little about the distribution of earthworms, but the same laws which governed the distribution of other animals must also have governed theirs, and it is just possible that these great earthworms may be the lingering relics of a once widely-spread race of larger earthworms, whose representatives at the present day are only found, as occurs with other forms of life, in the southern parts of the large land-masses of the earth's surface. Possibly careful search will reveal the existence of a large earthworm in the southern parts of South America."

RECENT ASTRONOMY—MR. LOCKYER'S METEORIC COLLISION THEORY.

Mr. Norman Lockyer has been engaged for some time past in celestial observations and

[1] "Leisure Hour" for 1886, p. 784.

laboratory experiments which illustrate Dr. Mayer's theory of the luminosity of the heavenly bodies. In 1848 Dr. Mayer asserted that every luminous body in the heavens consists of swarms of meteorites in collision with each other. Mr. Lockyer has laboured indefatigably for some years, and with the newest appliances, to obtain the corroborative data which he has now submitted to the scientific world; he has gained for them a respectful hearing from the Royal Society of Great Britain, and, indeed, from astronomers generally; and owing to the original and fruitful series of spectroscopic experiments he has made, his conclusions are likely for some time to come to compel the reconsideration of many facts which have hitherto been interpreted from another point of view.

Dealing first with the strange-looking nebulæ, or gas-clouds of the heavens, of which Milton has said,

> "Perchance the Almighty Maker them ordain
> His dark material to create more worlds,"

Mr. Lockyer says the conclusion drawn from spectroscopic observation by Dr. Huggins was that those distant masses of matter consist of incandescent gas, of which the luminosity is in some way kept up as a result of condensation. But the researches of Mr. Lockyer have led him to take a different view of the constitution of nebulæ. According to the theory advanced by him, the mass of a nebula consists mainly of meteorites, which are constantly coming into collision here and there; and the glowing gas, the existence of which the spectroscope reveals, is merely a portion of the matter, volatilised by the heat of collision. According to the older view, therefore, the nebula consists of glowing gas not yet condensed into a solid or liquid form, possibly in a condition even more elementary than that of the so-called elements that we know on earth; according to the latter it consists mainly of discrete portions of solid matter, and the glowing gas does not consist of the same matter permanently glowing, but is continually supplied afresh by fresh collisions.

A similar theory is applied to explain the self-luminosity of the nucleus, and sometimes the very root of the tail, of comets. A comet is regarded as a swarm of meteorites, moving in orbits not greatly differing from one another; and as the swarm approaches the sun, collisions become more frequent, and individually more potent, from an increase in the velocities, differential as well as absolute; and a portion of matter is volatilised and rendered incandescent.

Mr. Lockyer applies the "collision theory" with much plausibility and effect to explain the sudden brightening up of a star in the heavens, a phenomenon which not seldom happens, and of which a notable example is still fresh in the public memory—that of a star in the great Andromeda nebula. The case might be succinctly illustrated as follows. There are swarms of cosmical dust in the celestial spaces, and from the motions of stellar bodies these swarms might be taken to be moving with enormous velocity. We may suppose that there are what may be called "level crossings" in space, where two or more swarms of meteorites meet, moving in opposite directions or at an angle. In such a case there would be a tremendous collision; and events which agree in all respects with this view are well authenticated. After the inrush of one swarm upon another there would be a sudden blaze of light. Now there are cases recorded which could easily be explained on the meteoric collision hypothesis, but which are otherwise inexplicable. A star has been observed to suddenly rise from the ninth to the second magnitude, and almost as suddenly to diminish; and in a part of the heavens where no star had been before observed, there has suddenly appeared a third-magnitude star, which gradually died out.

The theory has been considered from a mathematical point of view by Professor G. H. Darwin. The professor finds no dynamical objection to the meteoric collision hypothesis, indeed, he considers it quite compatible with Laplace's nebular hypothesis. The new idea of ethereal space being originally peopled with meteorites is not essentially different from the old idea of a primitive nebulous gas. "The two theories might, in fact, be reconciled by considering meteorites as the magnified particles of a magnified gas, behaving on a larger scale just as the molecules in the kinetic theory of gases."

With regard to the distances from each other of the individual meteorites of a swarm, Professor Newton came to the conclusion that in the case of the Biela comet they were thirty miles apart. A recent study of Mr. Roberts's photograph of the Andromeda nebula led Mr. Lockyer to conclude that the distance of the meteorites in that nebula from each other is less than thirty miles, and he gives his reasons for the calculation. Mr. Roberts's magnificent photograph — which was noticed in a former paper in these pages—is believed by Mr. Lockyer to show as many as four of the intersecting paths of meteorites which he denominates "level crossings."

FLOORCLOTH AND LINOLEUM.

THERE is frequent confusion in the minds of people as to the exact difference between floorcloth, kamptulicon, and linoleum, and even a general impression that they are only different names for one and the same article. A few facts will make this matter clear.

As far back as 1753 a Mr. Nathan Smith conceived that if a thick wooden block were prepared

the surface levelled and smoothed, a pattern engraved upon it by means of carving-tools, the device thus prepared might be transferred to a floorcloth by a process similar to printing. The block he made measured twelve or fifteen inches each way, and the design, if we dare dignify it with this phrase in this artistic nineteenth century, was of a very crude description, Mr. Smith simply contenting himself with a series of short and irregular lines starting from the centre of the block.

Prior to this attempt floorcloths were made in pieces no larger than two to three yards square, and the pattern was obtained entirely from a stencil, cut usually in tin. The processes throughout were slow, and as the paint was laid on the canvas by means of a brush, a mere film, easily rubbed off, was deposited, and this quickly disappeared. These primitive methods were, however, continued for a long time. Nathan Smith, like many inventors, was very careful of his production, and for a considerable time he printed all his floorcloths with his own hand, and would allow none of his workmen to see the blocks. Some of the precautions he adopted to damp the curiosity of visitors were very singular, but evidently they were, for quite a period, successful in aiding him to keep his idea to himself.

In the case of floorcloth the foundation is a jute fabric woven twenty-four feet wide. This forms one of the many kinds of material produced by the Dundee jute works. The fabric is stretched upon vertical frames in a building necessarily lofty, two such frames being placed alternately with a narrow scaffold, on the different heights of which the workmen can stand while applying the oil-colour to the fabric. This narrow platform thus commands two frames, one on each side of it. The room, or building, in which this process is carried on is called the trowelling-house. The first work is to thoroughly size the canvas, which is done in alternation with a coat of paint and one or two coats of size, in order to fill up the porosity of the web. The size is laid on with a brush of special shape, but the paint-like substance is applied by trowels, hence the name of the building where this work is carried on. The jute cloth receives in this way two coats on one side and three on the other; and any irregularities, such as might arise from small lumps of congealed paint, are rubbed off by means of pumice-stone.

Immediately after each application of paint or size the windows and doors are closed, and a hot but somewhat moist air is blown into the place by means of a sand-blast; but even with the adoption of this plan the process of drying is a slow one, owing to the time required for the thorough hardening of each coat before the next is laid on. The paint-like composition is a mixture of raw oil, turpentine, ochre, umber, and other pigments, carefully prepared to the proper consistency, and supplied to the workmen in pails. Improvements are now taking place in this department of trowelling, and, instead of hand labour, the probability is that very soon huge machines will be doing the work.

The process of printing is the same as with linoleum, to be presently described. I may say, whilst referring to floorcloths, that one of the largest pieces ever produced was for Mehemet Ali, an Egyptian Pasha, and measured sixty-five feet by forty feet.

Kamptulicon was first made in 1843, but was very little known until the London Exhibition of 1862. It is a warm and elastic material, composed chiefly of indiarubber and ground cork thoroughly mixed together by being passed between iron rollers, which are grooved. The substance is made into a paste, and in this state passes through rollers and comes out in sheets, which are afterwards printed in the same way as linoleum. This kind of oil-cloth, however, has never met with a very large sale, owing to its expensiveness; and with the object of cheapening it gutta-percha, sawdust, ground leather, tanning refuse, boiled oil, and a conglomeration of resinous gums and asphalt tar have been used, but not with any marked success.

The great revolution in this trade was not brought about until the year 1860 and the two or three years immediately succeeding, when linoleum was first introduced and patented.

The originator of linoleum was not experimenting with regard to that commodity at all when he first discovered it. Another item might, in fact, be added to the chapter of "happy accidents," except that I do not think this phrase is either a correct or a happy one. An ingenious and inventive mind may suddenly pounce upon a new discovery for which he had not been looking, but this is more a side issue out of his processes as they develop themselves, than the result of an accident.

A dirty and unattractive paint-can had something to do with the discovery of linoleum; and the fortunate man whom it started upon a train of thought and a series of experiments, would have no reason to be ashamed could he introduce such an article into the family crest. The attention of the inventor was attracted to a common painters' can, and he saw that there was a thick and tough coating upon it which increased in consistency with age. It occurred to him that this congealed stuff could be turned to some advantage, and he commenced to experiment with linseed oil. The product he placed on canvas and other kinds of cloth, and dried them in the sun. From these crude beginnings he went on to other experiments, and in the end obtained the beautiful and durable linoleum.

This first discovery and the after experiments took place at a large mill some seven miles from Manchester. Situated in a beautiful dale, with a somewhat sluggish river flowing lazily by, the place not only lent itself to quiet experiments for the production of a floor covering, but other inventions of an equally useful nature have emanated from the same manufactory.

It almost goes without saying that the manufacturers of this commodity keep the secrets of the trade very much to themselves, otherwise we should find more engaged in this industry than is at present the case. The engineers again, who

produce the machinery for the making of linoleum, are of precisely the same disposition, for photographs and all particulars are kept scrupulously from the public.

The first process in the manufacture of linoleum is the production of the oxidised linseed oil which forms what is termed the agglutinating medium of the linoleum material. The substitution of oxidised linseed oil instead of indiarubber in kamptulicon marked an important epoch in the trade. The oxidation is produced in a peculiar and interesting way. To begin with, the oil is boiled with litharge and then exposed to the air in the following way. From the roof of a very high building there are hung webs of calico or other coarse fabric, over the surfaces of which the oil is exposed for oxidation. These webs are hung close together, yet wide enough apart for a thin stream of oil to flow, by means of an overhead arrangement, at intervals over the surface of each sheet. Under the influence of the hot air, with which the room is heated, other coatings of this substance follow until at length each sheet is covered with a kind of skin varying up to three-eighths of an inch thick. This process lasts some three months, so that it is not by any means a case of placing the raw material in at one end of a machine and its coming out rapidly at the other end a finished article.

When these sheets are about the thickness named, the oxidised oil has a gelatinous appearance, and they are torn into small pieces and passed through rollers which break up and mix the various skins together. This mass of stuff has then added to it gums, ochres, and resins, and the whole is melted up in steam-jacketed pans and subjected to a constant stirring by means of mechanical stirrers. When the compound is thoroughly mixed and melted, the pan is tipped over and the contents poured into a large square mould and there allowed to cool and solidify.

When sufficiently solid, such portions as are not immediately wanted are stocked, but the cakes intended for use are taken to another department and there ground cork is added. This is accomplished by placing the cork-dust, obtained by grinding cork shavings between millstones, and then the two are mixed in a kind of pug-mill. The paste as it issues from this mill is cut into thin slices by a three-armed cutter which revolves in front of the discharge opening. These pieces are caught as they fall and passed between very powerful steam-heated rollers, which roll the paste out to thin sheet on to the jute canvas ready to receive it, and so it now begins to assume the form of linoleum. Thus covered, the canvas is sent through a number of rollers and comes out eventually into the thickness desired. It will be readily seen from this that the thicker the linoleum the softer and warmer it is. Nearly half an inch is the greatest thickness, and this is used in public buildings where it is necessary to secure absence of noise.

The widths vary from six feet to twelve; and for the production of the latter, enormous machines beautifully constructed are used.

After the completion of the rolling process, some of the linoleum may be sent out in its natural colour, but the greater portion is printed in oil-colours in an endless variety of patterns. Should a ground colour be required, this is obtained from just passing the prepared material through rollers which impart the colour, and it is then passed on to the printing department.

Important improvements have been made in this branch. In most of the Kirkcaldy mills, the busy little Scotch town where this industry is chiefly carried on, the printing is done partly by hand and partly by an immense multiple-coloured printing-machine. The largest and newest of these machines has two drums, each nearly thirty feet in diameter, and can carry a piece of linoleum two yards wide by twenty-five yards long. This machine works with great exactness and is easily manipulated.

There is, however, a large quantity of linoleum still printed by hand from blocks which are usually two feet square, those for borders and corners being of course smaller. The printing-table extends to the full width of the web and the piece of linoleum passes up through an opening in the floor from the room below on to one end of the printing-table and down again at the other end. The printer then takes up one block made of wood with brass surface, and feeding it with just enough colour, lays it upon the cloth to a gauge, and it is then pressed down under a heavy screw, and thus each block is applied until the whole pattern becomes complete.

Two to three days are required to print a full piece of cloth according to the design and the number of colours. In a pattern containing eight colours some 7,200 separate applications in a full piece are necessary. A help called a "tier" boy handles the inking-tables, and brings the blocks after inking on to the line of rails beside which the operator stands, and so has every block at hand as he requires it.

After printing follows the drying, and the rooms in which this takes place are of such a height that a seventy-five feet piece of linoleum can hang in them. From one to three months is necessary for each piece to become thoroughly dry and seasoned.

In designing a large staff is employed. Colour-grinding and mixing also employ a large number of people and a quantity of machinery.

The amount of capital invested in the trade is enormous, and there are few industries in which the manufacturers are more acutely alive to the requirements of the day.

THOMAS GREENWOOD, F.R.G.S.

Varieties.

A Simple Help to Health.—We are glad to receive evidence of the attention and interest that have been excited by our article in the January number of the "Leisure Hour" on the importance of cutaneous friction as a means of maintaining health. It has already led to the invention of a new kind of flesh-brush, by the aid of which increased facility is afforded for the self-employment of friction. Massage, shampooing, and so-called medical rubbing, all require the aid of a second person, and necessarily restrict the benefit to be derived from the habitual—or even occasional—employment of body friction. But whilst much may be done by means of the hair-glove and rough towel, as recommended by Dr. Monod, it is not easy to make either of these available for all parts of the surface. The new brush manufactured by Mr. Ashdown, a brushmaker of Newbury, is the invention of Mr. F. J. Bennett, a gentleman engaged on the Geological Survey, and who, as a devoted cyclist, and taking much out-of-door exercise, is a firm believer in the importance of maintaining healthy action of the skin. The brush in question is twelve inches long and two inches in breadth. The bristles, instead of being fixed in a solid wooden back, are inserted into thick leather, with loops at each end for the hands of the manipulator. It is thus so flexible that it may be almost doubled, and admits of being closely applied to all parts of the body's surface—the loins, shoulders, and all the joints, with either more or less of an even equal degree of pressure. We have no doubt that those who are in the habit of using the ordinary flesh-brush will at once see the great advantages presented by this new and equally convenient and efficient means of securing all the benefits to be obtained from shampooing and friction of the skin.

Chinese not Infidels Nationally.—M. Adolf Franck, member of the French Institute, president of the league against Atheism, having classed the Chinese as infidels, a spirited protest was made by General Theng-Ki-Tong, the Chinese *chargé d'affaires* in Paris (see "Leisure Hour" for January, p. 71). The proclamation issued by the Emperor after the disastrous fire in the Imperial palace at Pekin last winter concludes in the following terms: "Looking on this conflagration in the light of a warning, we have been deeply affected in the seclusion of our palace, and standing in awe of the majesty of Heaven, we feel constrained more than ever to search our conscience and purify our heart. In all the details of our administration we shall not venture to show the least indifference or neglect. Let all our officials, high and low, realise the necessity of supporting the Court in its earnest solicitude, and let them, with clear hearts and pure understanding, zealously discharge the duties of their positions so that disasters may be averted and harmony and good fortune attained. Let this decree be promulgated for the information of all our people." This Imperial manifesto certainly contains devout recognition of Divine sovereignty, and acknowledgment of Divine interference in human affairs.

House-warming.—When the Queen and the Prince Consort took possession of their new residence at Osborne, the health of the Queen was drunk, and then that of her husband. After this the Prince said, somewhat seriously, "We have a psalm in Germany for such occasions;" and then he began to quote the hymn in question, which was Luther's. It is a paraphrase of the 121st Psalm, and Sir Theodore Martin gives this translation of the quaint verse quoted by the Prince:

> "God bless our going out, nor less
> Our coming in, and make them sure;
> God bless our daily bread, and bless
> Whate'er we do—whate'er endure;
> In death unto His peace awake us,
> And heirs of His salvation make us."

Domestic Servants and Marriage.—In describing the prudential restraints to marriage, Mr. Malthus, the well-known writer on population, thus speaks of servants in the families of the better classes: "They possess the necessaries, and even the comforts of life, almost in as great plenty as their masters. Their work is easy and their food luxurious compared with the work and food of the class of labourers; and their sense of dependence is weakened by the conscious power of changing their masters if they feel themselves offended. Thus comfortably situated at present, what are their prospects if they marry? Without knowledge or capital, either for business or farming, and unused and therefore unable to earn a subsistence by daily labour, their only refuge seems to be a miserable alehouse, which certainly offers no very enchanting prospect of a happy evening to their lives. The greater number of them, therefore, deterred by this uninviting view of their future situation, content themselves with remaining single." These remarks refer chiefly to men-servants, but in the main equally apply to female domestics.

Illiterates.—A census of the illiterates in the various countries of the world, recently published in a foreign journal, places the three Slavic States of Roumania, Servia, and Russia at the head of the list, with about eighty per cent. of the population unable to read and write. Of the Latin-speaking races, Spain heads the list with sixty-three per cent., followed by Italy with forty-eight per cent., France and Belgium having about fifteen per cent. The illiterates in Hungary number forty-three per cent., in Austria thirty-nine, and in Ireland twenty-one. "In England we find thirteen per cent., Holland ten per cent., United States (white population) eight per cent., and Scotland seven per cent. unable to read and write. When we come to the purely Teutonic States we find a marked reduction in the percentage of illiterates. The highest is in Switzerland, two and five-tenths; in the whole German Empire it is but one per cent.; in Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemburg there is practically no one who cannot read or write."

Socialism and Social Legislation.—Some of our most distinguished public men have recently given important utterances on Socialism in its relation to legal enactments. Mr. John Morley, addressing a meeting at Portsmouth, said: "If Socialism means the abolition of private property, if it means the assumption of land and capital by the State, if it means an equal distribution of products of labour by the State, then I say that Socialism of that stamp, communism of that stamp, is against human nature, and no sensible man will have anything to say to it. But if it means a wise use of the forces of all for the good of each, if it means a legal protection of the weak against the strong, if it means the performance by public bodies of things which individuals cannot perform so well, or cannot perform at all, then the principles of Socialism have been admitted in almost the whole field of social activity already, and all we have to ask when any proposition is made for the further extension of those principles is whether the proposal is in itself sound, whether it is in itself a prudent, just, and proper means to the desired end, and whether it is calculated to do good, and more good than harm; that is my doctrine and my creed upon this point." Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, at Glasgow, said: "What do I mean by social legislation? I mean legislation which is intended to raise the general condition of the people, which is intended for the material and intellectual improvement of the masses of our population. Well, in our generation, within the time and in the memory of everybody here present, we have passed the Education Act, we have passed Sanitary Acts, Workshops Acts, Artisans' Dwellings Acts, Allotments Acts. I might add to their number. I admit that these Acts have carried out with more or less completeness, and with more or less success, the principles that I desire to see established; but I say, looking back, looking to the general result, we have every reason to be satisfied with what we have done in the past, and reason to

be encouraged to do more in the future. Consider for a moment the contrast between the state of things now and the state of things, say, when our Queen came first to the throne. Look at the state of education, at the enormous proportion of our population relatively which is now brought under our national system of instruction; look at the lengthened expectation of life as shown by the statistics of insurance offices, and which is due entirely to the better conditions in which the poor live; look to the marvellous diminution in crime; look to the increased consumption of articles of luxury and necessity by the masses of the people, showing how greatly their average condition has improved." Mr. Ritchie, replying to Mr. Cuninghame Graham's question, "Why not adopt State Socialism?" said, "Because it would substitute State effort for individual effort; it would deprive the individual of the stimulus which he now possessed to better his position; it would bring the good workman down to the level of the bad workman, the thrifty to the level of the thriftless, the industrious to the level of the drunken. That was what the State regulation of labour would do. He presumed the hon. gentleman also adopted the other planks of the Socialistic programme, and would like to see all property equally distributed. He would tell the hon. gentleman that if he desired to do that he would have to reckon not with those whom he called the richer classes, but with the working classes too. The working classes possessed millions of property in land, in savings banks, in building societies, and in friendly societies. He ventured to say that the working classes would be the first to repudiate the Socialistic doctrines which the hon. gentleman had propounded. In preaching such a doctrine the hon. gentleman had in this country, whatever might be the case elsewhere, an extremely small following. He ventured to say there was not one of the working-class representatives in that House who would get up and advocate the doctrines of Socialism on behalf of his constituents. The hon. gentleman said the hours of labour ought to be shortened, but it had not yet been thought necessary in this country to interfere with the labour of the adult male. Working men had shown through their trades unions that they could very well take care of themselves, and they preferred to manage their own affairs and regulate their own hours of labour, and he was certain that in saying so he would be supported by the great bulk of the working classes."

Huguenot Leaders.—"That noble stamp which we find upon the character of the great Huguenot leaders—Coligny, Du Plessis-Mornay, d'Aubigné—passed with that generation, and has never been reproduced in France. A heroic breadth of soul, animated by a simple piety, and chastised by a chequered experience, in which adversity had far the larger share, is the common characteristic of the Huguenot Seigneur of the epoch. The emergencies of the civil wars, acting upon the native chivalry of the French *noblesse*, and supported by the profound spiritual conviction of the Protestant, generated this lofty type of character—the finest which the whole range of French history has to show. The miseries of the wars of religion were hardly too high a price to pay as a school of such grand virtue."—*Mark Pattison of Oxford.*

Sunday in New York.—Compare New York with Dublin, or Hamburg, or Lyons, or Rome, and the contrast in this regard is striking, and more striking still when the comparison is extended to Paris or Berlin, or Vienna or St. Petersburg—cities of the same grade. Abroad, there is no Christian Sabbath. When not a business day it is a gala day, usually it is a mixture of both. Where there is any pretence of religion it is attended to early, and the rest of the day is given up to the world, the flesh, and the devil. Satan can well afford to pay the tax of a morning mass when he thereby secures the later forenoon, and the whole of the afternoon and evening. Why, even in certain American cities the Christian Sabbath has been Europeanised. Any one who has passed the Lord's day in St. Louis, for example, will testify to the utter disregard in which it is held. The public flout it. The "bier-gardens" are more hilarious than at any other time. And in New Orleans, after faltering their *Ave Marias*, the gay creoles flutter off to the racecourse and settle down for a Sunday evening at the playhouse. In New York, on the other hand, the Sunday revolutionises the city. One of the most restless and noisy of towns becomes one of the most quiet. The day is (as the statute directs) *dies non*. It is struck out of the calendar in so far as business is concerned—and pleasure, too, in its more ostentatious and offensive forms. The theatres are closed; the entire business quarter is locked and barred. Lower Broadway is like a country road; Upper Broadway is more lively, not with trade, but because here are many of the popular hotels. On certain of the thoroughfares an occasional clothier, and drug store, and candy shop, and cigar stand, and, in the early morning, the provision stores, are open. But the week-day rush and roar is strangely hushed. Even the liquor saloons (chronic law-breakers) are shut *in front*, though conveniently accessible *in the rear*. The street appearance of the city is comparatively decorous. To the eye the Lord's day is observed. Under the decorum the devil is viciously active—no doubt of that! But the outward quietude is something to be thankful for. It supplies a congenial environment for Christian worship and work. Let us preserve what we have, and pray and labour for more.—*New York Observer.*

American Proposals on the Suffrage Question.—One of the chief American authorities, the "Quarterly Journal of Economics," thus concludes an article analysing the condition and occupation of emigrants: "The great bulk of our immigration consists of the people who can find no place in their own countries. There is an immense preponderance of classes whose wages in Europe are the lowest, and whose lack of acquired skill makes their securing of employment difficult. The notion that such people, many of them with no knowledge of our language, are fit to vote after five years' residence is absurd. The constant infusion of all this ignorance into the voting population greatly lowers the average of intelligence." It is proposed, therefore, that the suffrage should be restricted, by the exclusion (1) of the ignorant, who can neither read nor write; (2) of the vicious, who are convicted, not merely of giving or accepting bribes, but of any offence against the laws, the time of disfranchisement varying according to the offence; (3) of those who are paupers or receive public aid. There ought also to be some uniformity as to the registration of voters, which now differs in different States. The objections to this safeguarding of the suffrage are of little weight. There is no "natural" right to vote, for by statute law males only, above twenty-one, have the suffrage. At present there are only three of the States where ability to read and write is essential. In some States the people are allowed to vote for the Presidency before they are even citizens of the State! The whole question is discussed in the "Century" for February, 1889.

French Government Farm.—It is remarkable that amidst all the revolutions and changes of dynasty in France during the past hundred years a national sheep-breeding farm has been allowed to continue its useful work. The fact is worthy of notice in this centenary year of the Great Revolution of 1789. M. Gustave Heuzé has contributed to the "Journal d'Agriculture Pratique" an interesting account of the national sheep-breeding farm (*bergerie*) at Rambouillet, which has now been in existence for more than a century, King Louis XVI having purchased the palace and forest of Rambouillet in 1784, and having created an experimental farm on the estate at a cost of about £1,600 in the money of that day, now representing, of course, a much larger sum. The manager of the farm, one Tessier, then obtained the King's permission to spend more than double the sum in the purchase of Fribourg cattle, Angora goats, implements, and the cultivation of different varieties of wheat, clover, etc. But the great service which Tessier did was the introduction of the Merinos sheep which have since made Rambouillet so well known. These sheep had originally been brought from Spain some few years before, on account of the excellence of their wool; and Tessier, having seen them at various places in France, induced the King to order the French ambassador at Madrid to purchase a flock of 364 sheep, which were selected from among the choicest flocks of Spain, at a cost of £650. The sheep, on their arrival at Rambouillet, were placed under the charge of a man named Delorme, who was

still shepherd when Napoleon came to Rambouillet in 1804 and complimented him by calling him the "first shepherd in France." The flock was reinforced two or three times by fresh importations from Spain, and it was the custom to hold an annual ram sale from 1794 to 1853, but in the latter year this was given up, and since then the sales have been private. The change was a beneficial one, for while the highest prices at public auction were £17 for rams and £5 for ewes, the average price for the twenty years from 1853 to 1872 was £34 for the rams and £16 for the ewes. The total value of the sheep sold out of the Rambouillet flock from 1797 to 1872 was £139,000, represented by 4,309 rams, 4,301 ewes, 3,025 wethers, and 131 tons of wool. Although the value of the stock increased considerably during this period, the wool dropped from 1*s.* 9*d.* per lb. to just half that price. There is a great diversity of opinion as to the origin of the Merinos sheep, some people saying that the breed was introduced into Spain by the Moors, and that it originally came from Asia; but there does not seem to be any special reason for believing such to be the case, and it is, of course, equally impossible to identify it, as some others have endeavoured to do, with any of the Roman breeds spoken of by Pliny. There can be no doubt, however, in M. Heuzé's opinion, that the Merinos sheep brought from Spain have been much improved, both as regards the development of the frame and the growth of wool, since their importation to Rambouillet, and the rams are much sought after by breeders in Australia, New Zealand, and South America, as it is found that the climates of these countries suit them very well. A very favourite cross in France is that of the Merinos with the Leicesters, and the animals bred in this way, which are known as "Anglo-Merinos," are generally notable for their early maturity, good conformation, and fine clip of wool.

America at the End of the Eighteenth Century.—When Washington died, the experiment of self-government had not yet been fully tried. There were many doubts and many misgivings about the working of the new Government under any circumstances; there were more doubts as to whether the form of government could be adapted to a nation of many millions—to vast and numerous States with very varied interests—to a population spreading over a continent. There were then sixteen States in the Union. There was a population of scarcely five millions. A narrow strip of territory on the Atlantic coast, scarcely now appreciable on a map, had been subdued and cultivated. There were a few small commercial towns and villages—Charlestown, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston—on that coast. The great West had not been explored even by the most hardy travellers. California, Oregon, Nevada, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kansas were as much unknown as is now the centre of Africa. Mr. Monroe, when President, recommended that the vast and fertile lands of what now constitutes the State of Iowa should be appropriated as a reservation to the Indian tribes as a region so remote that it would be likely to be invaded and disturbed by the progress of civilisation.—*Threescore Years and Ten: a Memorial of the late Albert Barnes of Philadelphia.*

Prince of Wales's First Public Speech. — The earliest public appearance of the Prince of Wales as a speaker was at the Royal Academy banquet, May 2nd, 1863. It was in the old rooms at Trafalgar Square, when Sir Charles Eastlake was president. The public mind was full of mingled sorrow and pleasure at two recent events—the death of the Prince Consort, and the marriage of the Heir-Apparent. In replying to the toast of his health, the Prince of Wales spoke very briefly, but with the good sense and good taste manifest in all his public speeches: "Sir Charles Eastlake, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—It is with the most contending feelings of pleasure, pride, and sorrow that I rise to return you thanks in the name of myself and the Royal family for the kind terms in which you, Sir Charles, have proposed our health, and for the very cordial way in which this distinguished assembly has received it. I cannot on this occasion divest my mind of the associations connected with my beloved and lamented father. His bright example cannot fail to stimulate my efforts to tread in his footsteps; and, whatever my shortcomings may be, I may, at least, presume to participate in the interest which he took in every institution which tended to encourage art and science in this country, but more especially in the prosperity of the Royal Academy. Adverting to my marriage, I beg you to believe how grateful I feel for, and I may be permitted to add how sincerely I appreciate, the sentiments you have expressed with reference to the Princess. I know that I am only speaking her mind in joining her thoughts to mine on this occasion. We neither of us can forget the manner in which our union has been celebrated throughout the nation; and I should be more than ungrateful if I did not retain the most lasting, as well as most pleasing, recollection of the kind expressions and reception which my attendance at your anniversary meeting has evoked this evening."—*Speeches and Addresses of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.* (*John Murray.*)

Welsh Bibles.—Mr. S. F. Thompson, librarian of the public library at Swansea, reports that this library contains 27 editions of the Welsh Bible, including that of 1677, a copy of which Earl Spencer had discovered at Althorp, and considered it to be the earliest Welsh version. The earliest is dated 1588, being the first translation of the entire Bible into Welsh, done by Bishop Morgan; the second, published in 1620, is the corrected or new version by Bishop Parry, and is much the same as that in use at this day. The remaining 25, at Swansea, date from 1677 to 1867. The editions wanted to complete the series of Bibles printed before the year 1800 are the following:—1st, 8vo edition, 1630; 2nd, 8vo edition, 1654; 7th, 8vo edition, 1727—all printed in London; and the 2nd 4to edition, 1779, printed in Carmarthen. The library also contains a copy of the first translation of the Liturgy in Welsh, by Bishop Davies, assisted by William Salesbury, dated 1567. This work is exceedingly rare and valuable. The date of the earliest edition of the Common Prayer Book in Welsh in the British Museum is 1599. There is also a copy of the New Testament, mostly the work of William Salesbury, printed in the same year. Both the latter works are somewhat imperfect.

Geology for All.—Under this title Mr. Logan Lobley, Fellow of the Geological Society and Professor in the City of London College, has prepared a brief manual, adapted for readers of every class who may desire to have a general knowledge of the subject. It is a discreditable thing that only a small number of "University men," or of the "educated classes," have so little acquaintance with the merest rudiments of geological science. In the ordinary schools of England too little attention is paid to any department of science, and in consequence there are few who can visit museums or read scientific books with intelligent interest. Those who wish to acquire knowledge on this important subject for themselves will find Professor Lobley's book a helpful manual.

Bismarck and Motley.—In 1855 we have the graphic account of a meeting with Bismarck, whose acquaintance Motley had made many years before. The Chancellor found a kindred spirit in Motley; perhaps no foreigner can boast of having been admitted by him to more unreserved intimacy. Always thorough, Bismarck never neglected an opportunity of showing how heartily he made Motley welcome. "I am received with open arms. I cannot express to you how cordially he received me. If I had been his brother instead of an old friend, he could not have shown more warmth and affectionate delight in seeing me. I find I like him even better than I thought I did, and you know how high an opinion I always expressed of his talents and disposition. He is a man of very noble character, and of very great powers of mind. The prominent place which he now occupies as a statesman sought *him*. . . . I write these details that you may have an idea of the man. Strict integrity and courage of character, a high sense of honour, a firm religious belief, united with remarkable talents, make up necessarily a combination which cannot be found any day in any Court, and I have no doubt that he is destined to be prime minister, unless his obstinate truthfulness stands in his way. The Bismarcks are as kind as ever. I am there all day long. It is one of those houses where every one does what he likes. . . . Here there are old and young, grandparents and children and dogs all at once, eating, drinking, smoking, piano-play-

ing, and pistol-firing (in the garden), all going on at the same time. It is one of those establishments where every earthly thing that can be eaten or drunk is offered you: porter, soda-water, small beer, champagne, burgundy, or claret are about all the time, and everybody is smoking the best Havana cigars every minute."— *Correspondence of Motley.*

Rural Depopulation.—In a paper read to the Statistical Society, Dr. Ogle combats the current statements about the evils attending decrease in rural population. He says that the decrease is in very few parts of England absolute, but only relative. Even where the decrease has been greatest the result has been on the whole beneficial for the nation at large, as well as for the majority of the rural population. The wealth of the nation is increased, and the only clear disadvantage is that the country folk suffer physical deterioration by migrating to towns. A large number do not suffer even in this respect, for the domestic servants of both sexes have multiplied greatly, and these come in great proportion from rural districts. The introduction of machinery, and the formation of large and better cultivated farms, require fewer labourers than formerly, and for these there is relief to be found in emigration to lands where agricultural labour is in brisk demand.

Charles II and Louis XIV.—Charles, who in 1670 had entered into a secret treaty with Louis XIV to introduce Romanism into England, continued to conform outwardly to the Established Church up to the last hour of his life, when Huddleston was called in to complete the work of conversion, which he had begun after the King's escape from the rout at Worcester. The existence of the secret treaty was unknown till 1830, when Lord Clifford allowed Dr. Lingard to publish it from the original manuscript. It has, I think, been hastily inferred that Charles was a Romanist by conviction in 1670. I only find that for the sake of money he told Louis he was one, as for the same reason he told the House of Commons that he was a Protestant. The root-element of his character was a profound unveracity.—*Life of Bishop Ken, by Dean Plumptre.*

Australian Political Qualifications.—In Victoria, members of the Council must own freehold property worth £100 a year, or capital of £1,000; voters must hold a freehold of at least £10, or a leasehold rated at not less than £25. In Tasmania there is no property qualification for membership of the Council, but the voters must own a freehold worth £20 a year, or a leasehold worth £80 a year; or must be graduates of Arts of some University in the British dominions, or have passed an examination in Arts conducted by the Tasmanian Council of Education. The franchise is also given to members of the learned professions, and to retired military and naval officers. For the Assembly, or Lower House, there is practically universal suffrage. The electors must be on the Assessment Roll or Rate Book, with property, or with wages at the rate of £60 a year.

Thomas Carlyle in his Best Mood.—A letter written to his mother, intended for the whole family, when his father died, is full of the noblest sorrow, fortitude, and wisdom: "My dear brothers and sisters, sorrow not, I entreat you; sorrow is profitless and sinful; but meditate deeply every one of you on this. None of us but started in life with *far* greater advantages than our dear father had; we will not weep for him, but we will go and do as he has done. Could I write my books as he built his houses, and walk my way so manfully through this shadow-world, and leave it with so little blame, it were more than all my hopes. Neither are you, my beloved mother, to let your heart be heavy. Faithfully you toiled by his side, bearing and forbearing as you both could; all that was sinful and of the earth has passed away, all that was true and holy remains for ever, and the parted shall meet together again with God. *Amen! So be it!* We, your children, whom you have faithfully cared for and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, we gather round you in this solemn hour, and say, be of good comfort! Well done, hitherto; persevere, and it shall be well! We promise here before God, and the awful yet merciful work of God's hand, that we will continue to love and honour you, as sinful children can; and now do you pray for us all, and let us all pray in such language as we have for one another; so shall this sore division and parting be the means of a closer union."

Do Locomotives Cause Storms?—A correspondent of the "Northwestern Railroader" advances a curious theory for the increasing prevalence of floods and rain storms. He says that there are over 30,000 locomotives in use in North America, and estimates that from them alone over 53,000,000,000 cubic yards of vapour are sent into the atmosphere every week, to be returned in the form of rain, or over 7,000,000,000 cubic yards a day, quite enough to produce a good rainfall every twenty-four hours.

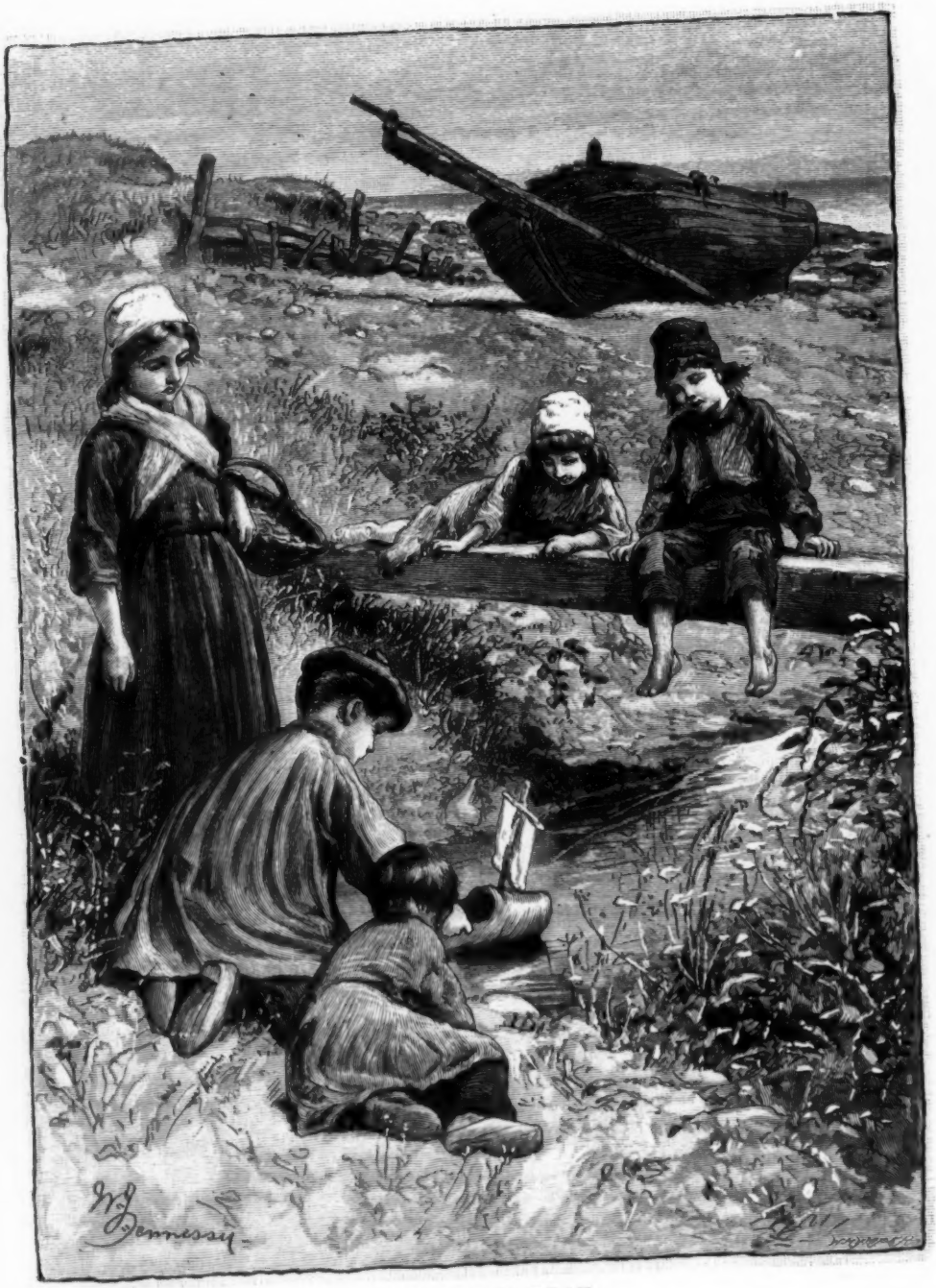
Heaven Helps Them that Help Themselves. — In an American prison, permission was given to the prisoners to prepare a weekly magazine, there being among them printers and others connected with the press. The motto chosen was that above given. After two numbers had appeared, it struck some wag among the readers that the motto was rather personal, as not a few thieves were in the prison. The motto about "helping themselves" was changed to "It's never too late to mend." Mr. Whitaker, of the "Almanack" and the "Bookseller," possesses a copy of the prison publication with the original motto.

A Representative or a Delegate.—In the first speech made by Mr. Bright after his election as M.P. for Birmingham, he said:—"I never imagined for a moment that you were prepared to endorse all my opinions, or to sanction every political act with which I have been connected, but I accepted your resolution in choosing me as meaning this—that you had watched my political career, that you were satisfied that I had not swerved knowingly to the right hand or to the left, that the attraction of power had not turned me aside, that I had not changed my course from any view of courting a fleeting popularity, and, further, that you are of this opinion—an opinion which I religiously hold—that the man whose political career is on a line with his conscientious convictions can never be unfaithful to his constituents or to his country."

The Dignity of History.—Lord Macaulay, speaking of what is called "the dignity of history," says, "One writer is in possession of some anecdotes which would illustrate most strikingly the operation of the Mississippi scheme on the manners and morals of the Parisians. But he suppresses these anecdotes because they are too low for the dignity of history. Another is strongly tempted to mention some facts indicating the horrible state of the prisons of England two hundred years ago. But he hardly thinks that the sufferings of a dozen felons, pigging together on bare bricks in a hole fifteen feet square, would form a subject suited to the dignity of history. Another, from respect for the dignity of history, publishes an account of the reign of George the Second, without ever mentioning Whitefield's preaching in Moorfields! How should a writer who talks about senates, and congresses of sovereigns, and pragmatic sanctions, and ravelines and counterscraps, and battles where ten thousand men are killed, with fifty stand of colours and eighty guns taken, stoop to the Stock Exchange, to Newgate, to the Theatre, to the Tabernacle?"—*Whitefield Anecdotes, R.T.S.*

Astronomical Almanack for May.

1	W	☉ rises 4.33 A.M.	17	F	Jupiter near ☽
2	T	☉ sets 7.22 P.M.	18	S	☉ sets 7.47 P.M.
3	F	☽ greatest dstnce. from ⊕	19	S	4 SUN. AFTER EASTER
4	S	Clock after ☉ 3m. 24s.	20	M	Daybreak 0.36 A.M.
5	S	2 SUN. AFTER EASTER	21	T	☽ 3 Quarter 9.53 P.M.
6	M	Spica S. 10.19 P.M.	22	W	Twilight ends 11.42 P.M.
7	T	Saturn near ☽	23	T	Jupiter rises 10.30 P.M.
8	W	☽ 1 Quarter 6.42 A.M.	24	F	Queen Victoria born 1819
9	T	Half-Quarter Day	25	S	Draco in zenith 2.0 A.M.
10	F	Jupiter S. 2.40 A.M.	26	S	ROGATION SUNDAY
11	S	Corona BorealisS.o. 10 A.M	27	M	Clock after ☉ 3m. 5s.
12	S	3 SUN. AFTER EASTER	28	T	☉ rises 3.54 A.M.
13	M	Saturn sets 1.23 A.M.	29	W	New ☽ 5.20 P.M.
14	T	♑ rises 4.11 A.M.	30	T	Ascension Day
15	W	Full ☽ 6.42 A.M.	31	F	☽ greatest dstnce. from ⊕
16	T	☽ least distance from ⊕			[☉ sets 8.4 P.M.



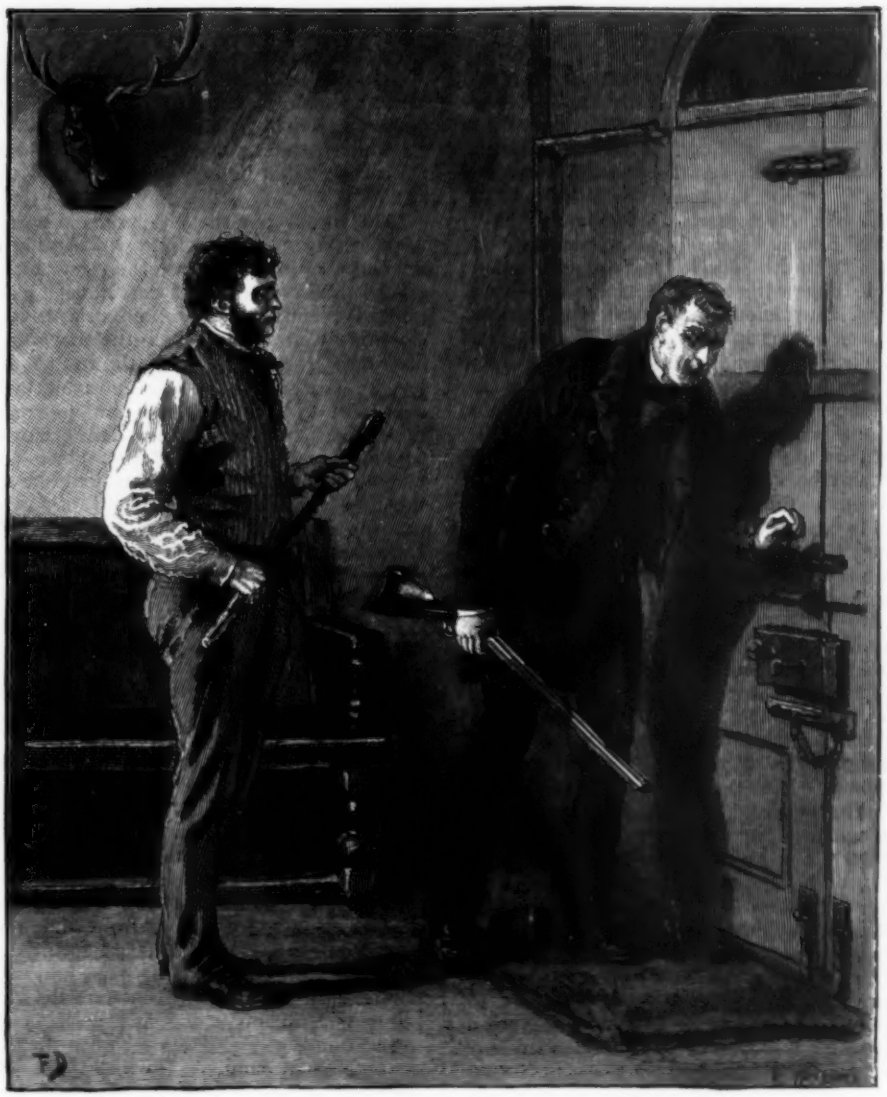
THE SABOT BOAT.

CARRICONNA:

A STORY MORE OR LESS IRISH.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXII.—ANTHONY IS MYSTERIOUS.



'WHAT'S THAT—WHO'S THERE?' SHOUTED ANTHONY.

THE Irish autumn was sultry, and the domestic atmosphere of Carriconna was sultry too. The air without was difficult to breathe, and there was no free breathing within.

Anthony had become a sore trial. He was obviously not on good terms with himself, and he was on very indifferent terms with other people. His tenants had begun to regard him with extreme suspicion. Hitherto there had been a kind of rough familiarity between the occupants and the owner of the Carriconna estate; for if politics can by any means be kept apart, as once they could be, the attitude of the Irish tenant towards a landlord whose grandfather and great-grandfather have held the acres before him, is very much that of the unlettered, faithful Russian

peasant towards the Czar, an attitude in which affection mingles with respect and reverence.

Whilst a poor man, Anthony had been an exemplary landlord, in the popular sense of the words, which means that he had never been hard upon them for the "rint." He knew, I suppose, that the land no longer yielded what it had done in the days when there was money to spend upon it; and having narrowed his own expenditure within the limits of the merely nominal income which his estate had brought him, he had grown content with a poverty which in Ireland is never considered humiliating if there be real gentility behind it. And even now it was not Anthony the landlord so much as Anthony the astronomer, betwixt whom and his tenants a gulf of mutual distrust began to disclose itself. Anthony had always enjoyed a more or less uncanny reputation among his people. He was a man of irregular, solitary, and ungenial habits. People going home late at night met him on the hillsides and on the roads. In trivial dealings with his tenants he had often shown himself suspicious and distrustful. He was a man jealous of gossip about himself, and once took an odd whim of sending his Catholic servants to chapel under the escort of a policeman, in order that he might know they did not talk too much with other people.

But Anthony the astronomer, who could sit on his tower and be cognisant of the little peccadilloes of persons miles away from him, was a man to be held in mortal dread. The discovery of the turf-stealing being noised abroad, not a man or gossoon on the estate felt himself safe from the eye of Anthony, seated behind the eye of the telescope.

And Anthony had quite sufficient keenness of wit to perceive that there was a strain between the house and its dependents. This did not sweeten his temper; much the reverse, it encouraged a moroseness in him towards his tenants as a body.

Nor were his relations much more cordial within doors. But the mysterious habits of Anthony were the chief source of perplexity and disquietude at present.

In the first place, he had taken to haunting the tower after nightfall, as if he were his own or some ancestral ghost. It was not astronomical business that took him there in the after-dinner hours, for Mrs. Lytton was not asked to accompany him, as she invariably was when the stars were in question. And as nobody ventured to accompany Anthony when he gave it to be known that he wished no companion, nobody had any cue to the meaning or intent of these nocturnal prowlings. Sometimes he would be in or about the tower for half an hour after dark, sometimes for an hour or more. Occasionally, when he returned, he bore with him stains of masonry or moss, as if he had been groping about in the tower or its precincts on his hands and knees. And when inside he always locked the tower door behind him. John Maher knew this, if nobody else did, for on one occasion curiosity had overborne his fears, and he had tried the handle. The lock on the door was a new and special one, recently added by Anthony's orders; and there were only two keys. Anthony had one of these, and Mrs. Lytton the other; but, for the reasons already stated, Mrs. Lytton's possession of the duplicate key had not hitherto unlocked for her whatever secret—if there were any at all—the tower contained for Anthony. The keys he excused, on the ground that as the telescope had become an object of hostile interest to some of his tenants, it would be just as well that no unauthorised person should have any opportunity of access to the tower.

Another cause of uneasy interest to his family was furnished by the periodical journeys which Anthony was making to Dublin at this time, journeys which had no ostensible motive, and on which Anthony offered no further enlightenment than "that he he had a power of things to attend to."

Odd, too, it was, that the large old portmanteau which always went very light with Anthony on the up journey, invariably returned very heavy. He always lifted it off the car himself, and very gingerly; but there was no doubt as to its weight.

Anthony never unlocked the bag downstairs, nor were its contents ever shown to any one; but he had been seen bearing small burdens of some sort to the tower, wherein, presumably, he deposited them; though no tokens of any addition to the meagre contents of that place were ever visible. Nor, indeed, so far as could be seen, did the tower contain a secret hold of any description for the stowage of any description of goods. It was an affair of mystery from beginning to end, and Anthony was an affair of mystery himself.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A BROKEN HEAD.

MATTERS were at this pass when a night of drenching rain succeeded to the sultry evenings of a fortnight.

It was about half-past nine, and the Carriconna household would soon be thinking of bed. Arthur was dining (and, doubtless, plotting) at Doyne Abbey. Anthony, buried in meditations and his old leathern chair, was vexing his soul with speculations as to what might happen if he were to give everybody notice to quit, and import a new set of tenants from somewhere else. Every now and then, without lifting his head, deep sunk on his chest, he raised an eyelid and peered curiously at Dora, who was absorbed in an old manuscript-book she had discovered in the music-stand, wherein was set forth the genealogy of the Nugent family. Dora did not know how curiously Anthony was watching her, nor if she had known would it have mattered; for how could she have guessed what questions Anthony was asking himself as to her study of the family tree? Now and again she questioned Miss Nugent upon one old member of the family and another; and Barbara, who knew their history by heart, was a willing and a good gossip. She always liked strangers to inquire about the family; for she said, "We really *are* a family, if we've been a queer one at times;" an opinion in which Dora silently but heartily coincided

"Did ye come across Buck yet?" said Anthony. "Buck was a tight gossoon, and the greatest dancer in Ireland."

"Here's a reference to him here, I suppose," said Dora; "somebody is quoted as saying 'If I could dance like Buck Nugent, and ride like Bob Nugent, I'd be married to-morrow.'"

"Oh, ay! that's Buck and Bob, the pair of 'em," said Anthony. "They were a great pair, but Buck was the greater."

"And tell me," said Dora, suddenly; "what relation would Buck be to m—?"

She saved herself in the nick of time. No, she did not save herself; for her sudden stoppage, and the flush that rose involuntarily to her cheek, were not lost on Anthony.

"'Tis she, no doubt," he said to himself.

Miss Nugent went serenely on with her darning, the shaded lamp, which she always pulled close to her elbow when at this work, opposing itself between her and Dora.

"What relation would Buck be to?—" began Anthony.

"To you, Mr. Nugent," replied Dora, quietly.

Anthony saw that she knew how nearly she had betrayed herself, and that she was prepared against a second slip.

"Oh! to me!" said Anthony. He tried to put some sarcasm into this, but was not good at artistic inflections of that sort. "He was me great-uncle, or me great-great-uncle; which was it, Barbara?"

"Is it Buck?" said Barbara, rising and going towards the window; "he was your great-great-uncle, of course. Dear, what a dark night!" she continued, as she drew aside the blind to peer out, "and how it rains." She closed the shutters and drew the curtains. "I wonder will they keep Arthur at the Abbey. D'ye know, Anthony, her ladyship's thinking quite seriously of sending Mangan to the right about; and she has a notion that if she did so, maybe Arthur would lend her a hand in looking after the place."

This in fact was a half-developed scheme between Lady Frayne and Barbara and Arthur himself; but it had not before been mooted to Anthony, Barbara having had general instructions to take her chance of finding him in a more or less reasonable mood. Anthony looked up with a start and a growl; but whatever reply he had been on the point of making was prevented by a sudden shouting and hubbub which seemed to come from the direction of the tower.

For a moment there was a pause in the dining-room. Anthony half rose in his chair, and turned his head in the direction of the noise.

"It can't be Arthur in any trouble!" said Miss Nugent, her darning falling in a heap to the floor as she turned with a terrified air to her brother.

Dora stood up as the sounds without grew louder.

"I don't know what it is, but I'll not be long till I do!" said Anthony, making with long strides for the hall.

Dora and Miss Nugent remained facing one another for a few seconds, which seemed minutes. They heard Anthony take down his gun from the rack in the hall, shouting to John Maher to come up as he did so. Then, as he began to turn the key in the huge lock of the hall door, the door was hurriedly and violently knocked at from without.

"What's that—who's there?" shouted Anthony, stoutly.

"The police, your honour," cried voices from without.

Then, after a moment's pause, and as Anthony withdrew the bolts after turning the key, a voice added,

"'Tis Mr. Trenchard, your honour. We have him here, hurt."

By this time the door was open.

"Lights!" shouted Anthony.

"The lamp, quick, Mrs. Lytton!" said Barbara. "Don't ye hear they have Mr. Trenchard hurt ou there?"

Barbara was so flurried and so frightened she did not notice that her own hands were on the lamp, and had mechanically lifted it.

For a moment Dora stood still with fear, a great pain in her heart and a dozen troubled thoughts in her brain. Instinctively she felt that she was in some way concerned in this affair. Was he shot in her quarrel? Then another question. Had some harm come to him in one of those strange abnormal states in which she had seen him before; but in which so far as she knew he had been seen by no one else? This would be more terrible still, for those abnormal states were open to evil interpretations. She went trembling after Miss Nugent to the hall.

Three of the constabulary men were there, supporting Trenchard, who was barely conscious, and bleeding profusely from a wound in the forehead.

"Go off, John, and bring Dr. Maguire immejutly," said Anthony, who was capable of practical conduct in a crisis. "Ye can be there and back in twenty minyuts if ye're brisk."

"One o' the min did go for him already, yer honour," said a constable. "He should be here inside of a quarter of an hour. Where'll yer honour give us lave to carry the chief?"

"In there, to the dining-room. Lay him on the sofa. Wait now till I give ye a hand. So! Be easy, now."

"I'll have the oak room ready in ten minutes," said Barbara. "The poor man! Kate, come up with me, quick, and get the sheets out. Everything's aired, I know."

Meanwhile Trenchard bled.

"The first thing," said Dora, "is to do what we can to stop the bleeding. Miss Nugent, if you'd let Kate first bring a little water and a towel, I can bathe the wound—it does not go deep, I think—and make a compress until the doctor comes."

Trenchard was carried into the dining-room and laid upon the sofa. He wore his officer's uniform of dark green, and the left shoulder-knot and the front of the tunic were stained with blood He lay motionless, now quite unconscious.

Dora still eagerly awaited the explanation she dared not ask for.

"Who hurt him?" inquired Anthony, of one of the constables.

"There was fifteen or twinty of 'em in it, yer honour," replied the man, "Sure 'twas yer honour's telescope they wor afther."

"Tare an' ouns!" cried Anthony. "And who was after me telescope?"

"Misther Graham, yer honour, had word that the bhoys would turn out to-night."

"Had he so?" said Anthony.

"He had, indeed, yer honour."

"And for what?"

"Ah, well yer honour knows what the bhoys is like. Yer honour spies a couple of them lifting turf two mile beyant, an' 'tis a strange power yer honour has by the same token. The neighbourhood 's riz about it, and there's the whole truth."

"But come down to to-night. What are they here for to-night? That's what I'm wanting ye to tell me."

"Troth, yer honour, they came to blind yer honour's telescope! They're waitin' this good while for a nice quyte (quiet) night; but yer honour sees Mr. Graham got a word about it, an' he, knowin' yer honour's friendliness with Mr. Trenchard, passed the word on to him, and there was orders for a muster. We have three of them caught, yer honour, and not a hair of yer honour's telescope hurt."

"I'm right sure of that," said Anthony, chuckling over the thought of the iron-studded door, with its patent lock. "But ye had the tails of your coats trodden on, I think."

"Ah, well, we had just two nice little minyuts of it in the dark, yer honour; an' his honour here,"—indicating Trenchard—"got an ugly 'hot' wid a stick."

"It was a good shillelagh made that scratch," said Anthony; and as he said it the wound on Trenchard's forehead disappeared under the neat bandage which during these few moments Dora had been preparing.

The doctor came in whilst she was tying it—a jolly, fat, grey-bearded man, who had tied up some hundreds of heads, cracked in eviction brawls during the last few years.

"'Twas in the middle of my supper I was," said the doctor, with a mere side glance at Trenchard, "and I see ye've cleared the table. What's come to Trenchard? 'Dad now, but that's a great bandage! Who tied that?"

The doctor took a chair beside the sofa on which Trenchard lay white and silent, and laid his finger on the pulse.

"Ah! he'll be in the saddle to-morrow. Wait, though! his pulse is weakening. And what are you boys here for?"—turning to the constables, who stood stiffly about the sofa with their helmets in their hands.

"Sure we brought his honour in, yer honour," said the spokesman; "'tis a crack on the head with a blackthorn he's after gettin'."

"To be sure!" said the doctor, genially, still fingering Trenchard's pulse, his watch in the other hand. Then he glanced up at Dora, who was standing, a little pale, at the head of the sofa.

"Mrs. Lytton," said Anthony, following the doctor's glance.

"Certainly," said Dr. Maguire, "certainly!" with a friendly nod at Dora. "Don't I know Mrs. Lytton well? Don't we all know her? What possessed ye now, Anthony, to have this telescope?"

While speaking, the doctor had produced a phial from his pocket, and calling for a teaspoon he poured a few drops into it, and pressed the spoon between Trenchard's lips. Trenchard almost immediately opened his eyes. He stared around him, but his powers of recognition were scarcely alive. The doctor being closest to his vision, he fixed his eyes on him.

"Don't be troubling, now," said the doctor, with a friendly nod.

Trenchard made an effort to nod and smile in reply.

Then his right hand began to move, and it travelled slowly over his tunic, as though he were feeling for something. A button of the tunic arrested his hand.

"Ah!" he said. "The uniform—not in the uniform, of course?"

"Lost anything?" said the doctor.

"Eh? Who's lost anything?" said Trenchard, vaguely.

"Have you?" said the doctor.

"N—no," said Trenchard, dully. "N—no, I think not."

The doctor turned the phial upside down in the palm of his hand, and passed his hand lightly over Trenchard's nostrils and mouth.

"Good!" said Trenchard, with a glimmer of returning animation.

Then, laying his hand again on the doctor's sleeve, he whispered audibly, "A spoonful of laudanum."

The doctor smiled, and shook his head. The patient, he thought, was still wandering.

Trenchard, with obvious effort, contracted his brows, and looked fixedly at the doctor.

"A little morphia will do as well," he whispered.

Again the doctor smiled, and shook his head.

For a moment there was an angry glare in Trenchard's eyes. He raised himself to a sitting posture, and took a fierce grip of the doctor's arm. Those who watched him, Dora alone excepted, thought only that it was a momentary seizure of the brain, the effect of the blow upon the head. Dora alone knew the meaning of Trenchard's words.

His weakness overcame him, and he sank back, fainting again.

"His room's ready," said Barbara, entering at that moment.

"Then we'll have him up to it at once," said the doctor.

Half an hour later the house was cleared. Barbara was installed as nurse beside Trenchard's bed, Dora to relieve her if necessary.

Dora lay down, dressed, upon her bed, and kept back sleep. For the first time the thought pricked her heart, "Do I care for him?"

Now and again she rose from her bed, and stole on tiptoe to the room where Barbara sat, upright and wakeful, by Trenchard's bed. Once she pushed open the door, and peered in.

"Can I do anything, Miss Nugent?"

"No, me dear—no. See how quiet he is. Turn in to bed, you. I'll call you if I want you."

The shaded candle left half the room in darkness. Dora had just a glimpse of the still features of Trenchard, yellowish against the white bandage her own hands had tied around his head, and the unconcerned and placid face of Miss Nugent at the bedside.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE CONFESSION.

THE next morning Trenchard was decidedly better. His wound was not serious, but the doctor, who saw him after breakfast, prescribed two or three days' quiet for him in his room.

The skirmish of the night before created a good deal of excitement in the district, and was the general talk. Trenchard received a visit from his head constable in the course of the morning, who reported the safe conveyance to the police barracks of the three men arrested, one of the turf-stealers being amongst the trio.

Anthony was furious, and talked of wholesale evictions.

Kitty and her mother drove over at lunch-time to inquire for Trenchard; Arthur, who had stayed the night at the Abbey, having walked across after breakfast immediately on hearing of the occurrence.

"Ye'll never get to Jupiter, Anthony, I'm afraid. Ye'll have to dismount the telescope," chuckled Lady Frayne.

"'Deed then I won't!" cried Anthony. "'Tis small intention I have of doing that. 'Tis there, and there 'twill stand. I don't know what else, or whom else, I'll be dismounting; but 'twon't be the telescope."

"We're in for lively times, then," said Lady Frayne.

"There'll be lively times for some of them, I don't doubt," responded Anthony.

"Indeed, I'm right sorry I ever set eyes on the telescope myself," put in Barbara, who would not have expressed herself in this way had Dora been present. But Dora came in at this moment, and the subject of the telescope dropped.

"Well, I'll go up and see the man," said Lady Frayne, when lunch was over. "I'm old enough for that, I think. And I'm sure I hope the poor man will be on his feet again before long, for I may be wanting his help myself."

"Why, are ye going to set up a telescope of your own, Sarah?" asked Anthony.

"'Deed I'm not! One telescope hereabouts is enough, I think. But I'll be giving Mangan notice to quit one of these days, and then I'll have the whole place about my ears."

In saying this she threw a comical glance at Arthur and Kitty, and Barbara turned an eye on Anthony; but Anthony displayed less interest in this subject than he had once done.

Lady Frayne lifted her portly person out of the wicker chair before mentioned, which she claimed as her own whenever she visited Carriconna. She had on one of her favourite sack-like jackets, with enormous buttons and pockets in keeping, and a faded straw hat, like a gigantic mushroom, long gathered, tied under her chin with broad black ribbon.

"Is he up, or in bed, or how is he?" inquired her ladyship.

"He's in his bed," replied Barbara.

"Well, I'll go softly, for he's maybe asleep. Give me those grapes we brought, Kitty, he's a great man for fruit."

When Lady Frayne came down again, after twenty minutes or so, Miss Nugent and Dora were in the dining-room alone.

"Well, and what do ye think of him, Sarah?" said the former lady.

Dora was helping to cover down and label the first batch of that plum jam for which Carriconna was renowned; and the whole room was perfumed with the fragrance; not to mention the odour of the brandy in which the papers were soaked.

"I declare," said Lady Frayne, "it's my opinion"—and here she dropped her voice and tone—"that if the ruffian had hit him the least bit harder he'd have knocked the senses out of him. He's not himself at all, as it is."

Dora went on tying as steadily as before, but she turned about a little so that her face was nearly hidden from the other ladies. She had seen nothing of Trenchard since the disquieting glimpse she had of him late on the previous night, nor had she ventured to show much curiosity as to his condition since then. But Dora fancied she knew, a good deal better than the rest, precisely how it was with Trenchard. To help him—how? Fenced in as she was on every side, she did not know.

"He wandered a little in the night, and he's had the fidgets terribly all day; but I've seen nothing worse in him than that," answered Barbara.

"I dare say he is a little feverish," said Dora; "indeed, I think Dr. Maguire said so this morning."

"And, d'ye know," said Lady Frayne, "he's quite turned against poor Maguire; isn't that an odd thing, now, and they always the best of friends?"

"Ah! that's nothing," said Barbara; "'tis only that he's cross a little, with the wound in his head."

"No, no; 'tis more than that," insisted Lady Frayne. "He declares that Maguire's not giving him the right medicines at all."

"One has fancies of that sort in such a state," said Dora, striving to quiet herself, for she was sure that she knew more than she admitted.

"Well, a good recovery to him!" said Lady Frayne, rising to go. "And a quick one, too; for, as I said, I'll be wanting him, by-and-bye. And, Barbara, if ye're wanting anything let me know. Now, I'd like to know where Kitty and your Arthur are hiding—for I'll be bound 'tis hiding they are somewhere."

Her ladyship put her head out of the window, and gave a whoop and a call which brought the two in double quick time from some invisible shelter in the garden.

"Run along and bring the car round, the audacious pair of ye!" called Lady Frayne.

"Yes, mamma, dear."

"Yes, Lady Frayne, certainly."

"Oh! a nice obedient pair, I know! Make haste, now."

"I'll go a mile along the road with you," said Miss Nugent. "I think it was to-day I was to call at Clonlost."

"Put on your hat then, quick. Where's Anthony away to?"

"To the town, to see the carpenter about something. He'll not be back this good while. Mrs. Lytton, dear, I think I may trust the patient to you. I'll give a look in to him when I'm upstairs, and he won't be wanting anything till I'm home, I think."

"I shall be here, Miss Nugent," said Dora, quietly.

Left to herself, Dora went on with her work. She made one observation aloud, "I hope Aunt Barbara will not be long."

There was no sound in the house. She had left the door of the dining-room open that she might hear if Trenchard rang his bell; and the window, and the window of Trenchard's room, which was just above, were open also.

Dora went on quietly tying down her covers, and not thinking of her covers at all.

"I wish," said she to herself presently, "that he would tell the doctor himself. It would be better. But he won't do that." Then, after a pause, "He has not even told me!"

As she said this there was a noise of wheels on the gravel, and Trenchard's man, Sergeant Jones, drove up in his master's smart trap. Dora knew that Trenchard had sent for him. He was, as we said, in his uniform, when wounded on the previous evening, and he had sent word home in the morning for a change of linen and clothes to be brought him. This at least was the ostensible reason for his summoning the sergeant.

Dora went out to the door.

"Master better, ma'am, I hope," said Jones, with a salute.

"He's just pretty well, I think, sergeant. You may get down; I'll hold the horse."

The sergeant got down and lifted a portmanteau from the trap.

"A few things the master wanted, ma'am. I'd better see him myself, if you please, ma'am. Shall I call John to come to the horse?"

"I think John's out with Mr. Nugent. You needn't mind, sergeant, I can hold the horse."

"Very kind of you, ma'am, but a great trouble, I'm sure. The master won't keep me long, though. Is he abed, ma'am?"

"Yes; his room is on the first floor. The door is open, I think. He will hear you going up."

The sergeant saluted and went in with the portmanteau.

Dora, standing at the horse's head, immediately under Trenchard's window, could hear him talking with his servant. She heard his voice, that is to say, and the voice of Jones replying to him.

Trenchard's tones passed alternately from argument to persuasion and to insistance. The sergeant appeared to hold back, to argue on another side, and finally to hold his peace.

Then, for the first time, Dora heard a distinct utterance of Trenchard's.

He seemed to have risen in his bed, and he spoke sharply and with anger. "If you do not, I will get out of bed and go myself."

After a moment or two came a reply from the sergeant, but it was inaudible. A minute or two later he was downstairs again, having an air of extreme discomposure.

"Much obliged to you, ma'am," he said, to Dora.

"What do you think of your master, sergeant?"

"I've seen him this way before, ma'am," replied the sergeant, as if seeking to avoid a direct reply. He had mounted into the trap and gathered up the reins. Dora stood aside. "I hope the master will be able to come home to-morrow or the next day, ma'am," continued the sergeant, wheeling the trap round; "he's always best at home when there's anything wrong with him. Much obliged to you, ma'am!" and the sergeant, who evidently did not seek a conversation, saluted again and drove off.

Dora could have formed a shrewd guess as to what had taken place between Mr. Trenchard and his servant. She returned to the dining-room and went on with her work. She was thinking of a case once described to her by her husband, the case of an opium-eater, who had voluntarily placed himself in her husband's hands to be cured. She recalled with a shudder her husband's account of this man's terrible sufferings when suddenly and completely deprived of the drug. She even remembered an expression he had used: "There are no conceivable torments like those endured by the opium-eater when deprived of his opium." And she remembered how he had said to her afterwards, when the case had left his hands, that in dealing with a similar one he should never again attempt to enforce complete abstinence upon the patient during the first stages of treatment. With alcohol, he said, it was different. Cut off the supply there immediately and entirely, but with opium it was more difficult. She remembered this case especially, because her husband had spoken of the patient as one of the most refined and charming men he had ever known, but whose nature, at the time when he commenced to treat him, had already begun to be transformed under the malignant influence of the drug which lulls to sleep all that is highest and noblest in heart and brain.

Trenchard, when his servant had left him, lay exhausted for a time, but not for long. He opened his eyes and turned over in bed, took up a book and began to read; threw it aside, and tried to sleep; but to sleep was as difficult as to read; both, in short, were impossible. Then a thought seemed to seize him; he looked around for the portmanteau which Jones had brought

him. It was within reach of his hand. He opened it and took out its contents; selecting a tweed coat and waistcoat, he searched the pockets of both garments carefully and with eagerness. Whatever it was that he searched for, he could not find it. He flung the coat and waistcoat aside with an impatient expression. In a few moments more he had worked himself up into a state of intense and excited irritability. He plucked at the bedclothes, grinding his teeth, knitting and unknitting his eyebrows, and moving his head with short rapid motions from side to side on the pillow. At last he made a great effort to calm himself; unclenching his hands and lying perfectly still and rigid, his eyes shut. The tension was extreme, both physical and mental; his forehead and the palms of his hands were moist. The effort at restraint failed him; all at once he rose up, threw off the bedclothes, and began hurriedly to dress himself.

Dora with alarm heard him moving in his room; she went to the door of the dining-room and stood there irresolute. She went to the foot of the stairs. The door of Trenchard's room—just visible from there—was closed. She went back to the dining-room and laid her hand upon the bell. Should she ring and send Kate to him? Again she hesitated, in a manner very unlike herself. She heard Trenchard's door open, and his foot on the stairs. There was no doubt about it, he was coming down.

The step that echoed softly on the stairs sounded cautious and even stealthy. Dora waited until it reached the hall. Then she took a step forward herself, that Trenchard might know he had been heard. He hesitated half way across the hall, and stood still; Dora went again to the door of the dining-room; he turned, and they faced one another. Trenchard's aspect was nothing less than pitiful. He was extremely pale, and the bandage around his forehead gave him a yet more wretched look. He seemed to tremble, and to have almost lost the power of speech.

"I—I thought a little air would do me good," he said. "A beautiful afternoon, is it not?"

"But you are not fit to go out," said Dora. "The doctor said that you were not to get up to-day. Miss Nugent has gone with Lady Frayne for an hour, and I am left in charge of you. You will have to obey me implicitly."

She said this with a smile, but resolutely.

"Come in here at once, and sit down."

Trenchard followed her into the dining-room.

"It was foolish of me, I know," he said; "but I sent Jones for something, and somehow the notion came into my head that I would walk a step or two and meet him. So dull up there, you know."

He spoke like a man very ill at ease, and did not look full at Dora.

"Your head troubles you—a little?" she said; "it was a dreadful blow you had."

"Yes, it must be my head," he said. "My head, no doubt."

"Sit here," said Dora, drawing Anthony's armchair round to face the window, through which flowed in the delicious soft air of mid-afternoon. "I am only going to let you stay a little while."

There was a caress in her tone, and Trenchard flushed slightly as he obeyed her.

"Tell me," she went on, "was it something very particular you sent the sergeant for?"

"A good fellow, Jones," said Trenchard, "but odd, straight-laced notions. A soldier, you know. Very kind of you, Mrs. Lytton."

"But you haven't answered my question," she insisted; "was it rude of me to ask it?"

"You couldn't ask a rude thing, you know. How weak I am! Maguire's medicine is no use at all. Mrs. Lytton"—stretching out his hand, he leaned forward and took hold of her arm—"get me some laudanum!"

Having said this, he looked curiously at her with keen eyes, as though to read what effect that request, vehemently spoken, had on her.

"I knew that that was what you wanted," said Dora.

"Will you get it for me?"

"You take opium — regularly?" said Dora, quietly.

"I have been an opium-eater for two years."

"Have you so little love for yourself?"

"It is no longer a question of self-love. I might have asked myself that once. It is useless now."

"But you know something of the miseries of opium. You are proving to me now that you do," said Dora.

"Something!" said Trenchard. "I know the woes of opium through and through."

"You are the slave of opium, then?" said Dora, and severity blended with compassion in her voice.

"The slave indeed; yet not the willing one," said Trenchard; and his words were almost a groan.

"You have made efforts? Do you make them still?"

Once again Trenchard gave her a curious look.

"Do you remember the first night we met? I had drunk opium that day."

"Yes," said Dora; "I know."

"The fit was upon me. I should have drunk again that night, and drunk heavily, but—but for you."

Dora's glance for a moment sought the smooth sward of the pleasure-ground, sloping softly towards the lake. Then she turned her eyes again on Trenchard.

"But, you see, I have not kept you from it since," she said.

"You have," he answered. "These last weeks I have not taken a fifth of what I took before. To-day—to-day I am weak and ill. See! I have humbled myself before you."

Tears sprang into Dora's eyes, and glistened there, though they did not fall.

Trenchard saw them, but feigned that he did not. He did not want to seem to play on her. Dora was calm again in an instant.

"You have sat too long," she said; "you are weak, as you say. But wait here one moment."

She rose and went swiftly from the room.

Mounting to her own room, she unlocked a dressing-case of fine morocco which stood on the table, and took from it a small phial three parts filled with a dark fluid. With this, and a tumbler, which she had half-filled with water, she returned to the dining-room.

In the few moments that had elapsed since she left it, Trenchard's better and his weaker self had fought it out again. She noticed him a shade paler, but perfectly contained. Standing beside him, she took the cork from the phial. He laid his hand upon her arm.

"I do not want it," he said.

A wonderful softness came into Dora's face, and some pride too.

"I knew that you had strength, if you would use it," she said.

"It is not my strength, but yours," he answered.

"It is your own," she softly urged. "Think that it is your own, for"—and the softness of her face became a wonderful sympathy—"you will need it again."

"I shall need it the less if you are near me," said Trenchard, gravely, but with a visible tremor.

Dora flushed a little, against her will; but she said only—still holding the phial in her hand: "You are sure that you can resist? I am not trying to tempt you, but my husband was a doctor, and I think myself justified in what I am doing."

"I can resist," answered Trenchard; "and easily."

"You make me very glad," said Dora; and added quickly, "the harm of ten failures counts for less against the good of one victory. But I am still the nurse, you know. You must let me send you upstairs again now. But tell me first, was it for this that you sent the sergeant?" She touched the phial of laudanum.

"Yes," said Trenchard; "it was for that."

"And will he bring it?"

"Yes."

A pause, during which their eyes met again.

"Take it from him," said Trenchard, "and—keep it."

"I will give it to you when you ask for it," answered Dora.

"You have my secret," said Trenchard as he was leaving the room.

"But have you not also one of mine?" she smiled.

He took her hand, and she let him hold it for a moment.

But it was two secrets against one; for when Dora was alone again, she knew for certain that Trenchard loved her.

CHAPTER XXV.—DORA AND THE SERGEANT UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

WHEN Miss Nugent returned a little later on, Trenchard was asleep.

"And you've finished the jampots, I declare!" said Barbara, delightedly. "Well now, that is good of you! No trouble with the patient, I hope?"

"He has been goodness itself."

"Sure I knew he would be; he's just the nicest man in the county. 'Tis a thousand pities he doesn't get a wife. Don't you think it is yourself, now?"

"He's a particular person, no doubt. He wants to be sure of making no mistake."

"Indeed, ye may mistake at forty every bit as well as at twenty. I'm sure of that," said the old maid. "But come now, me dear, put on your hat and go and get a breath of air; it's just the most perfect afternoon in the world after the rain last night. I believe those wicked fellows did no great harm to the place after all. I was afraid they'd have the garden trampled to pieces."

"Everything has escaped, I think—even the telescope."

"Oh, the telescope, indeed!" laughed Barbara. "But run now, dear, or the best of the day'll be gone. Will ye have a cup of tea before ye go?"

"No, I won't wait for tea, thanks," and Dora ran off to get her hat.

Since the evening of her adventure in the graveyard she had taken her walks by daylight, and in places not quite so sequestered. No further mishap had befallen her, but she was rather afraid of finding herself alone in any remote place after dusk.

Debating in what direction she should stroll this afternoon, she suddenly remembered Trenchard's injunctions about the sergeant and his package.

Suppose the sergeant should arrive with it while Dora was out. The drug would be given to Trenchard himself; he would think her careless of her promise; worse than that, he would be exposed again to temptation, and Dora knew enough of such cases as his to guess that the effort of renunciation would be followed sooner or later by a reaction.

All this might be avoided were she to go and meet the sergeant on the road. She set out to walk towards Moyrath, along the high road. At most hours of the day the high road was as quiet as any boreen that branched off from it to some outlying cottage. For a distance from Carriconna it was bounded on either side by tall hedges; these gave way to low stone walls, beyond either of which the country stretched away for many a lonely mile, though here and there a short ridge of hills narrowed the horizon. No spot apter for thought or reverie. The waning sun, arrested by the high and arching trees along a portion of the road, showed in patches and broad bars across it. The road was already almost dry again.

"A very strange afternoon indeed!" thought Dora. She was not thinking of the weather, but of the afternoon's experiences.

"So he really cares for me!" A woman of Dora's knowledge and experience could not indeed entertain much doubt on that point.

"And he suffers so! Yes, and he will have more to suffer yet, Poor fellow! Will he succeed or not? I have read—or did Alec tell me?—that one scarcely ever does succeed. Well, will he succeed? I think that will depend a little upon me—a good deal, perhaps."

Then she thought how curious it all was—the

husband who was dead, so brilliant and full of promise, but a drunkard; and now this other, young, rich, with a good position in the county; so gentle and so winning, in love with her, and—an opiomaniac.

She turned a corner of the road and saw the sergeant driving towards her.

The sergeant drew up beside her.

Salute, and "Nothing wrong, ma'am, I hope?"

"Not at all, sergeant; Mr. Trenchard seems decidedly better this afternoon."



"NOTHING WRONG, MA'AM, I HOPE?"

"Very restless when I was with him, ma'am."

"He was asleep when I came out."

"Very glad, ma'am;" and this was something more than a formula, for the whole expression of the sergeant's face softened as he said it.

"You have something for him, I think, sergeant?"

Sergeant Jones stiffened himself a little. His air was grave again.

The prim soldier considered that this strange affection of his master was an affair which involved, in some way, the honour of the family. It was something upon which he held that reticence the most severe and rigid was a prime duty on the part of a retainer. Sergeant Jones had felt himself under a cloud these two years past, not on his own, but on his master's account. If he continued to hold his head as erect as formerly, it was that he was prompted by the sense of duty, rather than (as of old) by the sense of inner rectitude. The whole matter was a troublous mystery to the sergeant. He saw a young and affectionate master—the son of a revered master—slipping down what seemed to him to be the path of weakly self-indulgence; he was astonished, mortified, humiliated. But he, with his wife, had guarded the secret jealously. He thought that his wife and himself had it for their own.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the sergeant; and, after an emphatic pause, "I was to give it to himself."

"Mr. Trenchard wishes you to give it to me, sergeant."

"Humph!"

Sergeant Jones's hand went instinctively to a pocket of his coat, and he said nothing.

Perhaps some instinct akin to the soldier's made Dora feel what he felt. At any rate, she understood the gesture, and liked it. With that frankness which she could assume when she needed it, but which was genuine here, she said,

"You may give it to me, sergeant, Mr. Trenchard wishes it; he has spoken to me."

There was no mistaking the tone in which Dora said this.

The sergeant—a shrewd man enough—perceived that the honour of the family was in no danger here. The handsome widow was a friend, possibly even an ally.

Sergeant Jones became gallant; but in the interests of the family.

"You've walked a good piece, ma'am. We're a mile and three-quarters from the house. If you'll be so kind as to get up, I'll drive you home again."

Dora was quite willing, perhaps more than willing. She had divined already that the servant was in some degree his master's confidant.

When she was seated in the gig the sergeant took a small package from his pocket and gave it to her.

"I hope it won't be wanted, ma'am," said the faithful Jones.

"I do not think it will, sergeant."

"You've had a talk with the master, ma'am?"

"A long talk after you had gone, sergeant. He came downstairs."

"You don't say so, ma'am! What, weak and tied up like that?"

"Sergeant," said Dora, "my husband was a doctor, and I learned something from him about many kinds of diseases. Your master is ill with an illness that requires a treatment of its own. He is a patient, and must be treated as such. He wants more than a common doctor. Not one doctor in a thousand knows what to do in such a case as this. Sergeant, you must turn doctor yourself, and you must take your instructions from me."

"What instructions, ma'am?" said the sergeant, whose habitual phlegm did not avail him here. Dora had a kind of magnetism in her, which was not easy to resist.

"What do you think of your master, sergeant?" said she.

"Think of him, ma'am? Why, that there was no one like him—bar his father—two years ago!"

"How did it begin, sergeant?"

"He had a bad fall, hunting one day, ma'am, two years ago come six weeks; he's never been the same since then."

"Where was he hurt?"

"In the head, ma'am."

A witness under cross-examination drops what seems to him a casual word, of little or no import. It tells the counsel all he needs to know.

"Sergeant," said Dora, "you drive well, and I feel quite safe with you. But a dip of a few inches in the road, if you were not looking for it, or any little thing that could startle the horse, might bring him to his knees in a moment. Suppose that you or I were pitched out in a moment from now, we might be hurt, and we might be well again, apparently, in a week. But if we had been touched in a certain spot we should never be the same creatures again. We might end in a madhouse, or on the gallows. Sergeant, your master's sickness is not a wilful one. Remember that, please."

"But won't he be himself again, ma'am?"

"That will depend partly on himself, sergeant, and partly on those who—who have a regard for him."

"But he won't see a doctor, ma'am."

"The more need that those about him should be his doctors."

"I'd be his doctor, ma'am, if I could—God knows!"

"So you can be, sergeant; but remember that the sick are not as we are."

"I've tried to keep him from it all I can, ma'am."

"Very good, sergeant; and do so always. But—we have spoken quite freely, and we may speak more freely—remember that you are treating with a sick man. Opium is a sickness of its own kind. A man put in prison is not the worse for the sudden stop of the drink. But as to opium this is not so sure. If it were alcohol, stop it at once. Now, sergeant, let me get down; it is only five minutes' walk to the gates. You will have your master home again in a day or two, I think; and you will know how to deal with him."

"I wish you was Dr. Maguire, ma'am, or Dr. Maguire was you."

"Never mind Dr. Maguire, sergeant; we shall be able to manage without him."

"That's if you'll take his place, ma'am."

"Very well, sergeant; you may consider me Dr. Maguire, if you like."

"'Tis the best thing you could say for the master's sake, ma'am, I'm sure."

"I have the package, sergeant, but I think I shall send it back again to you unopened," said Dora, as she got down from the trap.

"I hope so, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am. Good day!"

"Good day, sergeant!"

Dora passed through the "grand gates," and Sergeant Jones returned to Moyrath.

Dora liked to make friends with everybody. She had made friends that afternoon with Sergeant Jones. She would have been flattered had she heard all that the sergeant said of her in the housekeeper's room at Moyrath that evening.

Barbara was sitting on the terrace; Anthony not yet returned.

"He's still asleep," said Barbara. "You must have charmed him some way."

CHAPTER XXVI.—BOYCOTTING *POUR RIRE*.

IT was three days after the departure of Trenchard from Carriconna.

Breakfast was preparing, and Arthur, whose matutinal habits were brisk, had just come in from an early constitutional.

Kitty's pony, ridden by the Doyne Abbey stable-boy, raced up the drive full canter.

Arrived at the door, where Arthur awaited him, the boy, snorting like the pony, pulled a letter from his pocket.

"A—letther—for you—sorr."

"It should be worth reading, Joe," said Arthur, "if you had to ride like that to bring it. Get down and take your breath."

"I can—take—it—aysier—where I'm sittin',—yer honour."

"Hullo!" exclaimed Arthur, "whew!"

"Ah, 'tis—that—indade, yer—honour!"

The letter was a pencil scrawl from Kitty, containing one line.

"We're *boycotted!* Come and help us!—Kitty."

Arthur ran back into the hall, and shouted at the top of his voice,

"They're boycotted at Doyne!"

Every one came to the rescue—Anthony and Barbara, at least; for Dora was not yet down.

"Ye'd better go over at once," said Anthony to his son. "I'll go over meself after breakfast."

"Sure, he didn't get his own breakfast yet," put in Barbara.

"I'll breakfast at Doyne," said Arthur.

"Maybe they're not breakfasting at all at Doyne. Come in here, Joe, and say what's all this. Are ye really boycotted up there at the Abbey?"

"We are so, me lady. Not a word of a lie in it. By the same token, me lady, I was yelped comin' out o' the gates this mornin', an' a couple o' the bhoys thried to hot (hurt) me wud a sthone. Indade we are boycotted, me lady, and that's the thruth."

"My lady has put Mangan away, I suppose?"

"Thrue for yerself, me lady. That's zhust where it is."

"And has she sent for the police?"

"I don't think her ladyship did yet, me lady. Ah! 'tis not her ladyship nor me Lady Kitty they'll be hurtin', I think. There's no great likin' for Mangan about the place; 'twon't be a raal good boycott at all, I think."

"'Deed, I hope it won't!" said Miss Nugent.

"More power to yer ladyship's elbow! I hope the same meself."

"Well, I'm off!" said Arthur. "Joe, you'd better go on at once, and I'll follow you."

"I'll wait for yer honour, wud yer honour's lave. I'll be safer along of yer honour."

But here was the stable-boy with a capital mount—for Kitty's pony had blood in him—and Arthur with no steed at all but the old family nag, which served all equine uses, and was as bad at one as at another.

Weeks ago, while Anthony lived in day-dreams of limitless expenditure, he had talked of building new stables, and of stocking them magnificently. Arthur was to have his hacks and his hunters. But the stables were unbuilt; Arthur had neither hunter nor hack; and the family coach-horse, which was saddle-horse and plough-horse to boot, still had undisputed sway of the yard.

"Well, we must go together then," said Arthur, "but I'll go on foot."

In five minutes they were well on the road. Joe had not only volunteered, but had entreated, that Arthur should have the saddle; but Arthur stuck to his intention to walk, and thus they made the ground in company.

The road was as quiet as usual, and not even at the grand gate of the Abbey was there a creature to be seen save one. A little beyond the gate, and apparently pacing to and fro before it, was a policeman in his undress uniform of cap and tunic, his bayonet in his belt. He saluted Arthur as the pair passed through the gate. There was no one in the Abbey grounds, and no one visible about the house.

"Where's Kitty?" asked Arthur of himself, thinking she might have been on the look-out for him.

The hall door stood open as usual and he went in.

There was nobody in the hall. He crossed to the dining-room. Table was laid for breakfast but the room was empty. He went into the hall again, and was on the point of shouting "Kitty," when Kitty herself appeared at the top of the kitchen-stairs, with the breakfast-tray in her hands. Her pink cambric frock was hidden under a huge holland apron, which descended from her neck to her heels. Her hair was tumbled, though it was only just breakfast-time; and her cheeks were ruddy, though they had not met the sun that morning.

"Here's breakfast," said Lady Kitty, "if you haven't had it."

Arthur found nothing better to say than "I haven't!"

"You ought to be awfully hungry."

"I am. But I say, Kitty, have you cooked it yourself?"

"Oh, no, indeed. I can't cook worth anything. Mamma cooked it."

"Mamma! This is going to be a breakfast out of the common."

"That's what I said to mamma. But she doesn't like it, you know, at all. I wouldn't go down to the kitchen, Arthur, if I were you. Mamma 's down there."

"I'd like to, though," said Arthur; to whom the vision of Lady Frayne *en cuisinière* suggested a novel effect of comedy.

Kitty carried her tray into the dining-room, Arthur at her heels.

Lady Frayne, puffing much worse than the stable-boy, came after, with a covered dish.

"Oh! ye may laugh," said her ladyship, "but we're only beginning it now. Wait till ye're done this for six weeks, me child."

"They can't boycott us six weeks, mamma!"

"They can, and two years, if they like!"

This was grave. Kitty, with Arthur's assistance, took the cover off the bacon in silence.

Lady Frayne took her place at the head of the table, said grace, and began to eat like a friar just out of his fasting. She had an appetite whose edge no mundane trial was able to dull. Arthur allowed her a few minutes start, and then said,

"So you're right down boycotted?"

"There's hardly a man at work on the place this minute. What I'll do I don't know, with more than half the corn to cut, and the farm to take care of itself."

"'Twas Wilson who milked the cows this morning," said Kitty.

The notion of Wilson, the venerable butler, who was so short-sighted that at arm's length he would scarcely know the cow from the milking-stool, sitting down to the functions of milkmaid in his declining days, was too much for Arthur; but Lady Frayne declined to laugh.

"Ye may milk the cows yourself to-night," said she to Arthur.

"Delighted," answered Arthur. "I've milked a camel before now. And Peters, is he gone?"

Peters was coachman and gardener in one.

"Oh no, I have him; but he's down at the corn, and Wilson's on his way to join him. If it were to rain again as it did the night Trenchard was knocked over, the crop would be just ruined. And there's the second hay crop is in stooks in the long meadow waiting to be carried. Norah, the under-maid, is the only woman we have in the house. Mary, the cook, Mangan's sister, took herself off last night, and the other baggage, Susan, followed her."

"*Apropos* of Trenchard," said Arthur, "have you sent word to him?"

"No, how could I? But he'll hear of it soon enough. Mr. Graham was in this morning, though, and asked what help I'll be wanting."

"We'll have to get some men over from the barracks for the corn. We are not going to be beaten, anyway. The corn's the only serious trouble, and we'll get that in somehow. But didn't you think of the corn, Lady Frayne, when you sent Mangan to the right about so quickly?"

"I did, indeed. And I didn't send him off that way at all. I gave him a month's notice, thinking we'd have the corn, hay, and roots in before I got rid of him. But he's let the month's wages go, and his character too, rather than stay."

"And taken his own people with him, I suppose?"

"The whole of them. You may be sure of that."

This Mangan had been steward to her ladyship during many years, and a thorn in her side from the first. She had long suspected him of double dealing in his sales of cattle and other matters, and once or twice indeed had brought detection home to him. But Lady Frayne had all the Irish unwillingness to part with an old servant, and Mangan, though threatened, had kept his place. Truth is that, though surly and overbearing, and always inclined to do one turn for his mistress and two for himself, he was an excellent manager and a great worker. He made his men work too, and these feared as much as they disliked him. Mangan was a little power, too, in the neighbourhood. But Lady Frayne, though something less than winning in her manner towards her dependents, had never been in ill-favour with them. Her justice, if severe, was justice always. She had, moreover, lived at Boyne during the whole of her widowhood, and was personally known to every man, woman, and child in and about the place. For all this the people may have found a certain grim humour in the notion of leaving her magnificent ladyship to be dependent for the management of her little estate on the butler, the coachman, and the head gardener.

Lady Frayne, as has been seen, was somewhat taken aback on finding the tables so promptly turned on her by Steward Mangan. But she had no intention of letting herself be bested by Steward Mangan.

Truth to say, she had counted much on Arthur. Her ladyship made no secret about her change of front towards him, nor about the reasons which had dictated it. Arthur might come and go at Doyne as he pleased now. In days gone by Lady Frayne would not have allowed that kind of thing at all, but Arthur was now a *parti*, and though my lady talked as if she pretended to believe that the Carriconna fortune would be squandered before Arthur's turn came to profit by it, her private opinion on the matter was quite different. Arthur's slightly uncomfortable position at home, where his father could not be brought either to give him an independence or to find for him the occupation which he still talked of providing, made him doubly anxious to be stirring in some other direction, and Lady Frayne was as willing to make use of him as he to lend her his services. He was an excellent amateur farmer, and well liked amongst the people; and Lady Frayne did not lose sight of the fact that, in the event of Arthur's marrying Kitty, he would in course of time become the legitimate manager of her small estate.

They achieved breakfasting, as the French say, and the condition of the table when that meal was over testified in an eloquent manner to the fact that nobody's appetite had been spoiled.

"Well, these things have got to be washed, I suppose," said Kitty, surveying the table. "Who's going to wash up?"

"I'm the best bottle-washer in Europe," said Arthur.

"Nonsense," exclaimed Lady Frayne. "I've plenty else for you to do, Arthur. Where's Norah, Kitty?"

"She was making the beds awhile ago, and then she had potatoes to dig for lunch; and after that to feed all the live stock; and then help Joe to scour the yard."

"The yard will have to go unscoured this morning," interrupted Lady Frayne; but she said it with a sigh, for she was a martinet in the garden and the yard. "It's a dreadful thing to wash greasy dishes," added her ladyship, looking at the empty bacon dish. "I'll keep a garden in order with any one; I wouldn't think myself too hardly used if I had to take a turn in the yard; and I don't know but I might do a bit of reaping if I could fix my skirts; but I won't wash dishes."

"But I say, you know, it's wonderful how well you can get along with them unwashed. Just a bit of scour, you know," observed Arthur. "We came to that shift often out there in Africa."

"You're a dirty creature," cried Kitty. "I'm going to wash the dishes myself, soda and hot water are all they want, and we're not run out of those yet."

"No, I'll not have you wash them either," asserted her mother; "you'll destroy your hands—there's nothing like soda and boiling water to ruin a person's hands."

Kitty had particularly pretty little soft white dimpled hands, which looked as if they should never be put to any severer use than boxing a lover's ears.

"Then the dishes must wait," said Kitty, "until Norah has made the beds, and dug the vegetables, and fed the creatures. I only hope nobody will call."

Four callers arrived immediately—Barbara, and Dora, and Anthony, in the Carriconna car, and Trenchard on horseback—from Moyrath.

"We were just hoping that nobody would come," said Lady Frayne; "I hope ye're not expecting breakfast, any of ye."

"'Tis work we're hungry for," said Barbara.

"That's a good thing, any way," said Lady Frayne. "There's work enough here and to spare."

"And what have you for me to do?" asked Trenchard.

"Suppose you hang Mangan up at the front gate, to begin with," said her ladyship.

"He'd be a dreadful nuisance there," said Barbara. "We'd have people coming to look at him, and there'd be no getting in or out."

"The first thing is to get the corn in," said Arthur, "and every hour is precious for that. I'm going down to the field at once."

"There's a trifle of rain coming up, I think," said Anthony, the comforter. "I took a look round from the tower this morning."

"You and your telescope!" cried Lady Frayne. "I declare everything has been wrong everywhere since you got it."

"No matter about the telescope," put in Barbara, hastily, observing that Dora's feathers were disposed to rise. "Have ye any one to wash up, Sarah? or, are these things going to stay here all day?"

"I dare say Norah 'll be ready for them in an hour or two," said Lady Frayne.

"And is Norah the only girl ye have left?" inquired Barbara.

"Herself and no one else," said Lady Frayne. "'Tis well we had bread baked yesterday, and the week's butter churned the day before."

"Oh, if ye have bread, butter, and potatoes, ye're made," said Barbara. "Now I'll see to these myself,"—indicating the contents of the breakfast-table; "and Norah may go off to the fields."

"Can I do nothing?" said Dora. "I'm a capital cook."

"Sure we've nothing to cook but potatoes," said Lady Frayne.

"But it isn't everybody who can cook potatoes," answered Dora.

"I declare now, Sarah," said Barbara, "I took leave to bring over a round of beef we had spiced yesterday. 'Tis a great thing for a picnic lunch."

"Ye're a good soul, indeed," said Lady Frayne.

"Well," said Trenchard, "I'll send Joe with a note to Graham, to get what men he can from the barracks." (In Ireland, by the way, a police-station is a barracks.) "And I am good for any help I can give you for the day."

"Ye're very good people indeed, all of ye," said Lady Frayne; "and Barbara and myself will bring some food out to ye at lunch-time. Mrs. Lytton, will ye be above tossing hay into stooks with Kitty?"

"Indeed, no," said Dora. "I will do whatever you like; that is, whatever I can be taught to do."

Arthur and his father had already gone on to the corn. Kitty went upstairs for her hat, saying she would follow to the meadow immediately.

"Is it the long meadow, Lady Frayne?" asked Trenchard.

"The long meadow, yes."

Dora and Trenchard sauntered on, out through the pleasure-ground; on into the orchard, where the ripening apples glimmered in the September sun, and the damsons were beginning to purple; from the orchard into the boreen, the hedges on either side white with wild convolvulus; the pungent odour of turf-smoke rising here and there.

Dora and Trenchard were at a somewhat delicate stage, and a sweet one. Is there anything in the world more delightful than when love, not openly confessed as yet, begins to be felt and understood? It was thus with Trenchard and with Dora.

After that curious conversation recently reported, they had had one other meeting at Carriconna, before Trenchard's departure. It was on the morning of the day on which he left; and quite an accidental meeting, as far as accident may be admitted in these affairs.

"I have to thank you for a second victory," Trenchard had said. Neither Dora's phial nor the one she had received from the sergeant had been called into use.

"And yourself," Dora had replied. "You must not forget your own share."

"That counted for little, I fear."

"Impossible! It is oneself, and no one else, in the last resort."

Then Trenchard turned and faced Dora with this:

"If you were to leave here to-morrow, I should be like Samson shorn!"

"I will not believe it!" answered Dora.

But were not Trenchard's words the equivalent of a declaration of love? Not much less than this, indeed. Did Dora accept them as such? Had she not done so, she must have rebuffed him somewhat. She did not do this. She let Trenchard tell her, by suggestion, that he cared for her; for she had begun to care for him. Their relations were thus at once transformed.

They walked through the boreen, talking little. One is well forward when one can walk thus in a country lane, and know that there is no necessity of inventing descriptive observations on the sun and the convolvulus.

"The wound is no longer troublesome, I hope?" said Dora.

"Scarcely at all, thanks; only in the sun sometimes. By the way, we are going to have a hot sun to-day; please not be too rash in your hay-making."

"I shall remember your counsel. Are you going to remain for the day?"

"I cannot. I have a duty meeting ten miles away this afternoon."

"You will leave us at the mercy of the neighbourhood?"

"Oh! you need have no fear. If I thought you in danger—well, I think you know where I should be then."

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE AMATEUR HAYMAKERS.

THE long sloping hayfield was quite deserted. The hay, not yet raked into rows, lay scattered over all the field, scenting the warm fresh air of morning with its delicious odour. In a corner of the field was a pond, with trees shading it on one side; and for this spot Dora instinctively made, the sun being already of a very sensible warmth. It was a day, an hour, and a scene to make one dream. What to think of Trenchard's words? They hummed in Dora's ears, and the little soft musical sounds of the September morning—the sounds of bees, and of leaves rustling in the breeze, and the faint twittering of larks high overhead—seemed so many different echoes of them. Perhaps these words of his touched some chord in her that no words the like had smitten before. Had not Dora loved her husband, then? Yes, for she was not one to give herself away unless it were love that moved her; but her married life had been the saddest failure; it had drawn her through some muddy ways, and some parts of her nature had not escaped a smirch. She had learned to know, even while her husband lived, that the love she had given him was wasted; and looking back now upon those anxious and fevered days, that had made a full three-quarters of her married life, she wondered whether it were not fascination rather than love that had enchained her first, and that had held her blindly faithful to him until the day of his death.

Trenchard's power to please was not of the assertive kind; it was rather the absence of this quality which gave him his principal charm. A certain gentleness, which is always gracious and captivating in a manly man, was the character uppermost in his relations with women. But perhaps too much of this quality is not good in a man, at least, if it be evidence of any lack of inward strength. Not that there was any suspicion of weakness in Trenchard in his outward life; he had proved himself an excellent officer, assiduous in the discharge of all duties, and never tempted to carelessness or slothfulness by the knowledge that he was in no way dependent on the salary which the Government paid him quarterly. The weak spot in him, which has been discovered to the reader, and which he himself discovered to Dora, was neither known to nor suspected by any of those with whom he had official or social relations. He had described himself as a slave to opium, but, in fact, it was not yet so bad with him as that; and until within two years from this time, when he had been carried home senseless from the hunting-field, to lie little better than senseless for weeks after, there would have seemed no man in the world less likely to yield his will out of his keeping at the bidding of that terrible crave.

"Go on, now, out of that now, Joe, and don't be teasin' me. What time have I to be listenin' to yer nonsense, now? And 'tis a sin, so 'tis, for ye to be thinking of such a thing, and the family boycotted, and all of us to work double time."

"But haven't I yer word, Norah, me darlint, that ye'd be after lettin' me coo'rt yer by-and-bye?"

"Maybe I did; but sure by-and-bye's by-and-bye; and I'll not spake kindly to ye at all if ye go moiderin' me that way."

"And ye'll not be namin' the day, Norah, maybe?"

"Ah, will ye hear the boy, and him not out of his teens; a nice thing I'd do, to go trust myself to a gossoon like you."

"Faith! and am 'nt I nearly two years beyant you, Norah? It isn't so long but you were a sweet piece of a girl runnin' wid yer little bare feet along the boreen."

Their conversation under the shelter of the hedge had interrupted Dora's reflections as she sat beside the pond waiting for the hay-forks to arrive.

Joe, a short, sturdy, handsome youth, had a very sheepish air when he caught sight of Dora, not knowing how much of his gallantry she might have overheard. But pretty Norah's countenance was as innocent as milk as she offered Dora a pitchfork and a curtsey.

"An' how are ye goin' to use it, my lady?" asked Norah, with reference to that rather formidable implement; "'tis the smallest myself and Joe could disciver."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Dora; "you'll have to teach me, Norah; or Joe, perhaps."

Joe, who had "refuged himself" at Norah's elbow, received a scarcely perceptible but angry little dig from that plump and doubtless dimpled portion of Norah's person, an intimation which conveyed a world of meaning to Joe, namely, that if any one were to be instructed by him in the art and mystery of hay-tossing, it was Norah and not Dora, and that he had better take care what he was about.

"My lady Kitty's down there below, ma'am," went on Norah; "and her ladyship can toss hay like one of the boys, so she can."

Whether this were intended as a form of reproach to Dora, or merely an innocent expression of the sentiment common to most Irish servants that their own particular families are the best in the country at anything and everything, Dora did not stay to ask herself. She strolled down the field with her fork in her hand to where Kitty was busily plying hers, her eyes shaded by a cool white linen bonnet.

"Mrs. Lytton, you really mustn't attempt it," said Kitty; "it makes your back ache and your hands blister like anything. I never have so mean an opinion of myself as when I am beaten

all to nothing in trying to do some ridiculously simple thing like this, which people brought up more sensibly than we are stand to all day without flinching."

"I am afraid I shall be only too ready to echo that speech by-and-bye," answered Dora; "but let's see how long we *can* stand it, at all events."

Norah, with Joe at her heels, had moved off a little way in front; and her straight supple figure swayed with a nice rhythmic motion as her fork rapidly turned and tossed the hay, her strong and shapely arms glistening in the sun, every turn of her figure displaying a natural and energetic grace. Dora instinctively watched her, and so by-and-bye did Kitty, and a spirit of emulation seized both of them at the same time. Half unconsciously they entered into competition with Norah, and a little more consciously, perhaps, into competition with each other. Kitty had evidently begun with the notion that whatever might be Norah's merits in the hayfield, her own were at all events superior to Dora's; Joe, being a man, was of course not taken into account. So the three girlfolk worked, turning and tossing, and they worked without chattering.

Norah, with one bright eye upon the hay and the other on Joe, to see that his eyes wandered no farther than his fork, was sufficiently occupied.

Kitty was wondering whether Arthur would be all the day in the cornfield. But Kitty was not uneasy; there were no forebodings in her mind, and there needed none. She had no cause for doubts, none for misgivings. Everything always went smoothly with Kitty; the only sorrow of her little life had been Arthur's two years' entombment in Africa, and now that he was restored to her she was as happy as the bees that hummed around and occasionally alighted on her sunbonnet. Anthony might be as surly as he pleased; Kitty was perfectly assured that his surliness would not endure. The pleasant little estate of Gravelmount bounded her horizon; she and Arthur were to settle down there, and there live delightfully all their lives.

Dora had never at any period of her existence forecast the future in this simple idyllic fashion. Neither did she do so at present. Indeed a monotony of domestic bliss, a settled and ordered routine of commonplace felicity, was a prospect to which her inclinations did not particularly tend. She liked to feel that she was moving. She liked the impetuous flow and variety of a life in which she herself had something active to do. Prosperous or otherwise, she found no contentment in inaction. On the other hand, she wanted to taste prosperity now. What of prosperity was there in that future which she felt assured a word of hers would change from future into present?

Well, to begin with, her new lover was clearly a man of many attractions. That was a fair entry to start the page with. He was rich, and likely to remain so, and that was a good entry to follow with. But the entry to come first on the opposite page was one to pause over when it had been written down. What a world of troublous thought that entry stirred in her.

But there was something heroic about Dora. Whatever motive at any time impelled her, whether love or duty (though love was always a stronger motive with her than duty), no difficulty in the way towards a desired end was able to cow or daunt her. Love began to impel her along the path that faced her here, but she felt within her another impulse also. She had stood twice betwixt Trenchard and his less noble self, so at least he told her, and had helped him to the mastery. If she let Trenchard trust her, might she continue to do what she had already done for him?

"I believe it would do me good to do a little good to somebody," she said to herself in that half contemptuous way in which she always viewed herself upon her moral side.

Trenchard cured—imagine that already done—the future certainly seemed a fair one for Dora as his wife. But suppose she should marry him, and not succeed in blotting out that second entry after all? Did she care enough about the solid comforts of a solid income to embrace them with the possibility (not to be lightly ignored) that they might have to be enjoyed in the society of a hopeless narcomaniac? You see, Dora was able at present to view the matter on all sides in that cool deliberate spirit in which she generally viewed all things that concerned her own material well-being, for she had not yet been brought quite under the spell of love. This spell was working in her and around her, but it had yet to be completed. But the more seriously she thought upon the matter the clearer it became to herself that the day was not distant when she might be willing to face much and risk much—even all—for Trenchard, and not for his riches, but for Trenchard himself.

She ceased thinking, imperatively compelled to do so by a terrible ache in her back, and a sensation that blisters were beginning to rise on her hands. Though she had been doing her haymaker's work in a desperately mechanical style, she had been doing it constantly, and even energetically, and the sun had been growing hotter and hotter. She continued a moment or two longer, while she took a side glance at her companion. Kitty—who had played at haymaking a good deal oftener than Dora, and who, besides, had a stake in the crop, which Dora had not—was still tossing, but, happening to look round, their eyes met, and both girls threw down their forks with a laugh.

"It was dreadfully mean of me," exclaimed Kitty, "but I was just trying to tire you out."

"Well, you've done it," laughed Dora. "My back and shoulders and arms have all given in at once."

"Mine would have given in five minutes ago if I'd have let them; but just look at Norah, she's as fresh as when she began. I vote we leave Norah and Joe, and go and sit under the trees till the lunch comes; mamma and Barbara ought to be out with it directly, and I never was so hungry in my life."

"Well, I'm almost afraid to go near the pond," said Dora, "for I feel as if I could drink a river."

"After lunch," said Kitty, "if we are any way fit for another stroke, we'll begin to rake it into rows, and that's not half so hard."

"Here comes the lunch," cried Dora, as the flapping straw hat of Lady Frayne appeared on the other side of the stile.

"Well, we won't keep that waiting long," said Kitty. "There's Miss Nugent with mamma, and they've got the donkey with them, I declare."

"Well, young ladies," said Lady Frayne, as Kitty and Dora came up with them, "are you for a mouthful of anything?"

"They look dead beat, the pair of them," said Barbara.

"What have you got in those baskets?" said Kitty, pointing to a couple of great baskets slung on either side of the donkey.

"Is there anything to drink, Lady Frayne?" asked Dora, subsiding into a pile of hay.

"There is to be sure, if we can find it; 'tis Barbara did the packing, and we've left the house with not a soul in it."

"But don't forget the policeman in the garden," added Barbara.

"And you've actually got an escort with you," said Kitty, under her breath, for as she spoke three constables appeared at a turning in the lane; and advancing a little farther, stood still.

"There are four men over from the barracks," said Lady Frayne, "'twas Mr. Graham sent them, and we're to keep them as long as we like, though how we're to feed and lodge them I don't know, unless we make a housemaid of Joe. But I'm taking them down to the cornfield now any way. Hadn't we better go on there with the luncheon?"

But this last proposal was answered by a wail from Kitty and a groan from Dora.

"Well, if you're so bad as that," said Lady Frayne, "you can eat as you go along."

Kitty and Dora clambered over the stile and applied themselves to the baskets without more ado.

"Eat fairly, now," said Lady Frayne, "for there are more mouths than yours to feed. Barbara, can ye help Mrs. Lytton out with that cork?"

"See here, Sarah," said Barbara, "isn't it much better for us to send up to the cornfield and bring the men over here?"

"That's the best thing, certainly," said Lady Frayne; "we can take the donkey"—(her ladyship called it dunkey)—"in here, and spread these things out under the trees. There's not an inch of shelter in the cornfield." And, beckoning to the constables, she despatched one of the three on this errand.

The other two followed the ladies into the meadow, where Norah and Joe were still at work.

"Norah, you're a great girl," cried Lady Frayne, at the top of her voice. "I'll be doing something grand for you one of these days. Put down your forks, you and Joe, and come up here till ye get something to eat."

Luncheon was spread under the trees, on the edge of the cool dark pond; the pair of six-foot policemen discovering a surprising aptitude as footmen. Lady Frayne, who was too stout to sit down in the hay, had brought her camp-stool, which was propped up for her against a tree. She pulled off her great hat and fanned herself vigorously while ordering and surveying the preparations. By the time luncheon was ready, Arthur and Trenchard, with Peter, and the butler and policeman behind them, arrived from the cornfield.

"Where's Anthony?" asked Lady Frayne.

"He left us a while ago," said Arthur; "he'll send John over this afternoon, and be back himself before evening, he said. He has something or other to look after at home."

"Humph!" grunted Lady Frayne, "he has great doings of his own up there these times. What's he at at all, Barbara?"

"Don't be asking me, Sarah, for I know no more than yourself."

Dora observed that Trenchard looked pale and tired, and knew that he was not sufficiently recovered for such unwonted work under a broiling sun, for the September sun was almost tropical that day.

Trenchard had placed himself near to her at once, and with a scarcely perceptible motion of her hand, she signed to him and he went nearer.

Presently Wilson the butler, whose unwonted duties in the cornfield had made his hand a little shaky, let a plate fall with a crash.

Under cover of this disturbance Dora turned half round towards Trenchard, but without looking at him, and said,

"Le soleil est à brûler. Gardez-vous en!"

"Merci, bien. Je m'en garderai," answered Trenchard, in the same suppressed tone.

"Well, how did you get on?" inquired Lady Frayne. "Are ye saving my crop for me amongst ye?"

"Indade we are, my lady," replied Peter, "an' a great crop 'twill be, barrin' the unbeknown."

"That's well," replied her ladyship. "Wilson, my poor man, ye have a very fatigued appearance."

"I have, my lady," replied Wilson, resignedly; "but I wouldn't ask to look better than my betters," with a confidential glance at Kitty and Dora, who were barely able to sit upright.

Luncheon, however, put a new heart into everybody, and when the marching orders were given again there were no murmurings. Trenchard took his leave, the rest went back to work, Lady Frayne and Barbara wielding their rakes beside Kitty and Dora.

IN SEARCH OF LOST SAILORS.

"Poor souls! They perished
—*The Tempest.*

I.



CASTAWAY'S HUT.

HOW few of us, when glancing over the morning paper, pause to read a small item, headed, "British Wrecks for the past month"? and consider thoughtfully and sadly its significance? A recent one records, "Number of lives lost, 848." Think of the misery and suffering represented by those few words, the physical and mental agony of those lost, and the bitter grief of the mourners, numbering probably ten times 848.

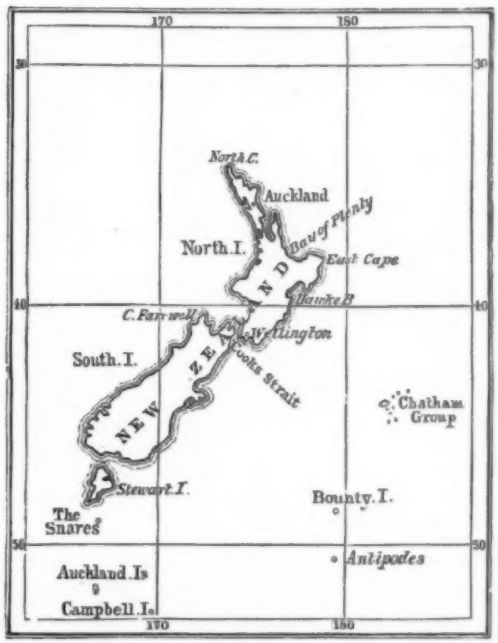
And this loss is only a portion of the great total, for we have to consider the crews and passengers of ships written off as "missing" at Lloyd's, whose fate is sometimes never revealed, sometimes made known by a "message from the sea," in the shape of a bottle with a letter in it, or by a boat or head-board washed ashore, with a ship's name painted on it.

Occasionally, after months have passed away, and both ship and crew are almost forgotten, a vessel, touching at some distant and unfrequented island, brings away a few castaways, who tell a strange tale of their escape from death and of their struggle for life on a desert island.

And although our globe has been well explored, there are still many islands, lying just out of the beaten track of vessels, which occasionally trap a straggling ship; and, but for the rare visit of a man-of-war or of a whaler, there would be no evidence of her loss, or of the fate of her crew.

Among such, the "Auckland" Islands, situated about 200 miles to the south of New Zealand, have gained a sad notoriety, as it is known that several vessels have been lost on their bleak shores, while it is to be feared that others reported as "missing" have also met their doom there.

Not long since we heard of their last victim,



NEW ZEALAND AND ADJACENT ISLANDS.

the Derry Castle, and how some seven or eight of her crew, after living on Enderby Island for three months, were brought away by a sealer.

Reading of their privations and rescue, my thoughts travelled back twenty years, when it fell to my lot to visit these islands in search of four sailors, a portion of the survivors from the wreck of an American ship, the General Grant, which left Melbourne in the early part of 1866, laden with wool and some specie, bound for a port in the United States.

I propose to give the narrative of the wreck of the ship as told by the survivors; to tell of their successful efforts to support life on a desert island during a period of twenty months, at the end of which time they were rescued by a passing sealer; and of the search which was made on the Auckland and adjacent islands for other castaways.

The illustrations accompanying the narrative are from my drawings, and may perhaps claim some interest, as being unique, for, to the best of my belief, no sketches of the places in question have hitherto been published.

Twenty years ago bad times were beginning for New Zealand. The yield from the gold-fields had fallen off, and the "diggers" were leaving for pastures new. Our magnificent anticipations of realising fortunes had vanished, and we were beginning to face the uncomfortable fact that we must be thankful if we could earn a decent livelihood.

In those days each province had its own governor, "His Honour the Superintendent," who, aided by an executive council, managed its affairs, and carried out (or did not carry out) the measures voted by the Provincial Council.

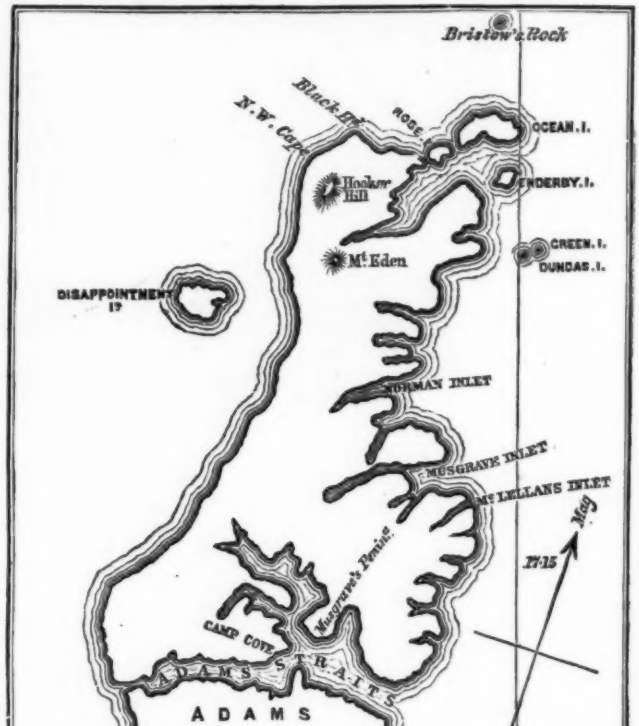
The General Government having set the bad example of borrowing money, each Provincial Government followed suit, and, having spent huge sums on public works, which were proving useless, began to realise the truth of the homely adage, "You cannot eat your cake and have your cake."

In the Province of Southland our work-a-day lives were very uneventful, and we were ready to seize upon any topic of conversation which would lift us above the level of the "Sons of Sirach," "whose talk is of bullocks." We had already been somewhat excited by hearing of the wreck of the Invercauld, on the Auckland Islands, and of the rescue of the few survivors from her crew, when we were moved anew by the arrival in the Port of New River of a Captain Musgrave and four of the crew of the schooner Grafton, who had made the passage from Adams Straits (Auckland Islands) in a boat so small that they had been forced to leave two of their number behind on the island.

A vessel was despatched to bring away these two men, who had in the short interval become so tired or afraid of one another that they were found living apart!

Captain Musgrave published an account of the wreck of his schooner in Carnley Harbour and of his doings and sufferings while living on the island for a period of twelve months.

He had a very able assistant and pleasant companion in the person of his mate, Mr. Raynal, with whose aid and that of his small crew he speedily built a very substantial hut with the spars



and boards from the wreck, thatching it with long "tussock" grass, and as they had saved some of the stores, they had many comforts which do not fall to the lot of all castaways.

The Government of Victoria and our own Provincial Government of Southland now despatched steamers for the purpose of making a search on these dangerous islands, but no fresh traces of wreck were discovered.

They were not long, however, in giving fresh proof of their danger to homeward-bound ships, for in the first week of January, 1868, the whaling brig Amherst arrived at the Bluff (the principal harbour in Southland), having on board

ten survivors (amongst them one woman, the stewardess, whose husband was fortunately with her) from the wreck of the General Grant, which vessel had been missing for many months.

These people looked healthy, well fed, and ludicrously like a group of Robinson Crusoes in their sealskin garments and conical caps. Great kindness was shown to them by the Southlanders, and they were petted and made much of. When this excitement somewhat subsided they told the strange story of the wreck of their ship.

The General Grant, with eighty-three people on board, came suddenly on the west coast of Auckland Island during the night, in thick weather, the little wind there was dying away entirely as she came close under the cliffs.

Borne along by a strong current, she struck several times on points jutting out into the sea, and was finally driven into a cave, the heavy swell from the ocean rushing in, constant and resistless, grinding her against the walls, and lifting her so that her masts struck the rock overhead, causing huge fragments to fall on the deck.

Notwithstanding the horror of the position, no attempt could be made in the dark to escape from it, and some hours had to be passed in inaction, during which time the unfortunate people must have suffered the agonies of death.

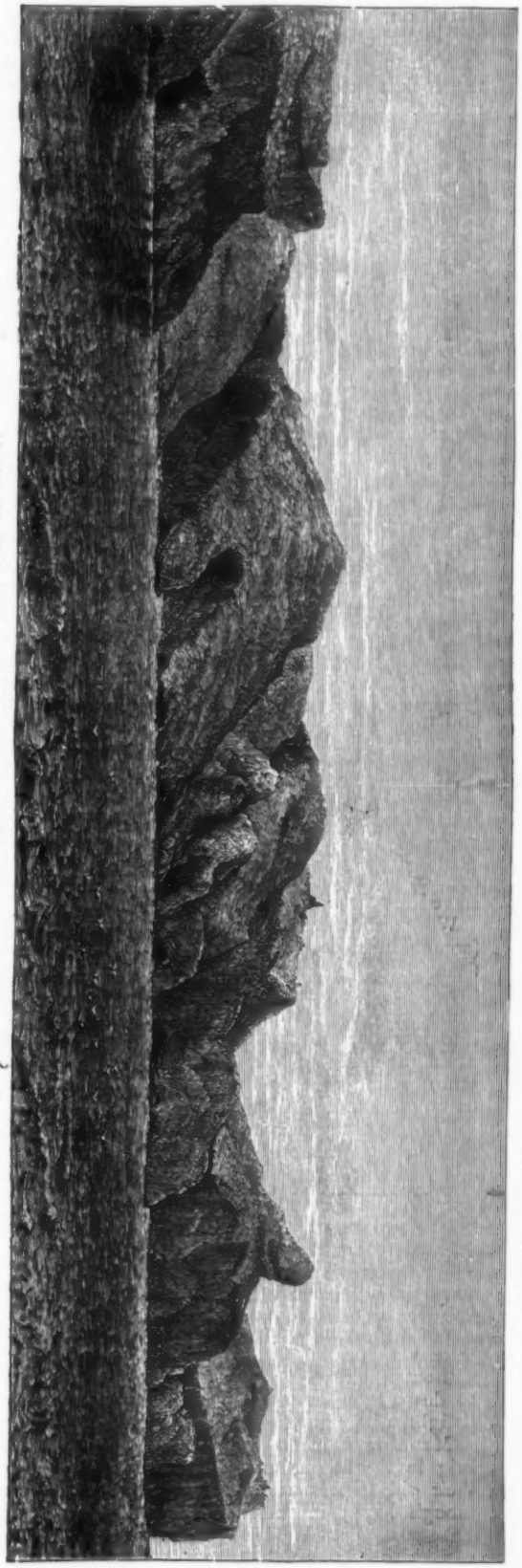
The dawn of day enabled them to begin the work of putting the boats into the water, which, strange to say, were undamaged; but now there was more wind and a heavier sea, and the long-boat, with forty souls in it, had gone but a short distance from the vessel's stern when a huge roller capsised it, and all its occupants perished.

Other two boats, containing thirteen men and one woman, were successfully floated clear of the rocks, and whilst their crews were looking for a landing place, they witnessed the sinking of the General Grant in the deep waters of the cave, with the remaining thirty of their terror-stricken shipmates, not one of whom was saved!

Appalled by the sight and their own imminent danger, they took to their oars, and after seeking in vain for a spot where a landing could be effected, made for Disappointment Island, which is not far distant from the scene of the disaster, and, sheltered under its lee, they passed a miserable night in the boats. The following day they rounded the North-west Cape and pulled away to the east side of the group, finally landing on a sandy beach on Enderby Island, where they were able to secure the boats; and here, to their great joy, they found a hut on an old settlement.

Wet and stiff with being cramped up in the boats so long, their first thought was of fire, and with the last match in their possession they succeeded in striking a light. One can imagine them watching with "bated breath" whilst the holder of the match applied it to some dry moss and twigs, and can understand their inexpressible relief when the flame shot up.

No sacred fire was ever more carefully guarded by Vestal Virgin than was that one until the day of their release. A survey of their little island soon delivered them from the dread of



PORTION OF WEST COAST, AUCKLAND ISLANDS, WHERE THE GENERAL GRANT WAS LOST.

Supposed to be lost here.

starvation, for they discovered that seals frequented the sandy beaches. A few goats were seen in the scrub. There were fine mussels on the rocks; and the sand-hills were alive with rabbits. Water was not wanting; and, moreover, they found some barrels, pieces of planking, iron hoops, and other useful materials which had been left when the island was abandoned as a whaling-station by Messrs. Enderby. These aided them considerably in the construction of two huts, which they built with great and patient labour. Fortunately, a few of the party had knives, the value of which may be estimated.

Making trips to the main island, their eyes were gladdened by the sight of wild pigs, which for long they were were unable to capture, until at length they hit upon a plan which, however ludicrous it may appear, yet supplied them with pork.

Their implement of chase was a heavy piece of iron bent into the shape of a hook, with a sharp point, and fastened to a long rope.

The hunters hid in the scrub until a drove of pigs came along, unsuspicious of danger, and when they were close to the ambush one of the men would dash out with the hook in his hand, strike it into the nearest pig, and the rest of the men, hauling upon the rope, soon had piggy on his back, and quickly despatched.

The want of flour was their sorest privation, and they exerted their ingenuity to the utmost to find a substitute, the nearest approach to it being the root of the Macquarrie cabbage, pounded into a paste; a very inadequate one.

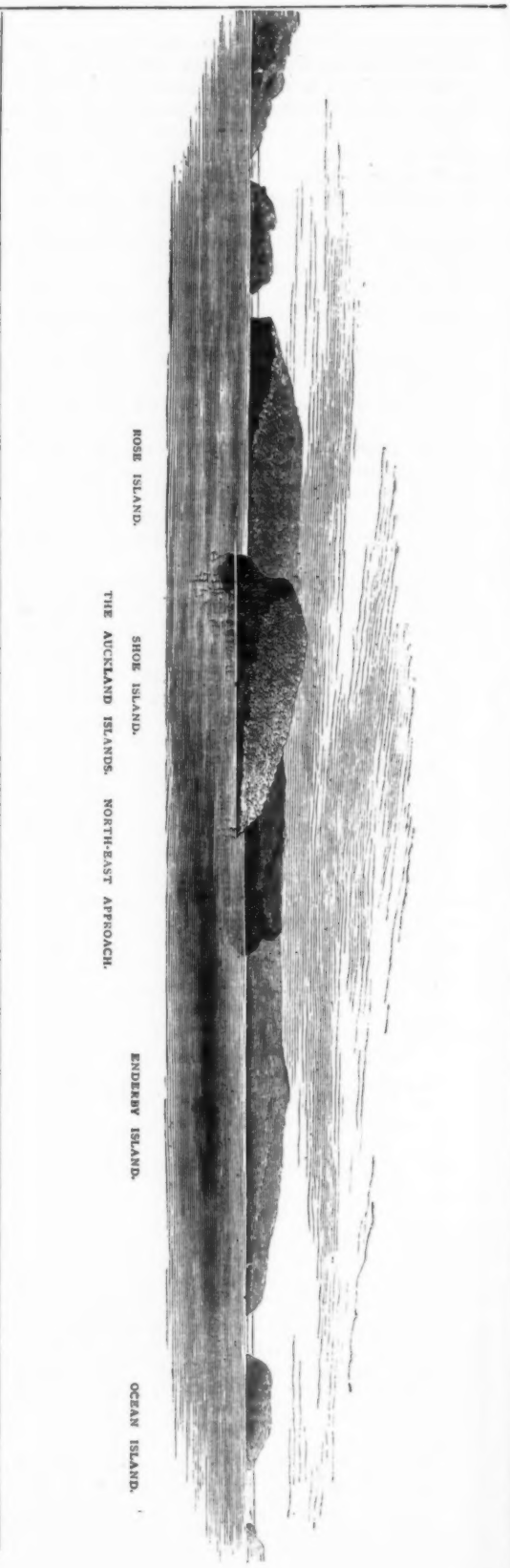
Clothes speedily felt the effect of wear and tear, and their wearers were warned in time to begin to cure and dress sealskins, with which to replace them. Some skilful hands fashioned needles out of fine bones, and native flax and fibre served for thread.

Whilst thus busied in building, catching pigs (some were kept in styes) and rabbits, drying seal-flesh, dressing skins and making garments, etc., the days and weeks passed away, and no ship came near their island prison. Weeks passed into months, and the hope of rescue grew dim, when the mate of the General Grant and three others volunteered to take one of the boats and try to cross to New Zealand.

They partially decked the boat with sealskins, and having taken on board a store of provisions and water, sailed on their dangerous mission without any compass or definite idea as to the course to be steered, their anxious fellows watching the little boat until it was out of sight, and even then following it in thought, and breathing earnest wishes for the safety and success of their brave comrades.

For a while the hopes of those left on the island were very bright, but as the weeks sped away, without any rescue appearing, they began again to despair; when one day, to their unspeakable delight, a brig was seen sailing up into Port Ross.

Manning their remaining boat they boarded the brig in the full assurance that they would meet their old friends who had gone for rescue, but, though happy in their deliverance, their disap-



pointment was intense when they discovered that the Amherst was only a chance visitor.

No time was lost by her captain in taking on board the remaining castaways, nine in number (one having died on Enderby), and such of their possessions as they desired to carry away with them as mementoes, and removing them from a spot which must have become very painful from its associations. He carried them to the Bluff harbour in New Zealand, and landed them in the midst of their sympathising and substantially kind fellow-creatures.

The Amherst having been at sea for some time before she visited the Auckland Islands, the castaways were not alarmed by learning that her captain had heard nothing of Brown (the mate) and his three companions; and, on landing, their first question was concerning these four brave fellows. Great was their grief when told that the boat had not arrived at any port in New Zealand, and that there were no tidings of it.

Various conjectures were formed as to the probable fate of the poor fellows, men of experience fearing the worst; but while there was any hope that they might be living on some adjacent islands all felt that rescue must be attempted, and at a meeting of the executive council, presided over by our esteemed Superintendent, the Honourable J. P. Taylor, we decided to send a search expedition to look for them, and at the same time to make depôts of necessaries on the various islands for the benefit of any future castaways.

The privilege of taking charge of the expedition was then conferred on me, and arrangements made for the charter of the whaling brig Amherst.

No time was lost in procuring the necessary equipment, including strong cases lined with tin, containing clothing, blankets, matches, tools, books, compasses, etc., etc.; and shipping as hold passengers some pigs and goats, we sailed one day in January, 1868, on our errand of mercy.

The crew of the Amherst consisted of six or seven half-caste Maoris (better men could not be found for such an expedition) and three Englishmen.

Captain Gilroy was a cheery little man, and an excellent seaman of the old, old school. For officers he had Anglem (chief mate), a fine, brave, able fellow, and Smith (second). I had not been long on board before I felt contented with my staff.

Becalmed off Stewart's Island, it occurred to me that it would be a good opportunity for obtaining some "wood hens" (a small species of apteryx), which, being easily caught, and not bad eating, I intended to place on the Auckland Islands. So, "snubbing" the brig with a boat's anchor and ninety fathoms of whale-line, I went ashore with Anglem (an appropriate name for a snarer), and, hidden behind some bushes, watched his successful mode of capture.

Providing himself with two slender pliant wands, he fastened a bit of red rag on the end of one, and adjusted a running noose, made of native flax (*Phormium tenax*), on the end of the other, which he held in his right hand. Then, concealing himself behind the trunk of a fallen tree, with his two rods extended over it, he made a chirping noise with the help of a leaf placed between his lips, when out stalked a pair of wekkas (native name), and while they inquisitively inspected the red rag, which Anglem moved slowly up and down, the noose was deftly dropped over the heads of first one, and then the other.

Anglem determined the important question of sex by giving each bird a smart blow across the tail, their distinctive cries proclaiming them male and female.

These birds are, in New Zealand, the henwife's dread, for they display an undue partiality for new-laid eggs.

About the size of a pullet, the wood-hen has a long beak and short rudimentary wings. It is a hardy bird, and very daring.

A breeze springing up when we returned on board, a course was shaped for the "Snares," which islands we made the following day.

They are situated in lat. 48° 3′ S., long. 166° 45′ E., and comprise two islands and a large reef of rocks. The larger of the two is about four miles in circumference, its greatest elevation about 600 feet. Scrub and stunted trees cover the higher



PORT ROSS, AUCKLAND ISLAND. (SIGNAL STAFF.)

parts, the open spaces being clothed with Macquarrie cabbage and tussock.

As we neared the rocky shore hundreds of "Nellies," "molly mauks," and other sea-fowl rose from the water, heralding our approach by shrill cries, and landing, we found ourselves upon a veritable Bird Island. The "mutton-bird" (*Puffinus tristis*) burrows in the ground, making its nest within, and as we moved along we sank up to the knees in the holes, provoking from the inmates (the young birds, their parents being at sea) a half-choked querulous cry.

The penguins, too, ludicrous birds! drawn up in rank and file, and looking like children in pinafores, opposed us on our march, and we had occasionally to kick our way through them.

We spent some hours wandering about, climbing the hills, and making fires. But, finding no trace of castaways, we retraced our steps, pausing to leave a record of our visit in the shape of a pole erected on a hillock, with a bottle fastened to it, containing some matches and fish-hooks.

I felt inclined to linger, but as the day waned the Maoris hinted that it would be wise to embark. I did not quite realise the immediate necessity until they pointed to a cloud of mutton-birds floating in from sea over our heads, individuals of which began to drop on us with some force. Taking a moment's rest after its fall, as though slightly stunned, each bird rose, and ran swiftly and directly to its burrow. Not waiting for the main body of the bird cloud to discharge itself upon us, we ran to the little boat-harbour, and put off to our ship.

The "Snares" are visited by the Maoris in the months of April and May, when the young mutton-birds are in their prime, just before they take to the wing. They are easily taken in their holes, and when killed are plucked, cleaned, and split open, like a fish, then salted, dried in the sun, and packed in bags made of the large riband-shaped *Fucus giganteus*, cut into lengths and inflated.

Another method of curing is by boiling the birds, and pouring over them when packed in the bags the fat extracted in the process, whilst warm. They are much relished by those who do not object to a slight fishy flavour, and are especially in demand by the Maoris.

The whaling instinct was naturally very strong in our crew. Whenever a "fish" was seen a cry would be raised of "There she spouts!" and at every succeeding "blow" a chorus, long-drawn out, of "Ther-r-re again!" all eyes being turned on me to see whether I could resist the temptation to lower the boats; but our mission admitted of no delay, and these longings had to be repressed. A favouring breeze speedily brought us to the Auckland group, and we dropped our anchor in Port Ross, a snug harbour to the north-east of the main island.

The Auckland group, called after Lord Auckland, consists of one large and several smaller islets.

Auckland, about twenty-four miles from north to south, is divided by a narrow strait from Adams Island, which is small but lofty. Grouped round, and partly forming the harbour of Port Ross, are Rose, Ocean, and Enderby Islands. Shoe Island, in the centre of the harbour, was formerly nicknamed "Governor Enderby's Watch-house," for on it were confined the Black List men, either for insubordination or drunkenness, where there was ample space and time given them in the which to cool their heads and recover their senses.

Captain Bristow, of the whaler Ocean, is believed to have been the discoverer in 1806, the name of his ship being given to one of the islands, and his own name to a rock lying a few miles north of Enderby—so nearly a-wash that in thick weather a ship might easily make a "touching acquaintance" with it, which would prove fatal.

In 1850 Messrs. Enderby formed a whaling station on Enderby Island, but very shortly afterwards abandoned it.

The surface of Auckland (the main island) is very rough; the hills rise, undulating with many a ridge and many a gully from the water's edge on the east (where belts of rata fringe the coast), clothed almost to their summits with scrub, and slope away abruptly to form high cliffs on the west side.

The rata, or iron-wood, bears a beautiful blossom of a bright scarlet colour, and it would be hard to imagine a more gorgeous sight than that presented by some miles of foliage covered with the gorgeous blooms. The wood, as its name indicates, is very hard and durable, and is useful for "knees" in shipbuilding purposes.

Hooker's Hill and Mount Eden, in the north, rise to a considerable height.

Enderby Island, which was the home for twenty months of the survivors from the wreck of the General Grant, and lately gave shelter to the castaways from the Derry Castle, is in lat. 50° 30′ S., long. 166° 18′ E. It lies low, intersected with belts of scrub, except where are sand-hills, which are occupied by rabbits.

We hastened to visit the scene of so much privation, and as we approached the little sandy beach in our boat, tried to imagine ourselves in the position of castaways, but in vain, for there were the masts and spars of our brig before our eyes, telling of security and comfort.

Starting into clumsy activity the seals, sunning themselves on the sand, which hurried to the water, we passed on, to find traces everywhere of the late residents. There were the two comfortable well-built huts, with the doors standing open, the pigstyes, frames for drying seal-flesh upon, etc., a patch of potatoes looking fairly healthy, well-worn paths, so often traversed by the castaways as they went about their daily work of procuring food and water, always as they went looking seaward for the expected ship.

We saw a few goats, which appeared very fat and thriving, and the rabbits, popping in and out of their holes in the sand-hills, reminded us not only of our old homes in England, but of our present ones in New Zealand, where they were even then becoming a danger to the pastoral interests.

Before returning to the ship we left a case of necessaries in one of the huts, and, hoping that the imprecation might deter some acquisitive

sailor from touching the contents, we wrote on it, "The curse of the widow and fatherless light upon the man who breaks open this box while he has a ship at his back!"

And now our desire was keen to see the cave which received the General Grant into its dark recesses. I may mention here that very soon after the news of the wreck reached England there appeared in a well-known illustrated paper a picture of the General Grant, staggering under full sail into a mammoth cave. My faith has been rather shaken in pictorial accuracy ever since, and my belief strengthened in the imagination of artists.

Leaving the brig in charge of the cook, lying snugly anchored in "Sarah's Bosom" (a name given to a portion of Port Ross by some sailor who was perhaps confused in his Biblical knowledge), we manned the two whaleboats and started on a cruise round the island, searching especially that part of the west coast where the ship was lost.

We found no cave large enough for even a cutter to enter. At a point from which Disappointment Island bore north-west (the bearing given to us by the survivors) we observed some spars and fragments of wreck lying on a shelf of the rocks. Close by was a "gulch" formed by two great rocks jutting out into the sea from the grim storm-beaten cliff, like buttresses, between which we believed the ship to have entered.

Entering Adams Straits, after fourteen hours' hard work with the oars in the teeth of a heavy wind and sea, we passed into Carnley Harbour and found ourselves opposite *Captain Musgrave's hut*, the hull of the schooner Grafton lying in shallow water in front of it.

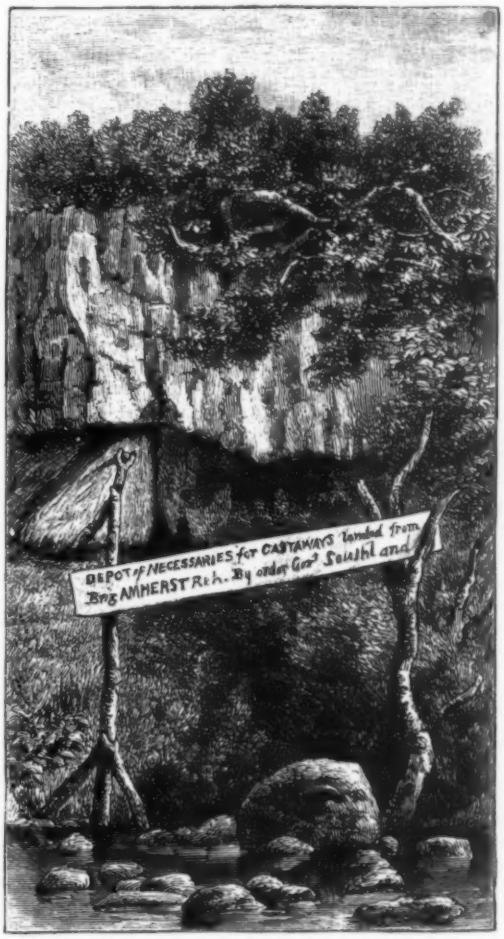
The roof of the hut had fallen in, but we raised and repaired it, and passed a comfortable night under its shelter. The boats' crews, notwithstanding their fatigue, kept up a subdued chatter before going to sleep, expressing their disappointment because we had not discovered a cave large enough to receive a 50-gun frigate with royal masts standing.

We left a case of necessaries here, and, passing on through the straits, visited in turn every inlet on the east coast, in all of which anchorage can be found.

We made one more depôt at Saddle Hill, or Norman's Inlet, and then returned to the brig, where we found cook anxiously looking out for us, and wondering how he was to take the vessel back single-handed in the event of any accident.

Our last work here was the erection of a fine spar, forty-five feet long, on a spot formerly occupied by Enderby's flagstaff. We set it up with stays, and fixed three long boards, painted white, on the top, in the shape of a triangle, in the hope that it might prove a welcome sight to some poor despairing sailor. At its foot we placed a case, carefully protected.

Then having a little leisure we made a raid on the wild pigs, of which there were plenty, for our only fresh provision consisted of seal-flesh. I have to confess that we were thankful to have a gun, feeling sure that our chance of "hooking" a pig was a very poor one! The barometer registered



SADDLE HILL INLET.

30° 20′ during our stay in February, and the average temperature of the air was 55° Fah.

Although the weather was fine, the clouds and mists clung pertinaciously to the hill-tops and slopes, and, except when the wind blows from the south-west, the islands are rather obscured from an approaching vessel. This haziness of atmosphere, together with a strong current setting towards and along the west coast, southerly, augments their danger, and I brought prominently before the authorities the desirability of placing a lighthouse on Disappointment Island or on the North-West Cape. The recent loss of the Derry Castle proves that the necessity for one still exists.

HARRY ARMSTRONG.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

IN the literary history of England, the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" occupies a remarkable position.[1] He was born in 1763 and died in 1855, so that his life was contemporary with the most striking events of modern times. While still in his teens he heard of the revolution that made America independent; he was a young man of thirty when Louis XVI was beheaded; he was comparatively in the prime of life when the battle of Waterloo sent the first Napoleon into exile; and when he died Louis Napoleon was on the throne of France. In his younger days he was the friend of Fox, of Sheridan, and of Adam Smith; later on he was intimate with Moore and Byron, with Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott; and in old age Lord Tennyson, Charles Dickens, and Sir Henry Taylor were welcomed at his table. It is strange to think of Rogers listening in his youth to the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and when the weight of years was on him visiting the famous Crystal Palace in Hyde Park.

There is perhaps no period of our history more pregnant of events than that through which Rogers lived; but although like every intelligent man he paid some attention to politics, the main interest of his life was literature. Above all things he loved poetry, and wished to be regarded as a poet. This was the real business of his life; he did not grudge years to the revision and elaboration of a poem, and the popular success he achieved is as remarkable as his perseverance. The secret of Rogers's poetical reputation, which lasted for many years, is not easy to understand. The utmost that can be said in favour of the "Pleasures of Memory," to which he owed his fame, is that it has somewhat of Goldsmith's sweetness though without his strength, and that the sentiment of the poem claims the reader's sympathy. But if we seek in poetry for high imagination, for rare fancy, for an exquisitely felicitous use of language, we shall not find them in the smooth lines of Rogers. What we do find is good taste, right feeling, and, in his best poem, "Italy," a power of pictorial representation that makes that volume a pleasant companion in Italian travel. But these gifts will not suffice to sustain a poet in the fight for fame; and if Rogers's poems still engage attention, it is for the sake of their delightful illustrations, upon which his wealth enabled him to expend £15,000.

Circumstances had much to do with Rogers's early fame as a poet and with his after success in life. From early manhood to extreme old age the road was made smooth for him. In 1792, when he published the "Pleasures of Memory," Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott had given no sign of the genius that was destined to give a new life to English poetry; Byron was a child in frocks and Shelley an infant in arms. Blake, Cowper, and Crabbe were indeed at that date the only living poets who deserved the name, and the erratic genius of Blake was scarcely recognised. Rogers's condition in life, too, was in the highest degree prosperous. His father was a rich banker, and at the age of thirty Samuel became the senior partner of the house, with an income of £5,000 a year. He had a brother in the firm to whom he was able to confide the management of the business; and so smoothly did the wheels of life run that he was at leisure to devote his time to the cultivation of verses and to the society of friends.

At the age of forty Rogers took the house in St. James's Place, overlooking the Green Park, which for fifty years was the resort of all that was brightest in intellect and most brilliant in position in London society. No poet, probably, with the exception of Sir Walter Scott, ever welcomed such celebrities under his roof, and Scott's reign in society as the "Monarch of Parnassus" and as the "Great Unknown," while greatly more brilliant, was far shorter than that of Rogers.

The house itself, apart from its host, was a great attraction, and showed in every portion of it the poet's fine taste. Some men who collect beautiful objects make their homes like museums or old curiosity shops, but every account of Rogers's house agrees with that given by the poet's biographer, who observes that "the general impression was one of complete harmony, and that impression was confirmed by the effect of every detail."

"What a delightful house it is!" Macaulay wrote to his sister; "it looks out on the Green Park just at the most pleasant point. The furniture has been selected with a delicacy of taste quite unique. Its value does not depend on fashion, but must be the same while the fine arts are held in any esteem. In the drawing-room, for example, the chimney-pieces are carved by Flaxman into the most beautiful Grecian forms. The bookcase is painted by Stothard in his very best manner, with groups from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Boccaccio. The pictures are not numerous, but every one is excellent. In the dining-room there are also some beautiful paintings. But the three most remarkable objects in that room are, I think, a cast of Pope, taken after death by Roubilliac; a noble model in terra-cotta by Michael Angelo, from which he afterwards made one of his finest statues, that of Lorenzo de Medici; and, lastly, a mahogany table on which stands an antique vase."

Whatever estimate a reader may form of Rogers as a poet—and his verse, though never elevated, is far from being without merit—there can be little doubt that in our time the attraction of his name is due chiefly to the friends and associates ne gathered round him. We have no such record of the talk at his table as we find of Johnson and his associates in the inimitable pages of Boswell, and Rogers himself was a small man compared with "the great Cham of letters," but the most distinguished men of the century were his frequent guests.

When Coleridge talked of poetry generally, and Wordsworth of his own verse, to him the most

1 "Rogers and his Contemporaries." By P. W. Clayden. Two vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

attractive of themes, and Scott, the least self-conscious of poets, related his capital stories, and the Duke of Wellington showed his wide experience of affairs, and Sydney Smith set the table in a roar with his wit, wisdom and mirth must have joined in yielding delightful talk. It was something even to see such men as breakfasted or dined with Rogers, but to meet them in the ease of social intercourse was a pleasure long to be remembered.

Rogers gave some of the best dinners in London, but he is better remembered by his ten o'clock breakfasts, an invitation to which was highly coveted. He thought that the art of conversation should be cultivated, and considered that greater knowledge was to be gained from intercourse with able men than from books. It may be so in some cases, but the memory of what is said is apt to grow fainter and fainter, while the recollection of what we read may be strengthened by a second and a third perusal. Much, however, depends upon the individual. Books to some of us afford one of the greatest delights in life, and we prefer the companionship in the study of Shakespeare and Milton, of Wordsworth and Scott, to the best society that London has to offer. On the other hand there are many men full of intelligence and information who owe little to books and much to the living voice. Rogers, we are told, always aimed at improvement, and took care to lead his friends to what was worth talking about. "I never," writes his nephew, "left his company without feeling my zeal for knowledge strengthened, my wish to read quickened, and a fresh determination to take pains and do my best in everything that I was about."

Of Rogers's tact in entertaining guests his biographer writes as follows:

> The company at his table was carefully chosen, and men and women who met there rarely found themselves antipathetically mixed. The table was not too large for the conversation to be general; the company was not numerous enough to break up into groups. When the host spoke, his guests listened. His good things were not for his next neighbour only, but for all. So with his chief guests; they had the whole company for audience. Sharp's acute observations, Mackintosh's wonderful talk, Wordsworth's monologue, Sydney Smith's irrepressible fun, were not confined to their next neighbours, but were for the whole group. People went away, therefore, not merely remarking what agreeable people sat by them at dinner, but what a pleasant party it was. Rogers once wrote as an epigram:
>
> "When at Sir William's board you sit
> His claret flows, but not his wit;
> There but half a meal we find,
> Stuffed in body, starved in mind."
>
> And he carefully avoided providing for his guests in this sense but half a meal. The intellectual entertainment was as much cared for as the other part of the food.

Rogers's sharp wit did not even spare his friends, and it is possible that his propensity to exercise it made him many enemies. Carlyle, who knew him in his old age, writes of his "large blue eyes, cruel, scornful," and of his "sardonic shelf-chin," and his very unattractive appearance no doubt added acidity to his comments. But, save in cases of ignorance and presumption, Rogers was probably not severe at heart; and if in his earlier years he satirised his friends, so that it is said people sometimes contrived to be the last to leave his house in order that the host might pass no comment upon them, he became gentler and more charitable in his old age.

Anecdotes that may have been handed about for years—and almost every one who knew Rogers has some story to tell of him—will have lost their freshness for readers familiar with the gossip of literature.

At the risk, however, of repeating what is no longer new, the following page shall be quoted from Mr. Clayden's entertaining volumes:

> Turner's biographer tells us that Turner and Rogers got on very well together, though Rogers did not spare him. He was one day admiring a beautiful table in Turner's room. It was wonderful, he said; "but," he added, "how much more wonderful it would be to see any of his friends sitting round it!" He was one of Turner's earliest admirers. "Ah," he would say, looking through his telescoped hand, "there's a beautiful thing! And the figures, too, one of them with his hand on the horse's tail—not that I can make them out, though." Landseer heard that he had expressed his admiration for the picture of a Newfoundland dog, called "Portrait of a Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," and he expressed to Rogers his gratification. "Yes," said Rogers, "I thought the ring of the dog's collar well painted." He was one day looking at the early pages of a presentation copy of a new book. "Is that the contents you are looking at?" asked the author, who had just given it to him. "No, the discontents," answered Rogers, pointing to the list of subscribers. He was hardest perhaps on men who flattered him in order that they might pose in society as his friends. One of these persisted in trying to walk home with him one night from an evening party. Rogers had already put his arm into that of Mr. Hayward, whom he wished to accompany him, and the sycophant made the excuse for joining them on the plea that he did not like walking alone. "I should have thought, sir," said Rogers, "that no one was so well satisfied with your company as yourself!" . . . . He always regretted that he had never married, and regarded married life as the best and fittest for both men and women. Yet he used to say that it mattered little whom a man married, for he was sure to find the next morning that he had married somebody else. A member of Parliament had been stopped in Italy by brigands, but was released, and Rogers used to say he owed his escape to his wife. "They wanted to carry off P—— to the mountains, but she flung her arms round his neck, and rather than take her with them they let him go."

It will be seen that some of the remarks quoted have less of wit than of churlishness. Perhaps one of his smartest sayings is an epigram on Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, who had attacked a poem of his in the "Quarterly Review."

> Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it;
> He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

On the other hand his friends did not spare Rogers, and his cadaverous appearance was the source of many jests, which he took in good part:

> One day, when he had been visiting the Catacombs with a party of friends, Rogers emerged last. "Good-bye, Rogers," said Lord Dudley, shaking his hand; and everybody understood the joke. Lord Alvanley asked him why, if he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and the story used to be told that on hailing a cab in St. Paul's Churchyard the affrighted cabman had exclaimed, "No, not you!" and had taken him for a ghost. Another story was that Rogers, upon telling Ward that a watering place to which he had gone was so full that he could not find a bed, Ward replied, "Dear me, was there no room in the churchyard?"

Sidney Smith is stated to have joked Rogers as nobody else dared. "My dear Rogers," he said one day, "if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered, and lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu."

It would convey a very unjust impression of Rogers if we were to dwell too much on the pleasure he took in saying severe things. In spite of his occasional acerbity he was a man of warm affections, and having gained friends "grappled them to his soul with hooks of steel." It was not of a cold-blooded cynic that a man like Sir Walter Scott could say, "I really like Samuel Rogers, and have always found him most friendly;" or to whom Wordsworth could write, "Be assured, my dear friend, that in pleasure and pain, in joy and sorrow, you are often and often in my thoughts." A lady once told him, with great truth, that no one ever said severer things or did kinder deeds. "Borrow five hundred pounds of Rogers," said Campbell, "and he will never say a word against you till you want to repay him." And the poet spoke from experience. He was indeed wisely charitable, and delighted in helping men who were willing to help themselves. He did good by stealth also, and made no parade of his generous deeds; and there are men still living who, like Dr. Mackay, are ready to testify to his disinterested kindness.

The old bachelor's love of children, a love returned with interest, is another beautiful trait in his character. He had once said to Lady Herschel, "I can never gaze at a sunset without uttering a prayer." And Lady Herschel, writing to him in his declining age, and speaking of her grandchildren, tells him, "Your name is planted in their young hearts, where it will bloom and fructify in beauty and fragrance when our generation is transplanted beyond the most glorious of sunsets." Mrs. Gladstone, writing a few years before his death, says, "I gave your loving messages to my little rosebud, who sends you kisses. I shall bring her to you, please God, before the spring." "One of the acts of his old age," says Mr. Clayden, "still vividly remembered by the remaining members of the groups of children who were round the table, was to say to them just before the party broke up, 'We have eaten together, we have played together, but we have never prayed together; let us do so now,' and he made them kneel while he repeated the Lord's Prayer."

There are many hundreds of persons now living, Mr. Clayden says, who speak of Rogers with the warmest affection from their cherished recollections of his kindness to them in their childhood. It was his yearly custom to have a Twelfth Night party, when the beautiful rooms were all opened, and on the table in the centre of one of them was a splendid ice-cake, half of which was made of wood. An old lady, now in the eighties, recollects being present at one of these festivities, and how, being the youngest child, she was made Queen of Twelfth Night.

She remembers sitting in state on a sofa of crimson silk, and the king, little Martin Shee, sat by her. Mr. Rogers came up to her, and dropped on one knee and kissed her hand. He was followed by Tom Moore, Lord Byron, "Conversation" Sharp, Boddington, and others. Mr. Rogers then amused the children by conjuring. More than thirty years after this Crabb Robinson said, "Rogers loves children, and is fond of the society of young people."

It would be a great mistake to suppose that his sayings were always dipped in vinegar. Some of his gentler utterances are wise and true, and therefore "worthy the reading." At a large dinner party Rogers remarked, when the ladies had left the room, "There have been five separate parties, every one speaking above the pitch of his natural voice, and therefore there could be no kindness expressed; for kindness consists not in what is said, but how it is said." He was a great advocate for committing good poetry to memory, and said "he treasured up in his mind the most exquisite lines that he met with, and repeated them to himself as he lay awake at night, or as he walked on Hampstead Heath, and was the better for them all his life."

Rogers had more than one love passage in his youth, but either the lady proved faithless or the gentleman indifferent; and there are no indications that his heart was deeply moved. Though he lived so much in society and apparently for society, the poet was not wanting in serious thoughts. The lines of Cowper,

> The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
> Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown,

were, we are told, often on his lips. And that this singularly prosperous man was deeply conscious of his own deficiencies may be gathered from a letter in which, after counselling a scapegrace, and saying that what he regards as an affliction may be the happiest event in his life, Rogers adds, "When I look back on mine, I feel that I am too faulty myself to blame another, and have only on my knees to ask forgiveness."

Another noteworthy quality in Rogers that deserves to be remembered was his kind labour as a peacemaker. More than once he brought friends together whom some misunderstanding had estranged. Empson, editor of the "Edinburgh Review," for whom he once did this good office, wrote to thank him in these words: "My dear Friend,—Blessed are the peacemakers—and I trust you will sleep well to-night with this blessing on your pillow—better than hops."

It is pleasant in his extreme old age to see how friends from all sides gathered round him, and how loyal their regard or affection was. Dr. Johnson used to say that, with a view to the losses time inevitably brings, a man should be constantly making new friends. Friends, however, are not so easily to be won and kept, and as men grow old they are less susceptible to new influences. In this respect, as in almost every other, Rogers was one of the most fortunate of men, and the associate of Charles James Fox in the last century was the friend of Dickens and of Mr. Ruskin in this. The younger

generation clustered round him as the friends of youth and of middle age departed. One of the dearest of these friends, and the most distinguished poet of his age, died in 1850, and Rogers was asked to succeed Wordsworth as poet laureate. But the old man reflected that it would be folly to accept such an honour at eighty-seven, when he reflected, as he wrote to Prince Albert, "that nothing remained of me but my shadow, a shadow so soon to depart." Some years before, by the recommendation of Rogers and Hallam, Tennyson had received a pension from the Civil List, and now, supposing him to be most worthy of the laurel, Lord John Russell wrote to Rogers asking to know something of his character and literary merits. That the answer was in the highest degree satisfactory does not need to be said, and we are told that on his appointment Tennyson went to Court in Rogers's Court dress. "I well remember," says Sir Henry Taylor, "a dinner in St. James's Place when the question arose whether Samuel's suit was spacious enough for Alfred. But it did for Wordsworth, and it sufficed for his successor."

About this time Rogers was knocked down by a carriage and received an injury which lamed him for the rest of his life. From all quarters of England as well as from foreign countries came expressions of sympathy, and Lord Brougham told him it was almost worth while being ill to have so universal a feeling expressed as prevailed. Mr. Ruskin characteristically would not condole at all, and wrote in his pleasant way:

> I have not the least doubt that you will be just as happy upon your sofa in your quiet drawing-room (with a little companionship from your once despised pensioners, the sparrows outside), for such time as it may be expedient for you to stay there, as ever you were in making your way to the doors of the unquiet drawing-rooms—full of larger sparrows inside—into which I used to see you look in pity, then retire in all haste. I am quite sure you will always, even in pain or confinement, be happy in your own good and countless ways.

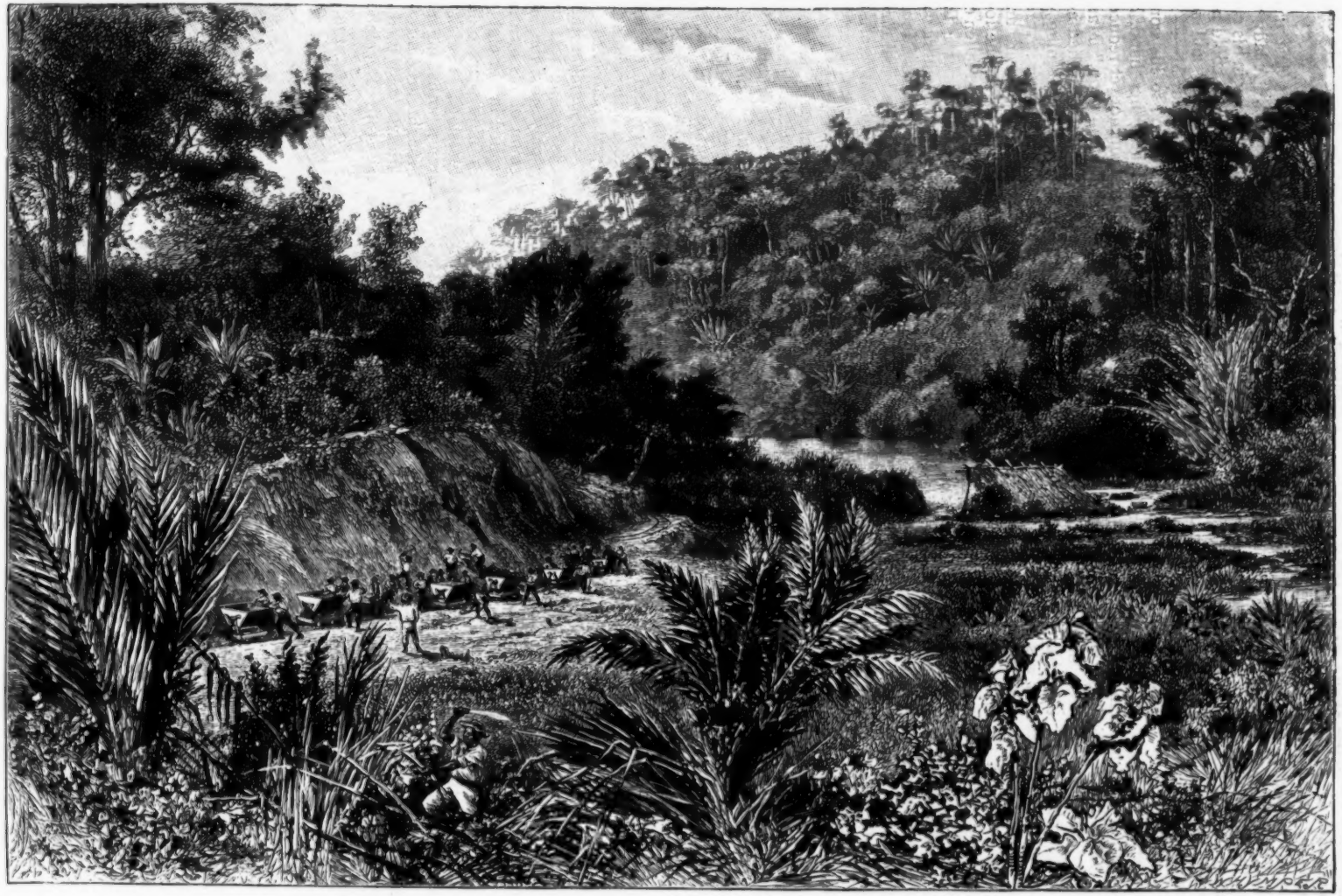
Thanking the Bishop of London for his inquiries, Rogers wrote:

> As for myself, I am going on, I believe, as well as I can expect, being at length promoted from my bed to a chair, and if this is to be my last promotion I shall endeavour to console myself as Galileo is said to have done under a heavier dispensation, "It has pleased God that I should be blind, and ought not I to be pleased."

There is little to tell of Rogers's last days beyond the record of failing powers. A lady relates that driving out with him one day in his carriage, she asked after a friend whom he could not recollect. He pulled the check-string and appealed to his servant. "Do I know Lady M——?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. Turning to his companion in the carriage and taking her hand, he said, "Never mind, my dear, I am not yet reduced to stop the carriage and ask if I know you." Many of his best and some of his oldest friends died not long before his own decease. The opening of 1850 brought the death of Lord Jeffrey; three months later Wordsworth died full of years and honour; then Hallam wrote to Rogers on the loss of a second son, the second blow that had fallen on him under almost the same circumstances as the death of Arthur, who lives in "In Memoriam." Two years later his old friend Thomas Moore passed away, and a little earlier Luttrell had died, after being like his friend "a prominent figure in London life for fifty years." Turner, the greatest of landscape painters, died also, leaving Rogers his executor. Then Lord Monteagle informed him that Empson, of whom mention has been already made, was on his death-bed, and how, after reading him the twenty-third Psalm, he said, "Tell Rogers that you read this to me. I read it once with him—he will remember. He was a good friend to me if ever I had one."

This loss was followed by that of the poet's old friend, Lord Denman, Mr. Pusey and his wife Lady Emily, and William Maltby, with whom he had gone, more than seventy years before, to call on Dr. Johnson, when at the last moment their hearts failed them. Life was becoming less desirable to Rogers himself, not only from the loss of those he loved, but on account of his own infirmities; and when his sister died in her eighty-third year, Rogers, who was nine years older, exclaimed, "What a great blessing! I wish I could die too." He lived eleven months longer—months in which every day brought accounts of the loss of some one of his friends, and died in his ninety-third year, on the 18th December, 1855."

JOHN DENNIS.



INTERIOR OF THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA NEAR MATACHIN.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

II.



PANAMA.

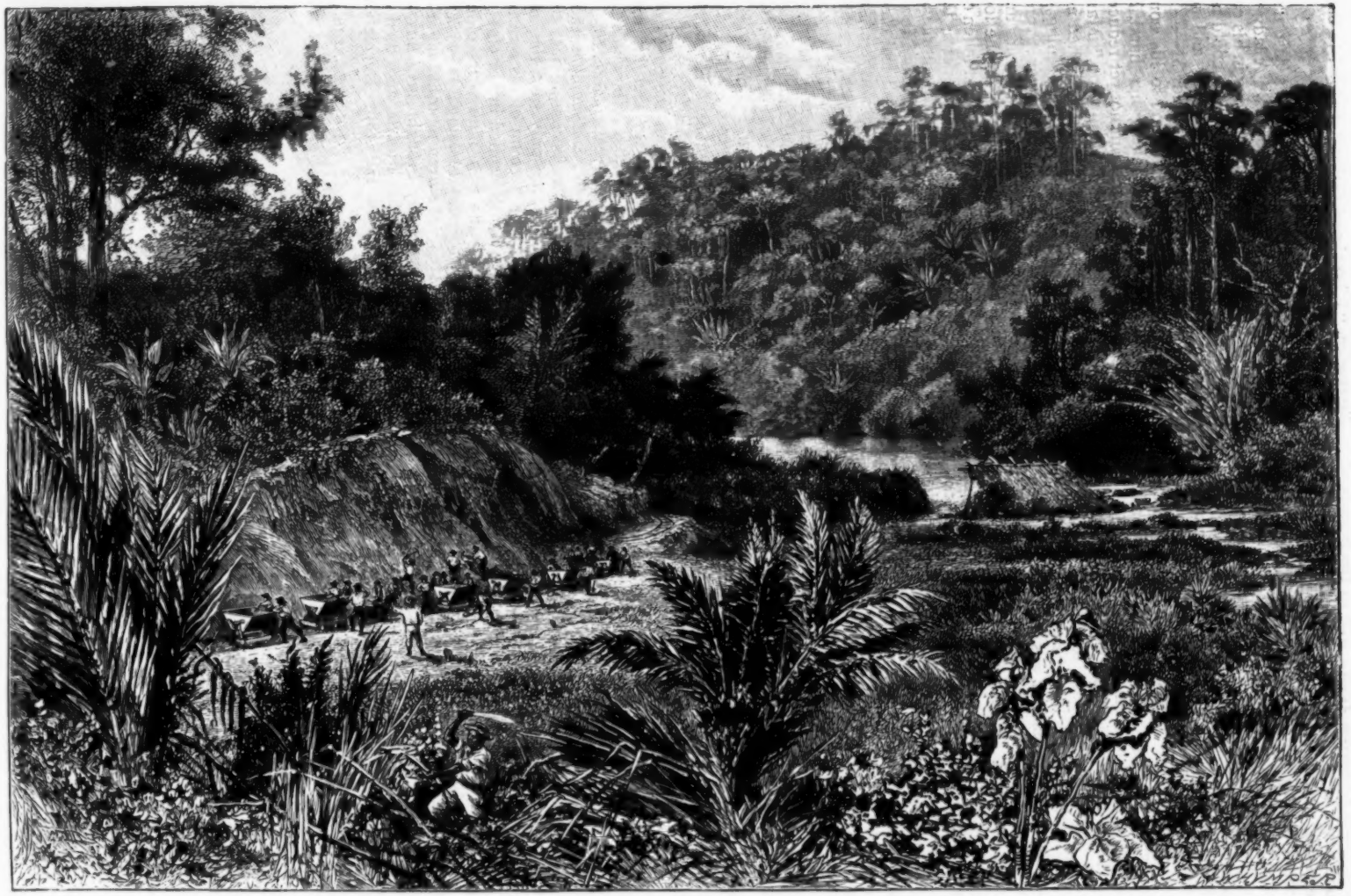
IN the Panama Canal as originally organised there were thirteen sections in all—that of Colon from the bay to kilometre 8·5; that of Gatun to kilometre 16; that of Buhio Soldado, "The Soldier's Home," to kilometre 26·8; that of Tavernilla to kilometre 33; that of San Pablo to kilometre 39; that of Gorgona to kilometre 45; that of Obispo to kilometre 48·5; that of Emperador to kilometre 53·5; that of Culebra to kilometre 55·3; that of Rio Grande to kilometre 55·5; that of Paraiso, "Paradise," to kilometre 60; that of Corosal to kilometre 66; and that of Panama.

The Colon section is the most advanced, and it was the easiest to cut. The dredgers have done nearly all the work. A monster machine arrived from San Francisco to raise 12,000 metre cubes per day; but the buckets proved too large and weak, they went out of shape, and jammed with trees down the shoot, and did only half they were expected to do. Then the dredger caught fire, and another came, lifting 3,800 cubes of mud in ten hours, and about half that of coral, when the rock had been blasted. Then came a big dredger 180 feet long across the Atlantic from Renfrew, that set to work steadily and well; and then came others, one of them anchored in a peculiar way, by driving a pile down a tube extending vertically through her, so that she could swing round and round the pivot, but not get away from it.

Dredging has its difficulties and its dodges. One American dredger was at the same spot for weeks scooping up the bed of the river, while the pressure of the mud it delivered on to the bank forced the bed of the river up again to be scooped. And so the game went on, the machine labouring as vainly as one of the Danaides, while everything going down the pipe was paid for, and went to swell the total of the monthly cubage returned in the accounts.

Colon was originally intended to be the port of the canal, but the shipping and railway companies could not manage to suit the convenience of the Canal Company, and it was proposed to abandon Colon and start Lesseps City, where the canal first strikes the River Chagres. Much fuss was made at the "inauguration," but when the workmen began to build, such an amount of sickness broke out that a panic seized on the men, and the city was abandoned in a hurry. Then the company made a port of their own by embanking and filling up a marshy stretch of shore on the side of Manzanillo Island, along the entrance to the future canal, which was faced with masonry from the

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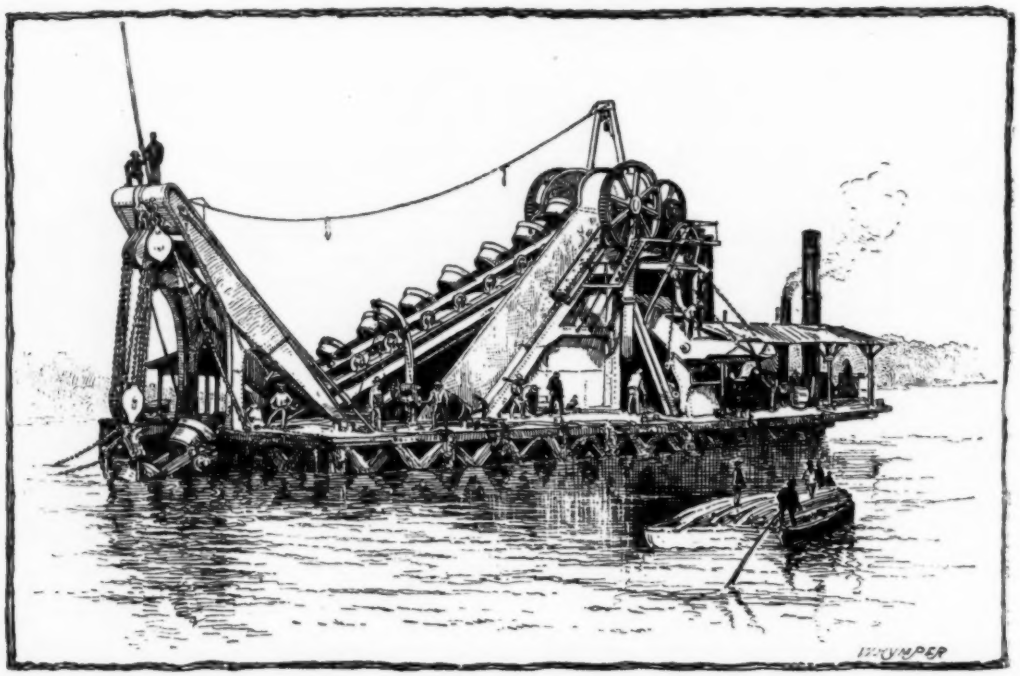
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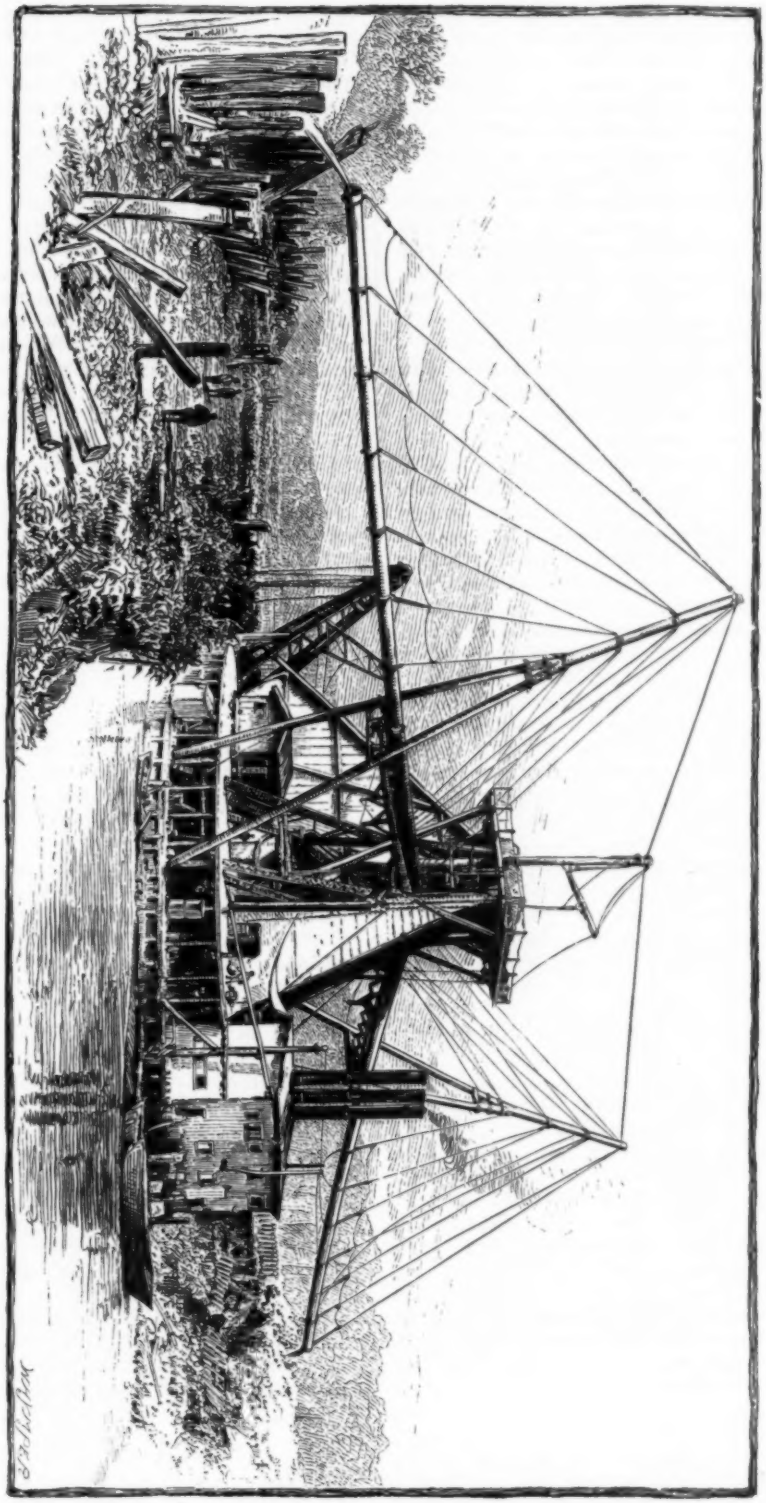
THE RENFREW DREDGER THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.

quarries on the opposite side of the bay. And on this reclaimed marsh the Atlantic headquarters are installed.

Notwithstanding all that has been done and said during the seven years, it is a curious fact that less than four miles of the canal have been cut down to the intended depth, and of these about two miles and a half are at the mouth at Colon, where the bottom was dredgable. There is no difficulty in scooping up mud and slime and



WAITING FOR ORDERS: A DREDGER AT ANCHOR IN THE RIVER CHAGRES.



THE GREAT DINGLER DREDGER WITH THE DOUBLE DELIVERY

living madrepore; the difficulty is to get rid of it, which was done in this case by taking it in barges two miles out to sea and dropping it there. But the rock on which the mud rests is not so easily dealt with. It has to be broken up by blasting, and such submarine quarrying is a slow process, as the canal engineers have found to their dismay. Not half the Colon section is down to its proper depth yet, some of it is not three-quarters down, and the parts left will probably give more trouble than all that has been removed. In fact, here, as throughout, the line of the canal has been scraped and pared, and only just enough of the underlying rock scratched into to show the difficulties of the undertaking.

The dredging has been continued up to the eighteenth kilometre, where there is a mile or more practically untouched; then the canal is to run through a hill 250 feet high, which has been cut down about 160, and makes the best show on the line, it being the only place above the water where the excavation is more than half done. At Tavernilla is to be the central station or passing place; and yet half the section is hardly touched; but beyond it are some rolling hills in which the cutting is fairly deep, and then, after a break of bareness, the Gorgona section is reached, in which at one time six steam-navvies, seven locomotives, and three hundred and twenty waggons were kept fully employed with satisfactory result. It is in this section at Matachin that the Chagres is parted with, after being crossed some five-and-twenty times by the canal. Its bed was level with the intended surface of the canal at the seventeenth kilometre; at the forty-first, owing to the continued rise of the ground, its bed is more than 40 feet above the canal surface, a huge body of water, most irregular in its behaviour, capable, if the dam had been made, of giving "head" enough to have done all the work of the dredgers and, with the dam unmade, likely at any moment to burst into the works and sweep everything out of them in its flood.

What a flood of the Chagres is like has been recently described by Mr. Edward Whymper in the Contemporary Review. "Near Buena Vista, a framed wooden house was pointed out, about 25ft. long by 18 wide and 15 high, which had stood a little above the railway, that had been transported bodily by the flood, and deposited in a rather twisted condition half a mile away from its original site, on the opposite side of the line. The rest of this village was almost entirely destroyed. A little farther on, two large iron water-tanks which had been erected on piers of masonry, and which had stood 12ft. above the rails, and 40ft. or so above the ordinary level of the Chagres, were lifted from their supports by the flood. One had dropped down close to the line, and the other was carried some hundreds of yards towards the Atlantic. As these tanks could not have floated off unless they had been nearly submerged, they afforded clear evidence that the river at this point rose more than 40ft. above its usual level. Proceeding onwards, a dead alligator was pointed out, lying alongside the railway, which was said to have been drowned by the violence of the freshet. I do not depend much upon the evidence of this reptile, and therefore will not dwell upon its carcase. As there was no post-mortem it may be alleged to have died from natural causes. The conductor of the train remarked, drily, that it certainly takes some water to drown alligators. Near the centre of the isthmus the train could go no farther, for the Barbacoas bridge, which crosses the Chagres, was dislocated. This is the largest structure on the Panama Railway, and is in six spans 625ft. long in all, supported by five piers of masonry. The two piers nearest to Colon had settled down, and were each about six feet out of the perpendicular. The superstructure held well together, but the track was twisted into a double curve, and was impassable for trains. The line had evidently been covered right over by the flood, for it was encumbered with masses of twigs and branches, and it was further clear that the water had risen well above the rails; but as there was no distinctly marked water-line, one could not say how much. Some of our party thought the entire structure had been submerged. The river had fallen to nearly its ordinary level, and I found, with a measuring tape, that its surface was 36 clear feet below the rails. Captain S. Griffen, commanding the mail steamer Colon, found with a sounding line that there was 11½ to 12ft. of water at the same point. There was distinct evidence that the river had risen 40ft., and possibly much more at this place."

This was in 1879, opportunely for the French engineers to know the danger with which they would have to deal. Since then the "Canal Bulletin" has occasionally spoken of works stopped for days by the flooded river. But so little has been done in cutting the canal, that the flood problem has hardly come into prominence. No wonder that M. de Lesseps, when at San Francisco, was severely catechised on the subject of this river, and was told by the American engineers that it was a fatal obstacle to a level canal without locks. They said they considered it the key to the situation, and M. de Lesseps replied that he and his engineers considered its barrage the most important point of all. But the cost of making this bar, which at one time figured as 100,000,000 francs—a sum arrived at apparently on the Montague Tiggian principle of putting down a 1 and as many noughts as the line would hold—has for years dropped out of the estimates, and the river is to be left to do as it pleases. In the circular issued by M. de Lesseps just before the bankruptcy, this difficulty of the Chagres was got rid of by the proposition of "the canal with locks." But even with the locks the normal surface of the Chagres is as high as that of the canal, and what is to be done in the time of flood?

At Matachin the canal fairly enters the central ridge; the ground rises more rapidly; the river Obispo, which has to be crossed again and again, is a mere mountain affluent of the Chagres. It was from the hard rock excavated here that the dam, which was to be at Gamboa, was to be built. In still higher ground is the Emperador section; and next to it comes the hardest task of all, the cutting through the summit at the Culebra.

In Wyse's original scheme this was to be tunnelled, the tunnel being 141ft. high and nearly 4½ miles long; but the Congress, with the "canal open to the sky, level with the sea, and no obstacles," swept away the tunnel, and substituted a cutting. This cutting was to be 91ft. wide at the water level, and rise at an angle of 75° for 358ft., to be crowned at the top by flatter slopes extending some hundreds of feet higher! Borings had not been taken by Wyse, and as solid rock was at the surface, it was assumed that solid rock would be met with throughout; and the Technical Commission made one boring 40ft. deep, which kept in solid rock, so that the speculations of Wyse, or rather of Réclus, were held to be confirmed, until in 1881 a deeper boring showed that the rock was but a capping. Underneath it were clays and sands. So overjoyed was the secretary of the company at this discovery, that he gave a banquet on the top of the Culebra!

Little cause was there for congratulation. The harder the rock, the more upright it will stand; a clay requires a much less "angle of repose" than a granite; a quicksand will stand at no angle at all, but subside to a level. In commencing the Culebra cutting, a great part of the hill has had to be cleared away. Instead of 75°, the general angle of the slopes is less than 45°; and the width of the cutting at the top, if the excavations are continued, will exceed 800 feet. In fact, as Mr. Whymper says, the Culebra cutting will be as wide as the Thames at Southwark Bridge, and St. Paul's Cathedral placed inside it would not reach to the top! And to make this remarkable cutting, more cubic metres would have to be excavated than at one time it was asserted would be required for the whole canal!

In the original plan of M. de Lesseps the Culebra was to be tunnelled by the company, and the contractors were to make an open cutting overhead until they came down through the roof of the tunnel. But the tunnel was never entered upon, and the contractors failed to do much, and the company took over the cutting, and then the contractors took a turn again and ate their way into the hill flank with Osgood excavators, which bit it away with their under jaws at the rate of a mouthful a minute, the mouthfuls averaging a couple of tons. Beyond the Culebra is the Pacific slope, along which the canal follows the course of the Rio Grande, which it crosses over a dozen times. The first of the Pacific sections is a short one, and not an easy one; the next is the Paraiso, extending for 4½ kilometres, in which at least 6,000,000 cubes have to be excavated at a probably quickest rate of 32,000 a month; then comes the Corosal section; and then the Panama section, where 2½ miles have been dredged, but only half of them to the full depth.

Of late attention had been directed to getting a streak of water through at any cost, and to accomplish this most frenzied efforts were made in vain. There are said to have been as many as 25,000 men on the works at one time; and there must be quite £2,000,000 worth of machinery and tools still on the isthmus. In desperation the scheme of the level canal was abandoned, and one with locks substituted. There was to be a lock at kilometre 22·5, lifting 26 feet; another at kilo. 37, with a similar lift; another at kilo. 43·5, with a lift of 36 feet; another at kilo. 46, with a similar lift; another with a similar lift reaching the summit; and then five locks down the Pacific slope. This would make the summit of the French canal 50 feet above the level of Lake Nicaragua. But it will require a good deal of water to lift ocean liners 160 feet up a hillside; and for the three upper locks this would have to be pumped, as there is scarcely any water on the top. In the Nicaraguan scheme the lake gives the supply; but on the Culebra there are only the mountain rills. There is, however, no one difficulty about the canal which has not already been overcome in some engineering experience; it is the aggregation of difficulties that has proved so crushing.

£56,000,000 have been sunk on the works, and how the scheme would pay financially is not apparent. The extraordinary tonnage measurement required by the Colombian Government in which a ship is to be rated at what her load-water-line multiplied by her extreme beam multiplied by her extreme draught may produce may perhaps be turned to profit by the clever designer; but how ships, bound to other than American ports, are to profitably use the canal at a rate of 15 francs per ton, is a mystery.

One thing is evident—that the canal is only made for steamers. Panama Bay is in the centre of a belt of calms and there is an absence of wind for weeks at a time. Instances are on record where ships have had to be towed for five hundred miles out to sea in search of a wind, and one—H.M.S. Herald—was actually taken seven hundred miles from the land before she got a breeze. So hopeless are seamen of a wind that many Pacific mail boats carry no sails. Of the persistence of the calms an eloquent story is told by the Galapagos Islands, where the domestic animals of the early colonists now run wild. Although within six hundred miles of Panama and five hundred from the coast of South America, communication with them is cut off from the north and east, and they are now deserted. They lay quite out of the world, and not a breath swept over them to waft a canoe to the mainland. In the open Pacific there is the steady wind to be dealt with. Going out to Australia through the canal, sailing vessels would have an easy time of it before the favouring breeze;—but as to coming home! Not a few seamen tell us the clippers would get back soonest round the Horn.

But with such tonnage dues the canal would get little of the Australian trade. It shortens the distance to Sydney only by some five hundred knots, and the dues, on the most favourable calculation, represent the cost of running a steamer for eight hundred knots, a considerable balance on the wrong side.

There are two Panamas. One, a ruin of the oldest European city in America; the other, the modern one, just managing to pay its way. Now that the Concession lapses in 1892 it would seem that the fate of the cities prefigures that of the canals.

W. J. GORDON.

OUR HORSES.

BY THE LATE REV. J. G. WOOD.

I.

FAMILIARITY is said to breed contempt—a rather wide assertion. However, it certainly does breed indifference.

See, for example, how a savage looks upon even the most uneducated white man. To his eyes the whites are demi-gods, and the actions, of which they think nothing from constant familiarity, are actual miracles to his untutored mind. The Kaffir tribes of South Africa can hardly be called savages, and yet one of their chiefs, when invited to take a cruise in a steamer, actually went mad from the number of new ideas which forced themselves into his brain, leaped overboard, and deliberately committed suicide by hauling himself under water by means of the chain cable.

Even with us who travel to foreign lands, everything appears at first to be strange and wonderful; but in a very short time the novelty fades away, and we take no notice of the very scenes which so strongly impressed us when they were new. For this reason, whenever a friend who is about to travel promises to send me descriptions of the country, together with illustrative specimens, I always ask him to describe and send the objects which he found within the first week. I invariably follow the same plan myself, and carefully note everything which I see on first arrival at a strange place.

I am quite sure that if some denizen of a land in which Horses were unknown were to visit this country, there would be few objects which would strike him more forcibly than the number of horses which are employed by us, the different tasks which they perform, the mysterious processes by which we guide them, and the extraordinary diversity of their dimensions and general appearance. Horses seem to be almost as plentiful as human beings, and the visitor can hardly look out of window without seeing a horse, or listen for a few minutes without hearing a horse's footsteps.

For us, long familiarity has deadened the feeling of wonder, though our increased knowledge ought to have intensified it. Few of us seem to remember that the horse as we know it is essentially an artificial animal, having been modified by man in order to meet the requirements of the present time. Even within the memory of living men the type of horse has been materially altered, while within the last century some breeds which formerly were held in the highest esteem have ceased to exist, and are almost forgotten even by name.

Such, for example, is the once celebrated roadster, an animal which is no longer required, and has gradually faded out of existence. Even in the eighteenth century the saddle-horse afforded the only means of locomotion for the general public. The roads—if they could so be called—were so utterly neglected that in winter, or even after long-continued rain, they became little more than mud ditches, and were impassable for ordinary carriages. Those who have read the literature of Queen Anne's time must remember how the "quality" always travelled in a coach-and-six, the fact being that even four horses could not drag the clumsy noisy carriages of those days through the mud-sloughs with which the roads were liberally interspersed, and six or even eight horses were needed in order to drag the unwieldy machine through them.

Ordinary travellers, therefore, were obliged to avail themselves of the saddle-horse, a peculiar breed of which was evolved in order to meet the necessities of the time. Such a horse must be strong-limbed, in order to overcome the difficulties of the road. He must also be swift, in order to escape the highwaymen who infested every road on which a constant traffic was maintained.

These freebooters, by the way, added indirectly to the load which the roadster had to carry. A pair of pistols formed an indispensable part of every traveller's outfit; not the neat revolvers of the present day, with their six or seven chambers and an additional loaded cylinder if required, but a pair of huge clumsy weapons a foot long, and carrying a ball in proportion to their size. Consequently a bag of heavy bullets had to be taken on the journey, together with a powder-flask, a priming-flask, some spare flints, and a pair of heavy leathern holsters, in which the pistols were kept until wanted. The reader may remember that in that excruciatingly, because unwittingly, comical book, "English as she is spoke," one of the questions addressed to an intended rider is, "Is yours pistols loads?" the author evidently having copied a dialogue book of the last century.

Add to this the rider's "mail-bag" and heavy horseman's cloak, and the reader will see that a horse of no ordinary quality was required for travelling. Hence came the roadster. He was by no means a tall horse, inasmuch as tall horses, however useful for some purposes, are not so enduring as those of moderate height. The roadster, therefore, was seldom more than fifteen hands high, but was of good blood and very sturdily built, as was necessary for an animal which travelled day after day for many hours together upon the most villainous of roads. The nearest approach to the roadster of the past is the cover-hack of the present day, but it is evident that the hack does not need the long-enduring powers which were the most valuable characteristics of the old roadster.

Another quality, which is now no longer needed, was that the experienced roadster had a wonderful capacity for picking his way among the swamps of a country road, much as an old prairie

horse can gallop among the treacherous mounds and burrows of the prairie, where an ordinary horse would be nearly certain to break his legs and injure his rider, if indeed the man were fortunate enough to escape with his life.

In the roadster, therefore, we have a type of horse which was called into existence because it was wanted, and was suffered to lapse when it was no longer required. Almost the same thing may be said of the pack-horses of the last century, which carried burdens on roads which no wheeled vehicle could traverse.

Suppose that our imaginary visitor had arrived in England about three centuries ago, he would not only have seen much fewer horses than at the present time, but those horses would have been of a very different type from the animals of the present time. The light, clean-limbed riding and carriage horses, in which we take such pride, would have been totally absent, and so would the huge elephantine horses which draw the brewers' drays or the manufacturers' "lurry." No lady of the present time would dare to appear in public mounted on such animals as those which bore the weight of Anne Boleyn, or even of Mary Queen of Scots, when chasing the deer, or following the course of the falcon. The thick-necked, coarse-limbed animal, with an abundance of long hair surrounding its pasterns, would now be thought suitable for a farmer's cart or for the plough, but utterly unfit for saddle purposes.

It is true that the chariot-horses of Egypt and Assyria were of a light-limbed character. But, as is evident from their portraits upon the monuments of both countries, these were Arab horses, which from time immemorial have been employed wholly for war, and were never used for carrying heavy burdens or drawing ponderous vehicles.

Again, the saddle-horse of the ancients, to judge by contemporary art, was very dissimilar to the hunters, race-horses, and hacks of the present date, while it is certain that the horses which drew the scythe-armed chariots of the ancient Britons were mere rough shaggy ponies, such as those which run wild in the New Forest or on Exmoor.

Even in one class of horses a great change has been wrought in a comparatively short space of time. The average height of the modern hunter and racer is between seven and eight inches greater than was the case a hundred and fifty years ago. This increase in height is due to two causes, one being the advance in speed of racing on the flat, and the other the modern improvements in agriculture, by which fences are made more difficult to jump than used to be the case. But for flat-racing and leaping a long-striding horse is required, and in consequence the average height has steadily increased.

In the following pages I purpose to give such details of the horse, its structure and character, as ought to be known by all who have practical dealings with the animal, and are interesting even as a study of zoology. We cannot rightly understand the horse without learning something of its origin, its general structure, and the mode by which it became the servant of man. This can be done without discussing the alleged genealogy of the present horse from earlier types, from the Eohippus to the Pleiohippus, of geological epochs more or less remote; each of these types being doubtless adapted to the conditions in which it lived.

When the true horse did at last make its appearance, it was nothing but a little pony, with a thick and heavy neck, and a head which we in these days should pronounce to be clumsy in the extreme. Being brought into contact with the horse, such as it was, man proceeded to make use of it. What use he made is evident from certain relics of the past. Though the bodies of the men themselves have long mingled with the dust whence they came, these perished races have left behind them a series of well-nigh imperishable records of themselves and their mode of life.

Like the Eskimos, who, according to Professor W. Boyd Dawkins, are their lineal descendants, they possessed a most wonderful genius for descriptive art. Whether they used materials analogous to the pencils and colours of our day is uncertain, though, judging by certain semi-savage tribes of the present day, it is probable that they executed pictorial representations on prepared skins.

Fortunately for us of the present time, they were in the habit of employing their abundant leisure in engraving the records of their life on far more durable materials, such as bones and teeth, many of which have been found in the caves which served them as dwellings. Having no tools except the sharp-edged flint-flakes, which they struck off as wanted, and flung aside when their edges became dulled, they contrived to engrave upon the unpromising materials which have been mentioned the most wonderfully life-like and spirited representations of the creatures which they hunted.

Oddly enough they paid but little regard to the human form, so that we have no authentic portraits of the artists themselves. But the animals are perfect marvels of artistic skill, being represented in almost every variety of attitude, whether in action or at rest. Even the complicated antlers of the reindeer are drawn with a truth and freedom that betoken the highest capacities for art.

It is worthy of notice that none of the animals are represented as domesticated, and though the reindeer is their favourite subject, not one of the delineations or carvings represents any kind of harness attached to the animal, as would certainly have been the case if harness had been used. In several of these wonderful drawings both men and horses are delineated, but, as is the case with the deer, the horse is simply a beast of chase, only used for food, or perchance for its hide. A far higher race of man was needed before the horse could be tamed and brought into subjection, and it is evident that man must have made great progress before the horse could have been useful to him.

As is the case with the camel, the sheep, and the ox tribe, the horse has so long been under the sway of man that it has ceased to exist as a wild animal, and has been forced by man to undergo certain modifications which render it suitable for

the tasks which it has to perform. How completely the form and dimensions of a domesticated animal are under the subjection of man is seen in the different breeds of cattle which are now recognised as worthy of the honours of a pedigree. Even the shape and dimensions of the horns are varied at will, some being of enormous length, others being short and stumpy, while some breeds are as hornless as our English sheep.

Again, the celebrated white cattle of Chillingham Park only retain their characteristic whiteness by the constant supervision of their keepers, who destroy as soon as it is born every calf which shows indications of any hue except the legitimate creamy-white. Similarly all the breeds of horses have apparently been developed from the little ponies which may be seen at many country fairs, and which have been brought by drovers nearly as wild as themselves from the moors and forests where they were born.

Henry VIII, with the very best intentions, tried to extirpate these ponies by applying to them a destructive supervision such as is employed by the keepers of the Chillingham cattle. He enacted that no horse should be allowed to inhabit his domains unless it were fully fifteen hands high at the shoulder, and no mare unless it were thirteen hands high; and, to ensure that this autocratic decree was obeyed, he ordered the magistrates throughout the country to search every district under their charge and kill every animal which did not reach this standard. Fortunately there were certain moors and forests where the inhabitants could retreat to fastnesses which none but themselves dared to enter, and who cared nothing for magistrates; and in consequence the useful little Exmoor, Welsh, and Forest ponies have survived to the present day.

How completely every detail of structure is under the command of man is shown by a remarkable letter addressed by Mr. Fawcus to a north country journal. The reader will remember that the height of the race-horse has steadily increased year by year. Mr. Fawcus is of opinion that the horse is too tall, or rather too leggy, and proposes a rather startling remedy:

"The task that I would suggest to breeders is the shortening of the cannon bones—*i.e.*, the metacarpal and metatarsal bones—by about one-half their present general length, and my reason for wishing to do so is that I think it would give an increase of both speed and power. I have noticed that a short cannon-bone in cart-horses is always associated with a long step and great power, and a long stride is of equal advantage in a thoroughbred for galloping. And giving what you take off the cannon-bone to increase the length of the femur and the tibia, the thigh and shin-bones would give ease to all the paces."

There is a really magnificent audacity about this idea, the writer assuming, as a matter of course, that it lies within the power of man to lengthen or shorten any bone at will. Still, such a task is not one whit more difficult than that which has already been carried out with the horns of oxen and sheep, which, as we have seen, can be lengthened, shortened, or altogether abolished at the will of man.

The letter in question leads us to our next step, namely, a knowledge of the structure of the horse. It is not necessary that those who have anything to do with the management of the horse should be as learned in its anatomy as if they were veterinary surgeons, but I hold that no one ought to have the care of a horse who does not know the important points of the animal's structure. Yet the ignorance which prevails among coachmen, grooms, stablemen, and even the generality of farriers, is simply abyssmal, and only equalled by that of their employers. The result is that the life of the horse is shortened by nearly one-half, and that even during this shortened life we do not get out of the animal one-half of the work which he is capable of performing.

Suppose, for example, that a hundred grooms were taken at random from stables in different parts of the country, and required to answer the following elementary questions.

"You have the duty of feeding the horse. What is the difference between the stomachs of a horse, a cow, and yourself?"

"How should a horse be fed and watered on a journey?"

"You have to look after his feet. How is the hoof attached to the foot?"

"Of how many kinds of horn is the hoof composed, and how do they grow?"

"What is the object of the frog? Why does the sole flake off in small scales and the frog in loose flaps?"

"What is thrush?"

"Where is the navicular bone, and what is its use?"

"How far does the foot of the horse extend, and how much of it touches the ground?"

No one ought to be in charge of a horse who cannot answer these simple questions, as every one of them has a direct bearing upon the animal's welfare. Yet, out of the hundred grooms aforesaid, I very much doubt whether one of them could answer them all, or that more than two or three could answer any of them, or, indeed, ever would have bestowed the least thought on the subject. They follow blindly the traditions of their elders, and cannot be induced to move one inch out of the grooves in which they have been reared.

The only mode by which we can hope to make a permanent improvement in the treatment of the horse is to do our best with our present staff of grooms and drivers, and try to educate a new generation who will really know something of the structure, physiology, and mental character of the animal which they have in charge. Very little instruction is required, and a lad of ordinary abilities might in a week attain sufficient knowledge of the horse to work a revolution in its treatment.

Let us take the first of our questions.

The stomach of the horse is simple in structure, and of astonishingly small size when compared with the dimensions of the animal. That of the

ox is of very great proportionate size, and is of a most complex character, being divided into four distinct compartments, each having its own separate office in carrying out the process of digestion. In consequence of this divergence in structure, the mode of feeding is utterly unlike in the two animals. The horse, when at liberty in a field, is always on the move, incessantly nibbling its food, a little at a time, and masticating the grass before swallowing it, so that digestion commences as soon as it passes into the stomach.

The cow acts in a totally different manner. She has no incisor teeth in the upper jaw, and in consequence cannot nibble grass a little at a time after the manner of the horse. With the aid of her tongue she gathers together a tuft of grass, presses it between the lower teeth and the hardened gum of the upper jaw, and with a peculiar jerk of the head rips off the tuft, with a sound which is audible at some distance.

The grass thus roughly gathered passes almost unbroken into the first division of the stomach, until that receptacle is satisfactorily filled. The cow then waits until she has some leisure time, when she lies down and begins the true process of digestion by throwing the grass in the form of little pellets into the mouth, and then "chewing the cud," as this process is termed.

After this important mastication is completed, the food has still to pass through the remaining divisions of the complex stomach before it is fit to be distributed to the various portions of the body. There is no fear of injuring a cow by overfeeding it, whereas the small and simple stomach of the horse is intended to be constantly replenished by small instalments of food, and is seriously injured if too much food be forced into it at one time.

Ignorant of this fact, and treating the horse as he would treat himself, the groom almost invariably feeds the horse very lightly before a journey, and is careful not to give it a full allowance of water. After the journey he rewards the animal by giving it a double feed and plenty of water.

The natural consequence is that the hungry and thirsty animal gorges itself both with food and drink, and distends the stomach to an abnormal size, thus straining and weakening its walls. So common, not to say universal, is this practice, that a well-known veterinary surgeon stated that he had never dissected a horse that had been driven for some years without finding the stomach much enlarged, and its walls weakened and thinned.

In America they know better, and before a journey always allow the horse to drink its fill, repeating the draught on the journey as often as the animal likes. They know that the horse is the best judge of its own needs, and that if it be allowed to drink as often as it wishes it will never drink too much. All the Orientals act in the same manner, and we stand alone in handing down from one generation to another the mischievous tradition that a horse must not be allowed to drink its fill before starting on a journey.

In his "American Notes," Charles Dickens mentions with evident surprise the rational mode of treating a thirsty horse.

"As it is the custom in these parts to give a horse a gallon or so of cold water whenever he is in a foam with heat, we halted for that purpose at a log inn. When the horses were swollen to about twice their natural dimensions (there seems to be an idea here that this kind of inflation improves their going), we went forward again until nearly noon. . . . At three o'clock in the afternoon we halted once more at a village called Lebanon, to inflate the horses again, and give them some corn besides, of which they stood in much need. The horses being well refreshed, we again pushed forward, and came on the prairie at sunset."

In our rural districts many a valuable horse has been ruined by the lazy custom of putting the animal into the stable on Saturday evening, giving it enough food and water for two days, and then neglecting it until Monday morning. Being hungry and thirsty after its day's work, the horse takes advantage of the unusual plenty, eats at a single meal the food which ought to have been given in four different feeds, and in consequence is injured for life, even if it should survive the unnatural distension.

The man in charge of the animal has no intention of injuring it. He simply does not think of the result of his conduct. Now, if that man, before he was entrusted with a horse, had been carefully taught the few details of structure which have been given above, he would not have acted in so foolish a manner, but would have fed the animal four or five times with the same amount of food.

A matter of less importance, but still connected with the comfort of the horse, is the manner in which food is supplied. Judging the horse by themselves, the architects of stables seem to think that food ought to be supplied in such a manner as to save the horse the trouble of stooping. Accordingly, the manger is placed so high that when the horse feeds, its head is at about the same level which it assumes in the ordinary standing attitude. The hay is placed still higher, the rack being above the manger, and the hay being pushed into it from the loft above.

Now these arrangements are faulty in every way. The horse naturally feeds from the ground, and a horse in a field has its nose close to the ground during nearly the whole of the day. We can never be wrong in our dealings with animals if we copy Nature as closely as possible; and, if we really wish to study the comfort of the horse while feeding, we shall place its food near the ground, so as to follow Nature.

The lofty hay-racks are wrong in many ways. In the first place, their position is exactly the opposite of that in which the horse ordinarily finds its food, and, as the Rev. J. Brunskill, of Threlkeld, tersely put the point in a lecture, they would be very suitable to giraffes, which cannot touch the ground with their mouths, and are intended to browse on the leaves of trees. For horses, whose structure enables them to graze on the ground, such an arrangement is uncomfortable in the extreme.

Again, in pulling down the hay from the rack, the horse shakes down a quantity of seeds and

dust, which fall into the eyes and nostrils, and cause no small irritation to both. Another and a worse evil attends the ordinary rack. The hay is kept in the loft above the stable, becomes permeated with the ammoniacal vapours which even in the best kept stables are more or less constantly arising, and in consequence is rendered unwholesome for so sensitive an animal as a horse.

As is the case with food, so with water. Judging by ourselves, we either pour the water into tanks as high as the ordinary manger or hold a pail at the same level. Now, a moment of reflection will tell us that the water which a horse drinks when at liberty is at even a lower level than the grass which he eats. We cannot do wrong in imitating Nature, and placing the water trough, as well as the manger, on the ground. Anatomy shows us that upon the neck of the horse there is a series of blood-vessels which are especially intended for the purpose of carrying on the circulation while the animal is grazing or drinking.

In connection with this branch of the subject, I must deprecate a custom which is followed by many grooms. They hold a pail of water at the height to which they are accustomed, and, when the horse has drunk as much as they think proper, they throw the rest either over its feet or in its face. Either of these practices is injurious to a horse, especially if it be of a nervous disposition. I have often seen a horse display symptoms of nervousness as soon as it nearly finished its draught, and shrink in anticipation of the shock which it expected.

Too much care cannot be taken of the purity of the water, and if a trough could be so arranged on the floor of the stable that water could continually run through it, and the horse be permitted free access to it, the natural conditions would be closely imitated. There is no need that a rapid stream should flow through the trough, and, indeed, such a stream would rather repel than attract the animal. All that is needed is that the water shall be continually changed, no matter how slowly. The horse and dog troughs which are happily becoming plentiful are models in this respect, the water continually flowing in at one end and out at the other.

Should such an arrangement not be possible, the greatest care should be taken that the water which horses are to drink shall not be kept within the limits of the stable. Water absorbs noxious gases to a wonderful extent, as is well known by those who have worked in a dissecting room, and will absorb the ammoniacal vapours even more readily than is the case with the hay.

IN TIPPOO TIB'S COUNTRY.

LIFE in Central Africa is a serious business, but occasionally one sees its humorous side. I had left the missionary station Mamboia, where I had been hospitably entertained, and with my band of bearers plunged into the forest. Knowing that the district was infested by robbers, broken men, and fugitives from the justice of Mirambo, the great and enlightened king of the Wanyamwezi, we kept a sharp look-out. On the second day of our journey, M'tosi, the most intelligent man I had with me, called my attention to a dark mass sticking in the dead branches of a distant tree. Bringing my glass, one of "Theobald's" best, to bear upon it, I perceived that it was a man.

Now a man perched in a tree in Central Africa is an object calculated to arouse the suspicions of the most incautious traveller. Accordingly we approached the spot with great care, keeping a sharp look-out. But our precautions were needless, our fears groundless. The poor fellow was harmless, for he was dead. Perhaps he had been one of Tippoo Tib's victims, for that notorious half-caste Arab and slave dealer, fondly trusted by Stanley, and later by the luckless Major Barttelot, was at the time engaged in setting to rights the marauding tribes in the neighbourhood of Lake Tanganyika. Or, like a certain historic traveller, he might have fallen among thieves. There he was, shot through the back, gibbeted in the tree. Ignorant as to who might be near, for "fate often walks about loose" in African forests, and not desirous of candidating for strange burial places, I pushed on. It was no easy matter. The jungle grass was coarse, thick, and high, reaching in some places far above our heads. More than once some reptile, probably venomous, glided sullenly from the track; and many a winding pathway reminded us that we were in perils in the wilderness—in perils of wild beasts as well as of robbers. Towards evening I reached a village, small, but strongly stockaded round, as is customary, for protection from Arab assaults.

As my band approached the village, the headman came out to wish us welcome. But his brow was clouded, his eye beneath was sad. And as he conducted us to the spot where we were to pitch our tents, I observed the almost complete absence of that curiosity which the presence of a white man seldom fails to excite among the tribes. Why was this? Were we in danger? On reflection I felt somewhat reassured. The chief, whose name I learned was M'tanzi, seemed troubled and thoughtful rather than morose.

That night I had another attack of fever, and as it was some days before I had sufficiently recovered to be able to unpack my bales of grey calico, red handkerchiefs, and brass wire, and make the customary presents to M'tanzi, I lay in

constant apprehension of the forcible serving of an African writ of ejectment—a short and summary process.

But the fever at last left me, and, weak but convalescent, I summoned M'tanzi, and prepared to do my duty. The chief, tastefully attired in two yards of grey calico, and wearing a necklace of hippopotamus ivory, while a piece of Turkey red twill was gracefully folded across his manly breast, attended the ceremony of unpacking with befitting gravity, and took his honorarium as readily as any of his more highly civilised brethren could have done. His wives and relations, too, had to be remembered; and a complete suit of clothes, consisting of a bead necklace, was presented to the youngest member of his numerous progeny.

That same night, or rather in the grey of the early morning, a runner came into the village with intelligence that the chief of a neighbouring but larger township was advancing to attack the chief. This piece of news fully explained to me the sombre thoughtfulness of M'tanzi. At once all was confusion. The prowess of Uluma, the invader, was known and feared. Hitherto with him it had been customary to come, and see, and conquer. As morning advanced, watchmen announced the approach of the foe. Then M'tanzi seemed to show the white feather. Silently the women and children were withdrawn into the forest, we being compelled to accompany them. The chief, with about fifty fighting men, his available force, armed with bows, spears, and nondescript weapons, only to be described as worn-out gaspipes transformed into muskets, brought up the rear. It was a painful and pitiable sight; the women, among them M'tanzi's favourite young wife, wept as the primitive village, home of their youth, scene of their early hopes and loves, as of later family cares and woes, was thus abandoned. But it was the leader's will, so we stealthily marched off into the forest.

From a slight elevation, securely hidden by mimosa bushes, I had a good view of the place so lately left.

Suddenly, with a shout, Uluma and his followers dashed into the open, and, discharging a shower of arrows and musket balls, rushed up to the stockade. No replying fusilade greeted them. This seemed to cause them some surprise, and, for a moment, they stood and looked at one another. Fine fellows they were; not a man of them stood under five feet ten inches in height. Their nearly black bodies, wholly naked, and smeared with rancid butter and red ochre, shone and glistened beneath the rays of the morning sun. A formidable foe. I felt thankful that we were not called upon to resist the attack of such redoubtable warriors.

I started, and rubbed my eyes. What did I see? There was, yes, surely there was, some one moving on the roofs of the huts. It must be said that the houses in this part are so built to the stockade that they form a sort of terrace. "Theobald's" glass showed me that, on this terrace, a woman, aged too I perceived, was walking. If it had been a man he would have been transfixed by an arrow; if a young woman she would have been seized; but as it was an old woman the soldiers disdained to notice her. She was carrying something carefully concealed in a blanket. At any other time I should have concluded that she was out on the "loot," but this was clearly impossible now.

Slowly, with faltering steps, the old woman approached the spot beneath which stood the puzzled chieftain with his followers. But, once arrived there, the beldame became transformed. With a swift movement, and with startling energy, she threw her burden into the midst of the ranks of the foe. Instantly all was confusion. The grave stern warriors leaped and sprang like young roes on the mountains, and showed themselves more active than the most agile professor of the light fantastic art. They moved with leaps and bounds, rushed here and there like men demented, or stricken with witch doctor's uncanny charms. In two minutes not one remained in the neighbourhood of the stockade.

But now I noticed that M'tanzi with his men had left their place of refuge, and become invisible. A little while elapsed, and then a wild shout of rage and fury, M'tanzi's war-cry, burst upon the ear. Then was heard the clash of arms, mingled with the shout of the victor and the shriek of the vanquished. These soon became feebler, died away in the distance, and all grew still. Hours passed, then the victor, M'tanzi, returned. Joyfully the women and children rushed back into the village. The victory had been complete. Of Uluma and his warriors not one escaped.

And now the mystery was explained.

The foe most dreaded by the African, when on the war-path, is the useful toiling bee. It is plain that these insects, if once angered, would be able to impress many a good point on the naked skins of fighting men. Aware of this peculiarity of his countrymen, M'tanzi had succeeded in turning his knowledge to a good account. When he withdrew from the village, which his sagacity showed him was useless for the purposes of defence, he left behind him one of the old and useless women of his tribe, a weazened, fearless old hag, with instructions to throw down a prepared hive of bees on the heads of the attacking party at the moment when they should deliver their assault. This, he wisely argued, would disorganise them, so that he, taking advantage of their momentary panic, would be enabled to strike a blow which they would not readily forget. All fell out as that wily leader anticipated; and the bees, entering into the plans of this astute Central African Napoleon, fought as if the fate of empires depended upon the industry with which they plied their stings.

The victory was celebrated with war dances, carousals, and drunkenness. I feared that, amidst this hellish saturnalia, our safety might have been endangered; but no one molested us. Unable to check such revolting revelry, thoroughly wearied, I withdrew into my tent, and at length fell asleep. And, as I slept, I dreamed that I was busily engaged in a Kentish orchard hiving a swarm of bees, which had been disbanded after having served as special constables in London.

C. N. BARHAM.

JUNE, 1789, IN FRANCE.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM ARTHUR YOUNG'S DIARY.

AMONG the most valuable sources of history must be counted the impressions set down by persons actually living in the midst of the events they describe. The only case, however, in which such memoirs are likely to be quite free from party bias is when they are made by a sympathetic intelligent foreigner. It so happens that the great crisis in modern history known as "the French Revolution" was thus favoured. An English agriculturist, having no idea what was coming, began in 1787 to travel in France with a view to an important work on the subject in which he was interested. He fulfilled that object, but in so doing unconsciously noted many preliminary signs of the terrific storm about to burst in Europe, and was in 1789 for the greater part of a month in its very centre. This singular position has given Arthur Young historic fame, which already is as great as the most ambitious author could desire, and which is certain to be more enduring than that of the most popular writer now existing. And as a proof of the thorough trustworthiness of the man, it may be said that his work in his own particular sphere received the highest honours both in England and France. In the latter country the Directory, in 1801, caused all his agricultural writings to be translated into French, and in 1808 he received from the English Board of Agriculture a gold medal for long and faithful services to agriculture.

On the present occasion we propose to cull from his diary in Paris during the month of June, 1789, the most important notes he makes concerning the events taking place around him. But in order to put the reader *en rapport* with the diarist and the situation, we will rapidly mention a few things which had struck Arthur Young in travelling through France, and especially in Paris, during 1787 and 1788.

In October of the former year we find him in Paris. He dines on the 17th at the house of the Astronomer-Royal. "One opinion," he says, "pervaded the whole company, that they are on the eve of a great revolution in the Government; that everything points to it: the confusion in the finances, great with a deficit impossible to provide without the States-General of the kingdom, yet no ideas formed of what would be the consequence of their meeting; no minister existing or to be looked to in or out of power with such decisive talents as to promise any other remedy than palliative ones; a prince on the throne with excellent dispositions, but without the resources of a mind that could govern in such a moment without ministers; a court buried in pleasure and dissipation, and adding to the distress instead of endeavouring to be placed in a more independent situation; a great ferment amongst all ranks of men, who are eager for some change, without knowing what to look to or to hope for; and a strong leaven of liberty, increasing every hour since the American Revolution—altogether form a combination of circumstances that promises ere long to ferment into motion if some master-hand of very superior talents and inflexible courage be not found at the helm to guide events instead of being driven by them."

In 1787 and 1788 he journeyed through the worst-cultivated and most impoverished parts of France—the western half. In 1789 he was again in France with a view to travelling through the eastern half. But agriculturist as he was, he was compelled to feel that a still larger subject awaited his study. Already the meeting of the States-General on May 5th appeared to have opened an entirely new chapter in the history of France, the upshot of which might be not only a new constitution, but perhaps a new agriculture, and that such events should pass without his being present would, it seemed to him, be losing a most precious opportunity of gaining real political knowledge.

On the 4th of June, 1789, he went to Dover in "the machine," crossed to Calais, the passage-boat taking fourteen hours, and on the 6th went by diligence to Paris, where he arrived on the 7th.

The hopes of the French nation had been raised to the highest pitch. During the previous months nearly every Frenchman had felt himself personally called into council by the king to advise what had best be done to drag the governmental machine out of the deep quagmire in which it was stuck.

Never, surely, had a king so thoroughly consulted his people, and never had a people given advice with such intense seriousness of purpose. Every little village as well as every town, or portion of a town, every class of the people as well as various kinds of corporations, civil and religious, set to work to write memorials, which were collected and edited by larger gatherings, and finally forwarded by a deputy chosen to represent the wishes they expressed in the States-General. That States-General had at last met, and to the dismay of the Court had shown that it understood itself to be the voice of the nation and the real authority in France. To prevent this much-feared assertion every effort had been made to maintain the old system of three Orders. The clergy were the first order, the noblesse the second, the people the third. What, asked Sieyès, is the Third Estate? Nothing. What ought it to be? Everything. This sentence sums up the belief of the time, being universally held by the mass of the people, as well as by the majority of the curés and a small minority of the nobility, who, however, were the flower of the *haute noblesse* not only in position but to a large extent in ability and character.

From the opening on May 5th to the time Arthur Young arrived in Paris the Third Estate had adopted the policy of "masterly inaction," abso-

lutely refusing to take a single step unless the clergy and nobility united with them in one body. Every one saw the importance of the question, and the Third Estate felt sure that they had only to wait and the other estates must yield, for from the first they had nearly half of the clerical deputies on their side, as well as the little but most powerful nucleus just referred to among the nobility.

In this struggle not only Paris but every city and town to the remotest hamlets in the country took the deepest interest. Under date June 8 Arthur Young writes:—

Paris is at present in such a ferment about the States-General, now holding at Versailles, that conversation is absolutely absorbed by them. Not a word of anything else talked of. Everything is considered, and justly so, as important in such a crisis of the fate of twenty-four millions of people. It is now a serious contention whether the representatives are to be called the Commons or the *Tiers Etats;* they call themselves steadily the former, while the Court and the great lords look upon the term with a species of apprehension, as if it involved a meaning not easily to be fathomed. But this point is of little consequence compared with another, that has kept the States for some time in inactivity—the verification of their powers separately or in common. The nobility and the clergy demand the former, but the Commons steadily refuse it; the reason is that it may decide their sitting for the future in separate houses or in one.

Those who are warm for the interests of the people declare it will be impossible to reform some of the grossest abuses of the State if the nobility and clergy have this power of negativing the wishes of the people. The nobility and clergy foresee the same result. . . . . In this dilemma it is curious to remark the feelings of the moment. While I remain in Paris I shall see people of all descriptions, from the coffee-house politicians to the leaders of States. . . . .

The 9th. The business going forward at present in the pamphlet shops of Paris is incredible. I went to the Palais Royal to see what new things were published, and to procure a catalogue of all. Every hour produces something new. Thirteen came out to-day, sixteen yesterday, and ninety-two last week. We think sometimes that Debrett's or Stockdale's shops in London are crowded, but they are mere deserts compared to Desein's and others here, in which one can hardly squeeze from the counter to the door. . . . . This spirit of reading political tracts, they say, spreads into the provinces, so that all the presses of France are equally employed. Nineteen-twentieths of these productions are in favour of liberty, and commonly violent against the clergy. I have to-day bespoken many of this description that have reputation; but, inquiring for such as had appeared on the other side, I find there are but two or three that have merit enough to be known.

The coffee-houses in the Palais Royal present yet more singular and astonishing spectacles; they are not only crowded within, but other expectant crowds are at the doors and windows, listening *à gorge deployé* to certain orators, who from chairs and tables harangue each his little audience. The eagerness with which they are heard and the thunder of applause they receive for every sentiment of more than common hardiness or violence against the Government cannot easily be imagined. I am all amazement at the Ministry permitting such hotbeds of sedition which disseminate every day principles that by-and-bye must be opposed with vigour, and therefore it is little short of madness to allow the propagation of such doctrines at present.

The 10th. Everything conspires to render the present period in France critical; the want of bread is terrible; accounts arrive every moment from the provinces of riots and disturbances, and calling in the military to preserve the peace of the markets. . . . .

Three days past, the chamber of the clergy contrived a cunning proposition; it was to send a deputation to the Commons, proposing to name a Commission from the three orders to take into consideration the misery of the people, and to deliberate on the means of lowering the price of bread. This would have led to the deliberation by order, not by heads, consequently must be rejected, but unpopularly so from the situation of the people. The Commons were equally dexterous; they prayed and conjured the clergy to join them in the Common Hall of the State to deliberate, which was no sooner reported at Paris than the clergy became doubly an object of hatred; and it became a question at the Café de Foy whether it was not lawful for the Commons to decree the application of their estates towards easing the distress of the people?

11th. Yesterday the Abbé Syeyes made a motion in the House of Commons to declare boldly to the privileged orders that if they will not join the Commons the latter will proceed to business without them, and the House decreed it with a slight amendment.

The use of this word "House of Commons" reads English, but the word "communes," as applied to the Third Estate, was in use. The action of the 10th was an important step in the great struggle of this month, the struggle for the unity of France and the equality of its citizens. On the 13th three curés joined the Third Estate, and the next day six more arrived; among them was the Abbé Gregoire.

The 15th Young writes:—

This has been a rich day, and such an one as ten years ago none could believe would ever arrive in France; a very important debate being expected on what, in our House of Commons, would be termed the state of the nation. My friend Monsieur Lazowski and myself were at Versailles by eight in the morning. We went immediately to the Hall of the States to secure good seats in the gallery; we found some deputies already there, and a pretty numerous audience collected. The room is too large; none but stentorian lungs, or the finest, clearest voices can be heard; however, the very size of the apartment, which admits 2,000 people, gave a dignity to the scene. The spectacle of the representatives of twenty-five millions of people, just emerging from the evils of two hundred years of arbitrary power and rising to the blessings of a freer constitution, assembled with open doors under the eye of the public, was framed to call into animated feelings every latent spark, every emotion of a liberal bosom. . . . Mons. l'Abbé Syeyes opened the debate. He is one of the most zealous sticklers for the popular cause; carries his ideas beyond a reform of the present government, which he thinks too bad to be regulated at all, but wishes to see it absolutely overturned; being, in fact, a violent republican. This is the character he commonly bears, and in his pamphlets he seemed pretty much to justify such an idea. He speaks ungracefully and uneloquently, but logically—or rather reads so—for he read his speech, which was prepared. His motion, or rather string of motions, was to declare themselves the representatives known and verified of the French nation, admitting the right of all absent deputies (the nobility and clergy) to be received amongst them on the verification of their powers.

Monsieur de Mirabeau spoke without notes for near an hour with a warmth, animation, and eloquence that entitles him to the reputation of an undoubted orator. He opposed the words *known* and *verified* in the proposition of Abbé Syeyes with great force of reasoning, and proposed in lieu that they should declare themselves simply *Representatives du peuple Français;* that no veto should exist against their resolves in any other assembly; that all taxes are illegal, but should be granted during the present session of the States, and no longer; that the debt of the king should become the debt of the nation, and be secured on funds accordingly. Monsieur de Mirabeau was much heard, and his proposition much applauded. Monsieur de Mounier, a deputy from Dauphine, of great reputation, and who has also published some pamphlets very well approved by the public, moved a different resolution, to declare themselves the legitimate representatives of the majority of the nation; that they should vote by head and not by order; and that they should

never acknowledge any right in the representatives of the clergy or nobility to deliberate separately. Monsieur Rabaud St. Etienne, a Protestant from Languedoc, also an author who has written on the present affairs, and a man of considerable talents, spoke also, and made his proposition, which was to declare themselves the representatives of the people of France; to declare all taxes null; to regrant them during the sitting of the States; to verify and consolidate the debt; and to vote a loan. All which were well approved except the loan, which was not at all the feeling of the Assembly. This gentleman speaks clearly and with precision, and only passages of his speech are from notes. Monsieur Barnave, a very young man from Grenoble, spoke without notes with great warmth and animation. Some of his periods were so well rounded and so eloquently delivered that he met with much applause, several members crying *bravo!* . . .

They adjourned for dinner. Dined ourselves with the Duc de Liancourt at his apartments in the palace, meeting twenty deputies. I sat by Monsieur Rabaud St. Etienne, and had much conversation with him; they all speak with equal confidence on the fall of despotism. They foresee that attempts very adverse to the spirit of liberty will be made, but the spirit of the people is too much excited at present to be crushed any more.



MIRABEAU. [*After H. Bonnieu.*

The 17th. All conversation on the motion of l'Abbé Syeyes being accepted, yet that of the Count de Mirabeau better relished. But his character is a dead weight upon him; there is a suspicion that he has received 100,000 liv. from the queen; a blind improbable report, for his conduct would in every probability be very different had any such transaction taken place. . . . . In every company of every rank you hear of the Count de Mirabeau's talents; that he is one of the first pens of France and the first orator; and yet that he could not carry from confidence six votes on any question in the States. His writings, however, spread in Paris and the provinces; he published a journal of the States, written for a few days with such force and such severity, that it was silenced by an express edict of Government.

Thus Young had the advantage of hearing the leaders of the "commons" state at this critical moment their views as to the policy to be pursued in the question about which they were all in principle agreed. Young says almost enough to picture the man who now became the Aaron of France, expressing in the best manner the wishes of the people. Mirabeau's life had been disordered; in fact his brother said that he had left him only one vice—drunkenness. His moral misery, united with a sincere desire to promote the well-being of his fellow-men in bringing about the reign of justice and good sense, were important elements in his qualifications for the post into which his force of mind, passionate nature, and brilliant oratorical gifts now brought him. If Mirabeau was the Aaron, Sieyès was the Moses of the Revolution. He was, as his prototype, no orator, indeed he succeeded so badly that he almost gave up speaking in the Assembly; nevertheless, nearly all the initiative came from him. He was, in a most true sense, a lawgiver to France. At every point he told the Assembly what to do, and in the end they adopted his propositions, slightly amended by other members, and shaped them into laws. Sieyès, the most penetrating and vigorous intellect in the Gallican Church, found a comrade and sympathetic critic in Rabaut St. Etienne, the most eminent Protestant pastor then in France. He was the eldest son of Paul Rabaut, the famous pastor of the desert, and had shared some of his perils.

At the great change which came over the spirit of the people at this time, this once persecuted Protestant minister was chosen by the city in which both he and his father exercised their pastorate to be the deputy to the States-General.

He was already well known in liberal circles in Paris, and was a friend of Lafayette. An orator of much power, Rabaut St. Etienne's friends thought him equal to Mirabeau, and there were occasions in which, carried away by the great questions for which his people had endured generations of martyrdom, he rose to an eloquence so lofty as to give his words the prophetic tone of Mirabeau at his best.

Young also mentions Mounier and Barnave. Their position was due to the fact that they had played important parts during the previous months in the estates of Dauphiny, where a sort of rehearsal took place of the method of action carried out so successfully during this month of June, 1789.

Mounier was a judge and a man of the highest character. Meeting some English tourists in the Dauphiny he had been much interested in the English constitution, and, having leisure, studied it, and became in his district quite an apostle of constitutional government, bringing the higher classes among the clergy and laity over to his ideas. As in our convention of 1689, the notables in Dauphiny acted practically on the principle that the source of authority is inherent in the people. Feeling that France was dissolving into a state of anarchy, they called a meeting at the town-hall in Grenoble, and this meeting took upon itself to summon from the dead past the Provincial States of Dauphiny, and then to reform their customs in the light of the new ideas. The minister of the day, Lomenie de Brienne, sent out a *lettre de cachet* to imprison Mounier; but falling himself just at the time, and Necker coming in his place, the Government at

Versailles accepted the action of the States of Dauphiny as one of the signs of the times. Barnave was a young Protestant, brave and clever, who in the end eclipsed his former leader, Mounier retiring early from active life in great dudgeon because the Assembly did not share his admiration for the forms of the English constitution.

Young seems to have missed seeing one of the greatest events of this period—on the 17th the Third Estate solemnly constituted themselves the National Assembly of France by a majority of 491 votes to 90. In the presence of about 4,000 spectators they all rose at once, and, as with one voice, took an oath to fulfil with zeal and fidelity the functions committed to their charge. Our diarist thus registers and comments on this event:—



RABAUT ST. ETIENNE. *[After J. L. David.*

The 18th. Yesterday the Commons decreed themselves, in consequence of the Abbé Syeyes's amended motion, the title of "Assemblée Nationale," and also, considering themselves then in activity, the illegality of all taxes, but granted them during the session, declaring that they would without delay deliberate on the consolidating of the debt, and on the relief of the misery of the people. These steps give great spirits to the violent partisans of a new constitution; but amongst more sober minds I see evidently an apprehension that it will prove a precipitate measure. It is a violent step, which may be taken hold of by the Court and converted very much to the people's disadvantage.

The 20th. News! News! Every one stares at what every one might have expected. A message from the king to the presidents of the three orders that he should meet them on Monday, and under pretence of preparing the hall for the *séance royale*, the French guards were placed with bayonets to prevent any of the deputies entering the room. The circumstances of doing this ill-judged act of violence have been as ill-advised as the act itself. Mons. Bailly received no other notice of it than by a letter from the Marquis de Brézé, and the deputies met at the door of the hall without knowing that it was shut. Thus the seeds of disgust were sown wantonly in the manner of doing a thing, which in itself was equally unpalatable and unconstitutional. The resolution taken on the spot was a noble and firm one; it was to assemble instantly at the *Jeu de paume*,[1] and there the whole assembly took a solemn oath never to be dissolved but by their own consent, and consider themselves and act as the National Assembly, let them be wherever violence or fortune might drive them, and their expectations were so little favourable that expresses were sent off to Nantes, intimating that the National Assembly might possibly find it necessary to take refuge in some distant city. This message, and placing guards at the hall of the States, are the result of long and repeated councils, held in the king's presence at Marly, where he has been shut up for some days, seeing nobody, and no person admitted, even the officers of the Court, without jealousy and circumspection. The king's brothers have no seat in the council, but the Count d' Artois incessantly attends the resolutions, conveys them to the queen, and has long conferences with her.

The 21st. It is impossible to have any other employment at so critical a moment than going from house to house demanding news, and remarking the opinions and ideas most current. The present moment is, of all others, perhaps that which is most pregnant with the future destiny of France. The step the Commons have taken of declaring themselves the National Assembly, independent of the other orders, and of the king himself, precluding a dissolution, is in fact an assumption of all the authority in the kingdom. They have at one stroke converted themselves into the Long Parliament of Charles I.

The 22nd. To Versailles at six in the morning to be ready for the *séance royale*. Breakfasting with the Duc de Liancourt, we found that the king had put off going to the States till to-morrow morning. A committee of council was held last night, which sat till midnight, at which were present Monsieur[2] and the Count d'Artois for the first time, an event considered as extraordinary and attributed to the influence of the queen. The Count d'Artois, the determined enemy of Mons. Necker's plans, opposed his system, and prevailed to have the *séance* put off to give time for a council in the king's presence to-day. From the château we went to find out the deputies; reports were various where they were as-

[1] This was the tennis-court at Versailles, that game being a favourite amusement with French royalty as far back as the times of Coligny and Charles x. It was a mere shed, the walls being painted black to see the balls more plainly, no windows, but the open spaces between the pillars were furnished with nets, which hung like curtains, to prevent the balls flying out; no chairs, only five or six forms and a table and chair which were procured for the president. The engraving which accompanies this article is after the famous picture painted by J. L. David by order of the Convention, and is thus described by Louis Blanc in the third volume of his "History of the Revolution." "He who stands on the table leading the Assembly, calm and impassive as the law, is Bailly. He who, with his chest exposed as if he had not completed his toilet, holding a pen as if about to write, is the editor of 'Point de Jour,' Barère. Robespierre clasps his breast with both hands, 'as if (to use the expression of the painter, who was his follower) he had two hearts for liberty.' A common exaltation displays itself, though differently expressed, in the attitude of Petion, Garat, Le Chapellier, Thouret, Guillotin, in the impetuous Dubois-Crancé, and the dandified Barnave. His body stiffened, his head thrown back, Mirabeau plants his foot firmly on the ground. Sieyès, isolated in the midst of the crowd of his colleagues, all in action, sits motionless and regardless of what is passing around. He takes the oath mentally. What will happen is perhaps passing through his mind. Who can tell but what these men, now so united, will ere long be divided into judges and victims. Who knows if the formula of the oath Bailly is repeating may not contain his death-warrant. Leave that to God! Meanwhile their souls seek each other, their hopes mingle together, and Carthusiin, dom Gerle, the Protestant, Rabaut St. Etienne, and the curé-philosopher of Embernil embrace each other. One alone protests, and thus adds to the grandeur of the spectacle. For to brave by oneself the indignation of an entire Assembly, and to refuse to yield to so overwhelming an enthusiasm, needs no small courage. On the register of this deliberation the name of Martin d'Auch was marked *opposant*, so that this noble day terminated by a homage rendered to the rights of conscience, and by a vengeance really worthy of liberty." Thus this picture is in the highest degree interesting as nearly contemporary, and though as far as the externals of veritable history goes it is open to the charge of being mythical, and as far as art goes of being melodramatic, it contains in essence the feeling and spirit of the time.

[2] "Monsieur," ordinary title of the elder brother of the King of France, otherwise known as the Comte de Provence.

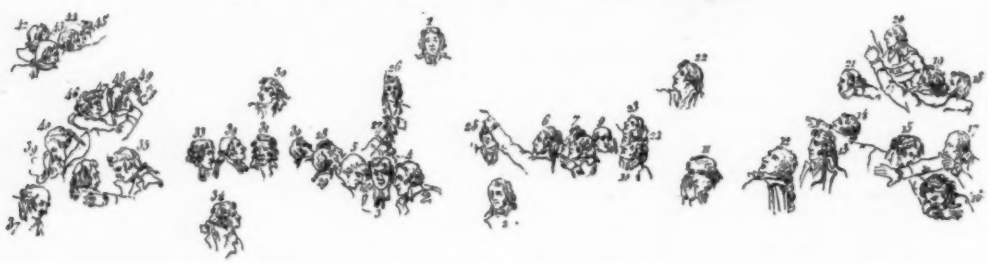
sembling. To the *Récolets*, where they had been, but finding it incommodious they went to the church of St. Louis, whither we followed them, and were in time to see M. Bailly take the chair and read the king's letter, putting off the *séance* till to-morrow. The spectacle of this meeting was singular, the crowd that attended in and around the church was great, and the anxiety and suspense in every eye, with the variety of expression that followed from different views and different characters, gave to the countenance of all the world an impression I had never witnessed before. The only business of importance transacted, but which lasted till three o'clock, was receiving the oaths and signatures of some deputies who had not taken them at the *Jeu de paume*, and the union of three bishops and 150 of the deputies of the clergy, who came to verify their powers, and were received by such applause, with such clapping and shouting from all present that the church resounded. Apparently the inhabitants of Versailles, which, having a population of 60,000 people, can afford a pretty numerous mob, are to the last person in the interest of the Commons—remarkable, as this town is absolutely fed by the palace; and if the cause of the Court is not popular here, it is easy to suppose what it must be in all the rest of the kingdom.

The great importance of this day's work seems hardly to have been appreciated by Young, perhaps because he fancied it had made little impression on the minds of those with whom he spent the evening. But several of them had been actors themselves in the scene of the morning, and their emotions were doubtless spent. The very bishop Young met the same evening, Colbert, Bishop of Rodez, was one of the three bishops who had led on the union with the Third Estate, the other two being the Archbishops of Bordeaux and of Vienne. Our diarist says:—

Dined with the Duc de Liancourt in the palace [the Master of the Wardrobe, who appears to have had apartments at Versailles], a large party of nobility and deputies of the Commons, the Duc d'Orleans amongst them; the Bishop of Rodez, Abbé Syeyes, and Monsieur Rabaud St. Etienne. This was one of the most striking instances of the impression made on men of different ranks by great events. In the streets, and in the church of St. Louis, such anxiety was in every face, that the importance of the moment was written in the physiognomy, and all the common forms and salutations lost in attention; but amongst a class so much higher as those I dined with I was struck with the difference. There were not, in thirty persons, five in whose countenances you could guess that any extraordinary event was going forward; most of the conversation was more indifferent than I should have expected. Had it all been so, there would have been no room for wonder; but observations were made of the greatest freedom, and so received as to mark that there was not the least impropriety in making them. In such a case, would not one have expected more energy of feeling and expression, and more attention to the crisis that must in its nature fill every bosom? Yet they ate, and drank, and sat, and walked, loitered, and smirked, and smiled, and chatted with that easy indifference that made me stare at their insipidity. Perhaps there is a certain nonchalance that is natural to people of fashion from long habit, and which marks them from the vulgar, who have a thousand asperities in the expression of their feelings that cannot be found on the polished surface of those whose manners are smoothed by society, not worn by attrition. Such an observation would therefore in all common cases be unjust; but I confess the present moment, which is beyond all question the most critical that France has seen from the foundation of the monarchy since the council was assembled that must finally determine the king's conduct, was such as might have accounted for a behaviour totally different. The Duc d'Orleans' presence might do a little, but not much; his manner might do more, for it was not without some disgust that I observed him several times playing off that small sort of wit and flippant readiness to titter which I suppose is a part of his character, or it would not have appeared to-day. From his manner he seemed not at all displeased. The Abbé Syeyes has a remarkable physiognomy, a quick rolling eye, penetrating the ideas of other people, but so cautiously reserved as to guard his own. There is as much character in his air and manner as there is vacuity of it in the countenance of Monsieur Rabaud St. Etienne, whose physiognomy, however, is far from doing him justice, for he has undoubted talents. It seems agreed that if in the council the Count d'Artois carries his point, Monsieur Necker, the Count de Montmorin, and Monsieur de Priest will resign, in which case Monsieur Necker's return to power, and in triumph, will inevitably happen.

The 23rd. The important day is over; great military preparations had been made, and none but deputies admitted to the hall—a very ill-judged proceeding, as it gave an impression that the king's plan was contrary to the people. Such, however, was not the case; much was granted to the people, and if arrangements can be made for the deputies to meet in security in future they will probably accept them. However, such ill-blood has been caused as to prevent the commons from joining the cry of the nobility and clergy of *Vive le roi!* It seems they had previously determined to submit to no violence. When the king was gone, and the clergy and nobility retired, the Marquis de Brézé, waiting a moment to see if they meant to obey the king's express orders to retire also to another chamber prepared for them, and perceiving that no one moved, addressed them: "Messieurs, vous connoissez les intentions du Roi." A dead silence ensued, and then it was that superior talents bore the sway, that overpowers in critical moments all other considerations. The eyes of the whole assembly were turned on the Count de Mirabeau, who instantly replied to the Marquis de

KEY TO THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES IN DAVID'S PICTURE.



1. Bailly. 2. Sieyés. 3. Grégoire. 4. Rabaut St. Etienne. 5. Dom Gerle. 6. Petion. 10. Robespierre. 11. Le Père Gérard. 12. Mirabeau. 13. Barnave. 15. Camus. 16. Martin d'Auch. 22. Dubois Crancé. 24. Thouret. 25. Target. 28. Mounier. 30. Guillotin. 34. Barère. 40. Malouet. 41. Le Chapellier.

"The National Assembly swear never to be separated, and whenever circumstances compel, to reassemble until the Constitution of the kingdom and public regeneration are established on solid foundations!"



Painted by order of the National Convention, 1792–1793. *Jacques Louis David, born* 1748, *died* 1825.

THE OATH OF THE TENNIS COURT. JUNE 20, 1789.

"The National Assembly swear never to be separated, and whenever circumstances compel, to reassemble until the Constitution of the kingdom and public regeneration are established on solid foundations!"

Brézé, "Oui, monsieur, nous avons entendu les intentions qu'on a suggéré au Roi, vous que ne sauriez etre son organe auprès des états généraux, vous qui n'avez ici ni place, ni voix, ni droit de parler, vous n'êtes pas fait pour nous rapeller son discours. Cependant pour eviter toute equivoque, tout delai, je vous declare que si l'on vous a chargé de nous faire sortir d'ici, vous devez demander des ordres pour employer la force, car nous ne quitterons nos places que par la puissance de la baionette." On which there was a general cry of "Tel est le vœu de l'Assemblée." They then immediately passed a confirmation of their preceding *arrets;* and, on the motion of the Count de Mirabeau, a declaration that their persons, individually and collectively, were sacred, and that all who made any attempts against them should be deemed infamous traitors to their country.

The 24th. The ferment in Paris is beyond conception; 10,000 people have been all this day in the Palais Royal; a full detail of yesterday's proceedings was brought this morning, and read by many apparent leaders of little parties, with comments to the people. To my surprise the king's propositions are met with universal disgust. He said nothing explicit on the periodical meeting of the States; he declared all the old feudal rights to be retained as property. These, and the change in the balance of representation in the provincial assemblies, are the articles which give most offence. But . . . . . the stumbling block to every plan that can be devised, as the people know and declare in every corner, is the situation of the finances, which cannot possibly be restored but by liberal grants of the States on one hand or by a bankruptcy on the other. It is well known that this point has been warmly debated in the council. Mons. Necker has proved to them that a bankruptcy is inevitable if they break with the States before the finances are restored, and the dread and terror of taking such a step, which no minister would dare to venture on, has been the great difficulty that opposed itself to the projects of the Count d'Artois.

On the 25th, Young notes that the leaders of the National Assembly are not satisfied with Necker. They have begged him to insist peremptorily on his resignation being accepted, being convinced that this will throw the queen's party into greater difficulties and embarrassments than any other circumstance; but that Necker's vanity has been played upon by the queen, who insidiously spoke to him so as to make him feel that it was in his power to keep the crown on the king's head. While Necker is thus allowing himself to be seduced by the Court, and at the same time courting the applause of the crowds about Versailles, Young goes on to say:

The queen received the deputation from the nobility with the Dauphin in her hand, whom she presented to them, claiming of their honour the protection of her son's rights, clearly implying that if the step the king had taken was not steadily asserted, the monarchy would be lost and the nobility sunk. While Mons. Necker's mob was heard through every apartment of the château, the king passed in his coach to Marly through a dead and mournful silence, and that just after having given to his people and the cause of liberty more, perhaps, than ever any monarch had done before.

Evening. The conduct of the Court is inexplicable and without plan. While the late step was taken to secure the orders sitting separate, a great body of the clergy has been permitted to go to the Commons, and the Duc d'Orleans, at the head of forty-seven of the nobility, has done the same; and, what is equally a proof of the unsteadiness of the Court, the Commons are in the common hall of the States, contrary to the express command of the king. The fact is, the *séance royale* was contrary to the personal feelings of the king, and he was brought to it by the council with much difficulty; and when it afterwards became necessary, as it did every hour, to give new and effective orders to support the system then laid down, it was necessary to have a new battle for every point, and thus the scheme was only opened, and not persisted in; this is the report, and apparently authentic. It is easy to see that that step had better, on a thousand reasons, not have been taken at all, for all vigour and effect of government will be lost, and the people be more assuming than ever. Yesterday at Versailles the mob was violent; they insulted and even attacked all the clergy and nobility that are known to be strenuous for preserving the separation of orders. The Bishop of Beauvais had a stone on his head that almost struck him down. The Archbishop of Paris had all his windows broken, and was forced to move his lodgings; and the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld was hissed and hooted. The confusion is so great that the Court have only the troops to depend on. It is now said confidently that if an order is given to the French guards to fire on the people, they will refuse obedience; this astonishes all except those who know how they have been disgusted by the treatment, conduct, and manœuvres of the Duc de Chatelet, their colonel. So wretchedly have the affairs of the Court in every particular been managed, so miserable its choice of the men in offices, even such as are the most intimately connected with its safety, and even existence.

The 26th. Every hour that passes seems to give the people fresh spirit; the meetings at the Palais Royal are more numerous, more violent, and more assured; and in the assembly of electors at Paris, for sending a deputation to the National Assembly, the language that was talked by all ranks of people was nothing less than a revolution in the Government, and the establishment of a free constitution, is easily understood,—*a republic;* for the doctrine of the times runs every day more and more to that point; yet they profess that the kingdom ought to be a monarchy too, or at least that there ought to be a king. In the streets one is stunned by the hawkers of seditious pamphlets and descriptions of pretended events that all tend to keep the people equally ignorant and alarmed. The supineness and even stupidity of the Court is without example; the moment demands the greatest decision, and yesterday, while it was actually a question whether he should be a doge of Venice or a king of France, the king went a-hunting! The spectacle the Palais Royal presented this night till eleven o'clock, and, as we afterwards heard, almost till morning, is curious. The crowd was prodigious, and fireworks of all sorts were played off, and all the building was illuminated.

The 27th. The whole business now seems over and the revolution complete. The king has been frightened by the mobs into overturning his own act of the *séance royale*, by writing to the presidents of the orders of the nobility and clergy, requiring them to join the commons—full in the teeth of what he had ordained before. It was represented to him that the want of bread was so great in every part of the kingdom that there was no extremity to which the people might not be driven; that they were nearly starving, and consequently ready to listen to any suggestions, and on the *qui vive* for all sorts of mischief; that Paris and Versailles would inevitably be burnt; and, in a word, that all sorts of misery and confusion would follow his adherence to the system announced in the *séance royale*. His apprehensions got the better of the party who had for some days guided him; and he was thus induced to take this step, which is of such importance that he will never more know where to stop or what to refuse; or rather, he will find that in the future arrangement of his kingdom his situation will be very nearly that of Charles I—a spectator, without power, of the effective resolutions of a Long Parliament. The joy this step occasioned was infinite; the Assembly, uniting with the people, all hurried to the château. *Vive le roi* might have been heard at Marly; the king and queen appeared in the balcony, and were received with the loudest shouts of applause. The leaders who governed these motions knew the value of the concession much better than those who made it.

The Duc de Liancourt having made an immense collection of pamphlets, buying everything that has a relation to the present period, and among the rest the *cahiers* of all the districts and towns of France, it was a great object with me to read these, and I was sure of finding in them a representa-

tion of the grievances of the three orders, and an explanation of the improvements wished for in the Government and administration. These *cahiers* being instructions given to their deputies, I have now gone through them all, with a pen in hand, to make extracts, and shall therefore leave Paris to-morrow.

The 28th. Having provided myself a light French cabriolet for one horse, or gig *Anglois* and a horse, I left Paris, taking leave of my excellent friend Monsieur Lazowski, whose anxiety for the fate of his country made me respect his character as much as I had reason to love it for the thousand attentions I was in the daily habit of receiving from him.

Thus in one short month Arthur Young had seen the realisation of the famous word of the Abbé Sieyès. When he arrived in France the Third Estate or Commons had no position except that which the king and Court chose to give it; at the end of the month it had conquered both the Court and the two privileged orders, and had compelled the latter to feel that they could not hope to exist except in unity with the will of the nation. Let us recall the great dates of the month, for they show the powerful march of events. On the 10th of June the Third Estate declared itself capable to act alone if the other orders refused to join it; on the 17th it assumed the name of National Assembly; on the 20th it took the oath in the Tennis Court, never to separate until the constitution of the kingdom and the regeneration of public order were established and securely founded on a solid basis; on the 22nd it conquered the clergy; on the 23rd it declared its sovereignty; and on the 27th conquered the nobility. R. H.

PHILANTHROPICAL PERPLEXITIES.

III.—ALMSGIVING.

IN a previous paper I have tried to look fairly at the case of those who are reckoned to be in the ranks of ordinary workers, but whose condition sorely exercises the philanthropist. He cannot pass by on the other side with a light heart, relying on the great law of supply and demand. What, however, he shall *do* makes one of the great problems of humanity. We dare not disregard it as insoluble, and yet the wisest have admitted its difficulty. I have attempted to show that its solution lies in a constitutional use of combination, co-operation, and legislation. These are long words, but they lead the right way. They are in accord with the views of corporate life set before us in the Bible and in the Church of Christ. And while their application and prevalence do not hinder the full exercise of Christian charity, they prevent the perpetuation of pauperism which is promoted by needless and lavish giving.

In our attempted passage through the troublesome waves of political economy we seem to reach smoother water when we have to deal with those who cannot work, or whose poverty is such that in helping them we neither mischievously depart from the hard and fast ways of benevolent severity, nor let go our central belief in the value of co-operation and combination as the best cure for social and commercial depression. There must be room for "Almsgiving."

The helpless of whom I think are of many sorts and conditions. Some have grown past any advice to lay up against a rainy day, for their wet season has set in. And yet we cannot always leave them to put on the coarse uniform of the pauper, and pose unwillingly as deterrent examples of improvidence as long as their bodies and souls are held together by the "ratepayer." The tottering old trots (who appear chiefly on Sundays) have, in divers cases, "seen better days;" but not a few of them are of that left-handed or deserted class which it is most difficult to relieve by any out door alms. They are, and have been throughout life, morally so invertebrate as to resent any stiffening at all, and, I suppose, as things are, must be left in the "house."

I will not, however, be caught by this word, or I shall fall into the bottomless pit of inquiry whether any "State" aid should be provided for the necessitous at all. For my present purpose, I look rather at the condition of the many poor, beside such as have sunk in social power and become paupers, for whom combination and co-operation provide no escape from their depressed condition. There are those who have never risen, such as congenital cripples among the needy. We can all appreciate the care and consideration shown for a rich man's child which is, say, lame from its birth. What pity is shed, what money is spent upon it, and not impossibly it is "spoilt." In some instances it grows up with a mind as crooked as its body, being spared, or rather denied, the wholesome contradiction and discipline which nourish obedience in others. I have often thought, while calling to mind such as I have known (among the poor) who have been more or less helpless from their birth, that, like Tiny Tim, they gather a better atmosphere around them than if their parents had been wealthy. For the love which they enjoy has been shown not in costly service and expensive surgical equipment, the value of which the child does not realise, but in unpaid, unselfish ministrations. And yet (looking to various escapes from the difficulty of doing good) here is sometimes an opening for monied help from outside which shall in no wise do harm. The child may, for instance, need "irons" or some saving treatment wholly beyond its father's reach.

I am not so sure about the general use of public "Homes" for "cripples," though they may teach such business as the sufferer could not otherwise have learned, or sometimes provide an officially kind haven in the place of an unloving household. There are, however, unhappily, enough patients to fulfil one or other of these conditions, and thus the maintenance of an assuredly well-conceived and conducted cripples' home may (parenthetically) be counted among the safe ways of doing good. Much the same may be said of institutions which provide for the incurable. Their very name, however, and the hopelessly stricken society which they provide, must in some cases add to the burden laid upon their inmates. As for such as are both poor and blind, their sociableness (when seen in company) and the sagacious way in which they learn at the hands of experts, seem to show that the support of their associated instruction can seldom be given amiss.

I will not, however, try to compile a list of sufferers just outside the body of sheer paupers; my object rather is to realise that there are many such who cannot by co-operation or similar methods improve the condition of themselves or of their class, and must be helped. How to help these is the question.

Besides such as are provided for in some well-conducted institution, there are those whom we can help by private alms. The "doing" of alms is notoriously conspicuous in all history. The Bible honours it. Cornelius the almsgiver is the distinguished link between the poorest heathen world and the Christian Church; but notably enough, "secret" giving is the form of donation preferred by Christ himself. It might here be remarked that, though we popularly connect secrecy with the giving of "money," we have no instance of its being given by Him. He pays the tax but does not fee the beggar. I do not thereby mean to hint that in adapting this fact to the conditions of modern society some medium (such as "tickets") should be used instead of coin. A "ticket" does not ensure but distinctly frustrates secrecy, for its very nature demands that it should be "shown." The point is that in His own procedure we do not see Christ associated with any form (ancient or modern) of what we understand by the open "charitable" distribution of relief. Should a man "do alms" he is advised to avoid what would seem to have been considered a legitimate, if not pious, display, and do them in secret.

Christ conspicuously helped people to help themselves. Multitudes of needy folk followed Him, but He is content to feed some and put others back into the business of life by giving them sight, strength, speech. On one occasion at least his largesse to the crowd (in the shape of loaves and fishes) was given not so much to relieve their inevitable hunger (for it would seem —Matt. xiv. 15—that they might have bought themselves victuals in the neighbouring villages) as to show an unexpected kindness. Thus, when we come to look into the Christian use of alms in "doing good," we are checked in their "public" bestowal, especially in the shape of money.

In secret giving, however, which is most highly esteemed, money must be allowed to be its most convenient shape, for then the desired secrecy is best maintained. You may, for example, sometimes help a poor man by the present of a (very welcome) coat, but then (notably in the country) he inevitably carries the witness of your generosity about with him. The secret cannot be withheld from your own left hand, for he displays it openly on his back. I should be sorry in writing thus to stop the donation of any acceptable garment; nevertheless the divine caution to conceal the "doing" of alms is not to be wondered at, since, beside fostering conceit in the donor, we can easily see how soon an open public distribution of relief draws a crowd of beggars.

Though Christ commands secrecy, it must, with us, be in some way associated with a personal knowledge of the recipient. Wily petitioners would soon discover that such and such a one gave "on the quiet," and, as there is honour among thieves, his name would soon be marked as a "safe card." No. Be really generous where you have the best reason to believe that your generosity is useful, and add to its charm by letting the matter be known only to yourself and your needy friend, or enemy. Dare to realise that as things are now, the command "Give to him that asketh thee," was not intended to suggest an opening of the purse to every applicant for relief, however in one sense "poor." What I must call the great "law of help," as seen in Christ Himself, determined the limits of His own giving. He resented the greediness of the people who followed him for mere loaves and fishes, and frequently tested the fitness of an applicant for his aid. His bodily aids, in the shape of healing gifts, were mainly measured by the "faith" or the moral fitness of the petitioner. We may be sure there were many sick in the place where He could do no mighty work because of the unbelief of the people. The belief which God requires of us in following the example of Christ is surely neither that blind credulity which makes a man the prey and support of deceivers, nor such unholy confidence as an impostor would enjoy in presenting himself to a man who, literally, would not let his left hand know what his right did. It may indeed be doubted whether some gifts that go by the name of "alms" are really such at all in the scriptural sense and in the sight of God. St. Paul would have flatly denied it when he had reason to believe that the applicant showed a questionable readiness to eat rather than to work.

In looking further at this great question of "almsgiving" in the light of these days, we may be compelled to perceive that its public use does not really exalt a nation or remove reproach from the people. The spirit of self-sacrifice which it involves is as much needed as ever, and in any case we shall have some poor always with us, and Christ says, "Whensoever ye will ye may do them good," but He does not show the way; He does not indicate the form which our help should take, beyond making an emphatic protest against the

"sounding of a trumpet before" the philanthropist.

This is not without its application in respect to the advertisement and publicity of much modern procedure. The promoters of charitable objects do not as yet invite attention by blowing horns. They prefer putting advertisements into the "Times," the "Morning Post," and the religious newspapers. Nevertheless they take the most effectual means they can think of to proclaim their eleemosynary purpose. They hold meetings, bazaars, fancy fairs, and, above all, give dinners, at which those who sit down to meat, having well drunk, may be tempted to become cheerful givers. Surely there is something in the famous utterance of Christ about the "doing" of alms which has not yet been wholly apprehended; and when we desire to do good by sheer donation to such as have fallen out of the working ranks, we might well refer to what He says, looking beneath the letter and reading between the lines of His words. There, indeed, we shall find a divine carefulness and the germ of that caution which is ever needed.

With all this, be it remembered, there is no excuse provided for the selfish to shuffle out of a donation under supposed august example. Many professing Christians do, however, shirk their duty in this respect. There are not merely openings for the need of money help, but calls for it, to be seen, not merely in the private generosity of which I have spoken, but in the needs of well-accredited associations at home and abroad; and yet how comparatively few respond to them. The same people mostly give all round.

I must needs notice very briefly some other ways of doing good through the expenditure of money than that known as "almsgiving," either privately or through the channel of a benevolent association. A wealthy man may supply a seaport with a lifeboat; he may help the fishermen to help themselves, by lending them money (at a low rate of interest) for the purchase of boats and nets; he may repair the landing-place or remove the nasty rock at the entrance of the little harbour. Even if not rich he may give prizes for homely industries and production. Many such-like things he can do, though it be on a small scale. There are, moreover, great evils, such as the bad housing of the poor, which are, seemingly, beyond the reach of what we understand by "charity." And yet a monied man can do incalculable good by courageous investment in cheap and sound dwellings. He will not lose his capital, far from it. And yet the embarking in such business often involves an exceedingly disagreeable and officious beginning. It is complicated, and it interferes with existing interests. Even the class ultimately benefited are often at first thankless. For before you can put up good houses where they are most wanted you frequently have to pull down those which are bad. And this makes social as well as material dust. No one thanks you. It needs a righteous soul to go on, for the investor I am thinking of is willing to be content with perhaps no more percentage on his outlay than he could have got by simply committing his capital to the hands of the Government. He pulls down rotten courts where he might have bought consols. Here, however, is a form of well-doing by the expenditure of money capable of unmeasured extension. Other methods are perceptible, as when our capitalist builds, say, baths and washhouses in towns, or ventures on "high" farming in a depressed agricultural district, thereby setting an example to his peers and employing the labour of the poor. There is, indeed, more radical satisfaction in this use of wealth than in its direct transmission to the bank of a benevolent society. It may not involve immediate "personal ministration" (of which more presently), and yet it is better than that second-hand way of doing good by money which consists in the handing it over to somebody else, however worthily it may be applied.

We must not, however, forget that such confidence is sometimes not only inevitable, but involves the exercise not of "charity" alone, but of a very genuine faith; and is divinely commendable as a means of "distributing to the necessity of saints" and furthering the purpose of Christ Himself, who bade His disciples to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. The Christian likes to have a hand in this work, and yet his material help is often impossible, except it be given in the shape of money, and thus takes its place among the acts which we class under the head of "almsgiving."

HARRY JONES, M.A.

NERVOUSNESS AND HYSTERIA.

LET me at once say that this is not an attack on the sex, for I freely admit that men are both nervous and hysterical in the truest sense of the words.

Again let me seek earnestly once for all to free the mind of every reader of the "Leisure Hour" from any idea that either the one term or the other is in any sense a term of reproach.

A cruel wrong has long enough been perpetrated on the unfortunate victims of excitable and overwrought and disordered brains, and I here maintain, and shall earnestly seek to prove, that the one who suffers from nervousness or hysteria deserves as much or more sympathy than if she had broken her leg.

But she does not get it, at any rate at present. "Oh! she's only hysterical!" accompanied with a would-be sapient but truly asinine nod, drives every vestige of sympathy with the wretched sufferer out of the hearts of bystanders, and indeed it is scarcely too much to say that a person who is tipsy is often regarded more leniently and treated more patiently than one who is hysterical.

Oh! the misery of being a nervous invalid in a healthy, hearty, common-sense English family—say of the bucolic order. "It is all fancy!" is the stock phrase before her face. "It is all humbug!" the stock one behind her back.

But let us consider these two conditions. In the first place they are not the same. Hysteria is a very advanced phase of nervousness, and generally is accompanied by fits, or some other special local manifestations, that often hide its true character.

Again, it must be noted that the term nervous is applied very variously in common speech. Sometimes it is used as synonymous with timid or shy; at other times as implying a depressed or feeble vitality. This is not the sense in which we are now speaking of "nervous people;" we refer to them as possessing a nervous temperament, as distinguished from a temperament which is dull and phlegmatic.

Now nervous people are the very salt of the earth. If we want a prime minister, a victorious general, an able administrator, a trusted judge, a clever physician, a powerful actor, we must have a man of great nervous energy. Slow, dull, lymphatic "vegetables" are no good.

We must have men with brains, whose souls can thrill, whose hearts can feel, whose affections are warm, whose judgment is quick and keen, whose will is indomitable, whose knowledge is profound; and all this requires a highly developed nervous organisation.

It is from the sons and daughters of such men, inheriting their father's highly-strung organisation, but lacking his safety-valve of steady work, that the ranks of our nervous sufferers are recruited. But there are other causes. Like gout, which selects its victims from the twin ranks of those who eat too much and those who do not eat enough, so does distressing nervousness alike afflict those who have too much leisure and those who have too little.

What can be a more distressing sight than the anxious, pinched, wan face of the busy seamstress or east-end slave, who starts at the least noise, whose head is always aching, and whose hand is always shaking; and yet it is only the nerves.

And nervousness is increasing, though hysteria is said to be diminishing, for the wheel of life is daily exacting more and more work out of our heads; and our nerves are ever on increasing tension, which causes us to break down prematurely and die before our time. Consider why beneficed clergymen should be the longest lived of any class of men. Is it not because, if small, their income is secure, and their lives comparatively placid?

Nervousness may show itself in many ways. In pulling wry faces, wrinkling the forehead, twitching (not winking) one eye or the corner of the mouth, in flushes and pallor, constant movement of some part of the body, in general restlessness, tapping of one foot, starting, crying and laughing without cause, dryness (sudden) of the tongue, irritability of temper, hoarseness of voice, sudden loud coughing, quick short breaths or long deep sighs, constant action with the fingers, fiddling about, thumb-twirling, sleeplessness, fear of crowds, fear of being alone, nightmare, capricious appetites, *et hoc genus omne*.

These signs neglected, and especially in hobbledehoys, male and female, that is, youths from thirteen to sixteen, may possibly result in true hysteria or worse diseases

The cure is mainly domestic and rational, and consists as usual in first removing the cause, if it can be found or even suspected; and secondly in developing, exercising, and fatiguing the body and letting the nerve centres lie dormant. Life on a farm is generally the typical cure for bad juvenile cases, simple removal to country or seaside often answers. Fresh air all day and sleep all night soon cure milder cases.

Bad cases in adults cannot bear this. The too active nerve centres cannot endure rest, at any rate for a time. These cases, therefore, should be taken to some lively watering place at home, or, better still, abroad, and the mind diverted but not fatigued until it gets healthier; when a quieter life can be enjoyed and profited by.

Let us now pass on to hysteria. One great object in this paper is absolutely to destroy the false idea that hysteria means "shamming," and that "they could help it if they liked." The idea is favoured by some of the phenomena of hysteria, we own, but is absolutely false, for this is a real, common, and most distressing disease, not only to the friends but to the patient.

The unfortunate victims of it are generally those who are under or over worked, more frequently the former. Luxury, ill-balanced education, unhappy

surroundings, long nursing, mental strain, shocks, all tend to it. It may occur in boys or girls from ten to fourteen, but is commonest in women from eighteen to twenty-five. Hysteria is often found in people of strong minds and lots of "nerve" in other respects. It is undoubtedly a common result of over-education combined with subsequent idleness. No doubt we pay a heavy penalty for many of our modern advantages in the presence of these and other diseases. Horace tells us that when Prometheus brought fire down from heaven new fevers followed.

A similar disease, especially when fainting was a symptom, was formerly known in polite society as "the vapours."

Hysteria may be described as a serious disorder of the central nervous system, whereby every part of the body, without exception, may become the apparent seat of non-existent disease. Mark, we do not say there is no disease, but that the disease is not in the part. Occasionally real disease of the part underlies the hysterical appearance on the surface.

So common is it, and yet so unknown outside the medical profession, that my readers will be surprised to hear that this one disease is to a large extent the rule and organic disease the exception.

Sir Benjamin Brodie used to say that four-fifths of the ladies of the upper classes that came to him with diseased joints were suffering from diseased nerves only. These simulated diseases of joints and spine used to fill Brighton, Hastings, Worthing, and Tunbridge Wells with crowds of pretty and interesting young invalids in bath-chairs, with a sprinkling of the mashers of the period in attendance.

Nowadays these numbers have greatly diminished owing to the recognition of the true character of the complaint, and new and improved modes of treating it.

Some time ago a girl of nineteen had been carefully treated for weeks in the old-fashioned style for a diseased knee, when one day her sister was to be married, and the girl determined to go. The doctor shuddered, but off the girl went, and the knee was well in a week. It is cases like these that lead to hysteria being considered a sham, when the truth is it is the doctor who is at fault in not discovering that the disease is not in the knee but the brain.

Common signs and seats of this protean disease are pain on the left side of the chest and near the heart, in the throat, in the spine, and particularly in the knees. Sometimes one or two fingers of the hand will not open and are quite contracted, sometimes an arm drawn up, or a leg. There may be great pain, or complete absence of pain, or there may be complete absence of all feeling in the part, so that it can be pricked *ad libitum*. The white of the left eye is often thus affected, and the sufferer does not know it. When there is pain a great sign is that the skin is almost always tender, and a light touch causes often a louder cry than deep pressure. Sometimes there is a sharp cough, always made worse on inquiry about it. The manifestations of this disease are most common in March, April, and May. Sometimes the disease is in seizures known as hysterical "fits." These are characteristic. A ball generally rises in the throat, the senses are at any rate partially lost, and the patient falls but never hurts herself. She falls with prudence, and the fits generally occur when there are friends near and in the daytime. The teeth may be locked together, but the unruly member never suffers by being bitten.

These fits often come on after some nerve disturbance, such as excitement, quarrelling, overfatigue, shocks, and even laughing, which really consists of a succession of short jerks, which seem to spread more and more till the whole body gets convulsed.

Sometimes hysteria simulates death, the patient lies still and pale, and hardly breathes. This condition, however, is better called catalepsy, and is still graver.

We will give one or two typical cases of hysteria from real life.

A short time ago, in the out-patient department of a large hospital, two quietly dressed ladies stood anxiously awaiting their turn to enter the doctor's room with a poor woman wrapped in blankets, whom they had brought in an invalid chair and an ambulance, with the greatest difficulty, from home.

When the doctor saw them, he ascertained that the poor creature had suffered for years from a diseased spine, and for the last two years had been entirely supported and nursed by the two ladies, who, not being rich themselves, had at last found the burden more than they could bear, and had, as a last resource, brought her to the hospital, in the hope it would provide a bed for her for the remainder of her life.

The patient was a respectable-looking person about forty-five, with a placid, well-fed appearance, but emitting the most agonising cries whenever an attempt was made to move her.

The ladies were thereupon asked to withdraw and wait, and the back was carefully examined, and, in spite of intense apparent pain, the conclusion arrived at was that there was no disease but hysteria.

Strong measures were of course needed to bring the patient to this point of view, and in the first place the spine was carefully galvanised, and she was then induced to walk. Further details would be wearisome. In two hours' time, so effectual were the means used, that the two ladies stared at the miraculous appearance of the one on whom they had spent so much care, walking all about the waiting-room with ease, and cured of her spinal complaint once and for all. In this case, again, it was carefully explained that the woman was not deceiving them, but that it was her nerves, not her spine, which were disordered.

I think Sir B. Brodie used to tell a story of a young lady of twenty-four whom he came across lying in a most extraordinary position on her face across a wooden machine made for the purpose, containing also a contrivance for feeding her in that position. It appeared she, too, had been suffering from severe spinal disease for six years, and had

been lying on her face, by mistaken medical advice, for four years. By the discovery of the nervous nature of the malady and the soundness of the spine, and by the use of judicious means, this young lady was sitting eating at table in five days, and in a fortnight could walk a quarter of a mile.

Another case was that of a young married man, about thirty years of age, who had been overworked in an office, and had gradually become extremely hysterical. He was a martyr to various aches and pains, and often absented himself from the office, until the symptoms culminated in a sort of fit. He then took to his bed, where he fully expected to die. Trained nurses were engaged and sat up with him every night, when he apparently became delirious. His principal symptoms were intense weakness and exhaustion, and agonising pains suddenly coming on, causing intense consternation and commotion throughout the house. At last a physician came to see him, who discovered the seat of the disease was in the nerves, and its name "hysteria."

He divulged it to one or two of the strongest-minded and most influential of the family, and advised instant action, for the young man was by this time getting violent, and worse every hour.

His own home, unfortunately, was over five hundred miles distant, and involved not only long rail journeys and changes, but steamboats and carriage-driving. Nevertheless a brother was telegraphed for who arrived the next day, and then, according to a prearranged plot, at five o'clock the doctor entered the sick man's room.

He had just been saying he never would get up off the bed again, and his symptoms were worse.

He was, however, told to get up, and, assisted by two nurses, hurried into his clothes, with the sudden explanation that his brother had just arrived and wanted to see him downstairs at once. Too bewildered to resist, which he certainly would have done had time been given, he was bustled down, and found to his surprise his brother, who told him that he, the invalid, must at once accompany him home at all risks.

The doctor, of course consented, but with apparent reluctance. A good meal was waiting, of which he was forced to partake; and at six the dying man was driving off to the station as hard as he could go, his brother and the doctor keeping up such an incessant jabber that he tried in vain to get in a word about himself or utter a protest. Far from his devoted nurse and sympathising sister, he felt he had no resource but to make the best of it. The same business-like proceedings were continued at the station. In all respects treated as in perfect health, he was put into his carriage, offered a paper, and at half-past six was gone. At the other end he got into the steamer, which was late for the train on the other side, so he had to wait for hours; and when at last he arrived at the nearest station they had given him up and gone home, so he and his brother had to hire a dogcart and drive over, and arrived all safe.

Of course the next two days he was knocked up, but soon the familiar and much-loved scenes asserted their influence, and in a week he was out shooting all over the place.

As a rule it is better that hysterical patients should not be at home, especially if the disease develops there, but should at once be sent away.

What they do want, wherever they are, in order to be cured, is the power of a very strong will and the patience of a very kind heart.

Now there was no deception in this case, and yet such might easily be suspected.

One of the most remarkable testimonies as to the power of the hysterical person to simulate real disease is the fact that at a leading London hospital over fifty cases of one fatal disease have been sent in by medical men and certified, and yet in every one of the fifty the disease was hysteria, and hysteria only.

The marvellous cures of hysterical loss of voice are very interesting. A patient comes: at times a waiter in an hotel, who has lost his voice, and place in consequence; at others a governess, or perhaps the mother of a family, or some delicate young lady. None of them can speak above a very soft whisper; and yet, without knowing it, they will cough or clear their throat quite audibly. The history is nearly always the same. The disease did not begin with hysteria. The patient had a severe cold at first, and *did* lose her voice. This has, however, long since been cured; but the voiceless state persists, and would do so till the end of time. A careful examination reveals that everything is normal.

And then, by the skilful use of judicious means, the voiceless condition, that has persisted for sometimes years, gradually is cured. These patients occasionally actually have slates to write on, and cannot speak at all.

And yet after treatment, in five minutes they say "Oh!" with wonderful vigour. In five minutes more they can count, and in half an hour can shout out every letter of the alphabet so as to be heard fifty yards off.

Sometimes, of course, they look puzzled at the rapidity of the cure, and sometimes dubious whether they are not after all impostors: but they are *not*, as is evidenced by their often losing their very situations from this cause alone. In any case they are extremely grateful at being so rapidly cured. A good collection of hysterical cures would far exceed in romance the wildest fables that ever made the reputation of a quack medicine.

One extremely comical case, which we may just wind up with, was that of a very attractive young lady, "poor, but respectable," who entered the room of a hospital surgeon a short time ago a living skeleton, pursued by her anxious and care-worn mother, holding in one hand a pot of Liebig and in the other a spoon. She apologised, and explained her extraordinary attitude by saying that her daughter had completely lost her power of swallowing for weeks, and had solely been kept alive by a mysterious process she called "suction;" that she had tried all that day to induce her to take a little Liebig, that being a light nourishing diet, but in vain. The young lady said such was the case, that she was truly sorry to grieve so excellent a mother, and besides ruin her own health, but she felt she was going fast, for she could swallow nothing.

A glass of water on the table was tried after much persuasion, but produced such spasms that not a drop was swallowed.

The mother was then requested to wait, and the daughter was taken to the wards upstairs, and a brief course of treatment entered upon, the true nature of the disease being at once discovered. It was so satisfactory that, after a few minutes, the patient thought that she felt better, and managed with difficulty to swallow a little water. This was not enough, however, so it was still continued, with the eminently satisfactory and happy result that in half an hour the young lady was sitting at a table with a plateful of boiled mutton, turnips, and potatoes before her; and her mother was called up, and in her presence the daughter, with a radiant countenance, completely finished the meal.

One curious thing is that all the distortions and contractions of hysteria disappear under chloroform. One very obstinate case of a contracted and bent arm defied all efforts to straighten it; but when at last chloroform was given, it was at once perfectly straight. As the patient came round it contracted again, and in a few hours was as rigid as ever. She was therefore put to sleep a second time, the arm straightened, and then secured in that position with plaster-of-paris. The result was a perfect cure.

The secret of curing all hysteria is by feeling true sympathy from the conviction of the reality of the disease, but showing none. In fits, for instance, the friends should not struggle with the sufferer, or express either alarm or interest; indeed, the fewer spectators the better, as the patient is nearly always partly conscious, and any interest always increases the violence of her performances. All alcohol should invariably be avoided, as it only increases the malady.

One of the best and safest cures is to pour steadily from a height a small stream of cold water on the face. This will be borne for a few minutes, and then efforts made to avoid it, and then consciousness regained with a long-drawn sigh.

One has been asked to account for the exceeding rapidity of many of these cures if the disease be real. The answer is that it is because the disease is not organic or involving any actual change in the part, to cure which would necessarily be a work of time, but purely functional or dependent on nerve force and hence quickly curable.

Catalepsy is such a serious perversion of nerve force and intellect, and its manifestations are so dreadful, that this is hardly the place to discuss it, especially as it is not at all common.

Nervousness and hysteria are everywhere, however, and we certainly think that all should be aware of their real nature, how far they are removed from shamming and deceit, and how they constitute a troublesome and increasing class of very real disease, though in no case is the disease ever where the patient imagines it to be.

There are, of course, *malades imaginaires;* but even of these we would try and say a good word, for it is quite true that if a man is so ill as to imagine he is ill when he is not ill, he must be very ill indeed.

One remark it occurs to us to make before concluding. In the discussions that sometimes take place in connection with "faith healing," it is well to remember the vast difference between cases of organic disease and of mere nervous disorder. The symptoms may be in both equally conspicuous, but the good effects of moral as distinguished from physical remedies will be chiefly found in the latter class of cases.

A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

June Nights.

DOWN from the hills, across the dale,
The balmy night-wind blows,
And wafts the song of nightingale,
The breath of sweet wild-rose;
All glittering the river flows,
Where the full-orbèd moon
A silvery gleam upon it throws:
Fair are the nights in June.

Now in the hedge its lantern pale
The glimmering glow-worm shows,
Where nods the lily of the vale,
And purple fox-glove grows.
Let us forget December's snows,
And August's parched simoon,
And weeping April's tearful woes:
Fair are the nights in June.

'Tis late; ere long the moon will fail,
And he to whom she owes
Her feeble light, the heaven will scale,
And stir the earth's repose;
And hark! it is the cock that crows;
The stars grow faint, and swoon;
Though they be brief, and quickly close,
Fair are the nights in June!

C. J. L.

THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

ELIZABETH.

MOST of us know Queen Bess as a good penwoman. Like her brother and sister, she evidently received a very careful training in handwriting. Edward VI's early death has prevented us from learning what fruit this tuition would have borne in after-life; in Mary's case her writing—as we have seen—became slightly more slovenly as she advanced in years; but Elizabeth wrote a firm clear hand almost to the day of her death.

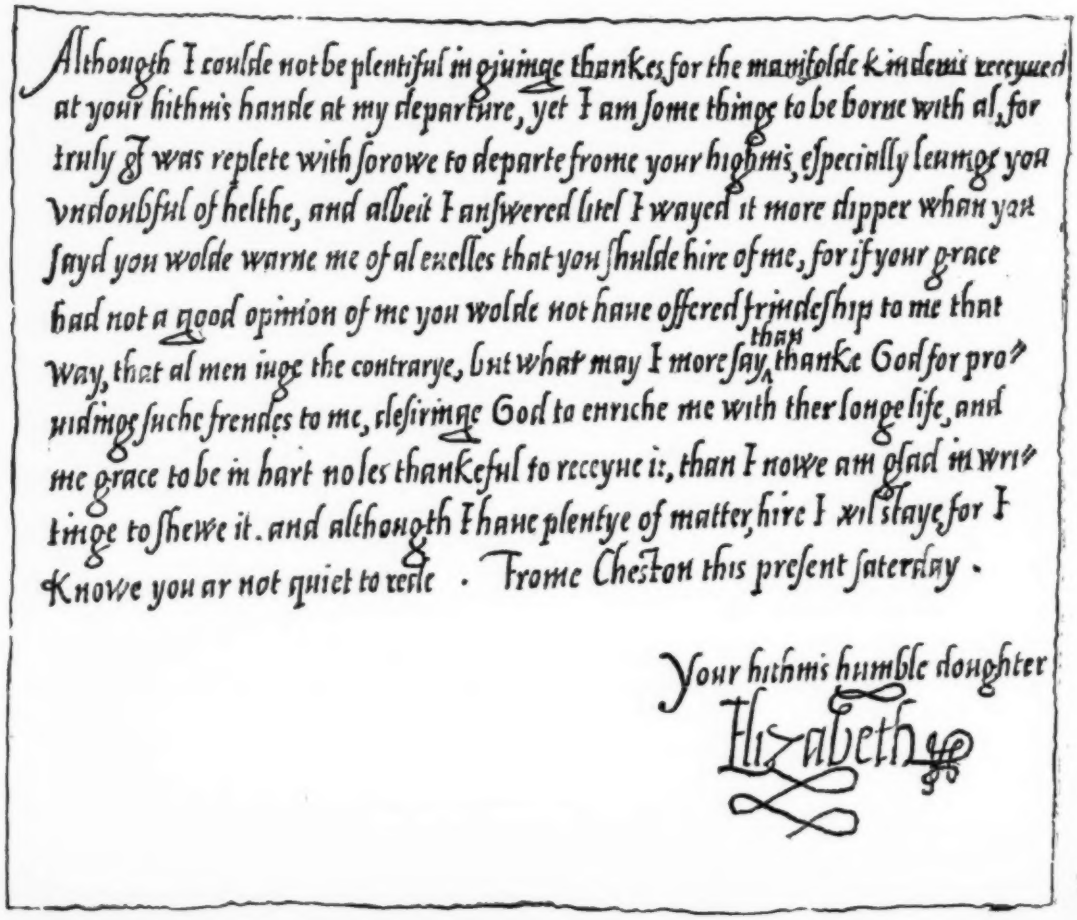
Here is a letter which may, with interest, be compared with the early compositions of her brother, sister, and Lady Jane Grey; Elizabeth was fourteen when she wrote it. The letter—which belongs to the year 1547—is addressed to the Queen Dowager, Catherine Parr, and illustrates the affectionate relations that had all along existed between Henry's child by Anne Boleyn and his widow. It reads as follows:—

Holograph. Original at Public Record Office. State Papers. Domestic. Edward VI, vol. ii, No. 25. See facsimile below.

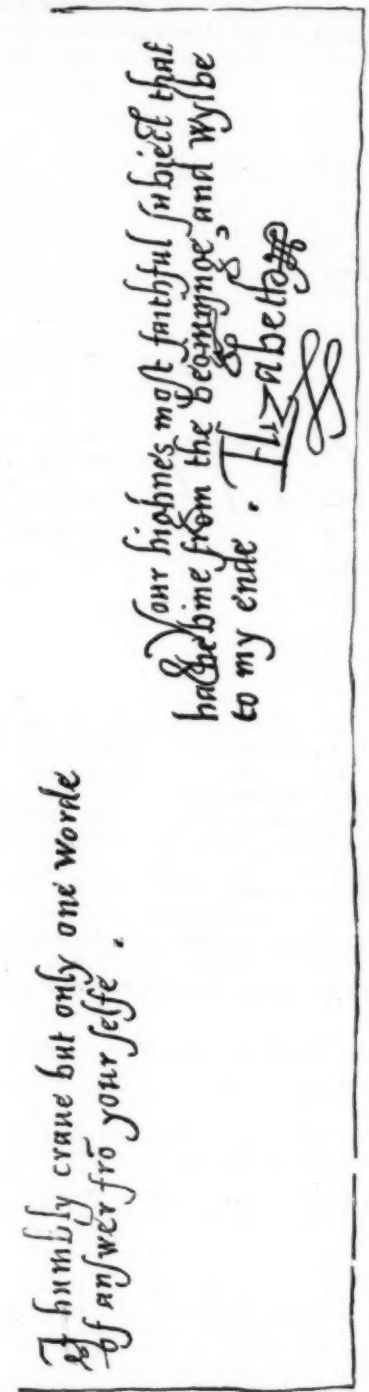
Althougth I coulde not be plentiful in givinge thankes for the manifolde kindenis receyved at your hithnis hande at my departure, yet I am some thinge to be borne with al, for truly I was replete with sorowe to departe from your highnis, especially levinge you undoubtful of helthe, and albeit I answered litel, I wayed it more dipper whan you sayd you wolde warne me of al evelles that you shulde hire of me, for if your grace had not a good opinion of me, you wolde not have offered frendeship to me that way, that al men juge the contrarye, but what may I more say than thanke God for providinge such frendes to me, desiringe God to enriche me with ther longe life, and me grace to be in hart no les thankeful to receyve it, than I nowe am glad in writinge to shewe it, and although I have plentye of matter, hire I wil staye for I knowe you are not quiet to rede. Frome Cheston this present Saterday

Your hithnis humble doughter
ELIZABETH.

Seven years after the date of this letter, Eliza-



beth, whose profession of Protestantism caused her sister continual uneasiness, was committed to the Tower under the pretext of complicity in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion. Though lying seriously ill in Hertfordshire at the time of her arrest, she was carried with but scant ceremony to London and kept as a prisoner at Whitehall. On the Friday before Palm Sunday, 1554, the Bishop of Winchester and nineteen members of the council entered her presence, formally charged her with being concerned with Wyatt, and acquainted her with her sister's order that she should be lodged in the Tower. Thither she was accordingly removed on Palm Sunday, permission having been first given her to write a letter to the Queen. This letter, perhaps one of the most interesting in many ways that Elizabeth ever wrote, is too long for either quotation in full or for facsimile reproduction in its entirety, but some account of it, and a representation of its concluding words, must find a place in these pages. (See facsimile in the previous column.)



I humbly crave but only one worde of answer fro[m] your selfe,
Your highnes most faithful subiect that hathe bine from the beginninge and wylbe to my ende
ELIZABETH.[1]

"If," begins the Princess, "any ever did try this olde saynge that a Kinges worde was more than another mans othe, I most humbly beseche your Majestie to verefie it in me and remember your last promise and my last demande that I be not condemned without answer and due proof; which it seems that now I am." The Tower, she thinks, is a place "more wonted for a false traitor than a tru subject," and sending her thither will condemn her in the eyes of the world, though God knows her to be innocent of any machinations against her sister. "Therefore," she continues, "I humbly beseche your Majestie to let me answer afore your selfe and not suffer me to trust your counselors; yea, and that afore I go to the Tower, if it be possible; if not, afor I be further condemned." However it may be, she trusts that no evil report brought to Mary will, without full investigation, set "one sistar again the other," and then again protesting her freedom from complicity with the "traitor Wiat," she proceeds, "I pray God confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or lettar by any menes, and to this my truith, I wil stande in to my dethe."

The two following facsimiles give us examples of Elizabeth's signature as Queen, at the commencement and close of her reign. The first:



[1] Holograph. Original at Public Record Office. State Papers. Domestic. Mary, vol. iv, No. 2.

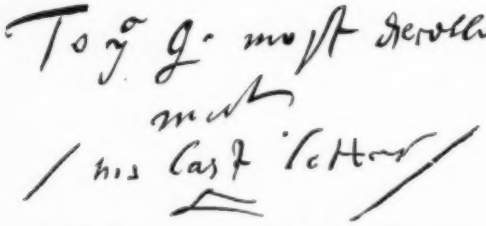
[1] Public Record Office. State Papers. Domestic. Elizabeth. Addenda, vol. xl. No. 25.

is appended to a document dated in August, 1561, addressed to the Receiver-General of the Court of Wards and Liveries giving him direction as to passing his accounts. The second signature[1] entertained for Leicester, will best be understood when we remember her habit of banishing from memory those who had passed away from her presence. How the letter found its way into the



is appended to a document bearing date in February, 1602, by which the Queen directs Admiral Sir Richard Leveson to sail from Plymouth in "the Repulse," with nine ships, and intercept the fleet that was believed to have been dispatched from Spain to effect a landing in Ireland.

Amongst the State Papers[2] is a letter from the Earl of Leicester to Elizabeth, written about a week before his death, which happened on the 4th of September, 1588. The letter itself has no particular feature of interest; the writer inquires after the Queen's health, "the chiefest thing in this world" he prays for, and he speaks hopefully of his own speedy recovery; but the endorsement, in Elizabeth's own hand, has a very special interest; it reads as follows:—



"To ye Q[ueens] most excellent Ma[jes]t[ie] *his last letter;*" the words in italics are in Elizabeth's writing.

The strength of the testimony, borne by this endorsement, to the regard which the Queen then public papers of the kingdom, we do not know, but there can be no doubt that at first the Queen preserved it as the last letter she received from a former suitor for her hand.

Our last specimen of Elizabeth's writings is a prayer, believed to have been composed for the safety of the ships which she despatched in 1597 to scatter the Spanish fleet preparing to attack Ireland. On their way to Spain, the English vessels were dispersed by a storm, and the commander, the Earl of Essex, confined his efforts to intercepting the Spanish ships on their way to the Indies.

Holograph. Original at British Museum. Harl. MSS. No. 6986. *No.* 35. (*See Facsimile opposite.*)

O God all-maker, keeper, and guider: Inurement of thy rare-seene unused and seeld-heard-of goodnes, poured in so plentifull sort upon us full oft; breeds now this boldnes to crave with bowed knees and heartes of humilitye thy large hande of helping power to assist with wonder oure just cause not founded on Prides-motion nor begun on Malice-stock. But as thou best knowest to whome nought is hid grounded on just defence from wronges, hate, and bloody desire of conquest. For scince meanes thou hast imparted to save that thou hast given, by enioying such a people as scornes their bloodshed where suretie ours is one. Fortifie (deare God) such heartes in such sort as their best part may be worst, that to the truest part meant worst with least losse to such a Nation as despise their lives for their Cuntryes good. That all Forreine Landes may laud and admire the Omnipotency of thy worke a fact alone for thee only to performe. So shall thy name be spread for wonders wrought and the faithfull encouraged to repose in thy unfellowed grace. And we that mynded nought but right, inchained in thy bondes for perpetuall slavery, and live and dye the sacrificers of oure soules for such obtayned favoure. Warrant, deare Lord, all this with thy command. Amen.

[1] Public Record Office. State Papers. Domestic. Elizabeth. Addenda, vol. 283. No. 28.
[2] *Ibid.* Vol. 215. No. 65.

O god all-maker, keeper, and guider: Inurement of thy rare-seene, vnused and seeld-heard-of goodnes, powred in so plentifull sort vpon vs full oft; breeds now this boldnes, to craue with bowed knees, and heartes of humilitye, thy large hande of helping power, to assist with wonder oure iust cause, not founded on Prides-motion nor begun on Malice-stock; But as thou best knowest, to whome nought is hid, grounded on iust defence from wronges, hate, and bloody desire of conquest. For since meanes thou hast imparted to saue that thou hast giuen, by enioyng such a people, as scornes their bloodshed, where suretie ours is one: Fortifie (deare God) such heartes in such sort, as their best part may be worst, that to the truest part meant worst with least losse to such a Nation, as despise their liues for their Cuntryes good. That all Forreine Landes may laud and admire the Omnipotency of thy worke: a fact alone for thee only to performe. So shall thy name be spread for wonders wrought and the faithfull encouraged, to repose in thy vnfellowed grace: And wee that minded nought but right, inclaimed in thy bondes for perpetuall slauery, and liue and dye the sacrificers of oure soules for such obtayned fauoure Warrant, (Deare Lorde) all this with thy command. Amen.

THE DANCING BEAR.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

PART VIII.

THE hut inside was even more like a bird's-nest; the walls were made of moss, with tufts of sheep's wool here and there; in one corner, near the entrance, was an iron pot full of burning charcoal, so that although the air within made Joseph cough at first, it felt warm and comfortable. A bigger lantern than the one the charcoal burner carried hung from the centre of the roof, and gave a subdued light. The roof went up towards the centre, and was much higher than it looked from outside. A rough three-legged table was placed under the lantern, and there was one equally rude stool. A heap of straw spread on some dried pine-branches showed where the owner slept, and there was a goodly supply of pine-logs scattered about.

"Sit ye down, friend," Jacob said, and lifting up one of the thickest logs, he set it on end and seated himself.

"That is all I have to offer," he said, pointing to a lump of black bread on the table. "I have eaten all my meat and drunk all my champagne," he grinned, "but, unless the Schloss's dainties have spoiled your appetite, I'll warrant you are ready for bread after your long tramp. Thunder and lightning! what a time you were rubbing down that beast. Come, come, begin, I am starving—"

His large thin ears quivered with impatience as Joseph began, in a leisurely way, to unfasten his wallet.

"I have some meat here," the Frenchman said. "Shall we share it?" and he placed a chunk of veal on the table, but although Jacob at once cut off by far the largest half with his broad sharp knife, and began to gnaw it, his eyes remained greedily fixed on the knapsack, and his ears were more tremulous than ever. With his glittering eyes, and red elf locks falling over his pale face, he looked as eerie and uncanny as any elf in a fairy tale.



TIRED OF CIVILISATION.

Joseph was startled by his eagerness, and he purposely fumbled for a minute or so before he produced the fat high-shouldered bottle.

"Ha! ha!" shrieked the bat-like creature; "good, good, the right sort! the true elixir. Stay! let me kiss the beauty!"

He pressed the bottle to his lips.

"Stop!" Joseph said, and he produced a little horn drinking mug from one of his pockets, and held it out to Jacob.

The charcoal-burner pushed it away and shook his head.

"No, no. Pardon me, Monsieur Joseph, I take my liquor direct from the source," he said. "Help yourself, friend, and then let me enjoy myself after my own manner. I promise you I will be moderate."

"It is very strong, I warn you," and Joseph passed him the bottle, after pouring only a small quantity into his cup.

But Jacob had raised the bottle to his lips, and was drinking with closed eyes and an expression of great satisfaction on his weird face. When at last he set the bottle on the table he was smiling, a strange wild look in his face.

"My friend," he said, "I like you, I even love

you, and I invite you to repeat your visit each time you travel through the Odenwald."

Joseph gazed at his eccentric companion.

"You are very kind, but this is a strange land to me. I doubt whether I was wise to travel so far from home."

"Where is your home?" Jacob asked.

"Ah! it is far away; it is in France, beside the Isère, and there I have my wife and my little five-year-old Pierrot, and months have passed since I saw them."

Joseph sighed, and drew the sleeve of his blouse across his eyes.

"Well, you silly fellow, and so much the better for you. Why did you spoil your life by marrying? Here you are, tied by a cord which is always pulling you back; and, after all, I'll wager you are happier tramping the country with your bear than you would be drawing water and chopping wood for a scolding woman. Oh, I know them well, and you do not find me taking up with one among them."

He stretched out his hand, and took another pull at the bottle.

"Look at me," he said; "I am free as air; I have travelled; I have been half round the world. I have been a gentleman's valet—a courier—a tout. Now circumstances have sent me into retirement, I—I—"

He became restless under Joseph's observant eye.

"In truth, I am tired of civilisation—and I make charcoal. I"—he flourished his begrimed right hand—"I may tire of charcoal—who knows? I shall perhaps after a time make up my quarrel with mankind, but I shall never marry—I could not give up my freedom to so inferior a being as a woman."

He looked longingly at the bottle which Joseph was replacing in his wallet. He had at first intended to bestow it on his strange host, but when he saw how liberally the little man drank from it, and how unconscious he seemed of the strength of the liquor, it seemed to the temperate Frenchman unwise to trust Jacob with so much of the potent liquor as remained in the flask.

"You Germans have strong heads," he said.

The little man snapped his fingers.

"Bah! I am neither German nor French. I was born at Basle; I am cosmopolitan, for Basle is one of the great gates to Southern Europe." He yawned till the corners of his mouth nearly reached his ears. "We have talked enough; I am sleepy. Good-night, my friend—there is your bed."

He lay down in a corner of the hut, with a rug for a pillow; then he flung a rough rug over himself, and in a few minutes he was snoring loudly.

Joseph after a while lay down on the straw and slept for an hour or two. When he roused he saw through the low opening of the hut that dawn was finding its way into the wood; but the little elf-like man still slept soundly on his hard pillow.

Joseph put a piece of money on the table, and found his way to Pepin's stable among the wood-logs.

PART IX.

THE sun was shining on a broad river; sometimes it showed lofty wooded banks, with now and then an old red castle glimmering among the trees, and sometimes where the banks were lower the bright golden sunlight fell on groups of houses dotted round the spire of a village church.

It seemed to be shining especially down on the market square of a small town, and on the straw and vegetable refuse scattered here and there; the wares displayed a few hours before had all been cleared away. The square was some little distance from the river and opened on to the road leading from it, which road continued after passing the square and became the main street of the town.

The church stood at the bottom of the market place, and across the road, mounting upwards as if to climb the hill on which the castle stood, was another wide road, with two of the quaintest old houses one on either side of the way. The upper storeys projected and seemed to nod their gabled heads across at one another, and in the angles of one were supporting brackets, curiously carved. In the other house these brackets were carved figures of dark oak, on which rested the heavy beams that ran across the housefront.

In the square across the road children were playing in front of some of the houses, and a flock of white pigeons came swooping down from the steep houseroofs to see if any grain lurked among the little heaps of straw, while some of them perched on the fountain that stood in the middle of the square.

It was as lazy and peaceful a scene as one could wish to find on this August afternoon; even the children played quietly as they sat at the open doors of the houses; and indeed it was easy to see by the grass growing between the stones that the little town was itself habitually sleepy, and did not boast of much traffic or communication with the outside world.

But in an instant some of the leisure vanished from the quiet scene. Joseph in his straw hat and his blouse came suddenly into the square from the road that led to the river. He looked lovingly at the little white-capped children, and they opened their round eyes and smiled at him. But presently behind him came a strange sound, something between a groan and a growl. At this two of the children shrieked out so loudly that first one mother and then another came hurrying forward, ready to do battle for their darlings, and, as they came Pepin appeared from the angle of the square; the sight of this big shaggy creature, shaking his sides and coughing as he walked, while his little red eyes glared hungrily round him, caused a general panic. Each child fled to its mother and hid its face in her skirts, while the mothers cried out in chorus, and backed each into her respective house, putting her little ones behind her, after the manner of a hen that sees a hovering kite ready to pounce on her chicks.

Joseph sighed. In his way through the Odenwald he had become accustomed to this sort of reception. He was tired and thirsty. When they

came in sight of the broad beautiful river he had felt cheered, and while Pepin stood drinking, his master had tried to take heart, but since their meeting with the charcoal-burner they had not got a regular night's rest. Till to-day the rain had continued, and Pepin had seemed so depressed and poorly that Joseph had not dared to let him lie down in the damp for long together. He looked sadly at the women, and then he shook his head, sighed, and pointed to his poor bear; but he could see no pity in any of their faces, and he felt that it would be worse than useless to appeal to them. He turned away, and went slowly across the square towards the church.

One of the women stepped outside her door and looked after him.

"May our dear Lady avert it!" she said. "Do you know, neighbours, that the heathen is going to try the church door? He wants to stable his savage beast in the church itself. Was there ever such a monster?"

Poor sad Joseph never dreamed of committing such sacrilege. He felt almost hopeless. He had lost count of the time that had passed since he left the Isère. He had hoped to return home by July, but when he saw how golden the corn looked, and also how in some places beside the Neckar it had been already cut and carried into the barns, he knew that July must be past. And he had become very anxious about his wife. She was not very well when he left her, and who could say how she might be wanting him.

He reproached himself for having come so far. At Heidelberg the man he asked said that it could not take him a week to reach Wurzburg, but it seemed to Joseph that it was more like a fortnight since he had left Heidelberg, and he feared that Wurzburg was still far off. He went on past the church, and presently he saw an old, white-haired, black-robed priest walking up and down an alley beside the building, as if he were waiting for some one. In his hand he held an open book from which ribbons were hanging, and the sunshine flickered on the gold embroidery of these markers and on the gilt clasps of the book itself, and on the mild pink face of the priest, who was looking at his book as he paced slowly forward, so that he did not at first see Pepin and his master at the top of the alley.

As Joseph's sad eyes fell on this pleasant picture the load at his heart seemed lightened, and he said to himself,

"Now here, I am sure, is a kind man; he will teach me how to cure Pepin's cough, and he will tell me the time of year and the day of the month."

Joseph was very quick at learning to play a new tune on his flute; and he was a clever gardener; he used to get more out of his bit of land beside the Isère than many others could; but he had never liked reading, so it had always been difficult to him. If he had been less anxious he would perhaps have kept better count of time; but for some days past, ever since Pepin's cough had become constant, they had travelled very slowly—it seemed to him that the poor animal grew feebler every day.

Now the deep hollow sound made the old priest start and close the book he carried. He looked round, and he was startled to see a man standing, hat in hand, beside a large brown bear.

"I ask pardon, reverend sir," Joseph said; "but will you of your goodness tell me of a medicine that will cure the cough of my bear?"

The *curé* shrank back in alarm, for just then Pepin gaped, and the great open red mouth so close to him terrified the good man.

"Do not fear my Pepin, sir; he is as gentle as a child. Ah, sir, he would harm no one. See then how he suffers!"

Here Pepin began to cough so violently that his master and the priest stood looking at him in helpless dismay. At last the fit gradually subsided, and the poor exhausted bear sank down on the stones at Joseph's feet.

The *curé's* mild pink face became very compassionate; there were tears in his blue eyes as he turned to Joseph.

"Poor beast!" he said in French—he had quite forgotten his fear in his pity—"how much he suffers! and I do not know how to cure him—I do not indeed." His benevolent face looked very sad. "Are you far from your home, my friend?"

"Yes, yes, meinherr," Joseph said; "we are many leagues away from our home. It is on the banks of the Isère."

The curé's placid face looked full of surprise, and he lifted up both hands.

"Do you tell me that? The Isère is hundreds of miles away; and is it possible, my friend, that you have come all that distance on foot, and we have had so much hot weather, and of late so much rain?"

The curé took off his hat, and wiped his warm pink face with a large blue-and-white handkerchief. He felt quite overcome by this intelligence.

Joseph sighed as he answered:

"Yes, sir, we must travel on foot; we can get no driver to carry us; they will not; they have no pity for my Pepin." He had to stop and wipe his eyes on the sleeve of his blouse. "Meinherr must believe me, for it is true; but the people often will not give even a night's shelter to my poor Pepin."

He looked up, but the *curé* was still listening as if he were interested, and Joseph went on:

"When I left my home—I have left a dear wife there, father, and a sweet child, a boy named Pierre—and I said to my wife, 'Never fear, Françoise, you will see us again in July.' And now, sir, in thinking so much about my poor Pepin, I have lost count of time, and I fear we are in August, and, alas! I am not near my journey's end."

"Truly, my poor man," said the old priest, "you are a long way—a very long way indeed—from the banks of the Isère. It is the twentieth of August. Do you know at what time of year you left your home?"

"Yes, father, it was April. The snow had melted on the sides of the mountains, although it still lay on the tops; but meinherr knows as well as I do that the snow lies always on Mont Blanc. I fear my wife is unhappy because I do not

return. She must fear we have got into trouble. She was not well when I left her."

"And has she money enough to live on while you are away?" the priest asked.

Joseph was touched by his sympathy, but the question puzzled him.

"My wife has all the money I possess," he said; "but she is in no need of that, for we have no debts. She has potatoes and garden stuff, and soup herbs and coffee, and she has lard besides, and chickens if need be. Do not fear, father, that she will want to spend money—it is Pepin and I she will want and pine after. Ah, sir, if the poor beast's illness had not delayed us we might now be near our home."



TOO ILL TO TRAVEL.

The old priest shook his white head.

"It is useless to think of going on," he said; "your bear is too ill to travel. Is it possible that you have wandered about all this while? And in this country so few of us speak French. My poor man, you must be sadly home-sick!"

"Yes, sir," Joseph sighed; and the priest saw that his eyes were full of tears. "As long as we stayed in France we managed better, but ever since we crossed the frontier we have found rain and mostly hard usage—yes, father, I do not want to complain, but my bear has been hardly used."

The poor fellow again wiped his eyes on his sleeve—the kind old man's talk had conjured up so vivid a picture of his dear wife and his Pierrot. Should he ever see them again? he wondered. The bear could not travel, and how could he go to them alone without Pepin?

The warm stones on which the bear was lying had soothed the creature into a nap; but he roused at this moment with a terrible coughing fit.

Joseph forgot everything but his poor suffering companion; he flung himself down beside Pepin, and, putting both arms round the animal, he sobbed aloud.

Pepin raised his head; he laid one paw on his master's arm, and then he tried feebly to lick Joseph's coat-sleeve.

Once more the old priest took out his handkerchief, but this time he vigorously blew his nose.

"Dear me, dear me," he said, "this is most sad, most unfortunate, and I am so ignorant respecting wild beasts." He pressed his finger on his benevolent mouth and stood thinking. "Wait for me, wait here, my friend," he said, quickly, and then he passed by Pepin and Joseph and hurried across the square, and came to the ascending road. He stopped here and went up the steps of the quaint house, with projecting storeys, on the left-hand side.

"Brigitte! Brigitte!" he called out—for the door stood open.

A big square-shouldered woman with a flat inexpressive face came into the little hall.

"Did your reverence call?" She looked surprised, as if she had been taking a nap, and had been suddenly roused from it.

"I want Max," he said. "I want him to sweep out the old cow-house and to litter it with clean straw. There is a poor man there, by the church, with a sick bear, and"—his housekeeper's disapproving face repressed his enthusiasm—"and," he said, pleadingly, "we cannot let a bear die just outside the church, Brigitte, it would not be correct, and—and it would also be very unchristian. Come, come, Brigitte, are you going to find Max, or must I? I want you to help me think how we can ease this poor beast's sufferings."

"I?" The large woman shrugged her shoulders and looked ill-used. "I know nothing about bears, sir, except that they are unclean beasts."

The priest looked stern for a moment, then he smiled.

"I too am ignorant about wild animals," he said, "but it is never too late to learn, Brigitte, and we will learn together how to treat a sick bear. We are told to succour distressed travellers. I expect you to be kind to these poor strangers and to help me to doctor the invalid. Find Max and get the stable ready at once; and, Brigitte,

have a kettle of hot water boiling by the time I come back."

He turned his back on the sulky woman before she could answer, and went back to Joseph.

It required some coaxing to persuade poor Pepin to get on his legs again, but after a time he rose up stiffly and suffered himself to be led to the garden gate beside the Presbytery.

As the little procession crossed the square the women in the houses peeped cautiously through their windows. They could scarcely believe their eyes. There was the curé himself actually taking the French vagrant and his unclean beast to his own dwelling. She who had been the most vehement among them quaked in her shoes. What might not the good father say to her, before her neighbours, too, if he had overheard her harsh words, for she remembered how stern he always showed himself to any lack of charity towards one's neighbour.

PART X.

JOSEPH sat on the straw beside his faithful friend. The kind priest was really a skilful doctor, and as soon as he got in he had brewed a huge bowl of warm herb tea, and when Pepin, after much coaxing, had been persuaded to swallow this, the tender-hearted man gave Joseph a large horse-cloth, and told him to wrap it round his bear.

Joseph tried to thank his new friend, but his grief seemed to choke his words. He felt turned to stone, for he had never fully realised how ill Pepin was till he saw him sink down on the stones in that terrible coughing fit, and now, as he looked at him, he saw by the light of the lamp which had been placed on a table beside his untasted supper the bear's glazing eyes and stiffening limbs.

A terrible certainty came to Joseph—his old comrade was dying.

Dying! just when he had got for him the comforts he had so longed to give him, for the warmth and the potion together had lessened the violence of the cough, and had also for the time checked the fever which had parched the poor animal. Dying! oh, no! Pepin could not die just when he had earned so much money that there would be no need to take another journey for months to come.

"You will get better, my Pepin. Yes, you will go home with me, and we will all be happier than ever in our cottage by the Isère."

He fancied that Pepin smiled, and he took first one and then another of the clammy paws, and began to chafe them between the palms of his hands.

But the paws became colder and colder. They felt lifeless under his touch, and at last the persistent chill struck the truth into Joseph's heart.

Succour had come too late! No earthly care, no lavish human tenderness, could ever more help Pepin.

But though the bear could no longer move his body, he no longer moaned as he had done on first reaching the stable, and Joseph had hoped that this was a good sign, but the increasing chill took away this hope. But Pepin was perfectly conscious, for when Joseph moved so as to draw the warm covering more closely round his dumb friend, the bear's eyes followed his master as if he feared to lose sight of him. Now and then he coughed feebly, and this was the only sound that broke the silence.

"Poor fellow, poor faithful Pepin!"

Joseph sobbed, and he leaned over the bear and raised his head while he shook up the straw on which it had rested. Pepin's poor swollen tongue gently licked his hands.

At this Joseph's courage left him. He laid his cheek against Pepin's and cried as if his heart was breaking.

"Oh, my friend, my comrade!" he sobbed, "you who have taught me so much and have never failed me—for it is from you, my Pepin, that I have learned to be humble and forgiving to others—forgive me, dear old friend, that I did not sooner find out how serious was your illness. Who can tell," he said, reverently, "what might have happened if we had met this good man sooner, or if we had turned back at Heidelberg? Ah, my Pepin, you will say it is too late to say this now, and so it is, but I can never forget it."

He stroked Pepin, and the bear gave a quiet growl as if he were answering him; his half-closed eyes were fixed on Joseph's face, listening to his voice.

"I had planned such a pleasant life for you, my friend; no more long journeys, no more absence from the dear home. There is money to spare for tools, and I can be a carpenter when I cannot do garden work and when Pierrot is at school."

The bear moaned at the child's name and moved restlessly. Joseph moistened his tongue and stroked him again softly.

"Yes, yes," he said, sadly; "you say, 'Master, what is it to me how you mean to spend the money I have earned for you? I am going to sleep, going to rest for ever. Yes, dear Pepin, you are going to rest, and if there be somewhere a Paradise for dumb beasts, you will be crowned there, my Pepin."

Joseph's tears ran down his poor worn face like rain, for he, too, was ill, though in his anxiety for the bear he had not thought about himself.

After a time he thought that Pepin had fallen asleep, but the loud breathing showed that he still suffered. Joseph began to feel drowsy, but he was too anxious to sleep; he sat upright with his eyes fixed on the sleeping bear. . . .

It seemed to him that the animal's breathing became fainter, fainter, and more rapid, and he leaned over Pepin to see if there was any change. . . . Joseph thought as he listened that the poor fellow seemed easier.

"How he has suffered," he said, "and how well he has borne it all. I ought not to wish to keep him, for the good priest says he is beyond cure. Yes, dear Pepin, my sorrow is selfish; but oh," he burst out, "for all that I cannot help it. Tell me, dear friend, what shall I say to our Pierrot. How can I comfort the child for the loss of his kind friend, your own little Pierrot, Pepin?"

At the child's name the closed eyes opened

widely, and Pepin gave a long growl of pleasure, quite a different sound from the moans which had seemed to be forced out involuntarily by the pains in his poor body.

Joseph's lips parted in surprise. Was Pepin better after all? Joseph asked himself.

But with a long shuddering sigh the eyes closed again, the limbs stretched out, the tongue fell from the open mouth—and his master knew that Pepin would never wake again.

PART XI.

A BRIGHT brisk day in October. The snow lies on the sides of the far-off Alps as well as on their summits, and they glitter with many beautiful tints as the sunbeams colour the dazzling snow-fields. But it is not "chill October" in the valley of the Isère, and there are still flowers in the garden of Joseph Le Bas. The vine has lost its leaves and the cottage is wrapped in a network of brown sprays, some of which have become detached by the September winds, and hang in loose festoons from the wall.

There are signs too in the garden which tell of the master's absence. The tall plot of waving hemp stands there yellow and uncut, although the fields on either side of the valley—the corn and hemp and maize, and the rest—have long ago yielded up their harvests, and are perhaps by this time sheltering a fresh growth beneath the brown earth and stones that cover them. In the garden the cabbage stumps have been left to decay, the potatoes have not been dug, and there is everywhere a plentiful crop of weeds.

Golden-headed Pierre is a good deal bigger than he was in April; and he stands just outside the cottage door, and he looks with a discontented face at the garden.

Ami has not changed at all, unless it is that he looks a rather uglier brown mongrel than ever, as he sits beside the cottage door watching his little master.

"Mother," the boy says, impatiently, "will father ever come back? I look for him every day since July; and see the weeds how they grow—they come again faster than I can pull them up; and when I asked the doctor if you might help me, he shook his head like this" (he shakes his round yellow head and looks profoundly solemn). "'Not on any account, my little man,' he says; 'I forbid it.' Eh, what do you say to that, mother? How are you to-day?"

Françoise looks very pale. She is wrapped in a warm shawl, and she is sitting beside the hearth in the low-roofed cottage, rocking a little cradle.

"Yes, yes, Pierrot," she says, brightly, "your father will come soon. You must look for him every day."

Pierre clapped his hands at this.

"As to the weeds," his mother went on, "I shall soon be well enough to help you. Baby is a fortnight old, and every day gives me strength."

The little boy clapped his hands again. He had been very lonely of late; *la grosse* Margot, a freckled and bony neighbour, who had come in and out to see after Françoise and the baby, was not fond of children, and she had insisted on keeping Pierre away from his mother. This had been a great trial to the child; but though he had her again now, she looked very much changed; and she moved about so slowly, and she seemed to have so much to do, that she was not much more use to him as a companion than she had been while she was ill.

To-day he had begun to run races with the brown dog, but as a thought came to him he stopped.

"Mother," he said, "I want baby to play with me; how soon can he run races, do you think, eh? He's not much use now, is he, mother? Why is he so little?" Pierre gave a discontented look at the cradle, then he went on chattering.

"I say, mother, why did you christen the baby Pepin? He isn't half as good as the real Pepin; and how little he is. He will never be so nice as our Pepin, will he mother? Dear Pepin, he is so big and strong, and he carries me on his back, and he lies down when I bid him." He stopped at last and stood looking at the cradle. "Dear Pepin," he said, with a deep sigh, "I want him back; I want him badly."

His mother's pale face flushed. Françoise was not clever, but she was very good and loving. Pierre's words troubled her, and she hardly knew how to answer her boy. She bent over the cradle and kissed the sleeping baby.

"Pepin is a good beast, Pierrot. He is better than some men are, but he can never be to you what the little brother will be, my child; Pepin is only a beast." Then she smiled at the little boy's serious face. "See here, my darling; this little Pepin will laugh at you and kiss you and love you; yes, and he will play games with you, and, oh, Pierrot, he will talk to you." Then a new thought came to Françoise, and she went on eagerly, "There is something else, darling; this dear little one will be weaker and smaller than you, so you can do more for the little Pepin than you ever could for the big one."

Pierre opened his eyes widely and put his finger in his mouth; this talk was too wise for him.

"Well, well, you will know it some day," his mother said; "but you are not too young to learn it now, my Pierre, it will be sweeter to love little Pepin and to take care of him than to love and take care of your own self."

"Will it, mother?" Pierre looked doubtful. "Well I shall see about that. I am going presently to the end of the road to see if father is coming."

"You must wait awhile," his mother said; "I have been sewing a new cap for you to go to church in on the feast of All Saints, and before I finish it I must try it on; but it is not ready to try yet; be patient, my boy."

"Yes, mother."

And Pierre sat down on the floor beside Ami, and began to guess what fun it would be when the baby could run races. He also began to think "it will be grand to have to take care of the little brother: surely I shall have to wear a blouse then like father;" and then Pierre sighed as his

thoughts strayed after that dear father who used so often to play with him and with Pepin.

Françoise does not hear the sigh, for she too is thinking while she sews at the little scarlet cap which will suit so well with her darling's golden hair. A week will bring All Saints day, and that day begins November, and yet when Joseph left her he said he should be home in July. She has tried not to fret, but her neighbours worry the sweet brave woman with foolish fears and much shaking of the head. She is anxious enough, poor soul, without this well-meant interference, but she has tried to keep her spirits up for the sake of Pierre and the baby; no one has ever seen the tears that will sometimes come when she is alone; they take her by surprise now; a large hot drop falls on the scarlet flannel she is sewing at, but Pierre has his back towards her.

"Mother," he calls out, "shall you be much longer over that old cap? This is just the time I always go and look for father and Pepin at the end of the road; I might miss them if I went later, eh, mother dear?"

He goes up to her and kisses her cheek. Every now and then he remembers that he has to take care of mother, and he feels extra loving.

She hugs him closely.

"Now stand still," she says; and she fits the scarlet cap, which exactly suits the yellow hair and rosy impatient little face.

"May I go now, mother?" the boy says, eagerly; "father will perhaps be coming."

While he spoke there was a joyous bark, and Ami rushed out of doors; then, while the mother and child paused in wonder, a deep voice said,

"Françoise."

Joseph Le Bas stood at the door a moment, smiling, yet with tears in his eyes, then he hugged Françoise and Pierre again and again to his heart, and Ami jumped joyously about them. Joseph did not see the cradle, and when he held Françoise away so that he might look at her better he was shocked to see how pale and thin she was. But he was silent; the poor fellow did not know how to tell his news. He sighed heavily.

"What is it?" Françoise asked, anxiously. "Are you ill, dear husband?"

"Where is dear old Pepin?" shouted Pierre. "Father, I say, where is Pepin?" and he tugged at his father's blouse.

Joseph took the child up in his arms.

"Alas! my little Pierrot, Pepin is dead, and I have nearly died also. Yes, dear Françoise, I never thought to see you again. Ah, you may well weep for our Pepin," for while his wife burst into sobs, Pierrot had wriggled out of his father's arms, and had flung himself howling on the floor.

"Yes," Joseph went on, "I do not wonder at your sorrow. It has nearly broken my heart, dear wife, to lose our faithful friend."

Françoise heard the sob in his voice, and she looked up. She saw tears rolling down her husband's cheeks; she saw, too, how worn and sad he looked. She wiped her eyes and smiled as she drew him towards the cradle.

"Take comfort, dear Joseph. Look! God has been very good to us. He has brought you back to me, and He has given you another Pepin," she said, as she put the soft roll of linen into its father's arms. "I have called our baby Pepin!"



HOME, SWEET HOME.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAFALGAR.[1]

On the 21st of October, 1805, the English fleet encountered the united French and Spanish fleets in the battle of Trafalgar. During the progress of that terrible battle a furious storm arose and continued to rage when the cannon had ceased to roar.

The Berwich, a French frigate, on which Dr. Lasserre was surgeon-major, had been seriously damaged in the combat; the captain and the second in command had been killed; the frigate had been pierced through and through like a sponge, and at the close of the engagement the cry rose from the survivors, "The ship is sinking."

Dr. Lasserre had been busy for many hours in cutting off shattered arms and legs, and in dressing the wounds of the victims that lay around him, when suddenly above the groans of the wounded and the sound of the storm he heard the cry, "The ship is sinking! Every man to the pumps!"

The united efforts of the crew were unavailing, and the vessel began to settle down. A great ship, however, does not go to the bottom suddenly like a scallop-shell. The water increased in spite of the pumping, but increased slowly. The storm raged tempestuously, though as yet it had not reached its greatest force.

The defeat of the united French and Spanish squadrons was complete, and the Berwich, whose masts were broken, could no longer manœuvre, and stood almost alone in front of the English fleet. The condition of the shattered sinking ship became desperate. Suddenly the cry rose again above the hurricane, "Let down all the boats!"

But among the boats there were scarcely two that remained seaworthy. These were launched, but it was painfully evident that they could not accommodate the entire crew. It was necessary to make a selection, and those who were strongest forced their way into the boats.

They called on Dr. Lasserre to accompany them. He replied, "I am captain of the wounded, and I wish only to be saved with them, or to perish with them."

"How absurd! how mad!" they cried, impatiently.

"Either take my wounded, whom I neither can leave nor will leave, or go without me," he responded.

The wounded men were crowded between decks, and it was absolutely impossible to have them embarked under the circumstances.

Dr. Lasserre, having made the sacrifice of his life, remained on the ship. The two boats departed without him, but they were suddenly swamped by the tempest, and the whole effective crew of the Berwich perished.

About an hour after the crew had abandoned the Berwich Dr. Lasserre was standing on the deck, when suddenly he saw an English pinnace, manned by five English sailors, bounding over the waves towards him. The commander of the pinnace called for the doctor.

"I am the doctor," repeated Lasserre.

"Very good," said the English captain. "We offer you your safety if you will come aboard our ship."

"I accept your offer," said Lasserre, "on the sole condition that all my wounded shall be taken aboard your vessel before me."

"Impossible," said the English captain; "we are caught in a hurricane, and we have no time to make a number of transhipments. It is impossible."

The English sailors prepared to take Dr. Lasserre by force, but he cried, "I shall throw myself into the sea if you attempt to seize me."

The doctor in the English ship had been killed by a shell, and the wounded were lying without surgical aid.

"I wish to go with you," said Lasserre, "but you must first take my wounded."

When threats proved of no avail the captain accepted Lasserre's conditions. The English sailors boarded the sinking vessel, and by the help of the doctor proceeded to tranship the wounded men. But the little pinnace was too small to take all on board, and it had to make four voyages before all the wounded Frenchmen were safely conveyed to the English ship.

As the removal of the wounded proceeded the storm increased in violence, and the difficulty of getting the men transhipped increased. At last Lasserre saw every one of his wounded men removed, and himself alone on the foundering ship.

When narrating the story in after years Dr. Lasserre always spoke of the overwhelming desire to live that came over him as he saw the last boatload of his men move off from him, and felt the Berwich settling down among the waves that swept over her deck. He watched the last cargo deposited in the English vessel, and the little pinnace coming towards him, now on the crest of some mountain wave, now in the trough of the sea; and fearing lest it might be dashed against the sinking Berwich, he flung himself into the sea, and swam towards it with all his might. A strong English hand seized him and drew him into the boat. The pinnace was quickly by the side of the English vessel. The story of Lasserre's devotion to his wounded had preceded him, and the English gave him a right hearty welcome as, dripping from the waves, he climbed into the ship. The captain pressed his hand in silence. The officers placed dry clothes and top coats at his service, and seemed to vie with each other in acts of kindness. In the heat of the welcome Dr. Lasserre

[1] Henri Lasserre has now been five months at the Vatican, pleading for permission to continue the circulation of his rendering of the Gospels among the French people. He has seen the Pope and received some encouragement to hope that the book, which went forth under the highest ecclesiastical sanction, and ran through twenty-six editions in twelve months, may pass from under the eclipse of the papal frown. While we wait with suspense the next move in this wonderful drama, we cannot do better than rescue from oblivion the story of Lasserre's father at the Battle of Trafalgar.—W. W.

noticed a sudden sensation among the officers. He turned his eyes in the direction in which they were looking. The masts of the Berwich were disappearing beneath the waves.

Dr. Lasserre attended to the wounds of the English sailors with as much solicitude as he had attended to those of his countrymen. The English in return set him free at Gibraltar with one companion, and the two marched on foot across Spain, and reached France and home, where all hopes as to their safety had vanished.

WILLIAM WRIGHT, D.D.

M. CHEVREUL.

BORN AUGUST 31, 1786; DIED APRIL 8, 1889.

IN the "Leisure Hour" for 1887 we gave a brief memoir of the venerable and distinguished French chemist, M. Chevreul, with a portrait, taken from a photograph when he was a hundred years of age. On the 31st of August, 1886, when he was entering on his hundredth year, his birthday was celebrated with much ceremony in Paris. A similar distinction was enjoyed during the eighteenth century in the case of M. Fontenelle, the Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, author of "The Plurality of Worlds," and other eloquent and popular works. M. Fontenelle was a man who held a conspicuous place in society in the days of the ancient *régime*, as well as among the literary and scientific celebrities of that time. He is said to have danced a minuet at a brilliant assembly when he had passed his hundredth birthday.

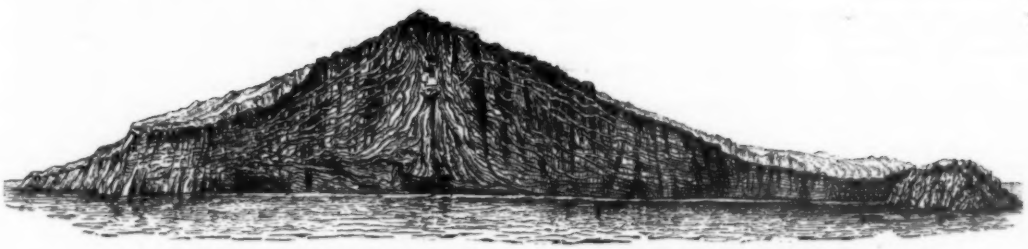
The habits of M. Chevreul were more quiet and homely, and when a centenarian he spent his time chiefly in his museum and laboratory at the Jardin des Plantes, where he resided. He also continued to attend with great regularity the meetings of the Academy of Sciences, of the Agricultural Society, and of *Les Arts et Métiers* (corresponding to our Society of Arts). His enthusiasm in the advancement of science, and its practical applications, never abated, and he kept himself well informed as to all that was passing in other countries as well as in France. During the present year he was greatly interested in the preparations for the Centenary Exhibition, in commemoration of the Revolution of 1789. He used to drive daily to watch the progress made in the erection of the lofty Eiffel Tower, and witnessed the hoisting of the national flag on the summit when it was completed. He died on the morning of the 8th of April, of sheer weakness of frame, his mind having remained clear up to the day before his death, in his 103rd year.

Michael Eugène Chevreul was born in 1786, at Angers, where his father practised as a physician. After studying at the Ecole Centrale at Angers, he went to Paris at the age of seventeen. He showed a predilection for the study of chemistry at a very early period. In 1810 he was selected as his assistant by M. Vauquelin, Professor of Chemistry at the Jardin des Plantes. Three years later he was appointed to the chemical chair at the Lycée Charlemagne. From thence he was advanced to be superintendent of the dye works and lecturer in the class rooms of the national factory of tapestry and carpets at the Gobelins.

The various discoveries and researches with which his name is associated are too numerous to be mentioned here, and it is sufficient to refer to a few which became important in arts and manufactures. His treatises on the harmonies of colour were of high value in several departments of practical production as well as in painting. His experiments on fatty substances of animal origin led to great improvements in the making of soap and of candles, stearine being one of his discoveries. His services were recognised by the award of the prize of 12,000 francs, founded by the Marquis d'Argenteuil, in connection with the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry. He was a Fellow of our Royal Society, President of the Central Society of Agriculture in France, Director-in-Chief of the Museum of Natural History, Member of the Academy of Sciences, and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. By all classes of his countrymen he was held in high honour, and under all successive governments, of which he had witnessed so many forms. A public funeral was well decreed for so illustrious a citizen.

It is satisfactory to add that M. Chevreul protested against the materialistic tenets too common among French men of science. One of his latest essays published in his "Histoire des Connaissances Chimiques" expressed his strong disapproval of "those who, in order to banish from our language the words 'God' and 'Providence,' speak of Nature not as a system divinely created and sustained, but who adopt such terms as creative force, conserving power, to blind inanimate matter, thereby confounding the Cosmos with the Being possessed of these divine attributes." The whole passage will be found in the "Leisure Hour" for 1887, page 280.

Varieties.



THE VOLCANIC CONE OF KRAKATOA, CLEFT THROUGH THE CENTRE, SHOWING THE INTERNAL STRUCTURE.

The Inside of a Volcano.

By the great eruption of August, 1883, the volcano of which Krakatoa and the adjoining islands in the Straits of Sunda form parts was completely eviscerated. The circumference at the base of this old volcano could not have been much less than twenty-five miles, and the investigations of M. Verbeek have shown that this great volcanic mountain was entirely built up by eruptions which have taken place in, geologically speaking, very recent times. After being thus raised, the great igneous reservoir being far below the sea-bed, the whole centre of the mountain was blown away during the greatest eruption to which the district has been subjected, only the lowest and peripheral part being left behind in the form of a crater ring, or "basal wreck," as Darwin so aptly called the ruin of an eviscerated volcano. The next stage in the history of the volcano consisted in the gradual filling up of the crater by a series of smaller eruptions, by which a series of lesser volcanic cones were built up within it. By this means the conspicuous basaltic cinder cone known as "Krakatoa" came into existence, rising to a height of some 2,623 feet.

The great catastrophe of the 27th August, 1883, was the most notable and terrible volcanic event of the century. During a series of four principal paroxysmal eruptions the northern part of the Krakatoa cone was entirely destroyed and a nearly vertical cliff formed.

The appearance to the eye is as though the mountain had been cleft down the centre from summit to base, one-half being entirely removed and the other left as a nearly vertical cliff from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in height. Thus we have a perfect insight, of a most unusual kind, into the internal structure of a volcano. The precipice thus formed exhibits a wonderful succession of lavas and tufas. The whole of these are bound together by a network of vertical and oblique dykes. Underneath this ruin of the cone the older rock masses of the volcano are seen. These lie nearly horizontally. Lying upon them at a different angle of deposition are the recent basaltic lavas. The lowest, nearly horizontal, beds belong to the oldest ejections of the volcano. The superincumbent lava currents, tufa-beds, and dykes of the mass of the volcano are composed of different varieties of basalt. A study of these will well repay observation. It will show what lateral eruptions must have taken place on the flanks of the cone, and that, as in the case of Mount Etna, there must have been a shifting in the axis of the cone. The central dyke is well seen, as is also another to the left. In the words of Professor Judd, "Never, perhaps, have geologists had so splendid an opportunity of studying the internal architecture of a compound volcanic cone as that which is afforded in the splendid ruin of Krakatoa."

Maine Liquor Laws.

As the question of licensing will be much discussed in the new County Councils, the following personal testimony from a well-known American citizen may be useful for reference :

"I am a Maine man, and I know the State, north and south, east and west, and the 'experience of Maine' is before me and before the world, not simply before those very peculiar 'believers in total abstinence' who make a very peculiar inference from it. It is executed as well as any law is, and it has lifted the whole industrial population out of debt into a degree of comfort that I do not believe is equalled in so general a manner in any other State of the Union. That is the experience of Maine.

"I remember the day when the Rev. Justin Edwards came to Portland, in 1827 or thereabouts, and preached a powerful temperance sermon, striking the consciences of some men like a bolt of lightning. A Mr. Millions, a church member, then had one of the great distilleries of Maine (there were thirteen of them when the Maine law smote them and put out their fires), and a firm of Christian merchants furnished him, as they did others, with 'black strap'—the nasty molasses used for making New England rum. That sermon of Justin Edwards worked powerfully in my mind, boy as I was, for my mother made me a teetotaler in boyhood. I wondered if those Christian merchants could stand that, for I held them in such honour and reverence that a 'good morning' from one of them made me happy all day long.

"Well, Deacon Isaac Smith, one of that firm, who took a liking to the country boy, said to me, 'Cyrus, come into my office a minute.' He then told me he didn't sleep much Sunday night after that sermon, and Monday morning he and his partners (let their names be held in everlasting honour, Levi Cutler, Richard Dana, Luther Dana) had resolved to close out that business at once. He said with tears it might involve them in very serious financial troubles, but he had never been so happy in all his life.

"I remember when thirteen distilleries did a thriving business. Every store in the country towns sold rum. Almost everybody drank rum. The farms were generally more or less heavily mortgaged; society groaned under the burden. Teetotal societies came in and mitigated the evil, and then Neal Dow arose—a judge in Israel—and with a great following from Dan to Beersheba, poured the cold water of the Maine law upon the lurid fires of the thirteen distilleries and put them out for ever. And finally every dramshop was closed. Many of the gaols have been empty. I visited one, and the gaoler said he had not had a case for some time. He opened the gaol occasionally to keep the locks in running order, but he added, 'Where there is no drunkenness there is no gaoling.'

"That is the experience of Maine. There is not a distillery nor an open undisguised dramshop in the State of Maine. The farms in Maine are generally free from mortgages, the houses are painted, shade trees are cultivated, the roads are good, the people are temperate, industrious, and happy.

"What is the matter with Maine? Oh, there are drunkenness and rum-selling there still, and worse than ever. A big lie is made out of a very small amount of truth. There is rum-selling as there is thieving in the cities. But it is driven into secret places. It is carried on by the vilest and basest

of men and fallen women. The grip of the law is not tight enough yet to stop it entirely, but the State is saved. Nineteen-twentieths are delivered from the curse. The curse creeps and wriggles and hisses in places foul and festering with all moral filthiness. But it should be remembered by all the advocates of the Maine law that it does not undertake to interdict drunkenness at home. You may be as drunk as you please at home, and, if you can keep from killing wife and children and from other outrages, the Maine law does not concern itself about you. It proposes to stop the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in the State of Maine. That work it has done gloriously.

"When I was a resident of Bangor I had repeated circulars sent to me from respectable firms in Boston proposing to furnish me with perfectly pure wines and any other liquors I might order on reasonable terms, delivered at my house in sealed cases, etc. I never had any money to invest in such merchandise, and I cannot tell how pure or how impure the articles offered were; but in that secret way the means of drunkenness are doubtless furnished to the thirsty and insatiate. It is a great evil, but very small indeed compared with licensed sale, which in no case limits drunkenness.

"CYRUS HAMLIN.'

French and American Republicanism.

Mr. John Lemoinne, one of the most distinguished and honoured of the French men of letters, in reference to the centenary celebration of 1789, has expressed the utmost admiration of the great American Republic, the condition of which he says his countrymen regard with envy as well as admiration. He does not envy the wealth or the prosperity of the United States, but he speaks with praise of their well-ordered liberty and their general respect for law. Quoting part of the message of President Harrison, when he asserts the duty of the citizens to obey the laws and of the government to administer and enforce them, he draws by implication wise and seasonable lessons for his own countrymen. Almost immediately after the turmoil and excitement of the Presidential election the whole American nation settles down in peace and tranquillity to their usual pursuits. They have no fear there of a "*coup d'état*" or a "*pronunciamento*," things so impossible in their Republic that they have no words to express them, and must borrow the terms from other nations. If the Constitution requires amendments to meet new or altered conditions, these are proposed and discussed in an orderly and leisurely method, and carried with the matured will of the nation. In France there is turbulent and continuous agitation, which threatens to shake the whole fabric of government, and hinders the stability and progress of the Republic. Revision does not mean with them gradual amendment, but revolutionary changes.

There are some who desire the French Constitution to be made more like that of the United States, especially in regard to the Presidential office. "But," says M. Lemoinne, "we can never approach the excellence of the American Republic except we could transport to France the moral qualities of their citizens, and can find chief magistrates with the character of such Presidents as Lincoln, Garfield, Cleveland, and Harrison."

The truth is that France needs to be more leavened with the principles of their own Huguenots in other days, the same principles which the Americans have inherited from the Pilgrim Fathers and other founders of the great Republic of the New World.

After his installation in the White House, President Harrison received a deputation of the ministers of Indianopolis, who came to congratulate him on his election. In reply to their assurance that in their churches and their homes they would never cease to pray that Divine wisdom and strength would be granted to him in his high position, the President replied, "I shall be thankful for the prayers and the sympathies of all the good people of the nation." This is reported from the "New York Tribune" in a Parisian newspaper, the editor of which adds that "If French citizens would thus recognise Divine power and grace, there would be assurance of native prosperity, with respect for law, for order, and liberty." May this be the lot of France in the new epoch now commencing!

The Land of Shakespeare.—A veteran and accomplished Scottish artist, John Macpherson, has produced a work under the above title, which is one of the most important memorials in our time of the great poet. The book consists of about thirty large-size etchings and sixty head and tail pieces, from original paintings and sketches. Most of the views are of notable places and scenes in Stratford-on-Avon and the neighbourhood, but other historical sites in "the land of Shakespeare," such as Warwick, Kenilworth, and Coventry, are included. The descriptive letterpress is by Frederick G. Fleay, M.A. The work is issued in ten parts, folio size, each part containing three full-page etchings and six lesser etchings, with accompanying text. The price of the whole series, numbered copies on India or vellum paper, is ten guineas, and on antique paper six guineas. The book will be as much appreciated in America as in England. The larger number of the proof copies have been already subscribed for. John Bumpus, of Oxford Street, is the publisher.

The Gutenberg Bible.—At the recent sale of the library of the Earl of Hopetoun one of the most notable books was a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed in movable types, earlier printed books having been produced from fixed blocks. This was formerly called the Mazarine Bible, because the first copy correctly described had been found in the Mazarine Library in Paris. The newspapers at the time gave details of the various copies that had been sold in recent years, with their history and the prices when brought under the hammer. The most interesting copy is probably that bought at the celebrated Perkins sale about ten years ago, for which Mr. Bernard Quaritch gave £2,790. It was bound in two splendid volumes, which were exhibited with just pride by Mr. Quaritch to the members of that quaint social club of bibliophiles called "Ye sette of odd volumes," of which he was the first president.

Tottenham in his Boots.—This was the nickname of Charles Tottenham, Esq., M.P. for New Ross in the first Parliament of George III. It was the established etiquette at that time to appear in the House of Commons in full dress. There was an important debate bearing on Irish financial affairs. Mr. Tottenham, in defiance of an attack of the gout and the inclemency of the weather, rode post from the country, and arrived, covered with mud, in a pair of huge jack-boots. Without going to change his attire he hurried to the House, which he reached just before the critical moment of the division, and, regardless of the remonstrances of the serjeant-at-arms, gave his casting vote in favour of the Irish side. For many years after a favourite political toast was "Tottenham in his boots." He died in 1758. A portrait of him was in the National Exposition of 1872, at Dublin, lent by the Marquis of Ely.

Religious Statistics in Switzerland.—The Federal census made on December 1st, 1888, shows that, in round numbers, there are 1,750,000 belonging to the Protestant confessions, 1,200,000 Roman Catholics, 8,300 Jews, and 10,000 unprofessed or minor sectaries. The Catholics are increasing in some cantons, while the reverse process has been witnessed in the nominally Protestant cantons. Geneva, for example, had a majority of Catholics at this census. In Lucerne there are 8,000 Protestants. At Fribourgh the Protestants are 20 per cent., and in Soleure 33 per cent. Even in the old Romanist cantons of Unterwald and of Uri there are now 457 and 327 Protestants. The general result of the last census is that there is greater proportion of increase in the Reformed than in the Romish profession.

Longevity.—Speaking with some friends recently we touched upon the question of longevity, and one exclaimed, "Let me tell a true story about long-lived people. My people come from Suffolk, and you know what Dickens says about the healthfulness of the eastern counties. Well, about forty years ago, a great-uncle of mine had the misfortune to fall from his horse just as he was turning into his own place. He was carried indoors with a broken leg, and the doctor sent for. The next day there were gathered around the bedside of the sufferer his wife, his three sisters, who had walked six miles to see him, and the doctor. The average age of

these six people was over eighty. So remarkable a circumstance could not escape public notice, and the occurrence gave rise to interesting articles on longevity in the newspapers. It must be borne in mind that all these six people were in full vigour of body. The doctor was in practice, the three sisters had walked six miles to see their brother, while the wife was busy about the bedside of the injured man who the day before was riding on horseback." One of the persons listening to this interesting narrative was an old lady in her ninetieth year, a daughter of one of the sisters referred to, and whose voice is still as strong and clear as ever. And this lady's sister has this year celebrated with her husband the sixty-third anniversary of their wedding-day. Both of them are still active, the husband walking every day at nine in the morning to the newsroom of the village in which they live to read his paper and gossip with the neighbours.—H. W.

John Bright.—"The supreme eulogy that is his due is that he elevated political life to the highest point—to a loftier standard than it had ever reached. He has bequeathed to his country a character that can not only be made a subject for admiration and gratitude, but—I do not exaggerate when I say it—that can become an object of reverential contemplation. In the encomiums that come from every quarter there is not a note of dissonance. I do not know of any statesman of my time who had the happiness of receiving, on removal from this passing world, the honour of approval at once so enthusiastic, so universal, and so unbroken. Yet none could better dispense with the tributes of the moment, because the triumphs of his life were triumphs recorded in the advance of his country and of its people. His name is indelibly written in the annals of Time and on the hearts of the great and overspreading race to which he belonged, whose wide extension he rejoiced to see, and whose power and prominence he believed to be full of promise and glory for the best interests of mankind."—*Mr. Gladstone.*

Winchester Memorial to Bishop Lancelot Andrewes and Bishop Ken.—Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, the generous donor of the Shakespeare memorial tower at Stratford-on-Avon, and of the Herbert-Cowper window in Westminster Abbey, has presented to Winchester Cathedral a reredos and window in commemoration of Bishop Ken and of Lancelot Andrewes. The stone work is of Early English character. In the panels are paintings by ladies of Winchester. A panel in the wall bears on a cross-surmounted globe delineating England and America the following words, *Stat Crux dum volvitur orbis*, followed by this inscription: "In token of the unity of spirit and bond of peace between the Churches of the Old and New World, this reredos is dedicated by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the memory of two Bishops of the Church universal, both connected with this cathedral city—Bishop Lancelot Andrewes and Bishop Ken.—MDCCCLXXXIX." The gifts of this generous American citizen to the old country are, in their subjects as in their spirit, most honourable to him.

The Wanderings of a Derelict Vessel in the North Atlantic.—The meteorologist to the Hydrographic Office at Washington has compiled a chart of the wanderings of the derelict schooner W. L. White, which went ashore on one of the Hebrides. The following is a brief summary of the leading features of her cruise. She was a three-masted schooner belonging to Rockland, Maine, lumber laden, and, after being abandoned, started off to the southward under the influence of the inshore current and the north-west gale, with masts and portions of her sails standing and ensign flying, with union down. Upon reaching the Gulf Stream she turned away to the eastward and commenced her long cruise towards Europe, directly on the track of the thousands of vessels engaged in the transatlantic commerce, drifting blindly about at the mercy of wind and current. The most remarkable feature is the zigzag track she followed in mid-ocean between latitude 44° and 51° N., long. 33° and 44° W., from the beginning of May till the end of October. Previous to this time she followed a course about east-north-east at an average rate of about thirty-two miles a day, and subsequently she moved east and north-east 1,260 miles in eighty-four days, being an average of fifteen miles a day; but during this long interval of six months she remained within this comparatively small area, drifted back and forth by the Gulf Stream and the Labrador current, and tossed about by the varying winds, a constant menace to navigation along the greatest highway of ocean commerce in the world. During these six months alone she was reported by thirty-six vessels, three of which sighted her in a single day. In her cruise of ten months and ten days she traversed a distance of more than 5,000 miles, was reported forty-five times, and how many more vessels passed dangerously near her at night and in thick weather it is impossible to even estimate. It is said that the number of derelicts recorded each month in the North Atlantic alone varies from twenty-five to forty-five, and every great ocean storm largely increases the number.

The Queen's Letter on Railway Accidents.—A large proportion of the calamities on railways is due to the excessive strain caused by the signalmen and other servants of the companies being kept too long on duty. On the 1st of January, 1865, the Queen caused a letter to be written to the directors of the leading railway companies, calling attention to the frequent accidents that occurred. "It is not for her own safety," she said, "that the Queen has wished to provide, in thus calling attention to the late disasters; her Majesty is aware that when she travels extraordinary precautions are taken; but it is on account of her family, and those travelling on her service, and of the people generally, that she expresses the hope that the same security may be insured as is so carefully provided for herself. The Queen hopes it is unnecessary for her to recall to the recollection of the railway directors the heavy responsibility they have assumed since they have succeeded in securing the monopoly of the means of travelling of almost the entire population of the country." After nearly a quarter of a century there is need for a renewal of the appeal made by the Queen on behalf of railway servants and of the public. Earl de la Warr lately brought before Parliament the question of excessive hours of labour; and the matter is one that cannot be allowed to drop.

Jews in England.—The total Jewish population in England is estimated at about 70,000. Of these 50,000 are in London—30,000 in the Whitechapel district, 10,000 in other parts of East London, and 10,000 in the western and north-western districts. The latter comprise the wealthiest and most cultivated of the Hebrew community. There are in London 40 synagogues in all—11 United synagogues, 2 Spanish and Portuguese congregations, 4 Independent Orthodox synagogues, 22 Federated synagogues, acknowledging the orthodox ecclesiastical authorities, and 1 Reformed synagogue under Professor Marks, of which a description, and of the tenets and worship, will be found in the "Sunday at Home" for 1888. The Reformed synagogue in London has an organ, as has one in Bradford and another in Manchester. In the Orthodox synagogues English is not used, except in special prayers—as for the Royal Family—and in the sermon. As the national census does not now give religious statistics, the estimate of the Jewish population is taken from the records of deaths and burials, births and marriages, checked by the amount of consumption of Passover cakes and the attendance at synagogues on the Day of Atonement, when all respectable adult Jews, if at no other time, make appearance.

Locust Campaign in Africa.—The French papers lately contained the following strange announcement: "Several French regiments have been engaged in Tunis for some weeks in destroying the eggs of the locusts. In other infested parts the natives have turned out in thousands with their spades and pickaxes, and are doing good work. Indeed it is believed that the enemy has been pretty thoroughly exterminated, the only apprehension being that the locusts may come over from Algeria, where the destruction of eggs has been less thorough. It may be remembered that that colony suffered damage to the extent of 5,000,000 of francs (£200,000) from the locust plague last year."

The locust plague of 1888 in Algeria was indeed a serious affair, beyond all precedent. The loss was perhaps not so large as 50,000,000, but the lowest estimate in the colony was above 25,000,000 of francs. The armies of devastation covered an area of 750,000 acres, and 700,000 of the popula-

tion were more or less afflicted with loss of crop. The French Government felt the affair to be so important that the President of the Entomological Society, M. Kunckel d'Herculais, was sent over to investigate and to report. He ascertained that this locust of 1888 was not the *Acridium peregrinum*, the ordinary devastator of eastern regions, but another allied genus and species, the *Stauroristes macrocornuus*. The same locust had devastated the same regions in 1845 and 1867, when specimens had been preserved in spirits, which were seen by M. Kunckel. Much damage was done in 1887, but nothing like the plague of last year. It is hoped that the destruction of most of the eggs may prevent a fresh calamity this year. The upland regions of North Morocco are the home of this locust. The experience of the "locust department" in the administration of Cyprus might be usefully studied by the authorities in Algiers and Tunis.

Competitive Examination.—Sir Joseph Phayre, who has had large experience in examining for the public medical services, says: "Competitive Examination no doubt secures the man who knows most of some subjects; but until it test mental, moral, and social and physical, as well as intellectual qualities—even if it can do that—it cannot be admitted that it is what it professes to be, a provider of the best."

Hint to Editors.—It is not by his own taste, but by the taste of the fish, that the angler is determined in his choice of bait.—*Lord Macaulay to Macvey Napier, Editor of the "Edinburgh Review."*

Lord Beaconsfield and Primroses.—Mr. Arthur Vernon sent the following letter to the "South Bucks Free Press": "Your last number contained some references to the late Lord Beaconsfield, repeating the frequent assertion that he had no special regard for primroses. Having had the honour to serve as land agent to the late earl for many years, perhaps I may be allowed to say that no one on the Hughenden estate doubted his lordship's keen affection for primroses. The woodmen had orders to protect these plants; they were cultivated in large numbers alongside the walk behind the manor house, known locally as the 'German Forest path;' and by the earl's directions (given to me personally during the last year of his life) a clump of trees in the park where the grass grew scantily was thickly planted with ferns and primroses. Upon these and other grounds I can unhesitatingly assert that they were 'his favourite flowers.'"

Negro Life in Barbadoes.—There were no signs of poverty. Old and young seemed well fed. Some had brought in baskets of fruit—bananas, oranges, pineapples, and sticks of sugar-cane; others had yams and sweet potatoes from their bits of garden in the country. The men were active enough, driving carts, wheeling barrows, or selling flying-fish, which are caught off the island in shoals, and are cheaper than herrings in Yarmouth. They chattered like a flock of jackdaws, but there was no quarrelling; not a drunken man was to be seen, and all was merriment and good-humour. My poor downtrodden black brothers and sisters, as far as I could judge from this first introduction, looked to me a very fortunate class of fellow-creatures.—*Froude's "West Indies."*

General Chesney.—This distinguished soldier and geographical explorer was the originator and leader of the famous Euphrates expedition, which first secured due attention to that part of the world. Born in 1791, he died in 1872. As early as 1830 he wrote and published a proposal for opening a canal for steamers through the Isthmus of Suez, thus anticipating the project of M. Lesseps.

Bismarck Revisiting Wiesbaden.—In 1851 Prince Bismarck wrote to his wife from Wiesbaden, which had witnessed the boisterous revels of his younger days, in a spirit betokening the wisdom and gravity of maturer years. "Yesterday," he wrote, "I was at Wiesbaden, and witnessed the scene of former follies with mingled melancholy and precocious wisdom. May it now please God to fill this vessel — where the champagne at twenty-one uselessly frothed, leaving only empty dregs—with his own clear and strengthening wine." It was in 1847 that Bismarck was united to Johanna von Puttkamer, of a worthy Moravian family. The father was astounded when his daughter confessed her attachment to one known in those days as "mad Bismarck;" but it proved a most happy marriage, and had its good influence on all Bismarck's subsequent life. The letters recently published, especially those to his young sister Malvin, prove the loving generous nature of the writer, even in his earlier days, and it needed only the happy domestic tie to complete the peace and beauty of a home life unclouded amidst all the political storms of the future years.

Infection from Books and from Dolls.—The medical officer of health in a district in Cheshire gives a note of warning as to the spread of contagious diseases by books, cases of scarlet fever being caused by the use of books from the free library coming from infected houses. The same danger in higher degree exists from the transfer of dolls used by children of the better classes to poor children. Even a children's hospital or school might thus receive the seeds of disease. Dolls as well as clothes ought to be burnt if not easily disinfected. The whole arrangements as to infectious diseases in England require stricter regulations, such as are carried out under police supervision in Paris. Greater powers ought to be given to officers of health, and the reporting to the health officer by medical men of every case of infectious disease ought to be compulsory.

Sight and Sound.—The Eiffel Tower in the Champ de Mars is a conspicuous object from all elevated places far round. Holiday-makers discover favourite points of view, one of which is the Gorge d'Apremont, near Barbison. The bombardment of Paris during the war was audible by night at the same place, thirty-seven miles distant.

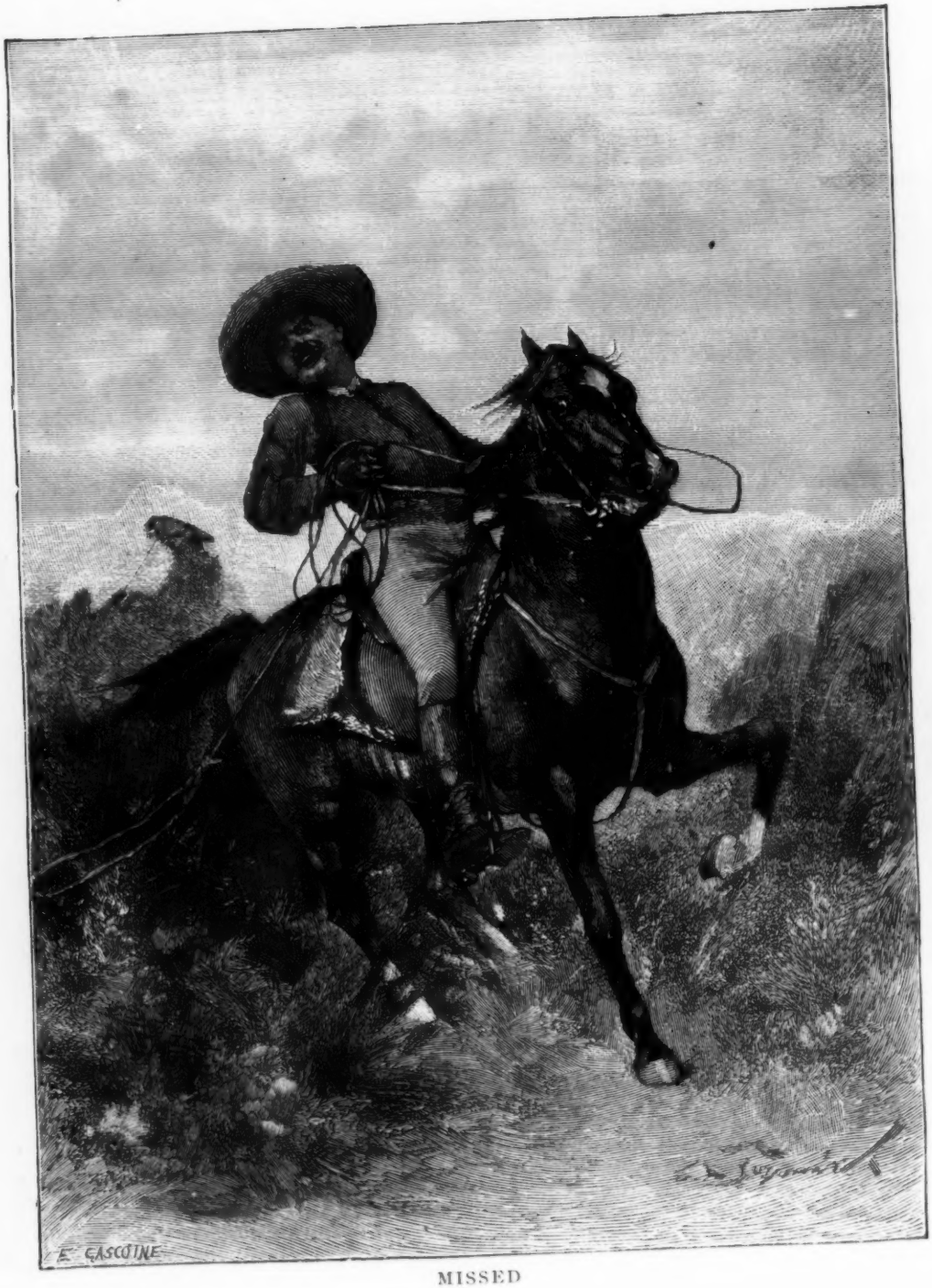
Edison Phonograph.—Colonel Gauraud had the honour of exhibiting the perfected phonograph at one of the recent sittings of the French Academy of Sciences. Songs and speeches in many languages delighted the audience, and the President, M. des Cloiseux, said that if Mr. Edison visited Paris during the Exhibition he would receive an ovation. M. Janssens gave the account of the apparatus and its history.

"Times" Obituary.—In the "Times" of April 24th there was the unprecedented number of 83 deaths announced. Of these 29 had years in all to 2,340 and 8 months, giving an average of 81 years. On a subsequent day the list of births, marriages, and deaths occupied nearly two columns of the "Times."

Oklahoma.—This previously little known Indian word, signifying "Beautiful Land," came into sudden and world-wide notoriety when the day arrived for its being open to American citizens for settlement. It had previously been the central place of the Indian reserve land of some tribes of the Crees and Seminoles. They had forfeited their rights by having taken sides, or at least shown sympathy, with the Southern States during the rebellion. Time was given to the Indians to make other settlements, and then came the boom and rush of immigrant adventurers in vaster hordes than the land could receive. Many of the restless settlers have returned to older Territories or States. It will require much vigilance and force in the Government to prevent inroads on other Indian reserves.

Astronomical Almanack for June.

1	S	☉ rises 3.50 A.M.
2	S	SUN. AFTER ASCENSION
3	M	☉ sets 8.7 P.M.
4	T	Clock after ☉ 1m. 57s.
5	W	Venus greatest brilliancy
6	T	☽ 1 Quarter 8.2 P.M.
7	F	Easter Law Sittings end [Oxford East. Term ends
8	S	Oxford Trin. Term begins
9	S	WHIT SUNDAY
10	M	Bank and Genl. Holiday
11	T	☉ rises 3.45 A.M.
12	W	☽ least distance from ⊕
13	T	Full ☽ 1.58 P.M. [Jupiter near ☽
14	F	☉ sets 8.16 P.M.
15	S	Jupiter S. 0.46 A.M.
16	S	TRINITY SUNDAY
17	M	Saturn sets 11.7 P.M.
18	T	Trin. Law Sittings begin
19	W	Venus rises 1.49 A.M.
20	T	Access. of Q. Victoria 1837 ☽ 3 Quarter 7.35 A.M.
21	F	Summer Quarter begins
22	S	Jupiter rises 8.17 P.M.
23	S	1 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
24	M	Camb. Easter Term ends
25	T	☉ rises 3.46 A.M.
26	W	Clock before ☉ 2m. 34s.
27	T	☽ greatest dstnce. from ⊕
28	F	New ☽ 8.54 A.M.
29	S	☉ sets 8.19 P.M.
30	S	2 SUN. AFTER TRINITY [Constant day or twilight throughout June



MISSED

CARRICONNA:

A STORY MORE OR LESS IRISH.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—DORA'S CURIOSITY IS BAFFLED.



"DON'T FORGET YOURSELF, AND TAKE IT INWARDLY," SAID THE CHEMIST.

IN the afternoon Dora showed signs of giving out.

"Do, now, go home, like a good woman," said Lady Frayne. "You've done more than a day's work, and I declare I'm grateful to you; but I'll have Barbara to reckon with as well as yourself (to say nothing of Anthony), if you take any harm. We'll all be going home in an hour, and there's really no cause for you to stay."

The others added their voices to Lady Frayne's, and when Dora had made a proper show of willingness to wait till the hour was up, she ceased to protest, and took her leave.

Kitty was for mounting her on the donkey, but Dora would have none of that sleek beast. She strolled home leisurely through the fields, skirting as she went the corner of the bog where she had first met Trenchard.

It wanted an hour to dinner-time when she reached Carriconna. She was going rather lazily and wearily up through the grounds, when, just as she approached the tower, Anthony came out of it, his clothes all dusty and brick-stained, and went on to the house.

He did not see her, and Dora sheltered herself behind the tower until he had entered the house. Then she followed, and went up to her own room without meeting him. None of them had discovered any clue to the mysterious proceedings of Anthony in the tower. Dora's thoughts turned frequently to this subject, but she was quite as much in the dark as the rest. Suddenly the

notion struck her to take her own key, and go down to the tower and explore for herself. She promptly descended, and, after a turn or two on the terrace for the purpose of reconnoitring, she walked slowly down to the tower, having satisfied herself that no one was in sight.

She turned the key in the lock, but the door did not give; the lock was a patent one, which always worked with perfect ease; and, after Dora had given the door a push or two, she could only conclude that it was fastened from the inside, and the bolts shot—for Anthony's precautions had included bolts as well as a patent lock.

Evidently Anthony himself had returned to the tower, but why had he locked himself in? It was the first time that Dora's key had not availed to give her admission. Here were dark doings indeed!

"What in the world is the man doing?" thought Dora; "he doesn't want to lock himself in for any telescopic purpose."

She retreated a step or two and looked up to the top of the tower. No one was there; and the telescope had evidently not been removed from its wooden shelter.

"Now, is it really Uncle Anthony who is inside; or can anybody else have got hold of his key?"

The obvious reflection succeeding this query was, that she had better take up some safe position in the background, and watch for a time.

There was a bench under the garden wall just against the lake, which commanded a side view of the tower door, without being visible itself from that point. Dora seated herself there, and watched the door. In no long time her patience was rewarded; the door opened, and Anthony himself came out. He had in his hand the old portmanteau which always accompanied him to Dublin; but, from the manner in which he carried it, the portmanteau was evidently empty. He went back to the house, his unconcerned and open manner showing he had no suspicion that any one had returned from Boyne. Still keeping her seat, Dora saw him leave the house again in a few moments and go down the drive. He was no doubt returning to Boyne. But it wanted now only about twenty minutes to the Carriconna dinner-hour, and he would probably meet Barbara on the road.

Dora's curiosity had now reached such a point of intensity, that she did not pause to ask herself how soon her uncle might return.

Leaving the bench under the wall, she made at once for the tower. The lock yielded as easily as before, and this time the door also.

Dora peered curiously around, expecting to see she did not in the least know what. She saw nothing at all that she had not seen before—in fact, nothing was ever to be seen on the ground-floor of the tower but a few bare stones and lumps and scraps of fallen masonry, the whole floor very faintly illumined by two long narrow slits that faced each other in the walls, over which the ivy had grown without, and through which Anthony's forerunners had shot with arrows at their besiegers. Dora was properly amazed; there was not a trace to be seen of any proceedings on Anthony's part requiring the safety and secrecy of locked doors. The ground-floor was just as Dora had always known it.

Then it occurred to her, might Anthony have been preparing some little surprise for them overhead where the telescope was lodged? Was that old portmanteau filled with pretty things from Dublin? She mounted to the top floor.

Since Dora's first visit to the upper region of the tower a convenient broad-stepped ladder, with a handrail, had been fixed to give access to the arched stone floor of the observatory, a convenience which even Barbara had been persuaded to make use of more than once. One-half of this storey had been fitted up in a pretty and rather luxurious style under the direction of Anthony, who had drawn his inspiration from Dora. It was a thatched shelter, resembling a section of an old-fashioned summer-house, a fine-weather retreat, with low, broad, cushioned seats, and skin rugs over the stone floor, with a rustic table on which afternoon tea was sometimes served to the many curious visitors who mounted to inspect for themselves the telescope that had been so much discussed in the neighbourhood. The telescope itself was housed in a sort of miniature châlet, with a revolving roof furnished with shutters which opened on all points of the compass. Dora looked about her, but there was no change in the observatory since she had visited it on the previous day. Anthony's occupation, whatever it might have been, could scarcely have taken him to this part of the tower, for when Dora looked in to where the telescope stood, she saw that it remained on precisely the same spot on which she had left it the night before. She went down again, and, before quitting the tower, stood for a few moments on the lower floor, her eyes seeking to pierce the gloom that lay at the back of the great stone staircase.

There were, or seemed to be, marks as though some one had been moving the scattered stone blocks which lay there. Dora went over to the place, and stooped down. Certainly some one had been at work there.

Just then she heard the sound of wheels on the drive, and knew that the car had returned from the Abbey. A sudden terror of her uncle's presence, such as she had never felt before, seized her. Anthony might return to his lair at any moment. Dora rose up quickly, opened the door of the tower, and locked it behind her as she went out.

She had arrived at something, whether real or imaginary, which her fancy would feed upon.

Anthony had a secret of some sort in the tower, and Dora was on its track. True, the track was faint, almost to illegibility, but Dora was satisfied to have discovered it. Opportunity would serve, sooner or later, for a further investigation. No one saw her leave the tower; though for that matter the key, which Anthony himself had given her, was her sanction for going in and out of it as she pleased.

Miss Nugent was just alighting from the car, rather stiff and aching, as Dora ran up to assist her.

"Well, you were well to go when you did," said Barbara, drawing a long breath of relief as she gained a chair in the hall.

"Why, you've not had any mishaps, I hope!" said Dora.

"Oh, no, indeed, nothing of that sort; but 'tis a torment of a task when you're not used to it. Are you getting rested yourself, my dear?"

"Oh, I'm ready to begin again now," said Dora, whose recuperative power seldom failed her. "Have they made good progress?"

"The greatest!" answered Miss Nugent. "I declare I believe, if the weather holds out, they'll manage in perfect style. Arthur and the men are going on till dark; and Arthur will stay at Boyne the night. I wonder have they dinner ready for us? Anthony talks of starting for Dublin early to-morrow, and we'll none of us be sorry to get early to bed."

"Then I shall have the tower to myself to-morrow," thought Dora, as she went upstairs to dress for dinner.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE FALL.

ON the afternoon of the day with which we have been concerned, Trenchard, as he had told Dora, had an affair of official business ten miles away. That disposed of, it occurred to him to make a semi-official visit to the police barracks at the little town of Knockdrum, two miles farther on. From the barracks he went to the quarters of the district inspector, who was on the point of sitting down to dinner, and who had little difficulty in persuading his chief to dine with him.

Trenchard had scarcely broken his fast since morning; he had taken but a mouthful of lunch in the hayfield, and the fatigue of the morning's work, the long ride in the afternoon, and the tedium of a long meeting in the magistrate's room of a hot court-house, added to the slight weakness in the head from which he was still suffering, had exhausted him considerably. Both by habit and inclination he was extremely sparing in his drink, but on this evening he was under strong temptation to exceed his usual moderate quantity.

The district inspector, a young man with some private means, kept a little cellar of a better quality than common. He had laid in a new Burgundy that very day, and it proved to be, as he judged, well worth its cork. Trenchard drank some two or three glasses more than his wont. The half-pledge which it pleased his fancy to imagine he had given Dora stood to him as a kind of fictitious strength. He thought himself perfectly safe from excess of any kind. Pressed to fill his glass again, he declined. He thought that he had taken precisely the amount he had decided to take, and was resolved to drink no more.

It was past nine o'clock when he set out on his twelve-mile ride to Moyrath. After the great heat of the day, the night air seemed unusually chill. Trenchard felt its effects in his head almost immediately. He had not ridden half a mile before he felt a sudden and terrible longing for opium. The district inspector's house lay about half a mile out of the little town of Knockdrum, and Trenchard was just entering it. At that hour it was dark and deserted; a silent little place, the shops and houses together forming a wide square, with the court-house in the centre. The misty light of a half moon fell on the pink and white and yellow houses, and on the stones that paved the square. All the shops were shut; but as Trenchard rode slowly across the square, he cast an involuntary glance towards one corner of it, where the chemist's shop was situated. The shutters of the shop were up, but a light streamed through the open doorway, and Trenchard saw John Nibberd, the chemist, in his black velvet smoking-cap, smoking his pipe upon the door-step. What Trenchard would have given at that moment to be standing in the chemist's place, within reach of the sweet poison he craved! Again, he would have given twenty pounds had the chemist's shop been shut like the rest.

He slackened his horse's pace to a walk, and thus traversed the town. When level with the last house he drew the rein again, and his horse stood still. Trenchard's condition, both physical and mental, were such as cannot easily be described. It was five days since opium in any form had passed his lips, and he had been swept on a sudden by one of those scarce controllable gusts of passionate desire which are experienced only by the victims of alcohol or opium.

There are moments when the divinity within us has a maniac in charge. Trenchard's will had melted. He was for the moment outside the pale of reason. He turned in his saddle; the figure of the chemist was still visible in the doorway of his shop. Then Trenchard saw him knock the ashes from his pipe and retire within the shop. He put his horse round and rode straight to the chemist's. He and the chemist knew each other well.

Nibberd was a man considerably superior to his station. He had commenced as an army surgeon, and, coming in for a legacy of a few thousands, had left soldiering and turned his attention to speculation. His ventures failing one after the other, he put his small remaining capital into the little business at Knockdrum, where in the course of years he had acquired a comfortable competency. He was a book-lover in an unobtrusive way, and a companionable gossip, and Trenchard never had business in the town without giving him a call.

"Are you there, John?"

The chemist came out to his door.

"Why, now, is that you, sir?" said he. "Are you going home at this hour? It's close on ten o'clock, and you're twelve miles from home."

"I've been to the barracks, and had dinner with Webb," answered Trenchard. "Any news, John?"

"Plenty, sir," said John—"plenty. But small news. Poor stuff—poor stuff. I'm glad to see you about again so soon. I heard you got a nasty knock the other evening."

"So I did, but I'm pretty nearly over it now. I believe I'm feeling it a little bit to-night, though."

"So! and with that ride before you, sir; why, and you do look pale, I declare."

"The air will pick me up again directly;" his hand twitching nervously on the reins.

"Will you take a little whisky-and-water?"

"N-no," said Trenchard, hesitatingly; "I'm no whisky drinker, John. But—"

"Just so, sir," said the chemist; "I'll mix you a little draught."

"That's better," answered Trenchard.

The chemist knew nothing of Trenchard's opium habit; and Trenchard dared not ask him for the drug.

"Give me something pretty strong," he said; "my head is in a kind of whirl. What are you putting in it?"

"There's a dash of ether in it, sir."

"Put a few drops of morphia," said Trenchard.

"There, sir," said Nibberd, handing a glass to Trenchard; "that'll make you comfortable."

It was a fairly strong draught, but Trenchard drank it down like milk. It had little effect but to give a keener edge to the craving that was on him.

"How's that?" asked Nibberd.

"I'll tell you what, John," replied Trenchard, "you might give me a little laudanum in a bottle to rub on my head if I should feel the need of anything going home. Maguire used that the other day."

"To be sure, sir," replied John, "to be sure. A good thing for the nerves when it's used properly. But," he added, chuckling, "it isn't everybody I should give a bottle of laudanum to at this time of night. Now, don't forget yourself and take it inwardly, Mr. Trenchard! I'll not keep you. It's too late to give you the news now, and small news too. Poor stuff, poor stuff!"

Trenchard rode away with the phial of laudanum in his pocket. There was a wild sense of triumph within him. All scruple, all effort at restraint, had by this time been utterly overborne. He was conscious of nothing but that he longed for opium and that he had a bottle of it in his pocket. The sense of possession stimulated the crave, but in a pleasant fashion now, and Trenchard knew that in the circumstances and situation he must act with prudence. Experience had taught him to know all the stages of the opiised state. It would not do for him to drink immediately; it would be nearly an hour and a half before he could reach home, and he must guard against stupor on the road.

He waited for half an hour. During all that time he never once wavered in his resolution. His passion was fixed upon the drug, and it is doubtful whether any influence could at that moment have checked his determination to gratify it. Reducing his horse to a walk he took the phial from his pocket and held it up against the moon. The bottle contained about two draughts of the quantity he had been lately in the habit of taking. He resolved to take a half dose only, that is to say, a quarter of the contents of the phial. Measuring the amount with his finger on the phial, he uncorked and drank it. He did not pass by a hair's breadth the limit he had given himself, and returned the bottle to his pocket. Then he rode on again at a brisker pace, the poison-drug having at first a stimulating effect on him.

Dora had been in Trenchard's thoughts all that afternoon. It is an effect of opium that the subject uppermost in the mind at the moment when the draught is swallowed or the pipe smoked continues to be dominant, but with an intensity a hundred times greater. A pleasant fancy becomes a vision of delight, and the vision an absolute reality. The possessed man rode and dreamed of the woman he loved.

The first stage—the stage of brilliant elation and excitement—passed. The second stage had none of the masterful intensity of the first, but was equally entrancing. It was the stage of repose—sweet and shadowless repose—not a troublous thought arising; a lull of all the senses, wherein one's little corner of the world becomes another lotus-land.

The second stage began to pass; Trenchard felt himself sinking. Having taken what was for him so small a dose, he had little need to dread the third and final stage—the stage of torpor. But a little numbness began to creep over him, and he was still three miles from home. He took out the phial again, and drank about a quarter of a dose. It revived him for a time, and the vision of extravagant joy returned. He turned into the old coach road leading to the gates of Moyrath. Suddenly the thought of his servant rose up before him. But being now so wholly under the influence of the drug, the thought was scarcely disquieting. It only prompted in him the cunning which, sooner or later, becomes a chief trait of the opium-eater's character. He knew that the sergeant would be waiting for him. Well, what of that? He had only to speak quietly, and show himself a little less happy than he felt.

A hundred yards or so from the gates he brought his horse to a walk again, that he might grow cool and quiet; but the trained eye of the sergeant, keen to know every aspect of his master's face, was not readily deceived. He knew in a moment what was behind the brightness of his master's eyes. He knew that when his master went out that morning he had not tasted opium for five days. The sergeant had expected him home jaded, dispirited, worn, and fretful. He came instead with his old gentle smile, dismounted lightly, and had a pleasant word on his lips. The sergeant's heart was sore. Had his master entered pale and out of temper he would have been happy, for he would have known that the pledge was still unbroken.

"Go to bed, William," said Trenchard, cheerily; "I am going myself immediately. I went on to Knockdrum, and dined with Mr. Webb; that's the reason I'm so late."

"You seem wonderfully well to-night, sir," said the sergeant, in a quiet tone of sufficient significance.

"Yes," said Trenchard, "yes; I am feeling better to-night. Go to bed, William—go to bed. No further news from Doyne, I suppose?"

"None, sir."

"Good-night, William."

"Good night, sir," said the sergeant, almost severely.

Sergeant Jones led the horse round to the stables. Trenchard went in and barred the door. He retired to his own room almost immediately, carrying his phial with him.

"I am a new man to-night," said he. "I know now what is best for me."

But the stage of torpor came at length.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE LETTER.

DORA awoke the next morning with an abundant interest in life. She thought of her interview with Trenchard on the previous day. The subject imparted a pleasant warmth to her first reflections. She might see Trenchard again that day; she would hear of him at all events. Then as she was dressing, she heard the big voice of Anthony inquiring whether any breakfast were to be had, and her chief project for the day recurred to her with a more poignant interest, as she finished dressing. The key of the tower lay on her dressing-table, and seemed invested with some of the mystery that surrounded Anthony. She put it in her pocket as she went down.

The excitement of breakfast was a note which Arthur had sent over from Doyne. Arthur said that Joe had been refused provisions which he had been sent to purchase in Doyne the previous evening. The shops had declined to sell to the Abbey. The letter was to Barbara, who was entreated to put together what groceries and other provender of that sort she could spare and bring them over herself on the car, since Arthur did not think it safe to entrust them to Joe, who might be prevented from getting them home. It was lucky that the storeroom at Carriconna was more amply furnished than it had been in bygone days. Miss Nugent, with suggestions from Dora, made out a list during breakfast of various commodities likely to be useful in a siege, but the principal question related to butcher's meat.

"There are four constables to feed, as you know," wrote Arthur, "and her ladyship is afraid that the fowl-yard will fail her."

"What can we do for meat for them, Anthony?" said Barbara; "there's a mutton ham hanging below will do them for to-day, and I think Kate might spare one of the geese she's fattening, but they'll want something more than that in a day or two. Arthur says the carrier won't carry for them either, and they can't go foraging at a distance till the crops are settled with."

"I'll have a sheep killed for them at once," said Anthony. "I don't know but we'll be boycotted ourselves for helping them; but what do I care for that; I'll buy up half England to help me if I want."

"We'll think of that another time," said his sister. "Will you kill them a sheep?"

"I will, of course. I'll send M'Laughlin over as I'm going to the station."

M'Laughlin was the old local butcher who came over at irregular intervals with his weapons, and his blue smock, to do the killing for the table.

"I don't know whether I oughtn't to stay at home myself," added Anthony, with an air and in a tone of reluctant duty.

Barbara's ear caught that significant inflection.

"Ah, I don't think ye need," said she. "Arthur knew you were going to town this morning, and if there'd been any great need for you he'd have said so."

"Do you think he would?" said Anthony anxiously.

"To be sure he would. Sure won't Mrs. Lytton and I go over and give them a hand after breakfast."

"Maybe Mrs. Lytton is not equal to the fields again," said Anthony.

"Oh, yes, I am," said Dora, cogitating in herself how she might escape that not too congenial labour of love. Then she remembered that Trenchard would almost certainly visit Doyne again that day, and was reconciled.

But how to carry out that project concerning the tower? It must be postponed, at all events, until later in the day, when some propitious chance might happen.

Anthony, not too unwillingly, though with a fair show of reluctance, accepted his sister's assurance that he would not be needed at the Abbey that day, and made his start for Dublin. As usual, he gave no reasons for his journey other than his invariable formula that he had a trifle of business in hand. His people were left to find what satisfaction they might in that vague declaration, which was the less acceptable that these "trifles of business," whatever they might be, appeared to have become the absorbing interest of Anthony's existence.

He started immediately after breakfast, driving on a neighbour's car to the station. Dora passed the morning in no great contentment. Her relations with Kitty and Lady Frayne had always come short of cordiality, and greater frequency of intercourse had no ripening effect on them. The sun was as hot as ever. Trenchard did not come; and the key in Dora's pocket seemed trying to draw her, like a magnet, back to the tower. She was growing positively out of temper; and as Dora never permitted herself an ebullition of that sort, she summoned her philosophy to assist her to be calm. Then she was vexed with herself for being vexed at Trenchard's non-appearance. Then she grew uneasy on his account. What more likely than that he should be suffering from his over-exertion in yesterday's heat; and Dora remembered that he had a long afternoon's work of his own to get through after he left her. She dreaded some relapse, should he have returned home at night exhausted and weak. The picnic lunch, served under the trees as before, bored her unspeakably. The strongly self-assertive humour of her hostess was never less than a trial to Dora's nerves, and this morning it made her quite cross, though she continued to smile her sweetest. Barbara's unruffled equanimity in all situations

and circumstances only discomposed her the more; and it was perfectly exasperating to be obliged to watch, without seeming to do so, the placid raptures of Kitty and Arthur, billing and cooing remorselessly under her eyes.

"What about those three men that were taken at Carriconna the other night, have they come up for trial yet?" asked Lady Frayne.

"No; but I think they are to be brought up in about a week," answered Arthur. "I have been trying to persuade his worship to come forward as little as possible in that matter; and, since he has cooled down, I think he'll be more or less amenable; but the worst of it is, you see, the matter is out of our hands entirely. It's very well they have as good a fellow as Trenchard to deal with."

"'Tis so, indeed," assented Lady Frayne.

"What men are they?" asked Kitty.

"One of the turf-stealers is amongst them," said Arthur. "He's a Carriconna tenant. Another is Cassidy from Gravel Mount, and the third is a tenant of Trenchard's. He has had notice to quit, I am sorry to say."

"A nice little kettle of fish," said Lady Frayne.

"Talking of Mr. Trenchard," said Barbara, "isn't this his sergeant?"

Dora's heart gave a little leap at the moment at which Sergeant Jones leaped the stone fence bounding the field.

The sergeant came towards them, stepping out according to custom, as though the whole world were a parade-ground, saluted, and presented a note to Lady Frayne. Then he faced about on his heel to Dora, laid his hand on the pocket of his coat, and drew out, as if it were a bayonet, a small paper parcel.

"The book the master wished me to bring, ma'am," said the sergeant."

"Thank you, sergeant," said Dora, quietly.

"Well, Sarah," said Barbara, "Mr. Trenchard's not coming, I suppose."

"He says he's not very well," said Lady Frayne, reading the letter at half arm's length through her glasses. "He says he has sent a better man to take his place. That's you, sergeant, I suppose?"

Sergeant Jones answered with a salute, but no smile broke the firm line of his close-set lips. The sergeant was even graver than ordinary.

"There is something wrong at home," thought Dora, and burned for an opportunity to look within the paper cover of her parcel. "There's a letter here," she thought. "How I wish all these tiresome people would go and leave me alone."

They did go presently, but Dora had to go with them. She had not even the opportunity of a quiet word with the sergeant, who marched off with Peter, Wilson, and the constables, under Arthur's charge, to the cornfield.

Within an hour after luncheon the hay was ready for carting. It had been a sorely tedious hour to Dora. The good Barbara, however, was not unmindful of her. She knew that Dora's relish for field-work was of the most moderate, and devised an excuse to set her free.

"You're getting tired again, my dear," she said, privately, to Dora. "There's not a bit of need for ye to stay. Maybe there might be callers at home, too. You can slip off quietly, without saying a word to any one. I'll make your excuses."

Lady Frayne and the others were at an opposite corner of the field; Dora and Barbara were near the stile.

"But aren't you getting tired too?" said Dora.

"Not a bit; there's a great deal of toughness in me. Go home now, like a good girl, and don't make any excuses. Shall Joe drive ye, or will ye walk by the fields?"

"Oh, no; I won't take Joe from his work. I'd every bit as soon walk. Good-bye, then, and take good care of yourself."

"Now that's one of the best-hearted girls in the world," said Barbara to herself, as Dora disappeared over the stile.

When the young widow had put a field or two between herself and the workers whom she had left, she untied and opened Trenchard's parcel. As she had supposed, it contained a letter.

Trenchard had written this letter to her an hour before. He had passed in quick succession through the states of bliss and woe, which, in alternation, make up the opium-eater's existence. We saw him lately in the former of these two states.

On the morning of the day we are dealing with, his servant, the sergeant, found him sleeping heavily long after his usual hour. Had the servant not detected his master's condition at the instant when he reached home the night before, he could have been little deceived as to the nature of the sleep in which Trenchard was locked at nine o'clock that morning.

The handsome gentle face, pale and somewhat shrunken, the pupil of the eye (when the sergeant cautiously raised the eyelid) contracted to less than a quarter of its normal size—these were the unmistakable tokens of the torpor of opiism.

Sergeant Jones at once went down and told his wife.

"But how did he get it?" said the housekeeper. "You said you were sure he took none with him when he went out yesterday."

"I don't know where he got it," answered the sergeant; "but that isn't the question at present. I must bring him round again, I think."

"Couldn't you leave him awhile, William? It'll be a dreadful time for him when he wakes, you know," said the motherly woman.

"It's only putting it off a bit; there's no good in that. He'll have to wake now or by-and-bye."

"It's a dreadful thing," said his wife, piteously, rocking herself to and fro in her chair. "To fight against it all these days, as we've seen him doing, and then be beaten back like this, and just have to begin it all over again."

The sergeant was a strong man himself; the straight path of duty had been an easy one to him all his life. He had no clear understanding of the weaknesses by which natures less simple and less vigorous are betrayed; but he had seen his master do sturdy battle with himself in this sad business and he answered,

"Yes, it is; I know it. And there's those that wouldn't try to stand up against it again. But he will, the master will, even after this. I'll go and wake him."

He went upstairs again to Trenchard's room. He thought it probable that it would be necessary for him, as he had done before, to administer a fresh dose of opium to bring the sleeper to himself again.

Opening the door he saw that Trenchard was awake. The sergeant went over to him at once, and, in a tone as if nothing had been the matter, said,

"You're not looking quite yourself, sir; better wait till I get you a cup of coffee."

Trenchard, half rising in bed, his face colourless and drawn, his eyes almost glassy, made a motion with his hand towards the dressing-table. The phial of opium, which he had taken from the chemist the night before, and which still contained a small quantity of the liquid, stood upon the dressing-table. Sergeant Jones turned to fetch it. Trenchard, with his eyes, followed him hungrily. The sergeant, as he took up the bottle, read on the label the name of the Knockdrum chemist. He carried it, with a wine-glass which stood beside it, to his master's bed.

Trenchard, who all this while had not opened his lips, a look of unutterable wretchedness on his face, never took his eyes from the sergeant. He watched him uncork the phial and pour out the remainder of the laudanum into the wine-glass. It would be impossible to express in words the mental and bodily condition of the unhappy man at that moment. During the few seconds that had passed since he signed to his servant to fetch him the opium, he had had sufficient vigour of mind to review the past and to forecast the future.

He had failed, and how terribly!

Shattered by the mad indulgence of the night before, utterly prostrate, two things alone were clear to him. He had fallen, in circumstances which made the humiliation of the fall almost unendurable, and—the desire for opium was stronger in him than ever.

Yes, and he would drink it!

At that instant he was prepared to lose all; to lose Dora, and with her the happiness, the manliness, the honour of life—to lose life itself.

"If I have failed now there is no hope for me. I will go on as I have begun," was his bitter inward comment.

He raised himself to a sitting posture and took the glass from the sergeant's hand.

Beyond the sergeant's first utterance, not a word had been said on either side.

Trenchard paused with the glass raised to his lips. A sort of spasm seized him. He trembled from head to foot, till the bed shook under him; then, with a sound that was half cry and half groan, and indescribably painful to hear, he flung the glass from him, the opium staining the wall against which the glass was shivered to pieces.

He fell back in bed whiter than before, and quite motionless.

Sergeant Jones went quietly, but quickly, out of the room, and downstairs to his wife.

"Well," said Mrs. Jones, anxiously, "is he awake?"

"Yes," said her husband, "make some coffee quickly, my dear."

"How does he seem, William?"

"Very bad," answered her husband, and described the scene that had just occurred in Trenchard's room.

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Jones, "and that's not the end of it, neither. He didn't say anything about the doctor, I suppose?"

"Not he," answered the sergeant, "and not likely to."

"Not that a doctor's much good anyway, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Jones, preparing the coffee while she was speaking.

"Strong," said the sergeant, "he'll want it as strong as you can make it."

"Has he—has he any of that stuff left?"

"Not that I know of. He hadn't any in the house, to my knowledge, when he went out yesterday morning."

"Well, don't you get him any, William," said his wife, earnestly.

"Ah," said the sergeant, "that's very well to say, my dear, but you don't know what it is when he tells me how he's suffering for it. 'Just a spoonful, William,' says he, 'and I shall be better.' But," added the sergeant, "he'll not ask me for any to-day, I think. He's made his stand."

"Pray God he'll be able to keep to it!" responded Mrs. Jones.

As soon as the coffee was ready the sergeant took it up to his master's room.

Trenchard had roused himself again. The physical craving not yet abated within him, he was evidently very ill at ease, and almost morose in his manner. This is merely a condition of the body, and one that cannot be controlled until the nerves are strung again and the will has regained its seat.

The sergeant, accustomed to this phase of his master's suffering, knew how to bear with it; and it was beautiful to see the gentleness with which he managed him.

Trenchard, scarcely speaking, drank his coffee and asked for a warm bath. Half an hour later he was dressed, and pacing the lawn. The rush of remorse that had overtaken him, added to the state of nervous restlessness produced by the desire for a renewal of the opium, which he doggedly refused to gratify, gave a kind of desperation to his thoughts. He would throw up his official position; he would leave his home and go he knew not where. He was at that pass which the opium-eater arrives at when, feeling himself more hopelessly than ever the slave of his passion, he yet loathes his bonds and dreams of freeing himself by revolutionising his life. But at every turn his bitter and sorrowful reflections brought him back to Dora.

What would she say?—the woman whom he loved, to whom he had dared even to whisper his love. Suddenly he resolved, that what change else he must make in his life, he must renounce Dora. How he upbraided himself then for having presumed to make her feel that he loved her, as

he knew that he had tried to do. He should have waited till he had proved his strength. He meditated long and miserably how best to take the step that now seemed the only one for honour. He would not go to see her; he distrusted himself and his resolution too much for that. Then he remembered that most likely she would be at Doyne with the Nugents that day. He decided to write a letter to her, and send the sergeant with it. Returning to the house, he wrote a letter to Lady Frayne excusing himself from going to her that day on the ground of a slight indisposition. That done, he wrote to Dora.

Dora sat in a little dream, holding Trenchard's letter in her hand. Whatever one's impatience, one always dallies a little in opening the first letter. One tries to read it mentally, or rather, perhaps, tries to read it as it would be if one had written it oneself. There is a flutter at the heart; is the letter as it should be, or is it quite a different letter? Perhaps Dora was not really in great doubt about it, after those looks, those words. Could it be any letter but the one her fancy read? She turned it over in her lap, still musing pleasantly. The bright warm air tingled all around her; there was a butterfly, and a chirp and a buzz of grasshoppers and bees.

Dora had grown more than content with her life at Carriconna. Odd, how one new interest transforms and gives a different zest to life. Dora could hardly yet be said to be in love with Trenchard, but she was sufficiently concerned in him to be more than willing to remain at Carriconna. The habitual restlessness of her nature had found a new outlet in speculations more or less anxious, perhaps even more or less tender, about Trenchard and his future. In addition, there was growing up in her a new and warmer feeling towards the relatives with whom she had so strangely cast in her lot. After all, was not Carriconna *her* home too, as well as Anthony's and Barbara's? Sometimes she wished they knew what tie of blood united her to them.

She tore open the envelope and took out the letter. It began abruptly:

"I scarcely know why I write to you, or how to write. Since last night I do not know myself. Can you tell what that means? You can, I know. I am more than unworthy to be *your* friend, to be the friend of any woman, your friend above all. I do not know what I write. I have fallen before now, but it seems to me as if I never fell until last night. I have told you all. You will know what to think of me. My present intention is to leave work, and home, and (may I say it?) you; and carry my degradation where I may. It is a just fate that a life such as mine has become should be solitary and uncared for."

The letter was not even signed. She would have had the right to doubt it had it not been given to her by Trenchard's servant. She got up, with the letter in her hand, and went slowly home. But there was no more deluding of herself now. Was Trenchard lost to her? Lost or not, she knew when she had read that letter that she loved him as he loved her. And a bitter thought passed over her mind:

"What a pair of lovers! The adventuress and the opium-eater!"

As she went by the tower, going up through the grounds, she had lost all memory of the interest it had held for her.

CHAPTER XXXI.—DORA ANSWERS THE LETTER.

ANTHONY came home, as usual, in time for dinner. Miss Nugent had returned from the Abbey a little earlier, and Dora found them both in the drawing-room when she went down.

Dora was as full as ever of sweet amiability and good humour. She wished that Anthony had lost his train from Dublin, and that Barbara had been persuaded to stay for dinner at the Abbey; but she had her accustomed pleasant word for both of them.

It is a wise ordering of our affairs that sometimes compels us to go into company when we fancy that solitude is what we want. Dora hated telescopes and agrarian questions very cordially that night; but no doubt it was a well-devised discipline, not of her own choosing, that obliged her to feign her customary and necessary interest in the affairs of her uncle and aunt.

Barbara made one of her usual fruitless attempts to learn the attraction that drew Anthony on his periodical visits to Dublin. The meal was not a gay one, though, for that matter, meals at Carriconna had lately become little else than affairs of the knife and fork—"solitary ceremonies of manducation."

"How did ye get on over there to-day?" said Anthony, presently.

"We didn't do so badly at all," answered Barbara. "The weather's doing everything possible for them, and that's a great thing."

"'Tis," said Anthony, abstractedly, "a great thing."

"Did M'Laughlin kill the sheep?" inquired Anthony, after another pause.

"He did, and it will be over with them this evening."

Some more desultory remarks, not less entertaining than the foregoing, were all the conversation that the dinner afforded. Anthony's silence was nothing unwonted; Dora found it task enough to say a little for the sake of politeness; and even Barbara seemed to have some matter on her mind that would not let her talk. It was not until dinner was well over that, noticing Dora's extreme paleness, her aunt said to her,

"Mrs. Lytton, my dear, I declare you're looking quite ill. The harvesting has overmatched you altogether. Go to bed, like a good girl, and Kate shall take you up something warm to put you to sleep."

Dora was in no way reluctant to act upon this kindly injunction. Trenchard's letter had overset her, and she longed for the quiet of her own room

to take counsel with herself upon it. She escaped and went upstairs.

When she had bade them good night, Anthony settled to his newspaper and Barbara to her lace-mending, as usual; but it was significant of the altered times that neither of them felt the ease and comfort they used to feel in the long evenings which they used to spend alone together before Kedagh's money came. Of the two, Anthony was the most uneasy, for Barbara was busy turning over in her mind how best to broach a small matter on which she had set her heart. Perhaps Anthony was in some occult way conscious of this idea of Barbara's, and it made him restless and anxious to get out of the room. He laid down his paper presently, and removed his slippered feet from the chair on which they had been resting, preparatory to rising. Barbara, fearful of losing her chance, plunged hurriedly into her subject.

"I'm thinking, Anthony, ye might be doing a good turn for Sarah now."



"A CHEQUE TO-MORROW, TO-MORROW! ARE ALL THE WOMEN CRAZY?

"What's the matter with her now?"

"Well, if you would know, she's hankering to buy that little farm of Casey's, just beyond her seven-acre meadow. 'Tis in the market just now, and it would round off her estate prettily to add that on. 'Tis only a matter of £500, she tells me, and I said 'twas certain you'd lend her that much, seeing," Barbara hastened to add, "that it will come back to Arthur one day."

"How do I know it'll come back to Arthur one

day?" asked Anthony, peevishly. "Sarah may marry again and leave it to her new husband."

"She can't leave Doyne away from Kitty, Anthony, we all know that," replied Barbara, mildly, "and Arthur and Kitty are born to be man and wife; I'm sure of that," she added, more boldly, "so we may as well help them to their fate."

"Time enough, time enough," said Anthony, moving restlessly about the room.

"Ye'll give Sarah a cheque then to-morrow, Anthony?" asked Barbara. "I'm going over early, and can take it with me."

"A cheque to-morrow, to-morrow!" exclaimed Anthony, testily. "Are all the women crazy? D'ye suppose I keep thousands of pounds in the little bank in Dublin, Barbara."

"Ye told me ye'd thousands there awhile ago, Anthony, and we've never had all those grand carpets a foot thick, so I supposed 'twas there still;" and Barbara looked up at her brother with a humorous twinkle in her brown eyes.

But Anthony was in no humorous mood.

"Whisht!" he said; "d'ye suppose I'd waste interest and capital that way; a sensible man like meself. It's Buck ye're thinking of, Barbara."

"Maybe," replied Barbara, calmly. "Well, p'r'aps I'd best take the £500 out of my own bit, Anthony, and ye can make it right with me when your money's handy. I wouldn't like to fail Sarah now, and we so rich."

"Rich!" said Anthony. "Who says we're rich? Here's Arthur asking for thousands to 'settle him,' and Mrs. Lytton taking her hundred a year, and—"

Anthony was interrupted by the ringing of the front-door bell.

"Who can that be, I wonder, this time of night?" exclaimed Miss Nugent, whilst Anthony set the dining-room door ajar to hear what happened when John Maher answered the summons.

It was Sergeant Jones, with a hastily scribbled note from Trenchard, to say the men taken at Carriconna the other night were to come up for trial the next morning, and Anthony's evidence would be wanted.

Anthony went into the hall to speak to the sergeant.

"Tell Mr. Trenchard I'll come. What time 'll it be, sergeant?"

"The master told me to say he'd start at nine sharp, sir, and could give you a seat if you could step across to Moyrath."

"I'll be there, sergeant; I'll be glad to leave John to help in the harvest; and that reminds me I must go and see what's brought in to-day," and Anthony reached down his hat and passed out with the sergeant.

Barbara folded up her work with a sigh, put away Anthony's newspaper in its place, and mechanically set back the chairs, and left the room neat and precise as it always was. She felt sad and uneasy; she sorely missed the brother with whom she had always been able to talk freely of all matters that were in her mind, whether big or little, and with whom she could trustfully take counsel. For in the past, with all his queer crotchety ways, Anthony had been what the master of a house should always be—a stout staff for the household to lean upon, the lawgiver, the final appeal, the responsible head; and Barbara felt vaguely and unpleasantly that in Anthony's present absorbed state of mind this comfortable stout staff was bending under her hand. Instead of coming back into the room, as he would have done a few months back, to discuss with his sister to the full any matter she was interested in or uncertain about, he sidled away. But Barbara did not want as yet to look too curiously into this state of things, or to put the matters into words, even for her own counsel. It only floated in her mind as yet quite vaguely; it would pass in time, as other uncomfortable things had passed.

Dora did not go to bed when she retired to her room. The night being a little chilly she put a wrap round her shoulders, and sat down beside her candle, to read and read again Trenchard's letter. At first she had not known what to make of it; it had come upon her with so rough a shock as to confuse all reasoning power. Now, at the interval of some hours, when she was quieter and had her thoughts under control again, she saw clearly enough what the letter meant. Trenchard had broken down in his combat with himself. He had returned to his opium, and doubtless, with the gusto of abstinence, he had drunk heavily. The letter before her was the outcome of despair, the first utterance of awakened and remorseful conscience.

No doubt this was the light in which it should be read. Dora was clear as to that; but much more difficult was the question which followed on this conclusion: how was the letter to be answered? Should she answer it at all? Was it of any avail to do battle with an adversary of such terrible power?

Trenchard had had two weapons to aid him: the strong desire of his better nature to kill the foe within him, and his love for Dora. She knew this. Well, both these weapons had failed him!

She shivered a little in her chair, drawing her wrap closer, and rocked herself to and fro, restless, and sick with perplexity.

Must Trenchard be left to kill himself?

She got up and walked about the room.

She seemed to see Trenchard, alone, abandoned, yet fighting inch by inch against that malignant and enduring enemy.

She knew that, his conscience once awakened, he would go on with the struggle to the last, would renew it again and again, vanquished no matter how often. She would have felt but little pity for him had she known him a man who, once defeated, would finally relinquish the endeavour. But she knew him quite different from this.

Final defeat might be the end of all his efforts, but he would die a combatant.

She continued to pace the room, utterly without a guide to show her in what way to aid him.

Then came the ring at the bell below. There was no reason that she knew of why Trenchard should send to Carriconna that night, yet she felt certain this must be he or his messenger.

She opened her door quietly, and heard the

sergeant's voice in the hall. Her heart beat high, though she scarcely knew why. Dora herself could not possibly be the object of the sergeant's visit. Then she heard Anthony talking with him, and knew the reason of his coming. Still she lingered with her door half open. Had the sergeant any second mission?

She would have given anything to be downstairs. If she could see the sergeant just for a moment. He might have another letter for her, or some message that even a look might convey. But it was an hour since she had retired; she could not go downstairs again without betraying herself. She heard the sergeant cross the hall with Anthony, and heard Anthony shut the door behind him. Her heart sank; yet it was not so bad; Trenchard was going about his duty the next day. She listened to the sergeant's step passing down the drive.

All this while she had been so absorbed in Trenchard and her concern for him as to have grown oblivious of herself, and the possible issues for her which his letter had opened up.

Within the immediate past—the past of not more than a few days—she had almost ceased from the speculations of the adventuress who had come to Carriconna to scheme for her father's fortune. All at once these pressed themselves upon her again. Losing Trenchard, she must lose that which would have enabled her to abandon the *rôle* of the adventuress. The thought was unworthy, and she felt it; yet it was natural to Dora. To marry Trenchard would have been social salvation for Dora. She had thought of that at first; she had lost sight of it when she felt that she cared for him; it returned to her now that she was likely to lose him.

She heard the household go to bed, whilst sleep, the care-charmer, still delayed to come to her. She undressed and went to bed, her candle beside her. She had decided nothing. Three or four times during the night she awoke, re-lighted her candle, lay thus for half an hour at a time, and tried to sleep again. The last time she awoke, day was breaking. She got up and drew aside her blind; the first faint whiteness of the morning was just appearing over the tops of the hills; the lake as yet was in shadow, all cold and dark. Dora's eyes wandered idly over the scene; the little twittering of birds was just beginning in the trees. As Dora was about to let the blind fall, she was startled to see the door of the tower open and a figure emerge from it. The light was so dim down by the tower that the figure was scarcely distinguishable. Dora's first thought was that the telescope had been the object of some further mischief, and she was about to rouse her uncle, when as the figure drew nearer she saw, to her astonishment, that it was her uncle himself. She had the less difficulty in recognising him at this distance, inasmuch as he carried in his hand the mysterious leather portmanteau which had come to be associated in Dora's mind with Anthony's secret visits to the tower.

Fearful lest he should surprise her as a spy upon him, she let fall her blind and went back to bed. But this episode effectually diverted her thoughts from the channel in which they had been uneasily flowing all the night, and with the mental effort to solve the riddle of Anthony's conduct she fell into a sound and dreamless sleep for the first time that night.

When she awoke her mind had regained its vigour. Her recuperative power was always remarkable; a few hours' sleep were generally a sovereign remedy for her cares of mind. She rose refreshed, and the trouble of the previous night seemed to have dwindled into insignificance. What had looked so puzzling then lay clear before her in the morning light.

She sprang up and took out her watch. Ten o'clock! She put the watch to her ear and listened; it was going quite rightly. She rang her bell, and Kate came to her.

"What have you been thinking of, Kate, to let me sleep so late?"

"Ah, sure, why wouldn't ye sleep, ma'am? Aren't ye looking twice yerself for it this morning? Miss Barbara wouldn't let me call ye, and I'm to bring yer breakfast up."

"Everybody else has breakfasted long ago, I suppose?"

"They did, ma'am. But what matter? The master's gone with Mr. Trenchard about them boys, and Miss Barbara's gone to my lady's an hour back. And, ma'am, I was to say that if you wish to be aisy in yer bed, there's no call why ye should get up."

"I couldn't do that for anything in the world, Kate; and I won't breakfast in bed either, thank you. I shall be down in no time."

Dora, as may be imagined, was not at all displeased to have the house to herself. She breakfasted alone, luxuriating in the unwonted solitude and silence of her surroundings. She was thinking out the letter she was to write to Trenchard, for she had decided that she must write to him. To leave his letter unanswered would be to accept it, and to sever them both completely; to leave Trenchard to his fate; to tell him that she scorned him for his weakness. No, she could not do that. But it was a very difficult and delicate task to write to him; she could not please herself with any form of words that took shape in her thoughts. She even neglected her breakfast whilst trying to compose a suitable reply, which is sufficient proof that the matter absorbed her greatly.

"The briefer the better," she said to herself, and so saying she at length sat down and wrote as follows:

"You are too despairing, and you despair too soon. The most lose some battles. You are wrong in thinking that you should isolate yourself."

She signed it with her initials.

Then, how to get the letter off?

Impossible to leave it on the hall table to await the postman's call. But with the day to herself, what was to prevent her from walking into the village and posting it there? This she did, when she had despatched her breakfast.

Her whole nature sighed out its relief when she had done it. She thought of the letter on its way to Trenchard. She thought of Trenchard sitting

in the court all day long and expecting it. Then she wondered what would follow. But in a little while she put the whole matter resolutely behind her. She had taken her step, and was satisfied with it.

And now, how to dispose of the day? That question, however, she did not need to ask herself. At once, when she had disposed of the affair which concerned her nearest, she thought of the curious occurrence she had witnessed from behind her blind at daybreak. Now, if ever, the opportunity had come for solving, or attempting to solve, the mystery of the tower, if mystery there was.

Home again, she ran upstairs for her key, and with that in hand presented herself before the tower door.

A Ballad of St. Swithun's Day.[1]



THREE little noses are flattened against the pane;
Three little rosy mouths are bemoaning the rain;
Saint Swithun is christening the apples with might and with main.
"O Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children say,
"Surely you've christened the apples enough to-day."

"Rain, rain," say the children, "be off to Spain!
Never, never, we charge you, come back again!
We want to run in the garden, and down comes the rain!
O Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children plead,
"We want our run in the garden, we do indeed.

"Dear Saint Swithun, our lessons have been so long;
Dreadful sums, Saint Swithun, that would come wrong!
We wanted to dance a little, or sing a song,
And now we are free, Saint Swithun, we're kept indoors,
For, because you are christening the apples, it pours and pours.

"Good Saint Swithun, our lessons are over and done;
Kind Saint Swithun, we're longing to take a run;
When you were young, Saint Swithun, you liked some fun.
O Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children cry,
"Why should you christen the apples in mid July?

"Our leggies get cramped, Saint Swithun, indeed, if we stay
Out of the orchard and garden the live-long day;
It's all very well in winter to play house-play,
But, oh, in the summer, with birdies and blossoms and bees,
Who could in the house be contented, Saint Swithun, please?

"We don't mind the rain, not an atom. Away we should get
From the schoolroom, bare-headed, bare-footed, out into the wet,
If only they'd let us—but that they have never done yet;
And you might as well ask them to—cook us and eat us, you see,
For in some things grown-up folk and children can't ever agree."

Now hurrah for Saint Swithun! The rain is o'er;
Out comes the sun in his glory—they make for the door—
Six little feet a-patter, a joyous uproar;
"Hey! for Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children shout;
"Hats and boots—not a moment to lose till we're out."

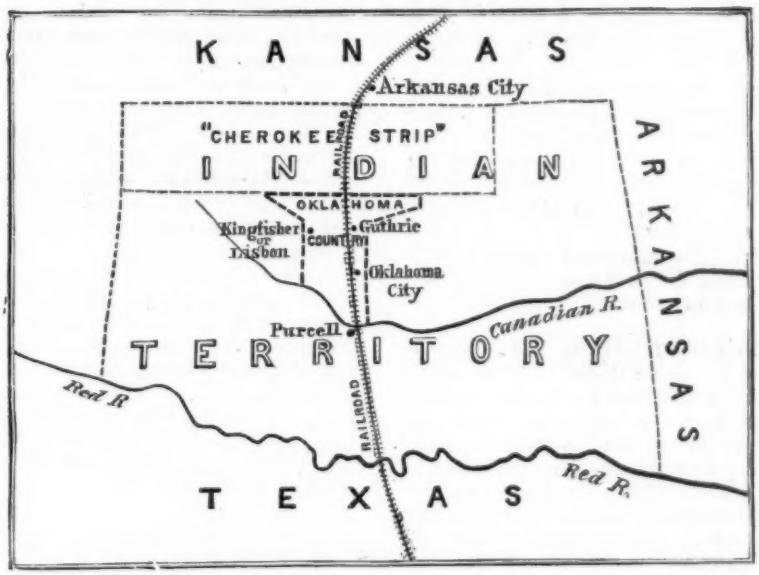
Hark at the birds and the children! Oh, merry and sweet
Rings out the laugh of the children, and quick are their feet.
Hey! for the sunshine of summer, its light and its heat.
Where are ye now, little children? Oh, far away,
Though Saint Swithun is christening the apples again to-day.

EMILY H. HICKEY.

[1] Hone mentions a saying current in some parts of the country when rain falls on St. Swithun's Day: "St. Swithun is christening the apples."

OKLAHOMA:

THE ROMANCE OF A "LAND BOOM."



THE colonisation of new countries has ever furnished scenes and episodes more or less romantic. One of the most exciting events of modern times was the Oklahoma Boom, when thousands of peaceful men, at the same moment, on a given signal, made a mad rush to take possession of a rich land—a land surveyed and staked out to furnish *eleven thousand farms* of *one hundred and sixty acres* each to eleven thousand families, without money and without price!

Ever since the Mayflower cast anchor off the bleak New England coast, the Red Men of the North American continent have been gradually crowded westward, until to-day there is not an entire tribe of Indians remaining east of the Mississippi River. For full two centuries the story of the Indian was one of continual injustice and bloodshed; but later years have developed much wise and generous legislation in his behalf by the Government of the United States—a generosity not fully appreciated by the Indians themselves.

The Indians will not, like the African negroes, assimilate with white people, who have become the vast majority of the population of the United States. It has seemed impossible to thoroughly tame them; they are true Ishmaels, and where a white man can subsist upon *acres*, the Indian requires *miles*. If he cannot hunt and roam about unrestrainedly the Indian cannot be happy or contented.

Knowing this, the Federal Government some years ago entered into a treaty with the principal "nations" (representing less than a quarter of a million of Red Men), agreeing to set apart for their exclusive use (in addition to several smaller reservations in other parts of the country) a large tract of fertile land, since known as *The Indian Territory*. The Indians, for their part, agreed to remain within the bounds of this territory and to govern themselves; while the Federal Government promised to keep out, by military force if necessary, all land speculators, cattle raisers, trappers, squatters, and every other person whose presence should prove undesirable to the Indians.

Indian Territory lies immediately to the south of the great and prosperous State of Kansas, and includes more land than the whole of England and Wales. Yet, with all this rich and broad demesne for a smaller population than is maintained within the rural county of Suffolk, and with much substantial assistance in cash, in building material, and in farming implements, the Indians have failed to improve their grand opportunity. True they have behaved peaceably, and one or two of the "nations" are disposed to look favourably upon schools and other means of civilisation. But, generally, the Indians have *not* improved the land—or themselves—while their numbers have perceptibly diminished.

Meanwhile, the population of the United States has increased, until to-day it approaches to sixty millions of people, while the desirable public lands, which were plentiful enough even ten years ago, are now quite scarce. Thus it came to be regarded as a hardship that the white people who are able and willing to till the soil should be forced northward, while the Indians allowed their rich territory to remain a wilderness.

Yet the Indians held their treaty with the Federal Government, and the Government was not disposed to repudiate it. Congress accordingly entered into negotiations with some of the Indian leaders, with a view to purchasing about

eight million acres of their territory. Ultimately these negotiations, if brought to an issue, will include the purchase of what is now known as the "Cherokee Strip" of 6,022,000 acres, as well as the "Oklahoma Country;" at present only Oklahoma has been secured—a tract of rich country comprising 1,800,000 acres in the heart of the Indian Territory.

The purchase of Oklahoma was ratified by Act of Congress on March 2nd, 1889, and a few days later President Harrison announced that the newly acquired country would not be *sold* for *any price*, but would be open for settlement to "actual settlers," under the "Homestead Laws," at noon on April 22nd, 1889.

A letter from the Commissioner of the United States General Land Office to the writer of this article will explain in substance the Homestead Laws:

". . . . . In reply I have to state that the lands in question are to be disposed of to actual settlers under the Homestead Laws only. A party desiring to become an actual settler under the Homestead Laws may initiate his claim by entry at the District Land Office, after properly examining and selecting the land described, in which case he is allowed six months from date of entry within which to establish his actual residence on the land; or if he so elect he may initiate his claim by actual settlement on the land, which must consist of some act or acts connecting himself with the particular tract claimed, said act or acts to be equivalent to an announcement of such intention, and from which the public generally may have notice of his claim. Thereafter he is allowed three months within which to make his claim of record by entry in the District Land Office. . . . ."

It has been intimated that Oklahoma had been surveyed and found to contain rather more than 2,800 square miles, or exactly 1,800,000 acres. This was carefully divided into sections of one square mile, and each "actual settler" who was a citizen (or prospective citizen) of the United States was entitled to a *quarter section* of 160 acres. After setting aside several "town sites" of 320 acres each (on which settlers could only claim town lots, 25 × 160 feet), about 11,000 "homesteads" were available for first comers.

Unlike other "free" lands, Oklahoma was *not* on the frontier of civilisation. Well-settled territory existed to the north and to the south as well as to the east, beside which the Atchinson, Topeta, and Santa Fe Railroad already had a line passing right through Oklahoma, while the Rock Island and Pacific has another line under construction. Consequently, the products of the new country can be easily conveyed to profitable markets, which fact made every inch of Oklahoma worth, at the smallest calculation, five dollars per acre. Thus the United States Government offered to any who would and could secure it a good farm, worth at least 800 dollars, and in some instances (where adjacent to the railroad and the proposed capital) as much as 3,000 dollars, £600 sterling.

The excitement among thrifty farm labourers and the poorer farmers in the older States was intense when the President's proclamation was made public. All eyes were turned upon the new country; merchants, lawyers, doctors, editors, bankers, and even ministers, seeing in a community which would people 11,000 farms, scope for profitable action.

But the proclamation named the time at which homeseekers might enter the "Promised Land" as 12 o'clock noon on the 22nd day of April, 1889, and added the following notice:

"Warning is hereby again expressly given, that no person entering upon or occupying said lands before said hour of 12 o'clock noon, on the 22nd day of April, 1889, hereinbefore fixed, *will ever be permitted* to enter any of said lands, or to acquire any rights."

For weeks before the 22nd of April thousands of men, with many women and children, were on the march for Oklahoma—generally with huge canvas-topped waggons, which held all their earthly possessions. But they were not only kept out of Oklahoma, the law of the land prevented them from camping upon the Indian territory. So the military (two regiments of United States cavalry) held back the would-be settlers, on the north at the Kansas State line, and on the south at the southern bank of the Canadian River.

By the courtesy of an army officer the writer was permitted free access to Oklahoma several days before its invasion by "boomers" and others. It was the 12th day of April (ten days prior to the "opening"), and that large tract of nearly two million acres was well nigh as deserted as the desert of Sahara. The Indians had all vacated Oklahoma, but the white men had yet to come—the only persons within the charmed circle (a cordon of cavalrymen) being the Government land agents and surveyors. Trains on the Sante Fe Railroad of course passed through the country, but no passengers were allowed to leave the trains, each station being carefully guarded by soldiers. These railroad stations consisted of nothing but telegraph cabins, although respectable buildings were then being erected at Oklahoma *City* and Guthrie, in anticipation of future towns. On the west side of Oklahoma, Kingfisher seemed to be the prospective town. It is thirty miles from Guthrie on the Santa Fe road, but will soon be on the new Rock Island Railway. In the meantime the railway company have made it a stage station, running concord coaches from Kingfisher (now called Lisbon) to the existing terminus of their road at Pond Creek, also thirty miles away.

The country seemed to be for the most part level, of a rich reddish loam, and well watered by numerous streams and two or three considerable rivers. Small skirts of timber abound along the edges of the streams. The climate is exceedingly mild the year round, being warm in winter and cool in summer. Game, such as deer and turkey, is plentiful, and the streams are well stocked with fish.

It looked as though there would be many claimants for each quarter section, for, ten days ahead of time, three thousand people were waiting on the Kansas line, while four or five thousand camp fires were burning along the south fork of

the Canadian River. Every available pony was being bought up at prices ranging from twenty to fifty dollars (about double the ordinary price), and the swifter the animal the better price it fetched. The commanding officer had announced that on the northern border the lines would be permitted to advance on the 20th across the "Cherokee Strip" to the Oklahoma frontier, so as to give all an equal chance with those on the south line.

As the time drew near the excitement on the border country increased, and the camps assumed prodigious proportions. At Shauneetown, in the south-east, 4,000 men from Texas were camped. At Caldwell, Kansas, there were 5,000 members of a "soldiers' colony," while a party of settlers from as far east as Maryland reached the frontier in 218 covered waggons. The old soldiers' camp "on the march" was a truly imposing sight, for it consisted of 750 huge canvas-topped emigrant waggons, each horsed by from one "span" to three "span" of horses, mules, or oxen. The largest gatherings were at Arkansas City on the north, and at Purcell on the south, where the mobs were so large as to be almost beyond estimate. On April 17th there was an unbroken string of waggons filing slowly through Arkansas City on the way to the riverside camps; and for fifty miles to the north two roads were dotted with the picturesque waggons. Some days before an entrance could be made more than 30,000 men were awaiting the word to advance. But the utmost order and good-humour prevailed, and not a single mishap of a serious nature was reported.

Captain Hayes, in command of the cavalry on the northern line, gave the "boomers" permission to advance across the "Cherokee Strip" on the 19th.

The first waggon to go over the line from the Arkansas City camps was owned by one John Dowling, from Kansas. He was an old man, and when he and his little company had successfully forded the river he stood upon the seat of his waggon, waved his hat, and gave such a whoop as must have astonished such accomplished "whoopers" as the Indians themselves. As waggon after waggon rolled out on to the broad unfenced prairie, single file was discarded, and the prairie navigators steered themselves over the entire surface for miles. In two hours about 400 waggons had passed the point of entrance, and with their many horses and mules it was not long before the prairie as far as the eye could reach was a mass of moving waggons and animal life. At noon Captain Hayes and his cavalry company broke camp and began their service as an escort to the pilgrims. With their blue uniforms, bright accoutrements, and well-groomed horses, the soldiers contributed much colour to the picturesque procession.

By the night of Saturday, April 20th, all the Oklahoma boomers were camped on the north and south lines of the "Promised Land," where they rested over Sunday, and impatiently awaited the arrival of noon on Monday.

Precisely at noon on the 22nd the buglers sounded the welcome "advance" all along the waiting lines, and the great race began The scene from the first of the lengthy trains on the Santa Fé Railroad almost beggars description. This train left the line at 12.20, and reached Guthrie Station just before one o'clock.

First came into view the white-topped waggons gathered together in groups in the level prairie or in the little valleys which diversify the face of the country. It was at once noticeable that the teams were not to be seen in these camps, and it was plain that they had been taken out of the harness to be *ridden* across the border by the hard riders who were to locate claims. A little farther on and this conclusion was proven to be the correct one, for the entire face of the country was overrun with horsemen galloping to the southward. Their fleetest horses had been selected for the work, and the steeds were carrying their riders rapidly to the longed-for goal. Sheridan's ride and the ride of Paul Revere or John Gilpin all dwindle into obscurity beside the feats of horsemanship performed in Oklahoma on April 22nd. Rides of fifteen and twenty miles were made in incredibly short time by old "boomers" familiar with the country, and who knew just where desirable lands were located.

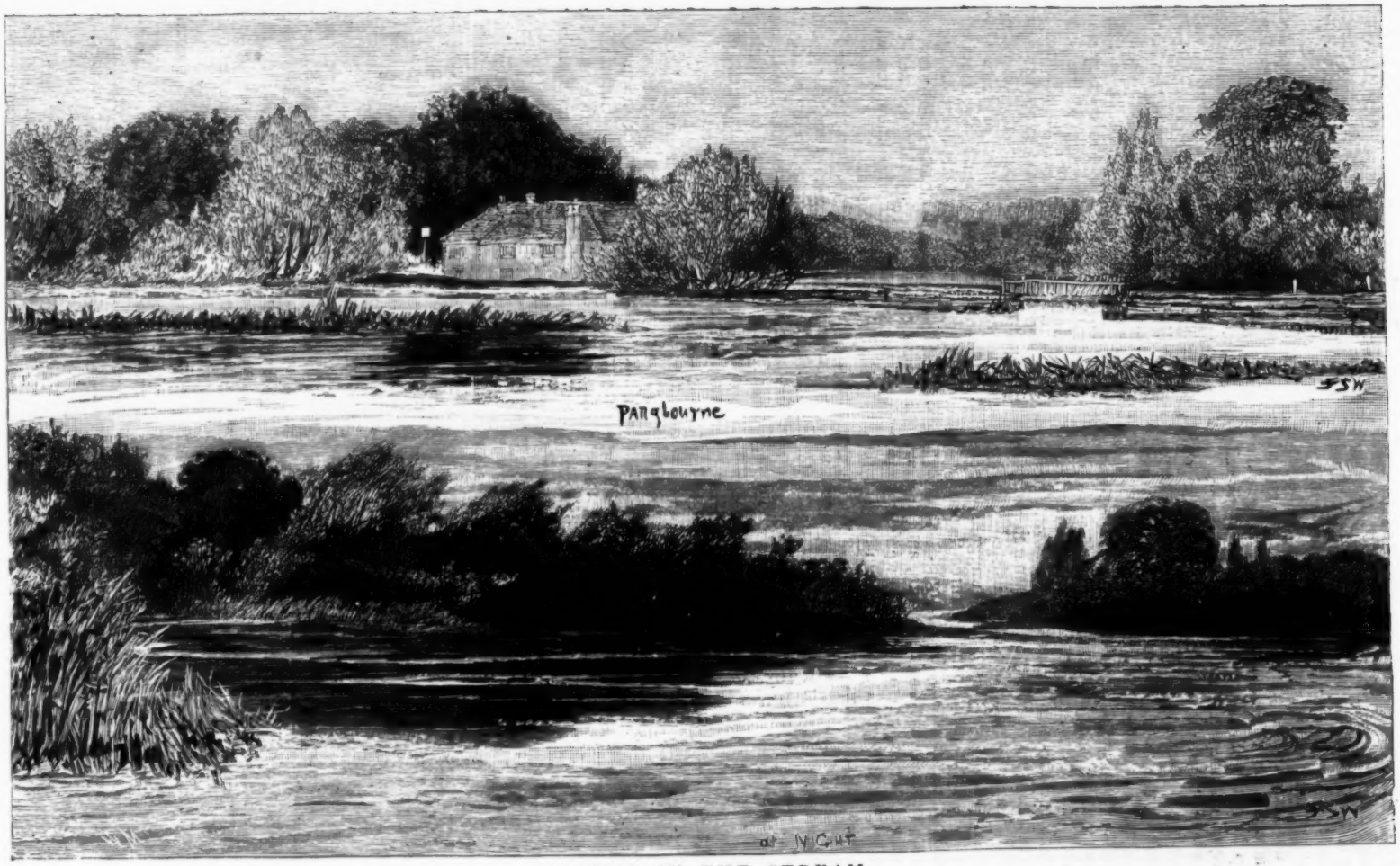
Those who travelled on horseback and by waggon were chiefly men who were after quarter sections and who proposed to live by tilling the soil. The men who crowded to suffocation the seventy-five coaches hauled over the Santa Fe Railroad were prospective citizens of the embryo cities of Guthrie and Oklahoma.

Guthrie became a city like magic. No city, even in America, ever grew with the rapidity of Guthrie, Oklahoma! At twelve o'clock noon Oklahoma was uninhabited; at four o'clock Guthrie, its future capital and metropolis, was a live and bustling town, and at its first municipal election held that same afternoon *ten thousand votes* were polled!

The Bank of Oklahoma was opened for business four hours after noon, and every conceivable trade and profession was represented at Guthrie before the sun went down. When the sun rose the next morning, he looked down upon a new and apparently prosperous country of 40,000 people, with one city at least containing 15,000 souls—where twenty-four hours before had been a wild unpeopled waste.

In the belief that all these people had gone to Oklahoma *to stay*, the United States postal authorities at once took action. Assistant-Postmaster-General Clarkson arranged for their accommodation by arranging as speedily as possible for the establishment of post-offices. For the purpose of locating these offices in the interior and along the railroads, he sent a special post-office inspector. Mr. Clarkson says that within three months there will be 100 post-offices established. In this official's opinion, in less than six months there will be 100,000 residents in Oklahoma, and he pronounces it, after thorough travel from one end to the other, the "garden spot of the West."[1]

[1] We give this paper as it reaches us from an eye-witness of the scenes described. Later accounts have reported the temporary withdrawal of many of these people, and their subsequent return.



A BEND IN THE STREAM.



TEN MILES ON THE THAMES.

Oh, could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full!

BY those who do not dwell on its banks a river is known best in summer, when the woods wear their fullest mantle and the scented flowers are in their richest fragrance. Then the swans glide among the open water-lilies, and in the garden bowers, to quote Ben the rare:

> Lo! the blue bindweed doth itself enfold
> With honeysuckle, and both these entwine
> Themselves with briony and jessamine
> To cast a kind and odoriferous shade.

And we linger on its familiar beauties as we lazily drift on the breast of the stream.

But to those who know it well the river has a purer charm in the earlier weeks of spring, when the distant note of the cuckoo mingles with the trill and twitter of the birds near by, when the trees are lightly clothed with their brightest greenery, and only the oak and ash are listening for the rustle of their leaves.

"Thamesis meus ante omnes," says Milton.

Let those who have hitherto gone with the crowd try the Thames in this earlier time, and in the upper reaches of the river take a snatch of holiday—as it will be here our privilege to do. As the Corn Law Rhymer sang—and he sang his sweetest when he ceased to be political:

> 'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
> Blithe tenants in the bright and breeze-blessed day,
> Far from the town, where stoop the sons of care
> O'er plans of mischief till their souls turn grey.

Who has not found a sunny morning so cheery that work is irksome? On such a morning let the desk take care of itself. Have we not a pressing appointment at Paddington at 10.25? We need not worry about flannels. Surely we can row in our shirt-sleeves, and yet not form a drowning party! Let us go to Goring, and by noon we shall be at the riverside.

Goring and Streatley, twin villages of old, are very beautiful and truly Thames-like, as we shall find; but villages and villagers have served as models quite often enough. Let us to the bridge and take a brief look around, that we may recognise the mill, the weir, the lock, the streams, when we meet with them—as we are sure to do—at the next picture show; and then let us return to the Oxfordshire bank and make for the towing path through the meadows.

A glance to the left shows us that at Goring the Chiltern hills die out to be continued across the river in the Berkshire downs. We are in the mouth of "the gorge of the Thames," where the river breaks through the chalk. It is a typical valley, where the structure is unmistakable. On either side of us are the hills down into which the stream has cut its way, and around us is the level of alluvium which the river has laid as its course has moved from hill-flank to hill-flank.

Rich are the meadows in their deep green herbage. A few feet from the first gate, as we follow the towpath, we start a flight of a dozen sandpipers, so closely resembling the mud in the colour of their backs that till our approach drove them off they were indistinguishable. With a "weet, weet," they skim across the stream like so many swallows, and as such they are mistaken by those who know no better, but a moment's thought shows them to be "summer snipe." Birds to-day will be many, for the avifauna of the district is rich, and it has everything to make it so—hill and river, marsh and field, to give a choice of haunt and food. A pair of herons flap leisurely past overhead. A pair of turtles hurry to their flimsy nest in the woods in front. The voice of the corncrake is heard across the stream. A water-rail skulks through the grass. There are moorhens vanishing among the reeds. And listen! There is the long sweet shake, and the satisfied "jug, jug," of the nightingale.

Soon we are under Basildon railway bridge, where the many buttons in the brickwork obtrusively strengthen the arches and do not strengthen our faith in their security. In the shadow of the shoreward arch is a shoal of fish taking things easy and hardly troubling themselves to move as we near them. It is "close time," and they seem to know it! A benevolent Act of Parliament has given them a quarter's rest in which they are free from the wiles of man, and big and little all down the stream seem, like us, to be enjoying their spring holiday. There are fish enough in this part of the Thames to make the float-angler's fingers itch. Sometimes in dozens, sometimes in twos and threes, every little bay and creek has its outpost of youngsters that glide away into deep water as we pass by.

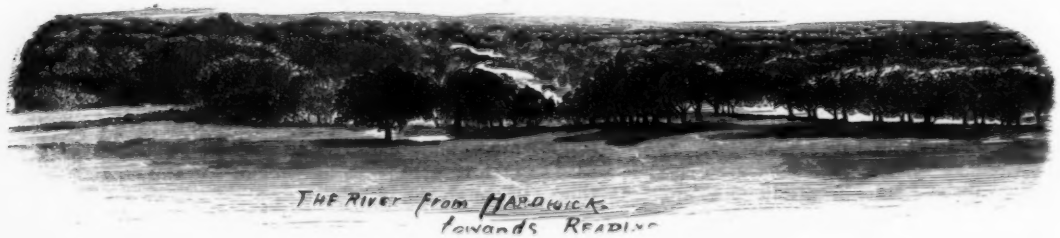
Beyond the bridge a few hundred yards is the ferry where the towpath crosses to the Basildon bank. It is "for the navigation only," but the aged ferryman is reasonable and sympathising, and is easily persuaded to put us across. A chat with him lets in a side light on a rustic's life. "Have you been here long?" "Eight years; but before I took to this I worked my threescore years." "How old are you, then?" "Seventy-four." "Isn't this somewhat of an idle life?" "No! I never was idle! I let no man call me idle. Fifty years ago my young master one day called me idle, and I knocked him backwards. I didn't knock him down, but I gave him a staggerer. I said to him, 'Don't you call me idle! If you don't like the work I do get some one else. But no man shall call me idle!' And he kept his tongue still after that."

And here it may be as well to note that the towpath does not necessarily give an uncontested right of way for pedestrians. Here and there on the river will be found a riparian owner insisting that the thoroughfare is for barge horses and donkeys and for nothing else. Even the driver of the said quadrupeds he would stop if he could, for the sight of a man passing between the stream and his nobility is to him an abomination. Occasionally his ownership is so recent that the nervous eagerness he displays is intelligible. Risen from the ranks, he is proud of his new-found power and revels in the utmost rigour of the law. But enough! Let us leave him. If he is thinking of a heraldic design for his new iron railing we can give him a hint. A locked gate for a crest; arms, a footpath quarterly with no charge for the same; and "Trespassers will be prosecuted" for a motto.

Past the little church in the Basildon meadows we enter one of the finest stretches of the Thames. The woods are thick on the hills on either bank, which rise boldly from the grassy flat and curve together in the distance. The stream flows to the south, and the sun high overhead lights up the rounded mass of leafage to the east and west of us and gives a deeper hue to the margin of grass, while the river ripples glitteringly, and every patch of stiller water mirrors the sky and drifting clouds. A few islets break the stream. Once a lock was here—Hart's Old Lock—gone where all bad locks should go! There is not a man or boat in sight. For a moment or so we stand still to look around. All is silent save the low trickle of the current; and then from among the osiers comes a strange cry, and a bird darts off which may or may not be a water-ousel.

But we have no time to lose. Our four-mile walk to shake out the cramp from the train before taking to our boat is not over till we have coasted Pangbourne Reach, and that we are in no humour to do in a hurry, and we are not quite pleased when the towpath runs us on to the high road and brings us into the village.

We lunch at the Swan by the riverside, and make a note of the bird museum on the walls.



THE RIVER FROM MAPLEWICK towards READING

Poor birds! The landlord shoots them and the fisherman stuffs them; excellent fellows both, with perhaps a little excess of the spirit of "Bill, 'ere's a stranger, let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im!" when dealing with things in feathers. In one case is a goosander, "the only one ever seen in these parts," shot to prove its visit! In another is a hooded crow, "a rare bird in these parts," shot to prove his rarity! And of course a few kingfishers have been shot for decorative purposes.



While the landlord sees about the boat we stroll on to the bridge, and from different points view the three streams into which the river is divided.



At the tail of one of the streams that sweeps down like a curve of glass quite hollow in the middle, from the force with which it squeezes through the gap, the little trout stream Pang runs into the turbulent pool. We say trout stream complimentarily, for the interest taken in the one trout said to have been seen feeding near the post is rather suspicious. Up the street is the church where Sir John Davis lies in all his glory between his two wives on a chippy tomb of chalk; and across the bridge is Whitchurch, where Sir John Soane, of museum fame, who shone in skylights and architectural etceteras, was born in 1753, the son of a bricklayer; and in the pretty wooden-steepled Early Norman church kneel Richard Lybbe and his wife, who, according to the epitaph,

> Are once more Ioyned within this Peacefull Bed;
> Where Honour (not Arabian Gummes) is spred.

But we must get under way for our ten-mile trip on the river. Whitchurch Lock is not where we should expect to find it, and requires some careful negotiating. Though locks have their charms they have also their dangers. Some two hundred years ago, when locks were in their infancy, over sixty people were drowned at one fell swoop in Goring Lock; but matters have improved since then, and the self-acting boat that of its own free will throws out its passengers—see inquest reports—is rare on above-lock Thames, but hails from Horselydown or Rotherhithe on Bank Holidays.

From Whitchurch to Tilehurst by Hardwick,



Mapledurham, and Purley, we pass through another "painter's paradise," a string of river gems that figure "improved"—and very much

otherwise—on many canvases. The stream in graceful curves winds through a richly wooded valley, and we have it almost to ourselves. Only one boat meets us till we get to Hardwick; on the towing path there is nobody. The birds are with us all along, some in the air, some on the water, some on the land, all noisily busy, and concerning themselves but little about us. As we drift we row at times to shore to get a longer view of some feature in the woods, or settle a doubt as to some wild bloom that puzzles us.

In the lush grass the flowers are many. The late spring yields a rich nosegay. The cowslips are thick on the ground; the primroses and oxlips are nearly over. The folds of the river bank are aglow with the golden marsh marigold. The hawthorn is blooming in the hedges; and here and there a belated blackthorn has its blossom dying among the sprouting leaves. The flowering rush is showing colour in the ditches, and the white bitter-cress with its purple anthers is in full strength. Growing in the stream at the edge of the bank is that very unpoetical-looking plant the comfrey. And yet the comfrey has caught the poet's eye. In the "Shepherd of the Thames," Mr. Gosse, warbling perhaps of these very woods of Hardwick on our right hand from whose top the lake-like reaches of the silver stream can be traced for miles, has given it a place in verse:

> Ah! that dark wood above the sparkling Thames,
> Where through the honeysuckle pale and sweet
> We saw the silent river at our feet;
> And pushing downward through the springing stems
> Descended to the twilight comfrey-beds!
> Dream not that thou canst find that wood again.
> Ah! what a glory streamed above our heads!
> Surely for thee no mellowing sunset sheds
> Its radiance through the soft and flashing rain?
> Thou shouldst have waited by the lock for me,
> Or where the streaming roots of crowfoot shine,
> Have shipped thine oars and laid thy boat by mine,
> Nor thus have gone alone to Arcady.

And if this is not Arcady it ought to be!

Hardwick House, planted firmly in the shelter of the hill, stiff as a Tudor house should be, and with its gables and clustering chimneys heavily lichened with age, is duly passed and admired; and with more way on the boat we glide between the poplars and limes into Mapledurham Lock.

Steadily we pull through the cross stream, and then we take things lazily and drift.

Mapledurham—of old, Mapulder-ham, mapulder being the early form of maple—is a household word on the river for quiet beauty. On a still spring afternoon, when the stream is placid as a dream, and the fresh leaves hardly move in the gentle breeze, it is fair enough to satisfy any man. Perhaps it is then at its best, and as such we leave it.

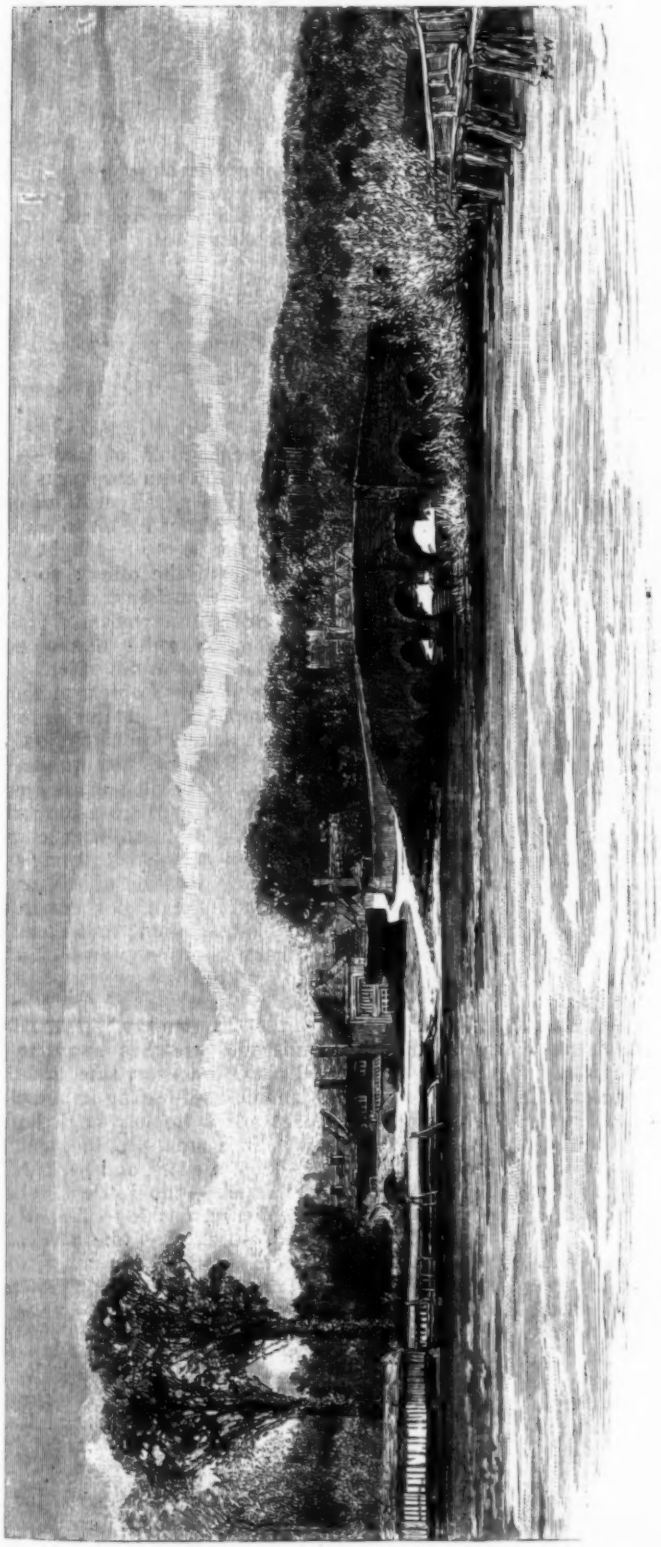
The old Elizabethan house is not so fit a feature in the landscape as Hardwick, but we on the river only see its back. In Charles the First's days, when Essex was besieging Reading, the old house stood the siege in which the engineer was hoisted with his own petard. The Blounts, Catholics then as now, were on the wrong side, and, like the rest of the Royalists, had to surrender. In old times Mapledurham was a seat of the Gurneys; it was bought by the Blounts in 1489, and has been in their possession ever since. A certain Alexander Pope, not unknown among the poets, thought much of Martha Blount, whose portrait can still be seen by those who are fortunate enough to gain admittance to the mansion—which is not an easy matter.

A little way down the Berkshire bank the towpath is diverted for half a mile into Oxfordshire, returning to the south bank at the Roebuck. The cause of this diversion is Purley Park, the hall of which capping the hill was built out of South Sea bubbling, and was for a time the home of Warren Hastings. This "diversion of Purley" is not one of Tooke's, who toiled among the roots under oak boughs much nearer Croydon. The walker may be grateful to know that a fine view of the river can be got by striking up by the rails and circumambulating the park instead of endeavouring to cajole the ferryman. The oarsman slips along indifferent to such minor troubles as the diversion of towpaths.

Beyond Tilehurst the hills widen from the river, and between the bare banks and past many an island we make better speed to Caversham. The church is prominent near the bridge, and is an elaborate combination of the architecture of Henry I plus that of Richard II, Henry IV, and many restorers. It contains a proclamation of the days on which James I would touch for the king's evil; but the glories of Caversham have departed. When it was a cell of the monks of Nottely it boasted "a piece of the halter that Judas did hang himself withal," and the very "head of the spear that pierced the Saviour, brought hither by an angel that had but one wing." When the chapel possessed these treasures Caversham was the property of Warwick the Kingmaker; now it belongs to Mr. Crawshay, the ironmaster.

When Reading was being besieged and had hung out the white flag, there suddenly swooped down on the bridge that preceded the one we are passing under—and which was probably more picturesque—his furiness Prince Rupert, who attacked right vigorously and even shot "one bullet weighing 24 lb." at the Parliamentarians, "who kept the bridge so well" that he retired discomfited. Afterwards Charles I came as a prisoner to Caversham, to the old house near the river, not the palace on the hill which was built by Lord Cadogan in the days of George I. While Charles was prisoner here he used to ride over to Mapledurham and to Hardwick to play bowls on the lawn we admired from the river. Bowls seems to have been a sort of passion with the king, who played the royal game and got so many rubs. There is an inn he found on one of his outings from Caversham which commemorated his visit on its sign:

> Stop, traveller, stop. In yonder peaceful glade
> His favourite game the royal martyr played;
> Here, stripped of honours, children, freedom, rank,
> Drank from the bowl, and bowled for what he drank;
> Sought in the bowls in vain his cares to drown,
> And changed a sovereign ere he lost a crown!



SONNING.

But enough! For further particulars see river guide-book, which it is only fair to say does not mention this inn. Once through Caversham Lock our views are of Reading to the left and the Crawshay mansion to the right, and it is a relief when we get under the shadow of the woods in Holme Park and coast along Thames Parade. Soon we are in Sonning Lock, the prettiest lock on the Thames, quite a triumph of intelligent gardening, the keeper having "a turn that way," as he tells us. He is especially proud of his roses, which in summer are worth a trip to Sonning to see. Once he varied the cultivation of roses with that of the muses, but only one stanza of his seems to have gained much currency, and that we may follow the fashion in quoting:

From hence the town of Reading
Is just one field across,
'Mong other things so widely known
For biscuits, seeds, and sauce.

Out of the lock we are soon under the old many-arched bridge. Once a bishop had a palace at Sonning, and its ruins are said to be distinguishable on the rising ground above the river. In the days of Edward the Elder—but that is such a very long time since that it is really too much of an effort to carry our minds back so far after our ten-mile row; and we will leave the tale of Sonning untold. Let us hand over our boat and loiter on the bridge, or rather bridges, and take what glimpses we may as we cross. And then, having rested at the French Horn, on the northern bank, let us bid farewell to Sonning's many charms, which look their loveliest in the evening glow, and hasten to Twyford, two miles away, whence a train will land us at Paddington within twelve hours from the time we started.

W. J. GORDON.

A HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MARY E. PALGRAVE

"First, Peace and Silence all disputes control,
Then Order plays the soul;
And, giving all things their set forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand,
Expecting a command:
Than whom, in waiting, nothing seems more slow:
Nothing more quick, when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys:
But griefs without a noise:
Yet speak they louder than distempered fears,
What is so shrill as silent tears?

This is Thy house; with these it doth abound;
And, where these are not found,
Perhaps Thou com'st sometimes, and for a day,
But not to make a constant stay."

GEORGE HERBERT.

AMONG the minor difficulties of life—the little thorns which beset the daily path of conscientious people, and make it the prickly progress that it often is—I believe none are more harassing than the perplexities which arise from the unfortunate way in which one truth—or one aspect of a truth—is insisted on at the expense of another. There are—if it is not irreverent to say so—fashions in religion as well as in more trivial matters; and one day one class of virtues, or one aspect of the great foundation-truths of our faith, is held up to our imitation, and another day their opposites are insisted on as of supreme importance; till we are so perplexed and discouraged that we feel as if there were no stable ground at all on which to rest our feet.

If we could realise the fundamental harmony that lies at the root of these varieties of teaching as clearly as we recognise their superficial diversity, our perplexities and heartsearchings would be far less troublesome than they are. We are always wanting to make truths *meet*, instead of realising that, for this life at any rate, they are *parallel* truths, and that their point of contact lies far, far ahead of us, away out of sight in the haze of eternity. We are too apt, I think, to tear asunder things that were meant to run harmoniously side by side, and set them up as rival poles of attainment, both of which can never be compassed by the narrow span of one human soul; one of which must be chosen for striving after, at the expense of the other.

Among these divorced truths, as we may call them, there are none which have suffered more from the sundering I speak of than the two aspects of life which are generally classed as the active and the contemplative aspects—the Martha and the Mary views—the life of Work and the life of Prayer. Between these two views of life the pendulum of opinion is always on the swing. By one age, or by one individual mind in any age, the retired life of prayer and contemplation is held up as the more excellent way of serving God; by another, the life of active work is pointed out as the way to Heaven, and prayer and meditation may take their chance in any odd corners left unoccupied by more important pursuits.

We do not see, as we ought, that these are only different sides of one great shield of truth—the truth that we are to serve God with our spirits and souls and bodies; serve Him equally with *all* our powers. They were surely never meant to be set up on rival thrones, and the one to be taught and inculcated at the expense of the other; so that people have come to fancy that they could choose either this or that manner of serving God; and that zeal in the one direction would in some undefined way atone for slackness in the other.

There cannot be much doubt which of these two views of life is uppermost at the present moment, and which is in danger of being jostled out of existence; and in this our day of wonderful activity and unwearied work for all sorts of good objects, it may be worth while to go aside from the multitude for a little while, and take a look into the life of a family who, in such stormy and restless times as we know nothing of, did combine the life of Work and the life of Prayer, as God meant them to be combined; and blended them into a stately harmonious whole which it is like a good dream to read of.

Right in the heart of England, where the flat green midland landscape stretches away to a seemingly infinite distance on every side, and the air blows soft and languid as if feeling its remoteness from the sea, stands a homely brick farmhouse, and near it a little stone-fronted, gable-roofed chapel, knee-deep in grass, and backed by a grove of elms and aspens—the Little Gidding of the present day. You turn aside to find it off the great North road, which runs like a yellow-white ribbon between the fields in an almost straight line from London to York, and see the buildings across a green close or meadow, fringed with trees which may be the Ferrars planted there. It is not fine or striking country, this round Little Gidding, scarcely even to be called pretty; but there is a sense of boundless freedom and elbow-room about it, with its vague green distances melting into the sky without any sharply defined horizon, and its absence of startling features of any kind, which have a charm and a peace of their own. London and all great cities and bustling life and throngs of men seem infinitely remote; one feels this serene sober mid-

land landscape to be, somehow, the fittest setting for that calm, monotonous, yet rich and fruitful family life which was lived out in its green frame-work of woods and pastures some two hundred and fifty years ago.

No doubt they made their blunders, these Ferrars and Colletts. It may be that the whole scheme of their establishment at Gidding was founded on a mistaken view of life, and of the part which religion was meant to play in life. But there are some mistakes of the children of light which one would rather have made than have shared in the wisest performances of the children of this world; and the ray which shone forth from Little Gidding was, beyond all doubt, a beam of the Sun of Righteousness, through however fanciful a medium it may have passed on its way out into the world.



THE CHAPEL AT LITTLE GIDDING, HUNTS. REBUILT 1714.

Of the large and roomy mansion which Nicholas Ferrar built—using, in part, the remains of a "crazy and ruinous house" which he found standing on the estate when he first came to it in 1625—no trace remains; unless a slight undulation, like a green billow, on the surface of the field close to the farmhouse may be supposed to mark its site. It probably fell into ruins after the devastation of the place by the Puritans; and has vanished, like other famous houses which were dignified and beautiful nurseries of English home life before that destructive time.

Neither is the chapel, as it now stands, the same in actual fact as the one where the Ferrars worshipped; though there is much more remaining here than in the case of the house. It is a little oblong brick building, only fifty-eight feet in length, with a west front of dressed stone (date 1714), in an odd debased classical style which yet has a certain picturesqueness. Within, it has been fitted up by the present lord of the manor—"the second restorer of Gidding"—with oak panelling and stalls facing north and south like a college chapel; and in the small dimly-lighted chancel stands the communion table, under a somewhat staring window which can hardly date from the time of Nicholas Ferrar.

Although the chief part of the furniture of the chapel, and perhaps much of the actual building itself, must be reckoned as modern; still there are relics enough remaining of the founders to give some satisfaction to the minds of pilgrims who visit the spot. The tall elegant brass font, more like a great brazen cup than anything else, with a long slender stem and wrought cover, was put there by the Ferrars; and so was the brass eagle, only it originally had silver claws, which disappeared when the Puritans laid hands on it and flung it into the stream near by. The cedar communion table, with its silk carpet, and the brass tablets over it bearing the Creed and Ten Commandments, are the original ones given by the Ferrars; and a piece of the communion plate has an inscription on it, setting forth that it was the gift of Nicholas Ferrar's faithful friend, Sir Edwin Sandys.

The most interesting of all the Ferrar relics, however, stands outside the chapel, in the middle

of the flagged path leading to the west door. It is a plain altar-tomb of brick, with a stone slab for its top, bearing no inscription whatever. Under it lies the dust of Nicholas Ferrar, the founder and sovereign spirit of the little community. It was his dying wish to be laid in that spot, as recorded in the life of him written by his brother. "Some three days before his (N. F.) death, lying in his bed, about eight o'clock in the morning, he called his brother John Ferrar, his sister Collett, and all his nieces to him, saying, 'Brother, I would have you go to the church, and at the west end, at the door, where we go into the church, I would have you measure from the half-pace, when we go into the church, of stone that you tread upon seven foot to the westward, and at the end of that seven foot there let my grave be made.' His brother looking very sadly upon him, with his eyes full of tears (and so all the standers-by did), he went on, saying, 'Brother, that first place of the length of seven foot I leave for your own burying-place, you are my elder; God, I hope, will let you there take up your resting-place till we all rise again in joy.'" (Life, p. 53.) That was in 1637. When, twenty years later, having lived through all the storms of the Civil War and seen the break-up of Little Gidding, John Ferrar died, his body was laid under the flags of the churchway path, in the "seven foot" left him by his brother. A brass plate marked his grave; but it is now nailed up, with the other family brasses, inside the chapel.

Nicholas Ferrar was the third son of a wealthy London merchant. His parents had seven children, but of these only three, the founder of Little Gidding, his elder brother John, and Susanna, afterwards Mrs. Collett, played an important part in the life we are describing. Susanna was eleven or twelve years older than her famous brother, and was married to Mr. John Collett while Nicholas Ferrar was still quite a child; so that her large family of eight sons and eight daughters were beginning to grow up before their uncle had more than reached manhood. The home of the Colletts, till they were transplanted to Little Gidding, was at the village of Bourne, a few miles from Cambridge; and visits to his sister in her country home formed a frequent rest and diversion to Nicholas Ferrar, when a student at Clare Hall.

Little Gidding—also within a day's journey, though a longer one, of Cambridge—was a "lordship" or manor in Huntingdonshire, which Mrs. Ferrar, the mother of Nicholas, had chanced to purchase about a year before the family first settled there. Huntingdonshire—that part of it especially—is a sparsely populated, little frequented part of England even now; but in the age when fate led the steps of the Ferrars thitherward, Little Gidding was "so obscure a village it scarce had any name in our most accurate maps." There was "no house in the parish, but only the manor house and a cottage for the shepherds, who, together with their dogs, were very sufficient managers of the whole estate, which lay in pasture." (Jebb's "Life of Ferrar," p. 220.)

The external impetus which drove the Ferrar family to Gidding is not far to seek. It was a visitation of the plague, which ravaged London in the year 1625, and of which five thousand people are said to have died in one week. But the inward motive power which made so many separate individuals, of such diverse ages and characters, so completely of one mind as to the manner in which they could best serve God, and identified the life of the private family with that of the religious community in such a remarkable way, is not quite so easy to discover. One's first inclination, no doubt, would be to ascribe it all to the influence which the character of Nicholas Ferrar, with its strength of will, purity of aim, and intense fervour of devotion, exercised on those around him. But although the first idea of going apart from the world, to lead a life of prayer and good works, did apparently originate with the devout ex-member of Parliament and man of the world, still the accomplishment of it was at least as much the work of his mother; and one cannot but fancy that the source of an influence which was strong enough to draw Susanna Collett and her husband and children from their pleasant home in Cambridgeshire, and fill them all with the same spirit that animated the rest of the household, must be sought for at least as much in the character of the mother as in that of the son.

It is evident that, both inwardly and outwardly, "the old gentlewoman"—a common title for Mrs. Ferrar in the Lives of her son—was a remarkable person, and one who left a vivid impression on the minds of those who came in contact with her. One Mr. Edward Lenton, who paid a visit of curiosity to Little Gidding and has left us a memorial of his visit in a vivacious and amusing letter, happily still extant, describes Mrs. Mary Ferrar, with great respectfulness, as a "tall, straight, clear-complexioned, grave matron of eighty years of age"; and all the incidental notices of her which we meet with in the Lives of her famous son show her as a dignified, loving, enthusiastically religious woman, whose pure, strict outward life was the counterpart of the pure, noble soul within.

We see her, on her first arrival at Gidding, refusing to enter the house till she had visited the church, kneeling there weeping amid the litter and filth with which the neglected place was filled, and then sending for all the workmen who were busy repairing the manor house and making it fit for her habitation, and ordering them "to fling out all the hay at the church windows, and to cleanse it as well as they could for the present. She was obeyed, and she saw all this done before she would stir or set her foot in the house."

We see her, with her daughter and granddaughters, toiling to repair and beautify the church, putting in the brass font and eagle lectern, which still remain; adorning the communion table with "carpets of blue silk embroidered with gold," blue "taffety" cushions on the benches, "and all the rest was suitable and very noble." We see her rising at five, summer and winter alike, to take her part in the household prayers and praises; walking daily to church on the arm of her son; sitting in her chair in the manor house parlour,

entertaining the guests, or presiding over the employments of her granddaughters and the amusements of the children who were too young to attend school in the "dis-pigeoned dove-house" near by. We see her standing at the head of the table presiding over the Sunday dinner, not thinking herself—in the quaint words of Dr. Jebb—"too good to follow our Saviour's example of girding Himself and serving His disciples; for oftentimes she set the first dish upon the table with her own hands." We see her blessing her children and grandchildren as they kneel before her morning and evening, and in all things we find her truly such "a pattern of piety, benevolence, and charity" as one would expect the mother of such a son to be.

Nicholas Ferrar appears to have been himself the architect and designer of the large and spacious dwelling which presently rose upon the ruins of the "old crazy house" near the chapel. It had need to be a roomy abode, for the household was a large one. Besides old Mrs. Ferrar and her two sons, and the elder one's family of two sons and two daughters, there were John and Susanna Collett and their fourteen or fifteen children, a modest proportion of maidservants, three schoolmasters, who were employed to teach the children of the house and of the neighbourhood, and a little flock of "poor alms-widows," who were lodged and cared for under this hospitable roof. Also, as time went on, various orphaned children belonging to other members of the family, and a young cousin, whose father "could nowhere else procure him so sound a training," were added to the establishment.

A curious rambling collection of rooms, little and big, the manor house must have been, for apparently it was considered fitting by its founder that each one of his nieces and female relations, "according to their ages and conditions," should be provided with a separate bedchamber or "closet," to be her private sanctum and place of retirement. Then there was the "great dining-room," where the family meals were partaken of in plain but well-ordered fashion, to the accompaniment of reading aloud; and a certain "great chamber," which was "handsomely furnished with a fair suit of hangings," and had a grand blazing fire in cold weather, and "a great large compass (qu. bay?) window" looking over the garden to the church. This room seems in some measure to have answered the purpose of a private chapel, for in it stood the "pair of organs" to which the frequent hymns were sung, and here the hourly psalms were recited by a certain number of the young people, each "watch taking their appointed turn." Besides these living rooms of the family there was another, "a long, fair, spacious room," which they called the *Concordance Chamber*. This was the workshop of the ladies of Gidding, whence they sent out into the world those famous harmonies of the Gospels and of the Books of Kings and Chronicles which were the pride of Little Gidding to produce, and the delight of kings and nobles to possess.

The manor house stood in a garden, in which were flower borders and "walks of pleasure," designed for the enjoyment of the family, and also beds full of the herbs and plants from which the skilful virgins compounded ointments and balsams and "cordial waters" for the use of their poor neighbours when they were sick; and at the end of the garden, "some forty paces" from the house, rose the chapel, with its steeple bearing three "dials" on its northern, southern, and western sides, "all of them large and fairly painted in colours, with suitable mottoes on them." Beyond this little oasis of life stretched on all sides a quiet, solitary, pastoral landscape, with roads so bad as to be at times reckoned impassable (notably so on one occasion, when Queen Henrietta Maria, having heard of the fame of Little Gidding, and being anxious to see it with her own eyes, proposed to pay a visit to Mrs. Ferrar, but was absolutely prevented from coming by the appalling condition of the cross-country roads), and with neighbours of the fewest and poorest.

Such were the surroundings of the life of this very remarkable family. Among the individuals who composed it, the most important members, next to old Mrs. Ferrar and her son Nicholas, were the seven daughters of Susanna Collett,[1] the "virgins of Gidding," the "Arminian nuns" against whom so many shafts of spite and calumny were winged in vain. And as, in every group of girls, there is sure to be some leading spirit who, by her special gifts, stands forth as ruler of the rest, so among these seven young women the eldest, Mary Collett, appears as the acknowledged queen and "foremost of them all." She and another sister, Anna, had from the first, it seems, resolved to lead single lives, specially devoted to the worship and service of God, and no doubt the prominent place in the community which she held was part of the royal prerogative belonging by nature to one who leads a strict and self-denying life, as well as due to the natural gifts which she possessed.

It was one of the quaint devices of this family to give each other characteristic titles, under which —on state occasions, at any rate—they were wont to speak of and to each other. Thus John Ferrar's title was the Guardian, Mrs. Collett's the Moderator, one daughter was the Patient, another the Affectionate, a third the Submiss, a fourth the Cheerful. Mary Collett's title was the Chief, and chief she afterwards became, in fact as well as in name, for, on the resignation—owing to age—of old Mrs. Ferrar, she was chosen to be mother of the "religious academy," passing over Susanna Collett, whom one would naturally have expected to find succeeding to the office on the retirement of the original foundress.

Quite contrary to the assertions of their defamers, who would have it that the whole company of young women were vowed and veiled nuns, the other five Miss Colletts were all destined to be eventually "matched unto the clergy," and with a view to this were most carefully trained in all domestic lore and accomplishments—each of

[1] We read that Mrs. Collett had *eight* daughters, but it only appears that seven of them came to live at Gidding.

them acting as housekeeper for a month in rotation, and being taught to keep accounts on a system that would rejoice the heart of the best of book-keepers. They did, in point of fact, all marry.

Bunyan's "grave and beautiful damsel named Discretion" might have been the sister of these seven happy busy daughters, as they are described in the Lives of Nicholas Ferrar. We can almost see them going cheerfully yet soberly about the house, clad in their gowns of "black stuff, all of one grave fashion always the same, with comely veils on their heads;" now dressing the wounds or ministering to the ailments of the poor, who flocked to Gidding, when in sickness or distress, from all the country round; now gathering in their appointed order in the great chamber for the short service of psalms and hymns and prayers with which each hour was piously begun; now busy over their needlework or singing, or "exercising their humility and diligence in gilding and binding of books," under the superintendence of the old grandmother, who sat "inspecting her daughters and grandchildren as they sat at their books or other good employments in great silence, or at least avoiding all vain talking and jesting that was not convenient." (Jebb's Life, p. 243.)

It was part of Nicholas Ferrar's wisdom to be well aware that no foe to the peace and happiness of his little community was so much to be dreaded as idleness. His theory for his own life was a frequent change of employment, an often "shifting of the scenes," so that each hour should have its own allotted occupation; and this plan he pursued with his household also. "Each hour," writes John Ferrar, "had commonly some employment or other for them; the making the Concordance, their singing, their playing on their instruments, their writing, ciphering, and so never idle." "Their business," writes Hacket, in his Life of their diocesan and staunch friend, Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, "was, either they were at prayer, or at work; nothing came between: the devil had the less power to tempt them; that he never found them idle."

It must not, on this account, be supposed that they had no pastimes; their founder had too much common sense mingled with his enthusiasm not to recognise that "the bow might not stand bent continually." The young people had their "gardens and walks of pleasure," and "places for running and vaulting and shooting at butts with bows and arrows." At Christmas time, in place of the rude and boisterous sports and revels which were the fashionable way of keeping festival in those days, the young people of Gidding had certain "innocent and profitable entertainments and recreations," devised for them by the master of the house, in the form of stories and dialogues, to be partly acted, partly recited, intermixed with hymns, accompanied by the "viol" and organ. These exercises were all, it is needless to say, of a serious and moral turn; the dialogues were fitted with "forcible applications" to the particular circumstances of the performers; and very dull work we should probably have thought them. But to the quiet unsophisticated minds of the "maiden sisters" they afforded the highest delight; and the evenings when these diversions were to take place were looked forward to with the keenest of pleasure; not only by the Colletts themselves, it appears, but by any guests they might happen to have staying in the house.

The guidance of the evening's exercise was committed to the different sisters in turn; the one to whose lot it fell having to sing the hymn and open the discourse with an appropriate story, gathered from history or biography. The substance of these stories, it seems, was supplied by Nicholas Ferrar, but they had to be repeated in the performers' own words. Some of the young ladies appear to have been troubled with shyness and diffidence, and required leave to *read* their stories—on the first attempt, at any rate—instead of reciting them from memory; but Mary Collett, the Chief, seems to have had a ready tongue, and a nimble mother-wit to guide it. Her little opening speech, in one of the "colloquies," is very attractive in its refined simplicity. "For stories," says the Chief, "which you so long after, my resolution is, if you continue me in the place (*i.e.*, of mistress of the Christmas ceremonies), to make them serve for Christmas cheer. You may cashier me, if you please; but, if you hold me in, you must give me leave to govern as belongs to my profession. It must be a very sober table which a virgin sits at the head of: and they must be simple cates which are of her providing."

Nor was society wanting at Little Gidding. The family kept up "a fair correspondence with their neighbours and the gentlemen of the county," occasionally visiting them at their houses, but more often entertaining them under their own roof. As the fame of Nicholas Ferrar and his "religious academy" increased, many were the visitors who turned aside off the North road to visit the lonely Huntingdonshire manor house; to talk with the wise kindly master of the house and his stately old mother; to witness the services in the beautiful chapel; and to behold as much as they were allowed to do of the quiet holy life led within those walls. So many were the guests who came, that the Ferrars were obliged to make it their rule not to invite visitors to meals or to stay the night, "unless their intimate acquaintance, or in cases of necessity and charity." But so great was the general curiosity to behold "this wonderful person and the orders of his family," that absurdly elaborate devices were resorted to in order to get a footing within the manor house We read of "men of birth and fortune" sending "their servants into the neighbouring villages to wait them there next morning; whilst themselves strayed all alone in the dark to Gidding, pretending they lost their way, and entreating a night's lodging." (Jebb, p. 248.) Such sham wayfarers were treated better than they deserved, for we read that they were hospitably received by the kind inhabitants, and "quickly set down to an extemporary supper, such as their oven supplied, of warm baked meats, of which they were seldom unprovided."

The most distinguished of all these inquisitive guests was King Charles I, who came to Gidding in 1642, on his way from London to York, after his ill-judged attempt to arrest the Five Members had brought the gathering political storm to a crisis. He came one morning, attended by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Lennox, and some other nobles. John Ferrar gives a detailed account of the royal visit, in an appendix to his Life of his brother, telling how the King visited the chapel and the house, and inspected a large and splendid book, bound in purple velvet, stamped and gilded and adorned within with "a stately garnish of pictures," which was then being made for the Prince of Wales by the industrious workwomen of Gidding. It was probably a Concordance or Harmony of the Gospels, such as they manufactured with marvellous pains and skill, the text being given in parallel columns, cut out often line by line, pasted on the blank leaves, and rolled under such powerful presses that the pages had the effect of being one uniform sheet.

The account of the King's leave-taking, read in the light of subsequent events, has a ring of unconscious pathos about it. "While the King was walking and talking and commending the fine and pleasant situation of the house upon a little hill, which it stood upon, to divers about him, saying, 'Gidding is a happy place in many respects; I am glad I have seen it,' the young lords had gone into the buttery, and there found apple-pies and cheese-cakes, and came out with pieces in their hands into the parlour, to the Prince, and merrily said, 'Sir, will your highness taste? It is as good apple-pie as ever we eat.' The Prince laughed heartily at them; so wine was brought. The King came in, saying, 'It grows late; the sun is going down; we must away.' So their horses were brought to the door. The King mounting, those of the family, men and women, all kneeled down, and heartily prayed God to bless and defend him from his enemies, and give him a long and happy reign. He, lifting up his hand to his hat, replied, 'Pray, pray for my speedy and safe return again.' So the Prince also took horse, and away they went. . . And this is what then happened at the presenting of this book, which ever since hath been preserved at Gidding, and attends the happy hour to be delivered into the right owner's hand; which God Almighty grant in His due time! Amen, Amen, Amen." (Life, p. 154.)

The most unique and peculiar feature, perhaps, of the life of this modest community, and the one which most excited the ill-will of malevolent gossips, was the curious system of "watch-nights," inaugurated by Nicholas Ferrar as a special thank-offering to be continually made, by him and his, to God, in remembrance of "the extraordinary favour and blessings of God to his family," for which he reckoned that extraordinary thanks were due. The account of these vigils is best told in the quaint, simple language of John Ferrar. The founder, having meditated long upon his devout scheme, and conferred upon it with several "religious, grave, learned divines," and notably with "his most entire friend and brother," Mr. George Herbert, laid his plan before his family, taking care that it should be obligatory on none of them, and that "none should be enforced, or the less well thought of, that did only not like of it, or would not be ready to take a part in it. So he found those that did desire to be partners in the action. It was that every night two at least should take their turns to watch one night in the seven, and should begin it at nine at night, and so continue till one in the morning. It was to be performed in their several apartments and oratories appointed for the same; the womankind had theirs at one side of the house, the men on the other side, a great way asunder each from the other; and the daughters had for their companion one of their sisters, or sometimes a maidservant, whose desire it was then to watch (for you are to know that most of the maids could read and say psalms without book). And the men that were actors had one of the boys at the least, if not two, that would also readily desire and strive who should watch, and they could say all the psalms without book readily. And the organs were so placed and tuned so low as that those that watched might, if they would, at some times sing and play to them, and yet no disturbance to any of the family in the house; but this was not usually every night done, only now and then. Now this was their occupation during their watch, and what determined the length of it: that they two that watched should carefully and distinctly say all David's psalms over in those four hours' time, from nine to one o'clock, they having both a glass and the clocks to let them know how the night passed away. One of the watchers said one verse of a psalm, and the other the other verse, interchangeably, by way of responsal. They performed it on their knees all the time, except at some spaces of time and intermission which they used when they, in winter, went to the fire to warm themselves, when extreme weather was. For in their rooms near them they had fires all night, and were otherwise provided that they took no cold to endanger their health, of which Nicholas Ferrar in all things was most careful. . . . Their watch ended, they came and knocked at Nicholas Ferrar's door, bidding him good-morrow, leaving him a candle lighted at his door, who soon rose up and then went into his own study. This was that constant hour he always rose up at, to go to prayer and meditation, when it was not his own turn to watch."[1]

In the summer time, John Ferrar tells us, it was his brother's usual custom to keep his vigil in the church; and one of such watch-nights is the scene described in a certain famous romance,[2] to which, more than to any other source, is owing a present-day revival of interest in Little Gidding and the holy lives once lived there.

For a few pleasant, tranquil years this peaceful "academy" flourished; and then the rude hand of civil strife found it out, and at its touch the

1 Ferrar's Life, p. 45.
2 "John Inglesant."

whole creation vanished like a dream. The manor house was ransacked; the chapel despoiled, and its fittings thrown into the neighbouring stream; and such of the "daughters of Gidding" as still remained unmarried and under the old roof were scattered to the winds. As old Hacket—their sworn admirer and apologist—says, "It was out of season to confine themselves to holy rest, when civil dissensions began to flame, and there was no rest in the land. . . . Religion and loyalty were such eyesores, that all the Ferrars fled away, and dispersed, and took joyfully the despoiling of their goods. All that they had restored to the Church, all that they had bestowed upon sacred comeliness, all that they had gathered for their own livelihood, and for alms, was seized upon as a lawful prey, taken from superstitious persons." (Hacket's "Life of Williams," ii, 53.)

The voice of prayer and praise ceased to go up from Little Gidding; and the intercessions for the King, which he had asked of the household at parting, and "wherein they never failed him at the public offices in their little chapel, till by the fury of the oppressor they were driven away," were no longer offered before its altar. Thanks to the care and piety of the present lord of the manor, the fittings have been restored and replaced; the "little chapel" is once more a seemly House of God; and the Liturgy which Nicholas Ferrar loved so well, and used so constantly, is again to be heard there on Sunday afternoons.

But the family to whom it seemed indeed the gate of Heaven have vanished long ago, as entirely as the house which sheltered them. Only the dead Ferrars and Colletts keep watch from their tranquil graves, under the deep grass and the moss-grown flags. Yet, as we stand by the low wooden paling that separates the green churchyard from the green closes all around, and look up at the grey front of the chapel, and the low west door, and the mossy slab before it marking the grave of Nicholas Ferrar, we feel that the clear, deep, harmonious stream of life—bright with prayer and praises and sparkling with deeds of charity—which once flowed on so serenely in that quiet spot cannot have been lived in vain; cannot have passed away and left no result behind it.

We may say, perhaps—and truly—that these people were fanciful in their religion; that there was a dash of eclecticism about the life they chose, and a certain luxuriousness about their way of serving God, which it would not be well for us to imitate. But whatever errors in judgment may have been theirs, we feel that what a contemporary says of them had truth in it: "The whole land was the better for their sanctity. They fasted, that famine might not be inflicted on our gluttony. They abridged themselves of all pleasures, that vengeance might not come down upon the voluptuousness of this riotous age. They kept their vigils all night, that the day of the Lord might not come upon us like a thief unawares, that sleep in security. The whole world was the better for their contempt of the world."

They had learnt the blessed secret of how to blend together the life of Work and the life of Prayer, giving to each, day by day, its own due portion. Prayer did not

> "——hold them back from works of love,
> Nor works of love from prayer."

May we, in our day, learn that secret too; that the length and the breadth and the height of our Christian life may be equal!

July Dawn.

THE night hardly covers the face of the sky;
But the darkness is drawn
A thin veil o'er the heaven, these nights in July—
A veil rent at dawn.
When with exquisite tremors the poplar leaves quiver,
And the breeze, like a kiss, passes over the river,
And the light in the east clearer grows—keener grows
Till the edge of the cloud turns from pearl into rose,
And o'er the hill's shoulder, the night being past,
The sun peeps at last.

Come out! There's freshness that thrills like a song,
That soothes like a sleep;
There's the scent of wild thyme on wild airs borne along
Where the downs' slope grows steep.
There's such dew on the earth, and such light in the heaven,
Lost joys are forgotten—old wrongs are forgiven—
And the old earth looks new, and our hearts are new-born
And stripped of the cere clothes which long they have worn,
And hope and brave purpose awaken anew,
'Mid the sunlight and dew!

E. NESBIT.

IN SEARCH OF LOST SAILORS.

PART II.



MUSGRAVE'S PENINSULA, ADAM'S STRAITS.

HAVING finished our work on the Auckland Islands, we ran down south to Campbell Island, in lat. 50° 32′ S., long. 169° 12′ E., sighted it, but were prevented from entering a harbour by a succession of gales from the south-west and north-west.

Day after day we managed to "claw up" to the entrance of Perseverance Harbour just at sunset, only to be met by a fierce gust of wind, blowing right out of the inlet, obliging us to "heave-to" for the night, and go through the same performance the following day. After nearly a week of this tantalising work we succeeded in obtaining anchor-hold, just within the mouth of the harbour, and remained there for four days, until the weather moderated. During our enforced inaction we landed the pigs and goats, which, delighted with the change from the ship's hold to freedom and light, ran about in great excitement, the goats alone showing any feeling at being parted from their ship home. When we re-embarked they followed us as far as they could along the rocks, bleating most piteously, as if begging to be taken back.

On a slope of the hill just abreast our brig, we could see the albatrosses moving about; and as this, to me, was a novel sight, having only been familiar with them at sea, I invited myself to an "at home" with them, Captain Gilroy accompanying me.

Scratching our way through a belt of scrub, we found the open ground beyond covered with tussock-grass, and here were the noblest of sea-fowl in great numbers—some in their nests, others going to or returning from the sea.

The nest, containing a single white egg, is built on the ground, about eight inches high, and is composed of clay and grass.

The sitting birds allowed us to approach quite close, not being in the least discomposed by our presence, but preserving a dignity of manner which rather gave us the sense of being intruders. They kept attentive eyes upon our movements, however, occasionally giving a hoarse cry; and if we stretched a hand or foot towards the nest, they struck fiercely at it with their beaks.

The parent birds appear to take turn about on the nest, one relieving guard while the other goes to sea to feed.

It was amusing to watch the sea-going bird, waddling hastily over the rough ground, with wings spread out ready for a flight, until it came to a slight eminence, when it would give a spring into air, and soar grandly away.

The incoming bird "brought up" near its nest, its body erect, feet stretched out and in advance, to "deaden its way," and "sails aback," if one may so describe the position of its wings.

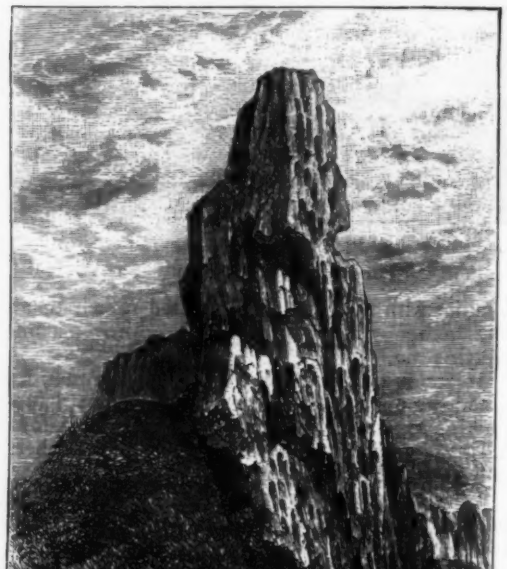
Whilst standing with my back to seawards, sketching a bird on its nest, a huge fellow, swooping in to his mate, struck me across the shoulders with his wing, and we came to the ground together. Never before had I been so mixed up with feathers and wings!

Assembled here and there on neighbouring hillocks were groups of albatrosses, gathered in a circle round one of their number, who was apparently haranguing them, as though he would say, "Who are these strangers? What do they want here?" And his listeners would raise their heads aloft, flap their wings, and give a great cry, a kind of "hear, hear!" to the bird orator's protest against our intrusion.

During our stay on this island we never harmed an albatross. We filched a few eggs, and left them in peace.

The young birds were then just breaking through the shell (February).

The Maoris, who gave the name of "Highland" to the Campbell Island species (black eyebrowed),



ROCK ON MOUNT LYALL, CAMPBELL ISLAND

informed me that when the young bird leaves its nest it is so fat that it has to go through a course of training on the quiet waters of the harbour before it can fly. At this period (a Maori added, with unction) "they are much good for eat."

Hearing some cow seals mooing to their calves (a plaintive cry) in the scrub at a short distance, we tracked them out, and it was interesting to witness their affection and solicitude for their young. Down at the inlet I watched a mother trying to induce her calf to go into the water. The little thing ("Joey" was the pet name given by the men to the young calves) shrank from the brink, when the mother, adroitly giving it a push, jerked it into the water for its first swim.

When not occupied in the "search," the men seized every opportunity of killing the fully-grown seals for the sake of their skins and oil, in which work I took no part, for I always felt a positive tenderness for the poor helpless creatures. It was not an uncommon occurrence for a seal to rise astern of our boat, showing a head like that of a Newfoundland dog, and seize the steering oar with his teeth.

Whilst on the subject of seals I may mention that we frequently varied our diet by eating the flesh of the young ones, cooked in a native oven, which is nothing more or less than a hole in the ground, about two feet deep, lined with stones heated on a fire. The flesh is placed on these, covered over with grass and small twigs, and soil shovelled in over all. In about two hours the meat is well cooked—steamed in fact.

The Maoris were capital fellows for foraging, never coming in to camp empty-handed. If we halted for a rest and a smoke a fire would be instantly lighted and a bird cooked over it, the titbits being brought to the captain and myself. And their cheerfulness was infectious. Under no circumstances did they ever betray sullenness, or prove otherwise than willing and obedient.

Then how deftly would they rig up a shelter for us at night with the boat's sail and oars, and afterwards themselves fall asleep contentedly round the camp fire.

My sketches were a source of great interest to them, and when I made one of Captain Gilroy with his sou'-wester cocked over his nose, their delight knew no bounds.

We took the earliest opportunity of moving the brig up to the head of Perseverance Harbour, which no doubt earned its name from the fact that this quality is much needed by those who enter it, and we then made a systematic search for castaways, which occupied two days.

No indications were found of any being alive on the island, but in one green spot we were saddened by discovering six graves, side by side, and not very far from them a skeleton, the skeleton, it might be (affecting thought), of the survivor, who, having buried his last mate, was himself left to die without sepulture.

This sight cast a gloom over us, and for long our thoughts were busy filling up the picture of despair and misery.

Campbell Island is about eight miles long from north to south and the same from east to west.

It is traversed by a range of hills, Honey Hill in the south being about 1,600 feet high, and Mount Lyall, which dominates Perseverance Har-

bour, 1,300 feet. The latter has a pinnacle on its summit 100 feet high.

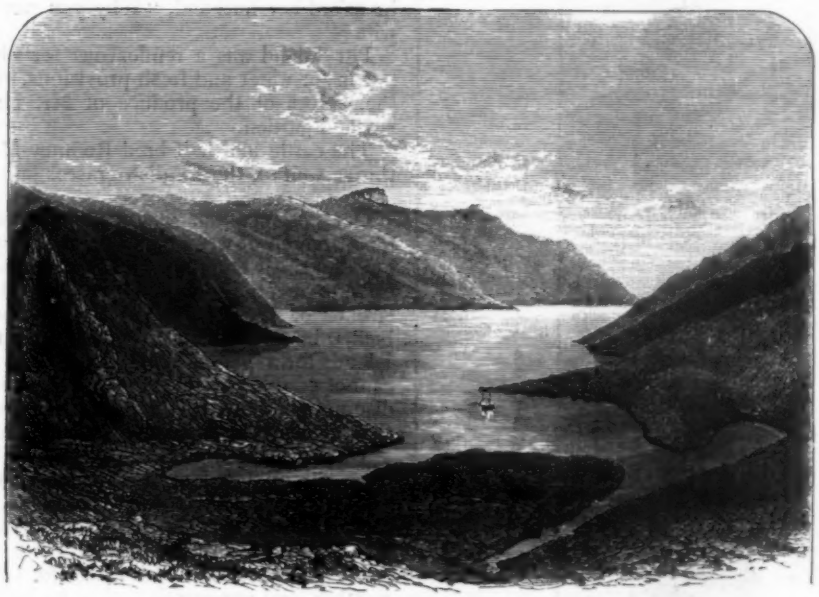
It has three harbours; North and Perseverance Harbours on the east, and Monumental Harbour on the west.

On the west coast the cliffs are composed of chalk and beds of flint resting on limestone. The beaches were strewed with spars and planks and portions of ships' bulwarks.

North Harbour is a small inlet with a bed of kelp stretching half-way across its mouth, but Perseverance Harbour is very commodious and affords safe anchorage. Here are some fine basaltic dykes, interesting to a geologist.

Firing a small cannon, which waked the echoes and set the bird inhabitants screaming, we landed and made a careful search, setting alight patches of the long grass as we went along; but we saw nothing but the tussock-grass waving in the wind, the albatrosses sitting on their nests, and a few green paroquets flitting about.

These islands (two, there being a small islet to the south-east of the Main) are in lat. 49° 42′ S., long. 178° 43′ E. The larger island is about three miles from east to west, and two and a half from north to south, and is studded with small hills. The rocks are of volcanic origin, and I saw some large beds of ashes and ferruginous scoriæ. The



PERSEVERANCE HARBOUR, CAMPBELL ISLAND.

The soil is very wet and peaty, and the spaces between the bunch-grass are carpeted with most beautiful mosses and lichens.

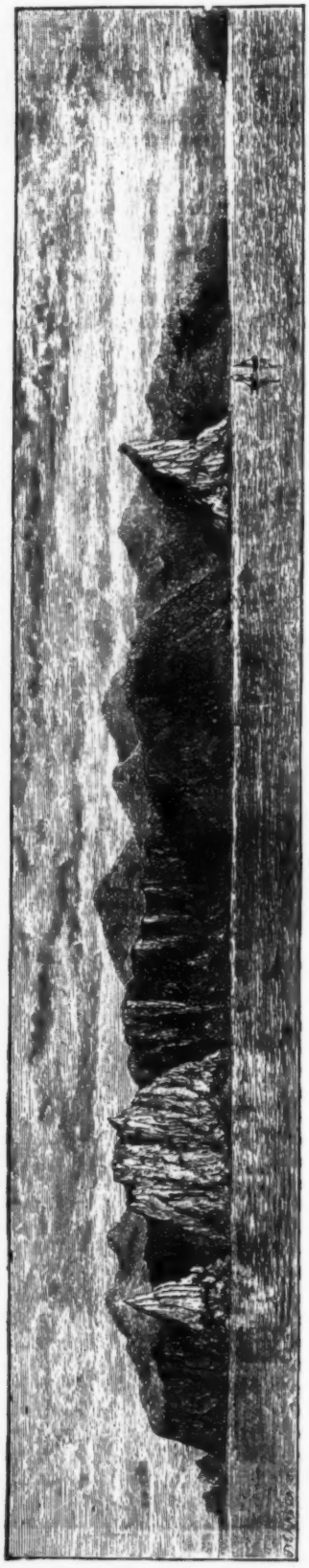
Nature has been content to fit up the island for the reception of sea-fowl and pigs, for there is abundance of Macquarrie cabbage and wild carrots for the food of the latter. Of land-birds I only saw a lark and a wren. Rats—and very large ones—were numerous.

The barometer stood at 29° 20′, and the average temperature of the air was 51°.

Before quitting this dreary island, we placed a case of necessaries at the head of the harbour, erecting over it a fine spar with boards on it. Then climbing Mount Lyall, we lighted a fire and carefully scanned the country beneath us, but no answering fire met our eyes, no distant shout was heard, or any sign of man seen, so we descended to the harbour, and bidding adieu to the seals, albatrosses, pigs, and goats, sailed away north for the "*Antipodes*," arriving under its cliffs at daybreak the following day.

albatross here differed from that on Campbell Island, and laid two eggs.

Upon leaving the Antipodes we felt that our search for Brown and his companions was nearly ended, and our hopes of finding them were very faint. I had limited the area of search to the Bounty Islands, whither we now sailed, encountering a succession of gales from the north-west, during which our easy-going old brig was hove-to for seven days, rising and falling on the huge seas like a bird with folded wings. Cribbage was our only recreation, but even cribbage will pall on the most arithmetical mind after a week of constant "pegging," and, finding that the Amherst was drifting away to the eastward, we made for Pitt Island (Chatham group), bringing up just at nightfall in Tuponga, an open roadstead on the north-east side of the island, where we found the whaler Sapphire and the schooner Express at anchor. Hardly was ours down than the wind shifted suddenly, and we had to heave up again and run round to another roadstead rejoicing in the name of "Glory," a word familiar



to the Maories through the medium of their missionaries, so that I was not surprised to hear Topi (a merry fellow) exclaim, "Now we gone Glory!"

Pitt Island at the time of our visit was leased from a Maori chief by a Mr. Hunt, who with his wife and two daughters and labourers constituted the entire population. Calling on Mr. Hunt, of whom I had heard a strange history when he was living a prisoner amongst the Maoris in New Zealand, I found the old chief was domiciled with him, collecting his rent. A very grim, tattooed, withered face he had, and he betrayed a wonderful amount of indiscretion, for in Mrs. Hunt's presence (a well-preserved elderly Devonshire woman) he asked her husband, "Why you not get young wife?"

Pitt Island was a rendezvous for whalers, who put in for water and fresh provisions, also availing themselves of the produce of Mr. Hunt's well-stocked garden.

The cattle and half-bred Romney Marsh sheep throve well on the English grasses laid down.

Our patience was well-nigh exhausted waiting for a change of weather, when one day, the wind blowing softly from the north, we put to sea; but only to meet a repetition of the gales. A few strokes of the pen suffice to tell how we were baffled in our attempts to close with the Bounty Islands for a period of eighteen days; but they cannot convey the full sense of the weariness and disquietude from which we suffered during that time of constant strife with the elements.

When we finally did "fetch" these islands, we were disappointed at finding them to be little more than naked, detached rocks, the sea making a clear breach over the lower ones, and rising in spray to the tops of the highest.

No attempt could be made to land in such weather, and our search had to be made with the eye from the topsail yard of the brig. Birds and seals alone could exist on such rocks, and we turned from them with the conviction that we might have spared ourselves the trouble of visiting them.

Grieved to think that we had not been able to find the four missing men, we had to content ourselves with the reflection that future castaways would benefit by our visits to the various islands; and now, the work which we had in trust to perform being ended, we turned the brig's head homeward with a sense of relief, for it must be apparent to those who read this narrative that there could have been but little pleasure about the service after the first few weeks; and, to add to the weariness of it, the Amherst proved anything but a clipper, a profuse growth of weeds and barnacles that gathered on her bottom having reduced her speed to a minimum.

The description of the islands shows that they bore a monotonous likeness one to another. Everywhere a rather damp climate and legions of incubating sea-birds, from noble albatrosses down to stupid penguins, traces of volcanic action, and utter loneliness.

The heavy weather continued until we were close to the coast of Southland, and being bothered by the crests of waves and spray flying on board, Captain Gilroy gave me a practical illustration of the effect of "pouring oil on the troubled waters."

A quart bottle full of seal oil with a quill inserted in the cork, fixed in the ship's head neck downward, the oil escaping drop by drop sufficed to smooth the sea for many fathoms to windward of us. Whalers know well the efficacy of a little oil, and Captain Gilroy related how he once spent a night in an open boat during a heavy gale of wind "hove to" under the lee of a dead whale, the oil exuding from its body causing the water in its immediate neighbourhood to be quite smooth.

We arrived at the Bluff in time to allay a growing anxiety on our account, fears having been entertained that we too had fallen victims to the Dangerous Islands. It is gratifying to know that they are now frequently visited for the purpose of inspecting the depôts, of renewing them, and of making search for castaways, fresh traces of disaster occasionally being discovered.

In addition to these humane missions it is earnestly to be desired that active measures may be taken to warn off the captains of homeward-bound ships, more especially from the Auckland group, and if the placing of a lighthouse on Disappointment Island or on the North-west Cape should serve to save even one ship in ten years, surely the money expended on its erection and maintenance would be well spent. The lives of "those who go down to the sea in ships" are as precious to the nation as were the sailor lives in the Elizabethan era, and we have better means at our disposal for the protection of life than had Shakespeare's contemporaries; yet what a noble plaint he makes through Miranda as his mouthpiece, a plaint which we must always reluctantly echo when we hear of a disastrous shipwreck.

> "A brave vessel,
> Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
> Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
> Against my very heart. Poor souls! they perish'd!"

HARRY ARMSTRONG.

OUR HORSES.

BY THE LATE REV. J. G. WOOD.

II.

BEING on the question of stables, two important points may be here mentioned. The first and most important is Ventilation. Many stables are made without any approach to that most important essential. The ceiling is so low that it can be touched with the fingers by a man of ordinary height; the windows are small, low, and not made to open. There is no exit for foul air except through accidental crevices and through the rack into the hayloft; and no provision whatever has been made for the entrance of fresh air; indeed, no air can enter the stable except through the crevices aforesaid, and what comes is then denominated a "draught."

The atmosphere of such stables is intolerable to those who are accustomed to breathe fresh air; and as soon as they enter the building their eyes and nostrils begin to suffer from the penetrating vapour of ammonia. What then must be the sufferings of the horse which is kept for many consecutive hours in such an atmosphere? It suffers both in eyes and lungs, and is brought into such a state that it takes cold with the least exposure, and frequently succumbs to inflammation of the lungs.

Unfortunately, people of the class from which our grooms and stablemen are mostly recruited have the greatest horror of ventilation, and prefer to live in rooms from which every breath of external air is excluded. Indeed, it is only within the memory of man that the higher classes have learned the necessity of ventilation and ablution. Fifty years ago "the flimsy artifices of the bath," as Thackeray has it, were scarcely known, while every breath of air was excluded from bedrooms; sand-bags were laid upon the junction of sash windows, ample and heavy curtains were drawn round the beds; and in some luxurious houses the windows were double.

"Night air" was considered as poisonous as the breath of the fabled Camarina. No one seemed to reflect that, as Miss Nightingale epigrammatically puts it, any air that is breathed at night must be night air, and that it would be more wholesome if admitted freely from the exterior than if allowed to be polluted by passing repeatedly through human lungs. Educated people have now learned to admit air freely into every inhabited room, whether by day or night. Grooms, however, mostly associate the idea of comfort with that of a close and stifling atmosphere, and we cannot, therefore, be surprised that they treat their horses as they treat themselves.

Some fifty years ago a well-known college dignitary was in the kindly habit of inviting undergraduates to his rooms, giving them tea, and imparting to them the religious instruction for which no provision was made by the University. One inducement which he always held out to them was the absence of draughts. After

closing and bolting the windows he carefully pasted strips of paper over every crevice, closed the shutters, drew the curtains, and then joyously challenged his guests to detect a draught.

Now anatomy tells us that one horse requires as much air as ten men, and that therefore every means ought to be employed for driving out of the stable the air which has been rendered poisonous by passing through the lungs, and admitting plenty of fresh air to take its place. It is scarcely possible to admit too much air into stables, especially when they are tenanted by more than one horse; and there are many stables in which the welfare of the inmates would be best consulted by removing every pane of glass from the windows.

Moreover, the ammoniacal vapour which has already been mentioned is quite as unpleasant to the horse as to ourselves. The horse naturally lives in the open air, where this pungent vapour never irritates his tender nostrils, nor can be taken into his capacious lungs; and it is the height of cruelty to pen the animal in a close stable for many consecutive hours, each hour only intensifying the annoyance. Moreover, the vapour in question is extremely irritating to the animal's eyes, and is a frequent cause of blindness.

When carters and cabdrivers take their sick horses for advice to either of the animal hospitals the following dialogue often takes place.

"Have you any draughts in your stable?"

"Oh, no, sir; I always stop up every crack."

"Then go back, take out all your stoppings, let plenty of air into your stable day and night, and your horse will soon be well."

Another mode in which the stable, which ought to be the means of refreshing the tired animal, is made to defeat its own object, is by fitting it with stalls so narrow that the inmate cannot turn in them, and then attaching the horse to the manger by a rope and weight. And, as if to add as much as possible to the discomfort of the horse, and to prevent it from enjoying the repose which is so necessary to it, the floor of the stall is made to slope backwards, so that the fore feet are at a higher level than the hind pair.

The head-rope is a fertile source of accidents. Sometimes while endeavouring to shift his position the horse gets one of his fore legs over the rope, and then, finding his head pulled downwards by some mysterious and irresistible force, becomes frantic with terror, flings himself down, and eventually is "cast under the manger"—an event which has a deleterious influence on him through life.

Narrow stalls such as have been mentioned are the causes of many "stable vices." For example, the horse is by nature even a more gregarious animal than the sheep. Wild sheep often wander on their own private account in search of food; but the horse does not appear to have sufficient self-confidence to follow such an example, and is always found in small herds, yielding implicit obedience to the old stallion who has assumed command at the expense of many a battle, and who only retains his position until a younger and stronger animal challenges him to combat, and at last defeats him. Yet, ignoring the peculiarly sociable instincts of the animal, we pen him into a narrow compartment, with walls so high that, even if there should be other horses in the same building, they cannot see each other, and the animals are practically condemned to solitary confinement. Under these circumstances they act as human beings would do under similar conditions, and try to invent some form of amusement by which they can relieve the monotony of their existence. Sometimes they will gnaw away the woodwork of their stalls, sometimes they take to crib-biting—one of the worst and most persistent of "stable vices"—while sometimes they will scatter their grain about and then pick it up grain by grain, much as a celebrated captive amused himself by scattering a few pins about the floor of his dungeon and then searching for them in the dark.

I may here mention, by the way, that I have seen a very ingenious apparatus for the prevention of crib-biting.

Along the upper and under surfaces of the edge of the manger are fastened two strips of metal, connected by wires with a galvanic battery. The horse can touch with impunity either of the metal strips, but as soon as he seizes the edge of the manger between his teeth he connects the two poles of the battery, and receives so smart a shock that he is only too glad to loosen his hold.

The late Charles Waterton fully recognised the sociable character of the horse, and not only would not permit the animals to be tied up after their day's work, but gave the animals free access to the yard round which their stables were built. Each horse had its own stall and knew it, always retiring to it for food or rest. But it was never fastened into the stall, as the animal looked upon it as a human being looks upon his own peculiar den or study.

The sloping floor is another of the means whereby we unintentionally injure the horse. The declivity on which the animal is obliged to stand causes him to make continual muscular efforts to counteract the tendency to slide backwards, and he is therefore hindered while in his stall from obtaining the rest which he needs.

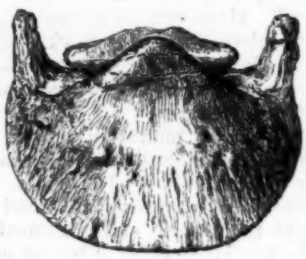
A still worse evil results from the sloping stall.

If we remove the soft tissues from a horse's pastern, we shall see that just behind the coffin bone, and extending from one "wing" to the other, there is a little bone shaped very much like a weaver's shuttle, and which therefore is popularly known by that name. Scientifically it is called the "navicular" bone, from its resemblance to a canoe (Lat. "navicula").

This little bone is, like the knee-cap, a "sesamoid" bone—*i.e.*, one which is developed from a tendon—and plays quite as important a part as the knee-cap of the hind limb. The great "flexor" tendon, which bends the pastern, is led over it as a rope is led over a pulley, and upon it is thrown the whole weight of the animal in locomotion. Now, when the horse is obliged to stand continuously on a floor which slopes backwards, the natural result is that, in order to prevent himself from slipping, he is obliged to exert an incessant

strain upon the fore feet, and therefore to keep up a heavy pressure on the navicular bone. When this pressure has been exerted hour after hour and night after night, inflammation of the vascular tissues surrounding the bone is sure to take place, and to become the precursor of the dread navicular disease.

Look at a horse at liberty, and you will see that when he is obliged to stand on sloping ground he invariably stands with his fore feet below the level of the hind feet. We should ourselves act in a similar manner, as can easily be tested by standing for a time upon a steep hill with our toes directed up the slope. We shall soon find the position intolerably irksome, and shall be glad to rest our aching feet by turning round and standing with our toes pointing down the slope.



FRONT VIEW OF COFFIN AND NAVICULAR BONES.

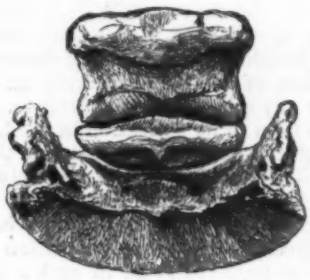
The horse, unfortunately for himself, has no choice, and is forced to stand in the same fatiguing position until he is released for work. Sometimes, in order to relieve the intolerable pressure upon the navicular bone and flexor tendon, the horse allows himself to slide backwards as far as the halter will permit, and stretches his hind feet backwards until they reach the opposite side of the gutter which runs across the foot of the stall. Here the animal finds a point of resistance, which enables him to relieve the tension of the fore feet. Most grooms, however, resent this instinctive attitude, which they designate a "stable vice," and as soon as they see the horse in this position of comparative repose, drive him up his hill again, and hasten the approach of navicular disease.

Yet another evil of the sloping floor. Finding that he cannot sleep with any comfort on a floor down which he constantly slips, the animal at last does not attempt to lie down, but falls into another stable vice termed "sleeping on the halter." He retreats backwards until the halter is fully stretched, so as to support the head, and then manages to sleep in a standing attitude. This very natural result of the sloping floor is also resented by the groom, who almost invariably brings a stick or whip to bear upon the animal for a practice of which the floor and not the horse ought to bear the blame.

Many people will say that a stable cannot be properly drained if the floors are level. Nothing can be more absurd. Of course the drains must slope, and indeed ought to slope considerably, so as to allow all liquids to pass at once outside the walls of the building. But the floors themselves need not slope, and, with a little exercise of common sense, all liquids are rapidly conveyed from the building, so that a stable can be swept, washed, thoroughly flushed, and dried in a very short space of time. I shall have more to say about stable floors when we come to the treatment of the hoof.

Now we will turn to the head of the horse, and our treatment of it. Here, with the very best intentions, we in too many cases not only cause inconvenience to the horse while he is at work, but seriously injure his health and limit his efficacy. We will begin with the eyes.

When a horse is used for the saddle no one thinks of meddling with his eyes, and we allow the animal to use them freely, as nature has directed.



BACK VIEW OF COFFIN, NAVICULAR, AND SHORT PASTERN BONES.

But no sooner do we put the same animal into harness than we think ourselves bound to fasten a black leather flap over each of his eyes, so as to prevent him from seeing objects at his sides, and to limit his view to those which are in his immediate front. This is done with the very best intentions, the object being to save him from being frightened by startling and unwonted sights, and only to leave a sufficiency of vision wherewith to guide his steps.

Herein, as in feeding and stabling the horse, man judges the animal by himself, forgetting, or rather having failed to notice, that the eyes of the horse are exceedingly unlike our own. Our eyes are set in the front of our heads, so that if blinkers were fastened to our temples our range of vision would be but slightly limited. But the eyes of the horse are placed on the sides of the head, and are rather prominent, so that the animal can not only see on either side, but by rolling his eyes backwards, as we see in a vicious horse, can see objects almost in his immediate rear.

The effect of the blinker is both physically and mentally injurious to the horse. In the first place, especially when large and brought near the eyes, it has the effect of heating them and hindering the free passage of air over them. In the next place, it causes the eyes to be always directed forwards, and thus produces a most injurious strain on the delicate muscles. We know how painful a sensation is felt when we are obliged to strain our eyes either backwards or upwards for any length of time, and the horse suffers no less inconvenience when it is forced to keep its eyes continually

strained forwards. The worst examples of the blinker that I have ever seen were in the United States, where the blinkers (or "blinders," as they are there named) are often brought so closely together in front by means of a strap and buckle, that a mere narrow strip barely half an inch in width is left for vision. This again is done with the best intentions, the object being to save the animal from being afflicted by snow-blindness.

Now the horse's eyes are in many respects different from our own, and are not affected, as is the case with ours, by the vast expanses of dazzling snow which are rendered even more dazzling by the clear atmosphere and brilliant sunshine of America. One of its safeguards lies in the remarkable structure which is popularly termed the "haw," and scientifically the "nictitating membrane." This is a sort of third eyelid set beneath the true eyelids, and capable of being drawn at will over the eyeball, thus performing the double duty of shielding the eye from the direct glare of light, and clearing its surface from dust or any other foreign substance. This membrane is seen in its perfection in the birds of prey, so that the proverbial statement that the eagle trains itself to gaze at the midday sun has some foundation in fact.

It sometimes happens that the haw becomes inflamed, especially when the ventilation of the stable has been neglected, and in such a case the groom, considering the inflamed and projecting membrane unsightly, actually cuts it off, not having the least idea of its real structure or of the inestimable service which it renders to the animal.

Now for the ears.

Fortunately for the horse, the custom of cropping the ears has gone out of fashion, never, I hope, to be revived. But the average groom cannot be content to let the animal remain as the Creator made it, and insists on clipping away the hairs which grow from the interior surface of the ears. To his eyes they are unsightly, and so he cuts them off, thereby making the ears look "neat."

Now these hairs are placed there for the purpose of acting as a sort of strainer, which will not interfere with the power of hearing, while it prevents dust and any small object which may be blown about by the wind from entering the ear, and causing great annoyance, or even being the cause of inflammation. These hairs are, in fact, to the ear what the haw is to the eye, and neither ought to be tampered with.

Still more important is the mouth. We all know how pleasant is the task of managing a delicately mouthed horse, which obeys the least touch of the rein, and which, as the saying goes, can be ridden or driven with a packthread. We also know the exceeding discomfort of handling a hard-mouthed brute, who tires our arms out until they are nearly cramped by our endeavours to guide it.

Now, at one period of its life, the latter animal was just as tender-mouthed as the former, and has only become nearly insensible to the bit by continued rough and brutal usage. Then, forgetting that the mouth is naturally tender, the ordinary driver, through sheer ignorance of the structure of the horse, instead of treating the hardened mouth in such a manner that it can regain its delicacy, only adds to its hardness by using bits and curbs of steadily increasing severity. Our pickpockets know better. When they are imprisoned, as sooner or later is sure to be the case, their hands become so hardened by rough work that they lose all the delicacy of touch which is needed in the "profession." However, by means of giving the hands a complete rest from work and keeping them continually in poultices, they rapidly regain the lost delicacy, and in a few weeks are fit for carrying on the business.

In like manner, no matter how hard a horse's mouth may be, it will regain the lost sensitiveness if properly treated. The late Mr. E. Fordham Flower, whose little work on "Bits and Bearing-reins" ought to be kept and continually read in every stable, was in the habit of buying unmanageble horses, especially "irreclaimable savages," and rendering them gentle and docile by the simple process of doing away with cruel bits, curbs, and similar appliances, and substituting an ordinary ring-snaffle. Of course the grooms and coachmen who had previously had charge of the animals warned him of the disasters which would follow so rash a proceeding, but he persevered in his course, with the result that the former savages could hardly be recognised by those who had known them while suffering from the tortures of the curb.

A high-bred and spirited animal naturally resents this treatment more than would be the case with a sluggish and low-bred horse, and therefore Mr. Flower always felt sure that in buying such an animal he was securing one of good blood, and he trusted to kind treatment for reducing it to docility. He knew well that the horse wants to obey man, and is never so happy as when it is working for a kind master. In his comprehensive mind the old phrase that "force is no remedy" was applicable to the horse as well as to man, and in consequence he never tried to coerce his animals with the curb, but only intimated to them by means of the snaffle the task which he wished them to perform.


How pleasant the Life of a Bird must be,
Flitting about on each Leafy Tree!
They have left their Nests on the forest bough,
Their homes of delight they need not now;
And the Young and the Old they wander out,
And traverse their Green World round about.
And hark! at the top of their Leafy Hall
Now one to the other in Love they call.
"Come up! Come up!" they seem to say,
Where the topmost twigs in the Hedges stray.
Come up! Come up! for the World is fair
Where the merry leaves Dance in the Summer Air."
And the Birds below give back the Cry,
"We come! we come! to the Branches high".
How pleasant the Life of a Bird must be,
Living in Love in a leafy Tree!
Mary Howitt.

THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

JAMES I AND ANNE OF DENMARK.

THF handwriting of James I suggests that the science of caligraphy was not considered a requisite feature in the royal education in Scotland. James's writing lacks character, and contrasts very unfavourably with that of his immediate predecessors on the English throne. A noticeable feature in all his writing is the spelling, which is decidedly "Scotch." It would be difficult to give a more interesting specimen of James's penmanship than that afforded by the sixteen interrogatories which he prepared for the guidance of the Commissioners appointed to examine Guy Fawkes in reference to the famous Gunpowder Plot. First, says "the wisest fool in Christendom," let the Commissioners inquire "quhat he is, for I can never yett here any man that knowis him;" and then he sets out more than a dozen other questions to be put to the prisoner as to his past life, including the inquiry "if he was ever a papiste; and if so, quho brocht him up in it." If he will answer these questions willingly, well and good; but, adds the King, "if he will not confesse, the gentler tortours are to be first used unto him, *et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur*, and—so God speede your good worke—JAMES, R."[1] (See facsimile in next column.)

We get, however, a better idea of James's powers of composition in the following letter, by which he desires his son Charles, Prince of Wales, to return home from the Spanish Court, whither he had gone to seek the hand of the Infanta. The visit, we remember, was taken chiefly at the instigation of Buckingham, who, by his arrogant behaviour at the Spanish Court, soon disgusted those he presumably desired to please. James, it seems, had got wind of how matters stood at Madrid, and was consequently anxious to get both his son and Buckingham home ere matters became more complicated. The letter reads as follows:—

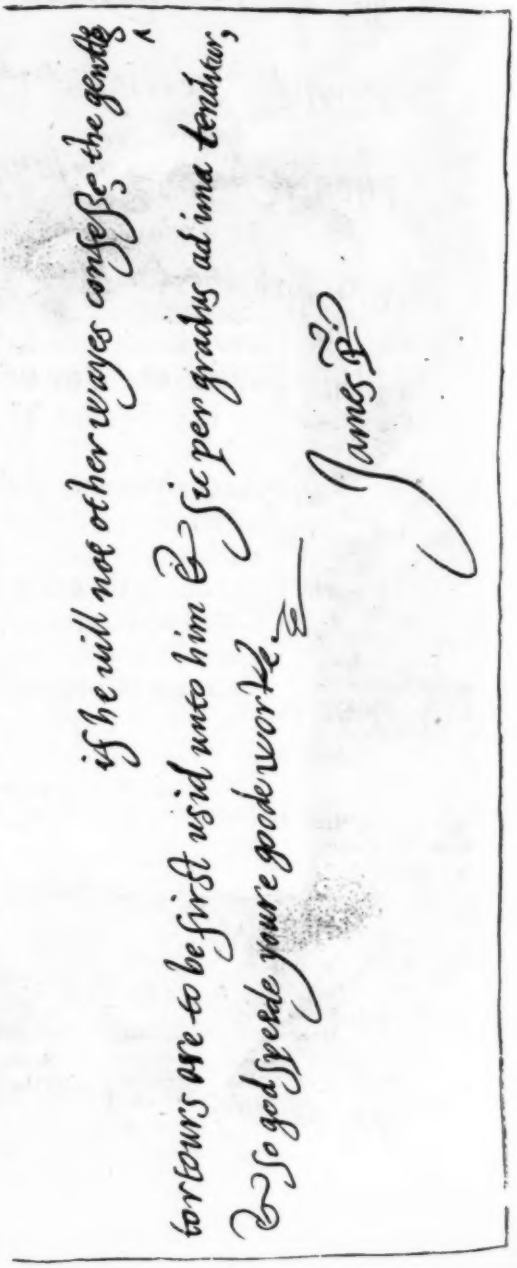
Holograph. Original at British Museum. Harl. MSS. 6987 f. 143.

(*See Facsimile on opposite page.*)

My dearest sonne, I sent you a comandement long agoe not to loose tyme quhaire ye are; but ather to bring quikelie h ame youre mistresse, quhiche is my earnist desyre; but if n bettir maye be, rather then to linger any longer thaire, to come without her, quhiche for manie important reasons I ame now forcid to renew. And thairfor I charge you upon my blessing to come quikelie ather with her or without her. I knowe youre love to her person hath enforcid you to delaye the putting in execution of my former comandement. I confesse it is my cheifest wordlie ioye that ye love her, but the necessitie of my effaires enforcith me to tell you that ye muste praeferre the obedience to a father to the love ye carrie to a mistresse. And so God blesse you.

JAMES R.

Cranburne the 10 of Auguste [1623].



[1] Original at Public Record Office. Gunpowder Plot Papers.

My dearest sonne I sent you á comandement long ago
not to loose tyme, quhaire ye are, bot ather to bring
quitelie hoame youre mistresse, quliche is my
earnist desyre, but if no bettir maye be, rather
then to linger any longer thaire, to come wichout
her, quliche for manie imporeane reasons I ame
now forcid to renew, & thairfor I charge you upon
my blessing, to come quitelie aether with her or without
her, I knowe youre loue to her person hath enforcid
you to delaye the putting in execution of my former
comandement, I confesse it is my cheifest wordlie
ioye, that ye loue her, but the necessitie of my effaires
enforceth me to tell you, that ye muste præferre the
obedience to á father to the loue ye carrie to á
mistresse & so god blesse you.

James R.

Comburne the 10 of auguste.

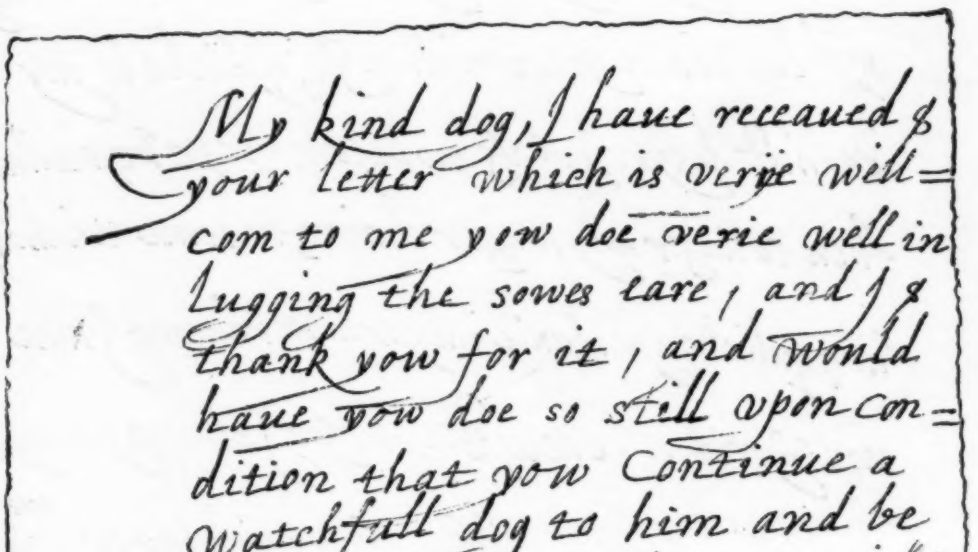
Of the handwriting of Anne of Denmark we get many examples. The following letter—addressed to Buckingham—is characteristic, and points to the terms of familiarity on which the favourite lived with the royal family. Its date must be between August, 1616, when Buckingham was created Viscount Villiers, and the January following, when he was created Earl of Buckingham:—

Holograph. Original at British Museum. Harl. MSS. 6986, No. 109. See fecsimile below.

My kind dog, I have receaved your letter which is verye wellcom to me: you doe verie well in lugging the sowes eare and I thank you for it and would have you doe so still upon condition that you continue a watchfull dog to him and be alwaies true to him. So wishing you all happines

ANNA R.

[Addressed] To the Viscount Villiers.





HELENA.

THERESA ASHLEIGH was the last of an impoverished younger branch of an old and wealthy family. Her father was a clergyman of small means, to whom one of the family livings had been given. The relationship between him and his patron, the Marquis of Bemminster, was distant, but there always existed a kindly feeling between them. When Theresa married one of her father's curates, the Reverend Francis Lauder, Lord Bemminster sent her a cheque for a considerable sum, enclosed in a very characteristic letter of congratulation. Poor Theresa's happiness was of short duration; the failure of a bank, the death of her father, and finally the loss of her husband, all within three years, deprived her of everything she possessed except her baby, little Helena, then two years old. Theresa endeavoured to procure employment of some kind, but the charge of her child made this almost impossible to find. Then she wrote to Lord Bemminster, and begged him to help her in obtaining work.

"I fear I am not accomplished enough to gain my living by teaching, but I am very willing to do anything that will not part me from my child. I think that I may safely undertake any household work or household management. I should like to be a housekeeper. My dear father always used to say a gentlewoman should never be ashamed of any honest work. I do not care what the work is so long as I feel I am competent to undertake it, and that it would not part me from my baby."

Lord Bemminster was pleased with the letter; it was simple and frank, and showed good breeding. He thought at first of offering her a small annuity for life, but on second thoughts the shrewd kindly old man changed his mind. "No," he said, "the money will be twice as welcome to her if she feels she has earned it." He bethought himself of his large country seat in the south of England, Scholefield Park, where he never lived. It so happened that a housekeeper was required there. It was a post of trust, for the house was full of valuable pictures; and as Lord Bemminster rarely spent more than a week there in the year, a great deal of the management of local charities was placed in the housekeeper's hands. In a few weeks Theresa Lauder was established as lady-housekeeper at Scholefield. Her education, like that of many daughters of country clergymen, had been of a very practical nature. She was active, and liked her work. She was far too well-bred to be a fine lady. It was a quiet but a busy contented life. Helena grew up in the beautiful old place, and learnt to love it as the real owners never had done.

Lord Bemminster seldom came to Scholefield. Once or twice his sons came there for a few weeks with a reading party. Little Helena used then to slip in every morning to the long picture gallery,

and have a game with idle, good-natured Lord Danebury, the eldest son. But the younger of the two brothers, Eugene, was the child's favourite, although, or perhaps because, he paid her little attention. He was utterly unlike his fair-haired, broad-shouldered brother. Eugene was small and very dark, with a sallow complexion and large deep-set eyes. There was an indefinable air of melancholy in his face that always attracted the child. He was very silent and gentle, with scholarly tastes. He had been lame ever since his childhood, and could not take any active exercise. There was one of those curious family likenesses in feature between him and Helena. But there was this difference; the girl grew straight and tall, and instead of the look of melancholy she had a calm sweet expression.

When Helena was fourteen years old news came to Scholefield of Lord Eugene's marriage with Lady Wilhelmina Daubeny, and a few weeks after the wedding Lord Eugene and Lady Wilhelmina Ashleigh paid a visit to Scholefield. There were triumphal arches raised in their honour, and all the school children, led by the choir-master, came forward to meet them, and sang them a welcome. It was late on a fine May evening, and almost dark, but Chinese lanterns glittered among the trees and shrubs, and there was a light in every window of the old house. In the hall, Mrs. Lauder and Helena, with all the servants arranged in a long line on either side, stood waiting to greet the young couple.

The carriage stopped. Helena heard Eugene's clear vibrating voice thanking the school-children, in a few simple kindly words, for their welcome. Then he and Lady Wilhelmina entered the house, and every eye was fixed upon her. She was very tiny, the prettiest, daintiest figure imaginable. Her features were delicate and lovely in the extreme, the complexion dazzling, and the eyes a rich bright hazel, but with an insolent expression that never left them. Her hair was abundant, but it was (then) of an unnatural pale straw-colour, dressed according to the latest and most exaggerated fashion. Her dress was Parisian; the mixture of colours in it was one of those which have always been supposed by English taste to be discordant. She carried a sleepy little dog in her arms, and she looked, as she came tripping on the highest of high heels, like a lovely but malevolent fairy.

She walked up to Mrs. Lauder. "I'm tired to death, and my precious Toto is bored to tears. For mercy's sake show me my room!" she said, with a yawn.

"Wilhelmina, this is my cousin, Mrs. Lauder!" cried her husband, hastily.

"I'm very sorry, I am sure," she returned, affectedly, "if I've made any mistake; but whoever it is, I shall be deeply obliged if she will show me, or tell some one—the housekeeper or the cook-maid, I don't care which—to show me my room."

Mrs. Lauder caught a look of entreaty from Eugene, and, feeling heartily sorry for him, she hurriedly led the way to Lady Wilhelmina's rooms. Then she returned to the hall, and with a few kind words she dismissed the disappointed people who had come to do honour to the newly-married pair. Helena was awaiting her in their sitting-room.

"Mother, how hateful Lady Wilhelmina is!" she cried. She would not even allow that Lady Wilhelmina was pretty. "I think," she said, "that she has a horrid face!"

On the following morning Lady Wilhelmina was in a more gracious humour. She sent at eleven o'clock for Helena to come to her. Helena found her in the dining-room, dressed in bright pink and pale blue, with touches here and there of bronze-green, finishing her breakfast. Toto was lapping up cream out of a saucer by her side; he had his fat short neck and curly tail tied up with ribbons that matched his mistress's dress. He was a proud, disagreeable little dog, surly to poor people, constantly sick in society, and with a habit, that the housemaids hated, of rolling himself when wet and dirty on the best sofas and ottomans.

"You know, Eugene," she was saying, in her high-pitched drawling voice, "I hate ugly children, and Toto always bites them; but if she's pretty she may as well show me about the place. Come here, Nell, or whatever your name is," she went on, as the child entered. "Helena is it? Ah, that's too long for me. Life isn't long enough, my dear, for such names. You may as well show me over the house and round the garden and grounds. Come along!" and she sprang up and whirled round the room, singing in a clear shrill soprano an air from an Italian opera. The quick motion brought the bright colour to her cheeks. There was something indescribably graceful in the tiny figure. Eugene watched her with loving and admiring eyes. He was under a spell. Every one else saw in her "a worldly, capricious little vixen," as Lord Danebury expressed it, "who had married him for his money;" "an ill-conditioned, ill-bred girl," as his old aunt, Lord Bemminster's sister, described her.

"You are wasting all your time, Willie!" he said, affectionately. "Come, Helena! will you show her everything that is worth seeing; no one knows the place better than you do," he added, kindly. His pleasant words and smile won over Helena, who had stood aloof burning with indignation at Lady Wilhelmina's manner to her. The child silently led the way through the long picture-gallery and the deserted drawing-rooms, divested for the time being of their brown holland coverings. Lady Wilhelmina criticised everything, pulled everything about, laughed at her own jokes, and patronised Helena to her heart's content. They passed to the gardens.

"That arbour is hideous! This walk is perfectly beastly!" said the bride.

Helena grew scarlet.

"It's all very beautiful," she said, angrily.

"Ah! so you think, you little ninny!" returned her companion, with a laugh. "I suppose you have never seen any other place in your life?"

"I don't want to see any other place," cried the child. "Scholefield is the best place and the loveliest in the world."

Lady Wilhelmina paid no heed. She was

amusing herself by turning on a fountain, which presently squirted water at Helena and wetted the child's clean print and garden hat. Lady Wilhelmina laughed.

When they returned to the house they found Lord Eugene and Toto awaiting them on the doorstep.

"Well, Willie, how do you like the dear old place?" he cried. "I know your guide has shown you all that is worth seeing."

"Oh, the place is well enough in itself," returned his wife; "it's the arrangement and the decorations that are simply beastly! You and I shall have a lot to alter one of these fine days."

Scholefield was to be Eugene's at his father's death; it had been his mother's property.

He winced at her words.

"I am very fond of the place as it is," he said, gravely. Then, when Helena left them he added, "Couldn't you try to care for it a little for my sake, dear?"

But Lady Wilhelmina had picked up Toto, and in spite of his snarling was covering him with kisses. When she saw that his dirty paws had left a mark on her bright-coloured gown, she flung him down at the risk of breaking his poor little paws, and drove him away with a smart slap and a kick from her little foot. You would hardly have thought so fairy-like a hand and foot could slap and kick to so much purpose. Toto fled howling, and Eugene looked displeased.

Mrs. Lauder was heartily glad when the visit to Scholefield came to an end. Eugene was always considerate, but his wife had a thousand caprices and whims. She was always complaining of the rooms and the furniture, abusing the cooking and the servants. She gave an extraordinary amount of trouble, and never thanked any one. Indeed, she seemed to take an ill-natured delight in making those about her uncomfortable. The servants were no sooner settled at their meals than her bell began to ring. Twice she called up the household in the middle of the night, because, she said, Toto wanted his hot-water bottle refilled.

Mrs. Lauder pitied Eugene from the bottom of her heart. It was impossible, she felt, that he should not find out his mistake soon; indeed, there were already many moments when he must have cruel doubts. When, a year later, Mrs. Lauder heard that Lady Wilhelmina had a son, she hoped that perhaps the new duties and new affection might soften and steady her. But Lady Wilhelmina had no heart with which she could feel affection; her case was a very hopeless one; there were no better instincts in her to which anybody could appeal. There came stories to Scholefield of her neglect of the child, of the ever-increasing unhappiness of Eugene's married life; and then came the time when the newspapers were full of the story of disgrace brought by her to the good old name. In the midst of all the misery and the shame there came the news of her death, from a fall out hunting. Eugene went abroad to try and distract his thoughts by travelling, but before he went he wrote to Mrs. Lauder, asking her whether she would accept the charge of his child during his absence.

"His nurse," he wrote, "is a very good trustworthy person, but I shall feel happier about him if he is with you. My father is too old and too feeble to be burdened with the responsibility; it is he who has proposed this plan. You see we never hesitate to come to you when we want help, knowing that your kindness is unwearied."

He insisted on putting into her hands a large sum of money for her own use, in addition to the monthly sum for the child's expenses, which was to be paid her by the estate agent. "You have no right to refuse it, for Helena's sake," he wrote.

Mrs. Lauder gladly welcomed the little boy and his nurse when they arrived a few weeks later. The nurse was an old family servant, devoted to Eugene. She brought the tears to Theresa's eyes when she described the parting between him and little Joscelyn.

"He kissed the dear child again and again, and came back and back to say good-bye. You know my lord's eyes, ma'am, how sad they always did look—I couldn't bear the sight of them then; they made my heart ache."

Joscelyn was a delicate child, small and puny for his age; his eyes, dark and wistful like those of his father, seemed too big for his thin white face. He was always ailing and fretful. But from the very first he took a fancy to Helena, and never was so happy as when he was with her. Helena had grown up tall and strong. Her beauty was of a homely placid kind. Hers was a face which perhaps might not strike you when you first met her; but you grew to love it when you lived with her, and you fancied none other was so beautiful. The shape of her face was a very pure oval, the complexion of a creamy tint, the eyes large and dark, the smooth hair parted on a pure white brow, the mouth a very serious one. The expression was serene and sweet, her figure willowy and graceful. There was something very virginal in her beauty.

The time passed peacefully at Scholefield. Little Joscelyn's suffering life was made as happy as might be. Helena loved the child devotedly. She was now about eighteen, and the child three years old. In spite of all the care lavished upon him he seemed to lose strength rather than to gain it. There was a long cold winter, which kept him indoors; then there came bitter March winds. Helena used to come in from the bright cold world outside, with her hands full of violets and silky palm, to find her darling sitting, wan and listless, on his little three-legged stool by the nursery fire, his toys strewn round him. His feeble cough went to her heart.

"Mother," she said one day, "we ought to send for Lord Eugene. I am sure Joscelyn is not getting on. Dr. Farmer can see no improvement. I am sure the child grows whiter and thinner every week."

So one brilliant spring day Eugene returned to Scholefield. He had travelled with as much haste as possible upon receiving Mrs. Lauder's letter. The two years' absence had changed him; he was bronzed by the sun, and looked stronger. Mrs. Lauder met him at the door.

"Joscelyn is about the same," she said. "Will you come upstairs and see him?"

Eugene followed her to the nursery. The child was lying on a sofa, looking languidly at a picture-book that Helena was showing him. He put up his little face obediently to be kissed by his father when Mrs. Lauder told him to do so; then he lay back again listlessly on the cushions.

"My darling, father has brought you back some toys," Eugene said, tenderly.

The little face brightened for a moment. The nurse went downstairs to beg the servants to bring up the presents. There was a big portmanteau full of them—toys, curiosities, many-coloured wraps, Turkish shoes, Indian beads. Wherever Eugene had wandered he had remembered his little boy. The nursery looked like an oriental bazaar.

The days passed by and Joscelyn grew weaker. The loving watchers by his little cot did not acknowledge to each other the change that every week brought. The difference was very slight, but it was real. Bit by bit the child gave up his little daily run on fine days in the sunny garden; then the drives tired him; then he was carried down into the warm morning-room that faced south; and then came a time when he was too weak to stir from his nursery.

"He'll never climb May hill," said his nurse. It seemed to Helena that it would break her heart to lose him. She never left him except when the doctor or her mother literally forced her to take air and exercise or rest. She had a strange fancy that her presence might avert the evil. It was, once more, the old contest between Love and Death.

It hurt Helena to see the coldness and indifference with which Eugene treated her. She always had a vague impression that he was dissatisfied with her. She could not help fancying, nevertheless, that he watched her, but it seemed to her he only spied out her faults. The troubles and bitter disappointment of his married life appeared to have made him suspicious and harsh in his judgment. He was very ceremonious with her. He always called her Miss Lauder, never Helena, as in old days. He would not allow her to do anything for him. Once he found that she had walked to the village to procure for him some foreign postcards which he happened to need, and he seemed almost vexed with her. He thanked her politely, but begged her in future not to take so much trouble.

"I should certainly have sent my servant had I known," he said. "The postcards were of no consequence, and I am sorry to think you should have troubled yourself about them."

One night, when Helena was going to sit up with the child, Lord Eugene came into the nursery. The room was lighted only by a faintly flickering fire and a dim night-light. Helena was sitting, her hands folded and her eyes dreamily fixed on the glowing coals, by the little white cot where the child was sleeping.

"Pray go to bed," Eugene whispered. "I am quite able to undertake the watching to-night."

His look belied his words. His eyes were hollow with want of sleep, and there were deep black lines under them.

"No—please, *please* let me sit up," pleaded Helena.

He gazed at her searchingly.

"You are very good," he said, slowly, almost severely, "to do so much for a child who is only a distant relation. It is a duty you have chosen to elect for yourself."

Helena was deeply wounded.

"It may not be my business, as you say," she rejoined, as the warm colour rose in her cheeks, "but I love the child better than any one in the world except my mother."

He turned away, and when after a few minutes Helena again saw his face, she noticed that the dark sad eyes were full of tears. Her heart smote her; no doubt it was sorrow and anxiety that made him so hard on her.

"You won't mind my doing things for Joscelyn," she said, gently, "because he likes having me near him; and you cannot know, Lord Eugene, what a pleasure it is for me to do anything I can for him."

Eugene muttered something that she could not catch, and then, after a pause, "Thank you. Good night."

The end was not far distant. The little child slept himself away one night in May, just as the dawn was breaking. The birds were beginning to chirp and twitter in the boughs of the great sycamore close to the nursery windows. There was a dewy freshness in the air, a chill sense of change without. The little boy sighed once, and turned; his father took one of the tiny hands in his and pressed it gently. Then the child slipped back upon his pillow, and all was quiet, except for the slow regular ticking of the nursery clock.

"I think—I think," said Eugene, "he has done with pain and suffering now."

The last time Eugene saw his little son—"on this side"—the child was lying crowned and surrounded by lilies of the valley, and fresh branches of white lilac and hawthorn. The little hands were folded on the tiny breast, and there was a very sweet smile on the baby face. Joscelyn had always looked, in life, old before his time, and weary; now, for the first time, he had found his childhood. Helena was by the coffin, adding the last few sprays of narcissus to a garland that lay at the child's feet. She tried to leave the room, but Eugene stopped her.

"Don't go," he said; "you loved him as I did."

He stooped down and kissed the little cold forehead.

"Good-bye, my dear, good-bye. God knows I could not wish you back!"

The large burning tears fell from Helena's eyes on the flowers in her hands. There rose in her a storm of compassion and tenderness for this suffering, for the pain of this parting, for the "pity of it all." He gave one last look at the little face set in its frame of white flowers and left the room.

The little coffin was carried down the old oak stairs, and through the sunshine and the shadow of the tender spring green in the park, to the quiet

churchyard. There was a great elder-bush by the wall in a sunny corner, where the birds used to chirp and play all day, and there the little boy was buried. Eugene had arranged to leave Scholefield that same day by the evening train. He came to say good-bye to Mrs. Lauder.

"Shall I say good-bye to Helena for you?" she asked. "She has gone out into the grounds for a little."

Eugene said that he would look for her himself. He wandered through the garden and the shrubberies, and could not find her. It then occurred to him to search for her in a part of the park called the Desert. It was a wild broken piece of ground, dotted here and there with old hawthorns and gnarled maples. As he approached this spot he saw her leaning against the trunk of a thorn. The tall willowy figure, clad in deep mourning, was set in a background of snowy flowering branches. She had taken off her hat, and some of the blossoms, loosened by the gentle evening breeze, had fallen on her soft hair and into the folds of her dress. She started at his footstep, and her eyes met his. There was something unwonted in his expression which troubled her; she could not tell why. He put out his hand and said, "I am come to say good-bye, Helena."

The large dark eyes looked very kindly at her, so kindly that she could not face them, and so looked away from him, down on the fresh green grass.

"I cannot thank you as I ought," he went on. "I can only say 'God bless you, Helena, for your kindness to my darling.' . . . . Until I came to Scholefield, and saw you with him, I thought all the sweetness of life was over for me, and even then I could hardly believe it possible that there could be anything in store for me except bitterness and disappointment. I have nothing to offer you in return. I used to think, if the child had lived, the care of him would have been an inducement to you. Now he is gone. But if you could spare me some of the love you gave him, I would do my best, dear, to make you happy. You have taught me to believe in life again—to think that it may not, after all, be only a delusion and a miserable deception."

And as Helena listened, and understood, there arose in her fresh loving young heart that exquisitely tender pity which is so near akin to love that it can scarcely be distinguished from it. The thought of Eugene's suffering seemed to wound her past all other pain, and in that one moment her whole heart went out to him.

So the two lingered under the sweet almond-scented hawthorns, while the deep evening shadows and the soft river mists came up slowly over the churchyard in the valley, and covered the elder-bush, and the newly made grave of the little child they had loved.

ANNE FELLOWES.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF A HOLIDAY.

"HOW" heads our title, and shall be the starting point of our paper, not, however, in the first place "How to make the most of a holiday," but how to get it. "First, catch your hare," etc.

And as this is a somewhat serious sermon on a topic of importance to all our readers we will treat it with some method under no less than the seven heads of How—when—who—why—where—which—what; that is—how we get it—when we go—whom we take—why we go—where we go—which way we travel—and what we do when there.

The need, real or supposed, of a holiday is now well-nigh universal. We have yet left among us reproachful reminiscences of a sterner age when holidays were supposed to be well-nigh unknown. These gentleman and lady relics make us feel rather uncomfortable and small generally, just when we are packing up, by repeating with self-righteous air; the one, "*He* never left business for a day for thirty years," the other "*She* never went gadding about and leaving her home at sixes and sevens, not she!" But we need not take all this too much to heart, for when we come to inquire into the manners and customs of these early ages we find that though pleasure and business were not exactly synonymous, they were very agreeably intermingled even on ordinary days, while the number of odd days off under the head of holydays was much larger than even is now allowed. Business means business now and plenty of it, and all at high pressure. Nine o'clock means nine sharp, and leaving at five o'clock often means half-past six, while the dinner hour may only contain twenty minutes. And the strain, the rush, the competition is getting fiercer every year, so that the quieter spirits, disgusted with it, are slipping off by hundreds to Kansas and British Columbia, only to find that the restless money-making spirit of the age has found its way to the West long before them.

Let the workers then enjoy their prerogative of a good annual holiday with a free conscience, for they both need and deserve it in the present day. The drones know not even the meaning of the word; for the pleasures of rest only belong to those who work. How, then, are we to get this needed holiday? The answer a good deal depends upon the nature of our work. If we are our own masters, it is nowadays often harder to get a holiday than if we are servants; and certainly harder to enjoy it. For the former a holiday generally means a direct money loss and too frequently a great deal of burden and worry all the time. While to the latter a holiday involves no pecuniary loss whatever, and the business cares are generally left behind with the office coat.

St. Lubbock has lengthened our Easter and Christmas, and given a vast number of people, besides Whit Monday, a day in August; but the holiday we now seek is far more ambitious. We are allowed, it may be, a clear fortnight with three Sundays in it! So that "How to get it" is already settled; and as to our work, it will look after itself very well while we are away.

This is all very fine; but what about you, my friend, the overtasked head of your own small business or profession? You want a holiday. How are you to get it? There are various ways. You can just take it. Or if you cannot screw up your courage to this, you can have it ordered for you by the doctor; for he must indeed be unworthy of the name who, when you come with your pale wan face and ask, "Don't you think a little change would do me good, doctor?" would answer, "No." Having then decided you must get away, remember that a fortnight does more than twice as much good as a week; and a month, all taken at once, far more than twice as much good as a fortnight. Take then as long a holiday as you can.

And now, "How can you most enjoy it?" First, as we have seen, by having earned it. Then by making full preparation for it. Why in many cases the arrangements and the planning of the tour almost equal the great event itself. Bradshaw and Baedeker disclose visions of exquisite pleasure; sniffs of mountain or of ozone come out of the one, and the well-known flavour of continental cities and hotels out of the other, as with map before us we arrange and rearrange our fourteen days, till we have reached absolute perfection. Then the light tourist suit, the shooting or fishing gear, the knapsack or portmanteau, the soft low hat or deerstalker, instead of the black Stilton of fashion, are all things of great joy. So that it is a great mistake to take a holiday suddenly, and lose all these pleasurable weeks of anticipation; besides which, if a business man wishes to enjoy himself, his affairs must be left in perfect order, every contingency provided for, so that as far as possible every load of care or worry may be lifted off him for the time.

Having then at last got our holiday and prepared for it, "When is the best time to take it?" Of course, actually, this has already been decided, but still we must discuss it a little. Nearly all schools now run on to the end of July, and August and September are getting more and more recognised as the proper time for the universal exodus. There are both advantages and disadvantages in setting aside this unwritten law. If you go away in May, June, or October, you cannot of course have your children with you; you have a sneaking feeling when away that you ought to be at work, and are not quite happy in the half empty resort as you think of all your friends still slaving away in town; and on the other hand you are still more uncomfortable when you return, and it is all over for another year, to find all your friends are just about to start, and that you are left to grill in town alone, while they are disporting themselves over Europe. It has, however, its advantages. Prices are everywhere lower, you are not so crowded, and meet with much more civility. Tourists' prices and fares are in full swing, though the season proper is not at its height. In May and June everything is fresher and more beautiful than in August and September; still, with all this, in most cases at any rate, the balance turns the other way, and in spite of crowding and high prices it is found to be on the whole the most pleasant to take the holiday in August or September with the crowd.

Now, "Who is to go"? That is the next question, and it is best considered in conjunction with the fourth, "Why are you going?" Of course, in the first place, you must have a wife and children before you can take them. Having then, these, it is the "Why" that must determine the "Who." If you are not much overpressed, overwearied, and overworried, and are fairly fond of children, you may find a charm in the family circle in the holiday time you could never enjoy during the press of business. Not a few men use this time actually to strike up an acquaintance with their wife and children, and certainly see more of them then than during the rest of the year.

Paterfamilias, therefore, may after all be a wise man who pronounces the word "Margate, Southend, Eastbourne, or Bournemouth," as he is driven off with his wife and smiling family in a railway omnibus. If he is, however, overtaxed and overdriven a wise modification is made. He may leave home in the same engaging manner, but not for the same end; for lo! and behold, no sooner are the lodgings taken and the children well armed with seaside impedimenta, than father and mother say good-bye and proceed for a further flight elsewhere. And last of all, reasons may compel the married man to go alone. The guiding principle in every case should be to choose that which conduces most to his own health, consistently as far as possible with the legitimate claims and wishes of those around him. But you, my friend, are not a Benedict—not a bit of it. Why are you going away?

"Oh; for pleasure!" Then take some congenial companion with you, and see that your draught of pleasure contains no drop of poison at the bottom.

"No; for health." You have recovered from some trying illness. Then go if you can to stay with some good friends, who will take care of you and see that you are not overstrained.

"No; for complete change." Then go alone abroad, unless you feel you would like a friend; for you get more change if alone amongst strangers than if you bring a well-known face with you. And no change at home is so complete as one abroad. The whole current of thought and life flows in a different channel, and you discover to your surprise that John Bull is not, as you thought, the accepted type of all creation.

"No; for entire rest from overwork." Here there is no harm in going with congenial spirits or to congenial spirits. Nothing, however, to tax

or try the brain—no children, no aged people. Only those who are really congenial, and not the weight of a feather. Do be firm in this. Many a one has lost his well-earned and sorely-needed holiday, as far as any good it has been, altogether solely from being too good-natured in the question of "Who shall go?" Be therefore firm. Do not take any one with the idea of "putting-up" with anything. You cannot afford to have to "put up" at all now, you have enough of that in your business. These are golden days for you, and all too few. Make the most of them wisely. And now turn to the next and all-important question, "Where to go?"

"Where to go" is indeed the most important question of all. The answer is mainly dependent on two things, our wishes and our purse. We will, to simplify matters, disregard at first the question of finance altogether, and assume that money is no object, and in considering "where to go" will review some of the well-known types of places already existing.

The seaside watering-place in the season needs but little description. Like all else on earth it has its "draws" and drawbacks. Amongst the latter we notice it is very dear and very crowded, and the night in the hot bedroom often undoes the good of the day in the ozone. It suits, however, large families of small children, and also a certain class of young lady, and more rarely of young man. It presents as "draws" first of all the unrivalled attraction of the ever-changing and ever-beautiful sea. The shore is the children's paradise. The ecstasies of standing bare-legged in a sandpit surrounded by an incoming tide must be felt to be realised. The parade, the pier, and the band attract children of a larger growth. There is a bustle and a constant variety that suits certain stages of nervous depression far better than the solitary loch or moor; for such, and also for those who are never happy away from their friends, Margate may be far superior to Mull, or Scarborough to Skye. It is quite absurd to raise a general cry against the British watering-place because it does not suit all, for it suits many, and my observation leads me to believe that those whom it does suit return from their holiday quite as well and as much refreshed as more highly strung souls who attempt more ambitious flights. You need not go yourself, but do not revile those who do.

Some must have the sea, but do not like the crowd; so they go to that partially extinct variety, the quiet watering-place. Such are still to be found in Cornwall, South Wales, anywhere in Ireland, which is the paradise of quiet watering-places, and on parts of the east coast. These places are generally rather inaccessible, and are not provided with that useful institution, "the husband's Saturday afternoon and Monday morning trains." While they are not quite so expensive as the more crowded places, on the other hand the provisions and attractions are often not so good or varied. But there is quiet, there is calm, no niggers, no two and four-horse abominations in the way of pleasure vans, no excursion trains, no cheap photographers, or other iniquities. The tone, if subdued, is more refined, and will suit sensitive and nervous people, and another variety of overwrought people better. Select family or friendly parties carefully arranged at such places may result in a truly typical holiday, where all are refreshed and none are annoyed. Such places suit the more educated classes.

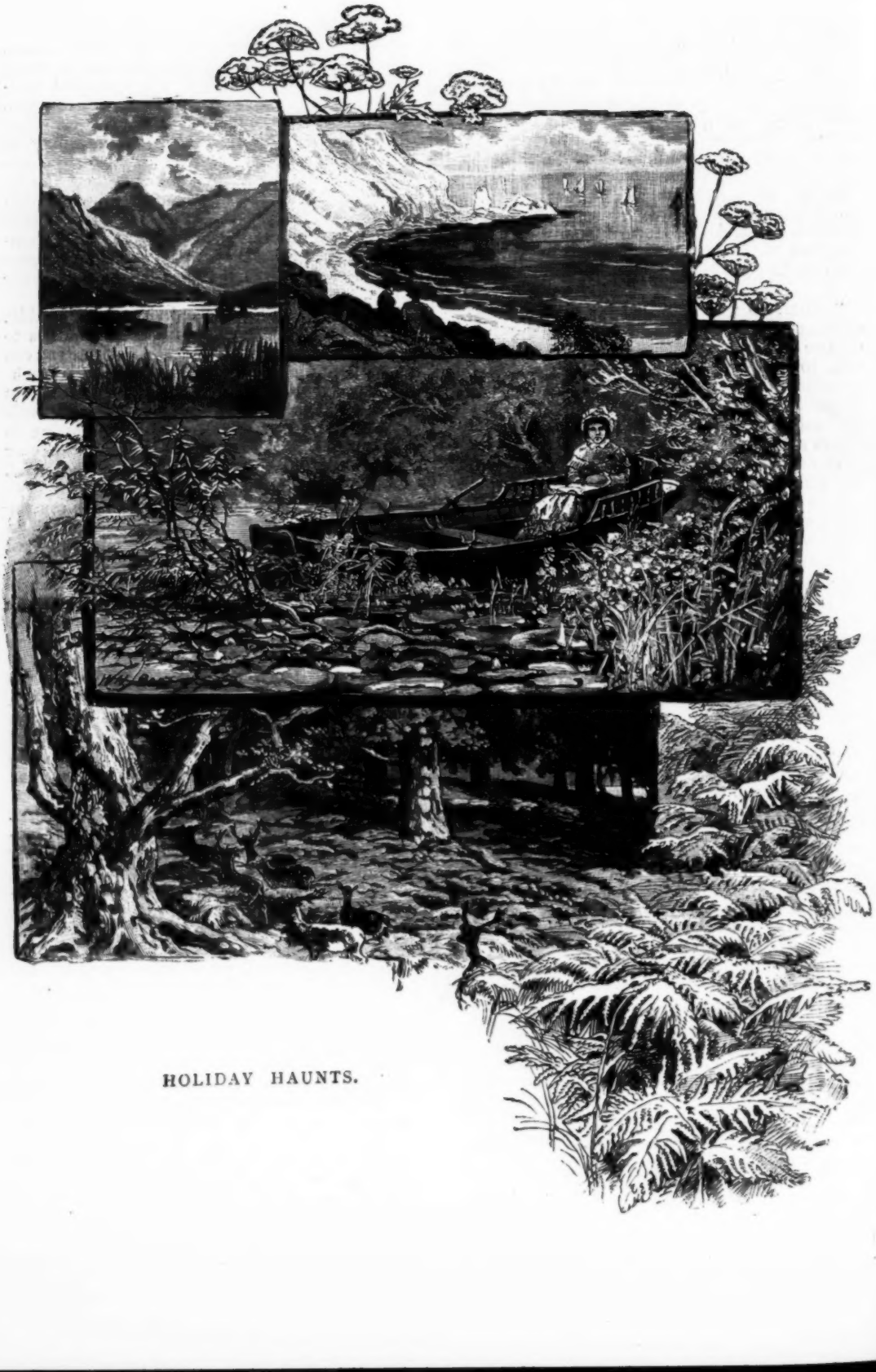
Then there is the Swiss holiday, including, of course, this year, say four days for the Paris Exhibition, leaving a clear ten days out of the fortnight for Switzerland. Here again exactly the same distinctions hold as at home. There are the popular resorts (as a rule the prettiest places in the country—remember that!) where the multitude congregate in such crowds that you can hardly tell the Righi, for example, from Ramsgate.

Go quietly, and do not overdo it at the *table d'hôte*, and *don't* use bad language if the sun refuses to rise on the Righi, or elsewhere. Of course you can improve on the ordinary round *ad libitum*, reaching places more and more out of the stream, but not more beautiful. You can reach with but little fatigue, and not so much danger as crossing in front of the Mansion House, elevations of over 10,000 feet at the Gorner Graf, above the Riffel, and at the Jardin at Chamounix.

Beware, however, of too rashly rushing from the office into the fatigues of a prolonged climb in Switzerland. People who are untrained and have no time to train ought not to risk internal strains by making any great ascents. Even Mürren will make a worthy alderman blow hard, and if you be such an one, saddle your ass and ride, or at any rate hold on to the tail of a horse up the steep bits.

The great drawback to the Swiss tour is the long and wearisome railway journey. Remember, however, that after you have been at home a short time this will be forgotten; but Switzerland will not, and many a time will its glorious memories revive your flagging energies when once more at the grindstone.

A Scotch tour is a different affair altogether. There is not the complete change that the Continent gives, but there is scenery of a totally different order, with other companions, too. Here, at any rate, that ubiquitous German, who has developed such great travelling habits of late all over Europe, is absent. We get Americans, but not the Yankee of caricature. Refined, delicate women, and pleasant, well-informed men are the rule now, and often make us look closely enough to our own homespun manners. If a fairly good sailor, the best tour far and away for a week or ten days is in a Macbrayne's steamer from Greenock through the Western Islands. You get the best of food, the swiftest of steamers, the pleasantest of company, and a moving panorama that will very soon use up every laudatory adjective in your collection. The scenery in the Highlands is refined to the last degree; the villages lack the pretty toy look of those in Switzerland, the mountains are not snow-capped, but Caledonia is sublime in its simplicity, wildness, and grandeur, and the national landscapes of moor, lock, and mountain are unsurpassed in colour and effect. If you go up the Caledonian Canal—and do so by all means (for though you may have seen the Regent's Canal



HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

from the footbridge in the Zoological Gardens, you will find that in the Caledonian there is both a distinction and a difference)—do not come down it again; but rather, far rather, take the train round to Strome Ferry by the Highland Railway, stopping if you can to see Strathpeffer, which is very pretty, and from Strome Ferry go through the lovely Kyleachin and Loch Alsh back to Oban. Then again (and do attend to these little hints), do not return to Glasgow by water—one way is enough; but return by a railway which surpasses all others in Scotland for the variety and grandeur of its scenery within so short a compass, that from Oban to Stirling. In the Western Highlands and in all parts of Scotland there are no lack of solitary inns and villages where the stillness is simply intense. But these can scarcely be enjoyed unless the tourist be a sportsman or an artist. If either of these it is here he *will* enjoy himself.

And while speaking of Scotland let me say one word as to the undeserved neglect that has fallen on the sister isle. Finer fishing by far can be enjoyed there by the tourist, and the finest scenery traversed at most moderate expense. One can have no hesitation whatever in earnestly recommending as a most enjoyable trip, combining uncommon incidents of country life with the wildest grandeur of scenery, either the Connemara and Achill tour in the west, the Wicklow tour near Dublin, or that including the Giant's Causeway in the north.

Norway is simply Scotland writ large, with the addition of a foreign flavour and a higher latitude.

To a man of peaceful and quiet mind, and a lover of pretty scenery, the Lake district, though small, will afford the keenest pleasure, but not to the restless, excitement-loving mind so common nowadays. For these, as well as for the man of education and observation who has perhaps gone over the better-known rounds, and who abhors the very idea of a watering-place, there is an endless variety of ingenious, unconventional trips to be discussed. For instance, what can be more novel than a combined yachting, fishing, and shooting excursion on the Norfolk Broads, with the added advantage of having your friends or family (if you have any) established in one of those numerous farmhouses near, which take in visitors, a complete list of which with all particulars is so courteously furnished by the Great Eastern Company on application. A friend of mine started the other day with his two girls to go through the Ardennes, in Belgium, with a donkey. Other friends charter a boat on the upper waters of the Seine or Loire and explore the river to its mouth. Another party, again, have a small steam launch and go puffing away over the canals of Holland. A walking tour along the South Coast of England, from Portsmouth west, is full of interest and incident, and I have heard of capital riding tours in Surrey. Driving tours are not unpopular. One family I know of, indeed, who always make a walking tour of their journey from their London to their Scotch house, all the children walking with their parents, and the baby being pushed in the perambulator by the nurse the whole way, the only luggage being a small handbag each, and the average distance travelled daily being, I believe, about twelve miles. Delightful trips may be made by boat on the larger English rivers, or by cycle almost anywhere when there are good roads.

One word as to expense. The cheapest tours for those who are not too old are the walking, bicycling, and boating tours at home. If of riper years, the Scotch steamer tours (not the land tours) and the Irish tours are very reasonable. Ordinary railway, coaching, or driving tours are decidedly expensive. Abroad, nothing gives you at all the value for your money like the ordinary Swiss tour. The expenses of touring range from a minimum of 7*s.* 6*d.* a day to a maximum of about £1 10*s.*, which ought to include most necessaries unless very great distances are covered.

From a health point of view the different modes of travelling are not unimportant. Walking (not exceeding an average of fifteen to twenty miles a day) is undoubtedly very healthy between fourteen and forty years of age. Boating is good at all ages, and especially for girls. Cycling in moderation is *not* hurtful, but it must be in moderation, particularly if there are ladies in the party. Coaching is most enjoyable, and good in every way. Steamboat travelling specially suits some nervous temperaments and some weak constitutions who could not travel in any other way, and is without a drawback to any who are good sailors. Railway travelling should only be used to take you to and from your pleasure ground, and is a necessary evil. Perhaps a combination of the different ways of travelling produces the best results, and is the most agreeable.

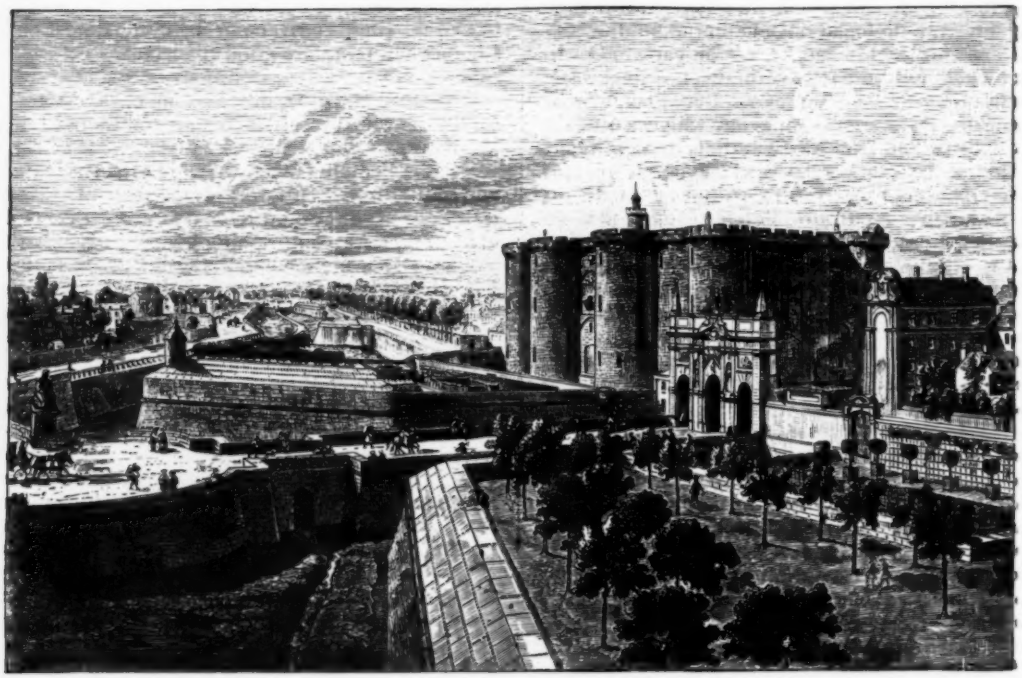
Lastly, then, having arrived at our pleasure haunt, how are we to spend our time?

First of all we are not to "do" all the lions of the place, particularly if abroad. If your aim is simply health, avoid most carefully picture galleries (excepting just a peep), and be very careful not to overdo cathedrals and old ruins. If you travel as a student it is well to remember that the pursuit of knowledge is not holiday-making; but if you seek physical restoration as a first necessity to duty, do not be dragged here, there, and everywhere from morn to eve to places simply because you "ought" to see them. Enjoy to the utmost every beauty of nature. These are picture galleries that will not make your eyes and brain ache; here are cathedral spires that it will not weary you to survey. Change in the ordinary current of thought is often refreshing and helpful, but when the body needs recruitment, spend every moment that you can of your holiday in the open air. Do not waste the fine evenings over *tables d'hôte* or in crowded drawing-rooms, or the early mornings in the poisonous air of a small bedroom.

ALFRED SCHOFIELD, M.D.

THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

JULY 14, 1789.



THE BASTILLE, FROM THE FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE.

After a plate by Hoffbauer in "Paris à Travers les Ages."

ARTHUR YOUNG, in his "Voyages in France," relates the following fact, which he says that he had on the best authority. In 1753 the English ambassador in France, Lord Albemarle, having business with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was introduced into a small cabinet and asked to wait a moment until the minister was disengaged. His eye fell on a large paper on the table, and he could not help seeing that it was a list of the prisoners in the Bastille, and that the first name on the list was Gordon. When the minister came in, Lord Albemarle apologised for having involuntarily seen the paper, and the other replied that it was of no consequence, as they made no secret of the names. "If that is so, might I ask for what reason the first on the list has been put in the Bastille, since from the name he is probably a British subject." The minister knew nothing about it, but would make inquiry. The next time he saw Lord Albemarle he told him that, finding no one who could give the slightest information as to the case, he had the prisoner himself interrogated, who solemnly affirmed that he had not the smallest knowledge nor even suspicion of the cause of his imprisonment, but that he had been confined there for thirty years. "However," added the minister, "I ordered him to be immediately released, and he is now at large."

The incident is typical. The Bastille to which it relates being the most imposing symbol of the *ancien régime*, its capture by the people of Paris on July 14, 1789, was regarded as the death-knell of the old order. As it took place exactly one hundred years ago this month, it is a suitable occasion to tell the stirring story.

Of the thousands of persons who took part in this adventure not one, as far as is known, had the slightest personal reason to fear imprisonment in the Bastille, either for himself or his comrades. For it was a prison into which only noblemen or priests, literary men, *savans*, or publishers, were thrown. It was essentially an aristocratic prison, a place in which the eminent men of the country could be shut up and silenced. Its gloomy towers represented the oppression of the human mind, and symbolised above all things despotic tyranny. It was to set thought free and to strike a blow for human liberty that the people of Paris rose against the Bastille.

But before we relate how against all reasonable probability their apparently wild enterprise was marvellously crowned with success, we may refer to three persons, whose sheer determination not to be suppressed prepared the way.

The first was an engineer named De Latude, who in 1749 was shut up by *lettre de cachet* for

offending Madame de Pompadour, and was kept without form of trial in the state prisons for thirty-five years. He might have been released at her death, but refusing to be silent about his wrongs, the police kept him confined indefinitely. From the Bastille he was sent to Vincennes, then shut up with the mad at Charenton, finally put into the Bicêtre—foulest of all the gaols in Paris. He had tasted every form of prison horror existing at the time; he had rotted in solitary dungeons near sewers, with no companions but rats, toads, and lizards, and had shared in human hells where embruted crowds hustled and cursed, tormented by vermin and by each other. But he would not surrender the hope of liberty, writing memorial after memorial, believing against all appearance to the contrary that justice must triumph at last. When they refused him ink he wrote with his blood; when he could get no paper he wrote on bread.

At last, when he was sixty years old, one of his memorials fell into the hands of a woman who kept a haberdasher's shop. Indignant at such injustice, this good-hearted woman devoted herself to the one object of obtaining Latude's release. Driven about for three years from one law court to another, she at last attracted the notice of some excellent people, and in 1783 the French Academy voted her the Prize of Virtue. This gave such notoriety to her efforts that Latude's release could no longer be resisted, and he was set at large in 1784.

The sensation this story caused was accentuated by a work published by another prisoner of the Bastille named Linguet. He was not at all a man belonging to the coming world, but his sufferings filled him with a determination to expose everywhere the Bastille as a place where every law was violated. He put a frontispiece to his book which represented the Bastille struck by lightning, its towers falling, the clock in the great court pointing to twenty minutes to five o'clock. Zadkiel would never have left off glorifying himself had he made so exact a prophecy, for it so happened that this was pretty near about the time in the day that the ruin of the Bastille commenced, and it is said that the day itself was the anniversary of Linguet's birth.

Rarely since the taking of Jericho has a great stronghold fallen in a manner so wonderful. Its walls were 9½ feet thick, rose to a height of 102 feet above a wide moat, and were flanked by eight towers. The only communication with the outer world was covered by a barrier of strong girders masked in iron. Two drawbridges, one very narrow, crossed the moat in front of this barrier communicating with the Government court, so called from its containing the governor's private house. This court in its turn communicated with that which led to the outer gate by a drawbridge crossing the outer moat.

The keep seen on any side presented a hard and cruel aspect, its eight towers surmounted by cannon dominating the city and the Faubourg St. Antoine. Through the long loopholes tiers upon tiers of soldiers could fire on an assailing force without running any risk. The Bastille, moreover, had an arsenal of its own plentifully supplied with ammunition.

To understand the full meaning of its capture at this juncture it is necessary to recall the course of events during May and June, 1789.

On the 5th of May the States-General, so longed for by all France, had been opened. A great constitutional struggle at once ensued as to whether the deputies should vote by orders or by heads, and it had ended after a contest of two months full of striking incidents in the complete victory of the Third Estate or Commons; the clergy and the nobility finally uniting with them in one common National Assembly. But there remained a powerful party in the Court, having at its head the Queen and the Comte d'Artois, who were determined not to submit. Louis XVI, who had the best intentions but the feeblest of wills, vacillated between the contending influence of his minister Necker and that of Marie Antoinette. At last that of the latter completely prevailed, and on the 11th of July the popular minister was dismissed, absolute silence and immediate flight from France being imposed upon him.

In place of Necker and the ministers who had brought about the calling of the States-General new



MEDAL IN HONOUR OF NECKER.

men came into power, whose characters pointed to an intention to suppress all the hopes of the country by a despotic use of military force. The Marshal de Broglie, an old general with military ideas, took the Ministry of War, with Foulon, one of the most unpopular men in France, for his assistant. The Baron de Breteuil was Minister of Paris, with Foulon's son-in-law, Bertier, for intendant. Troops were gathered from all parts and massed in the environs of Paris, the Baron de Besenval, the Queen's mentor, being united with De Broglie in the direction of affairs.

The Assembly, though sitting at Versailles, knew nothing of what had happened until the following day, and when they addressed the King could get nothing but short unsatisfactory answers.

The news reached Paris at midday on Sunday the 12th. A man suddenly rushed into the Palais Royal and announced to the throng assembled

there that Necker was dismissed. It was regarded as incredible, but the news being soon confirmed there was a great commotion. In one group, a young man having expressed his wonder that the people did not rise, he was pressed to get on a table and say so. Hardly knowing what he was doing, he cried excitedly, "*Aux armes! Aux armes!* and let us all wear a green cockade, it is the colour of hope." The enthusiasm with which his words were greeted was immense. He was nearly smothered in embraces, and all the shops were ransacked for green ribbons, those who could not get them tearing off branches of the trees.

The next thought was to go to the atelier of a sculptor in the Palais Royal, M. Curtius. Here two busts of Necker and the Duke of Orleans were procured and carried at the head of a procession through the streets. Met at the Place Vendome by a detachment of the Royal Germans and the Lorraine Dragoons, the people were run down and sabred, the young man carrying the bust of Necker being killed. However, the people finding a pile of stones pelted the soldiers; the detachments turned and rode back to the main body under the Prince de Lambesc, who for some inexplicable reason led his troops into the garden of the Tuileries, terribly alarming the inoffensive strollers. Suddenly some Gardes Françaises, who sympathised with the popular cause, fired at the Prince de Lambesc's troops, and then a cannon went off. It was a signal for the troops outside to advance, but it did more, for it caused the cry "aux armes" to become general.

In the evening the Royal Germans penetrated into the heart of the city, but the Gardes Françaises again fired and killed three of them.

All this was to the last degree alarming, since it precursed a struggle which could hardly fail to end in the subjugation of Paris to military authority and the dissolution of the National Assembly. The municipal authorities, never much more than phantoms, the real power in pre-revolution Paris lying with the lieutenant of the police, now seemed paralysed, unable probably to make up their minds which would conquer, Paris or the Court.

The persons elected by the three orders to choose the deputies for Paris to the States-General, and known as the electors of Paris, went the same evening to the Hôtel de Ville, and calling upon the permanent officials to help them, determined to raise a municipal militia of 48,000 men to preserve order and defend the city. Sixty thousand men at once enrolled themselves. But they had neither arms nor ammunition. The unfortunate Provost of the Traders, M. de Flesselles, who was a sort of mayor of Paris, made himself dangerously unpopular by answering the cries for arms with subterfuges, hoping possibly to gain time.

Another pressing question was the supply of food. The people of Paris were even then very near to starvation. Many regulations had been made to ensure food to every one; amongst others the people had to stand in lines at the bakers' shops. After all they complained that the wheat they got was black and bitter, and made them ill. Now the lieutenant of the police told the electors that, owing to the masses of troops round Paris, there would be no more supplies, as the farmers and provision merchants would not risk the difficulties. The outlook was dark in the extreme.

The next morning at six o'clock the tocsin was ringing in every church in Paris, and news was brought to the Hôtel de Ville that the Convent of St. Lazare, supposed to contain a supply of corn, had been attacked and pillaged.

The municipal militia just formed were still crying for arms, and the Permanent Committee, which was the name the new authorities took, not knowing how to provide them, ordered the manufacture of 50,000 pikes. Some one in the crowd suggested the armoury at the Garde Meuble, a collection of arms of all periods. They were seized, and the new militiamen were going about with weapons, ancient and modern, of every style and fashion. Two Siamese cannon were dragged off; the Gardes Française brought some artillery; finally a boat laden with gunpowder was discovered in the Seine at the Porte St. Nicholas. Its contents were carried to the Hôtel de Ville and placed under the care of an indefatigable abbé, who for thirty-six consecutive hours undertook the dangerous task of dealing it out.

On the night of the 13th every house was illuminated. Few but children slept. When morning dawned every one had the same thought: "Let us take the Bastille." The impulsion came from no single person or body of persons, it seemed to have been a spontaneous, universal idea.

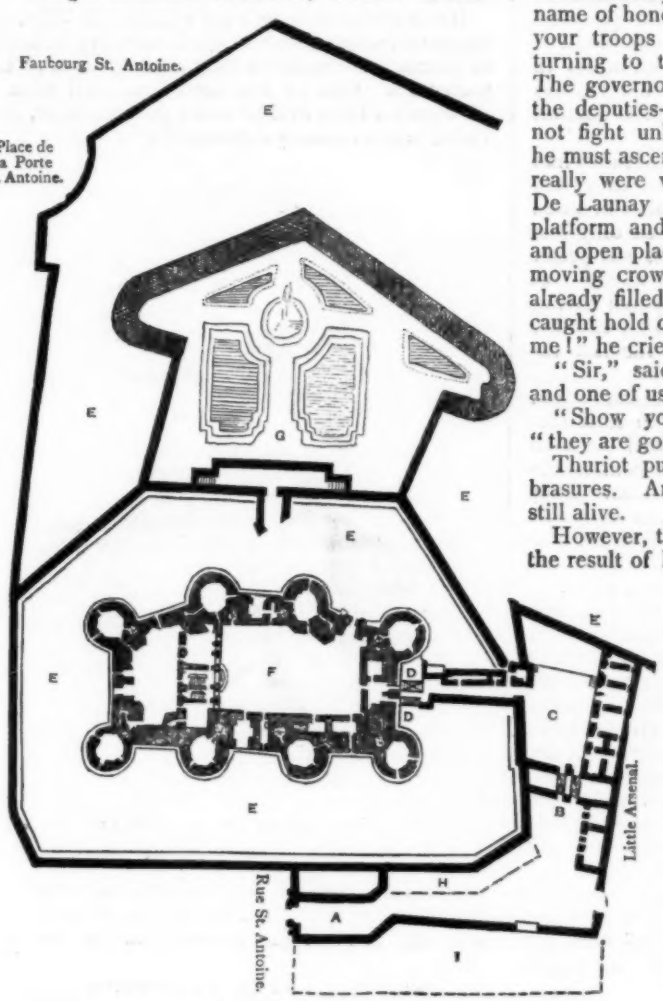
The electors, composed of men of business, learned men from the Academy, eminent lawyers, popular priests, and noblemen were the last persons in the world to lead an attempt comparable only to that of Jeanne d'Arc. They accordingly did their best to prevent it by sending a deputation to induce the governor to appease the popular excitement by withdrawing the cannon; which he not only consented to do, but entertained his visitors to breakfast. However, the wrath heaped up for ages was not to be thus restrained. The cry rose stronger as the day advanced, "The Bastille must be taken!"

But how, and by what means? The people were unarmed. They had powder, and in a few hours they would have pikes, but the 14th of July had come, and time would not wait.

Suddenly the people remembered the Invalides; in its cellars were innumerable stacks of arms. The electors, compelled to act on the cry, sent the procureur of the city to request the governor, M. de Sombreuil, to hand them over. An immense crowd followed the procureur. The governor represented the delicacy of his position; he could not violate his trust. But the case was exigent, the people rushed in and overwhelmed the Invalides, 28,000 muskets were seized and twenty pieces of cannon taken. The governor could have prevented it had he dared to attack the people, for he had just been reinforced with a strong detachment of artillery, and there opposite to him lay De Besenval, joint commander with De Broglie, able to take the people in flank if they escaped the cannon of the Invalides.

But every one in authority was smitten on this famous day with inward fear. At five o'clock in the morning a man with pallid face and fiery eyes stood before De Besenval, and in an authoritative manner warned him not to resist. "The barriers," said he, "will be burned to-day; I am sure of that. I can do nothing, neither can you. Do not attempt to prevent it."

"I ought to have arrested him," said De Besenval afterwards; "but there was inexplicable eloquence about the man, and I did not."



PLAN OF THE BASTILLE.

A Entrance Court.
B First Drawbridges.
C Government Court.
D D Second Drawbridges.
E E E E E E Moats.
F Great Court.
G Garden on the Bastion.
H Barracks.
I Magazine of Arms.

Just as the representatives of the electors were quitting the Bastille, the herald of the approaching besiegers arrived and summoned the Bastille to surrender. Thuriot de la Rosière, a Norman who made himself terrible to-day, as he will again on the 9th Thermidor, now announced himself as the deputy for St. Louis de la Culture. He is of the same temper as Mirabeau and Danton; he is audacity itself. Told that he cannot pass the drawbridge (B), he crosses at once and walks straight from the first court (A) to the second (C). At the second drawbridge (D) he is again refused. He passes over it without further parley and stands before the great barrier. He looks through its cross-bars, and addressing the governor says, "I summon you in the name of the people, in the name of honour, and of the country, to withdraw your troops and surrender the Bastille." And turning to the garrison he repeats the words. The governor repeated what he had just said to the deputies—he would remove his guns, would not fight unless attacked. Thuriot replied that he must ascend the towers to see if the cannon really were withdrawn. Pressed by his officers De Launay consented. Arrived at the upper platform and looking down they saw the streets and open places in the neighbourhood black with moving crowds, and the garden of the arsenal already filled with armed men. The governor caught hold of the deputy. "You have betrayed me!" he cried.

"Sir," said this terrible man, "another word and one of us goes to the bottom of the moat!"

"Show yourself," interrupted the sentinel; "they are going to begin the attack."

Thuriot put his head out at one of the embrasures. An immense cheer arose to see him still alive.

However, the people were far from satisfied at the result of his visit, and when Thuriot departed to make his report at the Hôtel de Ville they themselves began a parley which ended in something that looked like treachery, for the first drawbridge (B) was let down, then suddenly raised, and a volley of shot poured on the people. For a moment there was hesitation, then an intrepid man, an old soldier, got on the roof of one of the guard-houses, and another followed. The two sprang into the government court (C) and broke the chains of the drawbridge (B) with hatchets. It fell, and the next moment the people filled the court and began to fire on the garrison. This went on for an hour, the losses being all on the side of the people. After a time the besiegers dragged in some carriages, which being filled with straw and lighted hid them in a cloud of smoke.

Meanwhile the Permanent Committee at the Hôtel de Ville made another effort to effect an arrangement with the governor. The new envoys were to press for the handing over of the Bastille to the municipal militia. The Abbé Fauchet led the deputation, but nobody listened to it, and it withdrew with some peril. A second, heralded by drums and a flag, brought the procureur of the city. The soldiers on the towers raised a white flag, but the Swiss below, not seeing the signal, fired at the same moment on the people, arousing

their fury to the highest pitch, destroying all chance of an arrangement.

There were still numberless persons in the city who had remained quiet; now, however, learning how great and yet how unequal was the struggle, they all wished to take part in it. The Gardes Françaises could no longer be restrained, but went to their commanders and obliged them to give them five cannon. Two columns then formed: one of the people, led by a tall and powerful young man named Hulin; the other, composed of Gardes Françaises, was led by Elie, an officer in the service of the Queen. Among his soldiers was Marceau, afterwards one of the most famous generals of the Revolution.

They found the besiegers discouraged; they had bewildered themselves with the fires they had lighted, and had lost 163 of their number in killed and wounded, while the besieged had only lost one man. Time was pressing, for it was pretty certain that there would soon be an advance of the camps surrounding the city, a despatch having been intercepted from De Besenval to De Launay, ordering the latter to hold out to the last extremity.

What effect, if any, these new contingents would have had in reducing the Bastille to surrender must ever remain in doubt, for the real cause of its fall was the panic which from the commencement seems to have seized the garrison. They soon urged surrender, and the governor was in an agony of doubt. Had he not happily been prevented by some of his soldiers, he would have blown up the Bastille and buried the quarter in ruins.

A parley was now sounded, and the white flag raised. It was too late; the people considered it a trap and continued to fire. A Swiss officer then put his head through the battlements and asked that the garrison might retire with the honours of war. No, no, was the response. He then put out a paper, crying out at the same time that the place should be surrendered if they would not massacre the soldiers. A long plank was obtained and placed against the parapet; a man ran up to get the paper, but fell into the moat and was killed.

Maillard now made the attempt and succeeded in snatching the paper. It said: "We have ten tons of gunpowder; we will blow up both the garrison and the quarter if you do not accept the capitulation."

"We accept it," cried Elie. "Lower the drawbridge."

The little drawbridge (D) was then lowered, and all the men who had played a leading part sprang upon it. In about two minutes the door in front of the bridge was opened, and a soldier asked what they wanted?

"The surrender of the Bastille."

At that same moment the conquerors had lowered the great drawbridge, the grenadier Arné sprang on it, followed by the crowd. When the conquerors entered the great court (F) they found the soldiers all drawn up, the Swiss being to the left.

They were at first treated with humanity, but unfortunately some soldiers on the upper parts of the building, unaware that the place had surrendered, fired on the crowd; the people threw themselves with fury on the garrison, and killed the very one who had saved the whole quarter from being destroyed. The Marquis de Launay was with great difficulty got out of the Bastille, and escorted by Hulin and Elie through the streets, Elie carrying the capitulation on the point of a sword.

It was a terrible march to the Hôtel de Ville, for the crowd wishing to tear their unhappy prisoner to pieces, were ready in their rage to destroy his protectors. One of the escort received such a blow on his head that he could go no farther, and Hulin was so utterly exhausted that before they



THE GOVERNOR OF THE BASTILLE.

reached the Hôtel de Ville he could no longer protect his prisoner. In a few moments he saw the bleeding head of the governor on the end of a pike.

About five o'clock in the afternoon a wild cry rose in the square, a cry growing louder and louder, coming nearer and nearer, like the roar of an approaching storm: "The Bastille is taken!"

The hall was full, but all of a sudden a thousand men were forcing their way in, and ten thousand were behind. A man crowned with laurels was being carried on the shoulders of the crowd, another bore the regulations of the Bastille at the end of his bayonet, a third carried the keys of the fortress.

In the midst of the rejoicing public indignation was directed against the Provost of the Traders, who was suspected of having acted a double part since joining the committee. Harried by the crowd M. de Flesselles rose to leave the hall, but as he came out some one fired at him on

the steps; he fell, and his head being severed from his body, was with that of De Launay carried through the streets.

An English traveller[1] who happened to be in Paris during this eventful week, but who knew so little of what was moving the hearts of the people as to spend the greater part of this 14th of July in visiting some gardens at Monceaux, got home to his hotel in the Palais Royal about five o'clock. He soon learnt the great news, and going into the streets was witness to the almost delirious joy which possessed the people. "Shouts and shrieks, leaping and embracing, laughter and tears, every sound and every gesture, including even what approached to nervous and hysterical affection, manifested among the promiscuous crowd such an instantaneous and unanimous emotion of extreme gladness as I should suppose was never before experienced by human beings. We were recognised as Englishmen; we were embraced as freemen, 'for Frenchmen,' said they, 'are now as free as yourselves; henceforward no longer enemies, we are brothers, and wars shall never more divide us.' We caught the general enthusiasm, we joined in the joyful shouts of liberty, we shook hands most cordially with freed Frenchmen. For myself I shall ever be proud to remember the emotion that was raised in me at the time; never was a scene more intensely interesting, never were my feelings so truly delightful. The crowd passed on to the Palais Royal, and in a few minutes another succeeded. Its approach was also announced by loud and triumphant acclamations, but as it came nearer we soon perceived a different character, and though bearing additional testimony to the fact reported by the first crowd, the impression by it on the people was of a very different kind. A deep and hollow murmur at once pervaded them, their countenances expressing amazement mingled with alarm. We could not at first explain these circumstances, but as we pressed more to the centre of the crowd we suddenly partook of the general sensation, for we then, and not till then, perceived two bloody heads raised on pikes, which were said to be the heads of the Marquis de Launay, Governor of the Bastille, and of Monsieur Flesselles, Prévot des Marchands. It was a chilling and a horrid sight!"



MEDAL OF THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

Not a corner of the Bastille escaped the research of the people. They descended into its deepest dungeons, finding several things intended for the torture of human beings. However, there were only seven prisoners in the cells, and for two of these deliverance came too late. They had lost their reason.

The news soon reached Versailles. The Assembly was stunned, the Court refused to believe it. The preparations for the attack on Paris that same night were nearly ready, the Queen and Madame de Polignac going to the Orangerie to animate the troops.

A deputation from the Assembly waited on the King, but he being still in the hands of the Court, replied that he could do nothing. But after he had gone to rest, the Duc de Liancourt, who as master of the king's wardrobe had access into the royal bedchamber, went to Louis XVI, and rousing him up told him how great and irresistible was the movement, and how dangerous it would be if he did not accept it and take the Assembly into his confidence.

"What, then," said Louis, "is it a revolt?"

"Sire," the duke replied, "it is a revolution!"

This same faithful counsellor not only awakened the King, but so alarmed the Comte d'Artois that the Court were completely discouraged.

The King went down to the National Assembly accompanied only by his brothers, and declared to the deputies that any suspicions aroused or rumours abroad as to the security of their persons were calumnious; that on the contrary he trusted himself to them, and would send away the troops from Versailles and Paris. He had been received on entering in silence, but as he spoke the applause was loud and frequent. However, the President of the Assembly, the Archbishop of Vienne, told him plainly that he must dismiss his ministers. He was escorted back to his palace amidst loud continued cries of "Vive le Roi!"

Yet more, Louis XVI consented to go to Paris and to be received by authorities emanating entirely from the will of the people, and so by his presence to sanction and confirm, not

[1] Dr. Rigby's Letters from France.

only their nomination, but the overthrow of that despotic power the Bastille had symbolised. Indeed he so completely identified himself with the revolution as to wear the new cockade of the municipal militia, to which Lafayette, its new commander, in sign of the reconciliation of the King with the city of Paris, had added the royal colour—white.

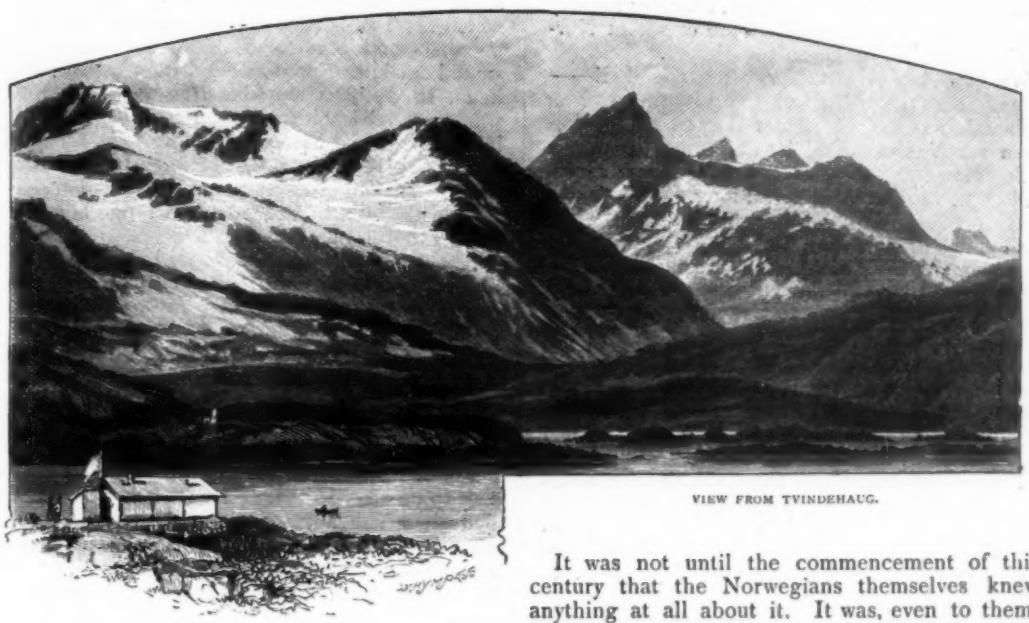
Thus happily concluded the second act of the revolutionary drama. RICHARD HEATH.



THE COLUMN OF JULY, ERECTED IN THE PLACE DE LA BASTILLE, TO COMMEMORATE THE REVOLUTION OF 1830.

A WALK THROUGH JÖTUNHEIM.

BY THOMAS B WILLSON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE HANDY GUIDE TO NORWAY."



VIEW FROM TVINDEHAUG.

THE title of this may suggest to my readers that I am about to recall to their mind some of the strange doings of Ving Thor, who, armed with his far-famed hammer, Miölnir, and accompanied by his faithful companions, Loki, Thialfi, and Roska, ventured into the bewildering wilds of misty Jötunheim. The story of his exploits there is pretty well known to those who have read the Sagas, and delight in the striking and often poetical mythology of the Scandinavian nations.

But it is not of a period before the dawn of authentic history of which I write, when the nations of Northern Europe were in their infancy; nothing half so heroic or romantic, but merely the record of a few days' summer tramping in that strangely beautiful—and until recently quite unknown—region of Norway, which from its barren and desolate appearance and the savage grandeur of its mountains, lakes, and valleys, recall to the modern Norwegians the early traditions of their race, and has well been named by them the Jötunheim, or Home of the Giants.

This district lies, roughly speaking, between the large Gudbrandsdal on the east and the branches of the Sogne Fjord on the west, and between the district of Valders on the south and the valley of the Otta on the north. It consists of a mass of lofty mountains, with high-lying valleys and mountain lakes, none of the latter being under 3,000 feet above the sea. Snow covers the ground, even down to the lake side, until well on in July, and of course in the higher-lying parts it is perpetual.

It was not until the commencement of this century that the Norwegians themselves knew anything at all about it. It was, even to them, a *terra incognita*, but then some of their botanists crept up there during the brief summer and told of the unknown glories of the place. To Professors Keilhaus and Boeck, however, is mostly due the credit of making the Norwegians and others acquainted with the district, and about twenty years ago the Norske Turistforening, or Tourist Club, established some Alpine huts which afford rough but homely shelter to travellers.

Many tourists to Norway come back with the idea that there are no fine peaks there, such as Switzerland is so proud of; and indeed it is true that, as a rule, the Norwegian mountains are rounded in shape, though such well-known peaks as the Romsdalshorn, or the mountains about the Hjörunds Fjord, east from Aalesund, not forgetting the wild and fantastic peaks of the Lofotens, would be enough to show that Norway was not without mountains of that kind.

But the glorious panorama which the mountains of the Jötunheim present, from whatever point they are viewed, reveals a row of Alpine peaks which can well compare with many of the famous scenes in the Swiss Alps. Take, for example, the view which may be seen from the hills behind Skogstad in Valders, or on the height of Stugunös, which rises above the station at Nystuen, a little to the west of Skogstad, or any point where the Horunger group may be seen. Let those who are inclined to disparage Norwegian mountain scenery look on a landscape such as that on a fine day, and I venture to think they must admit, not merely its wondrous beauty, but that Norway can show many splendid peaks.

We are, however, wandering somewhat from our Jötunheim walk, though the above is more or less necessary for readers who are unacquainted with "Gamle Norge." I call it a walk, for unless you row, or ride on a pony, there is no other mode of progression in Jötunheim, road-making being to a great extent an unknown art, though probably in a very short time some of the excellent Norwegian roads will intersect the district.

We (for I was not alone, my friend E—— accompanied me) entered the Jötunheim from the south, having come from Bergen to Lærdalsören *viâ* Vossevangen, by that route of never-failing beauty, the Nærödal and Nærö Fjord. And then, without stopping, a long day's journey, partly on foot, mostly driving in a *stolkjærre*, up the Lærdal to Nystuen, the highest point of the road over the Fille Fjeld. The weather was fine, but very cold, and on the last stage of our day's journey, from Maristuen to Nystuen, the cold was so intense that we were thankful to get to the warm and comfortable "station" and forget our perishing drive over an excellent supper. It was some years since I had been at Nystuen, but I found it, as I have always done, a very pleasant stopping place in a cold and barren region.

Next morning the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and we shouldered our knapsacks, and, carrying our alpenstocks, with which, like Thor's Miölnir, we were prepared to give battle to the frost giants, we set out on our first day's walk to Tvindehaug.

This spot is nothing more than a tourist-club hut on the edge of Lake Tyin, at the northern end of the lake. There are three great lakes in Jötunheim (with innumerable smaller ones)—Tyin, Bygdin, and Gjende. Tvindehaug was about twenty English miles from Nystuen, and about seventeen from the nearest point on the main road. We tramped along the road to the east for about three miles, until we came in sight of Opdalstölen, a collection of sæters, or farms, to which the peasants send their cattle in the summer. Then we left the main road, and made for the sæters, and, passing them, struck up the ridge which hid the view of the lake and mountains from us.

After about an hour and twenty minutes' walking from the road, we reached the top of this ridge, and the glorious view of the mountain peaks of Jötunheim burst upon us. The central point of the view is the beautiful Uranastind, about seven thousand feet in height, a peak which, from some points of view, strikingly resembles the Matterhorn. To the left the group about the Koldedal, with the Stölsnaastind and Falketind; and to the right the Melkedalstinderne and Raudalstind, each rising to an elevation slightly greater than the Uranastind. The large glacier Uranasbræ (bræ-glacier), on the eastern side of the peak, glistened in the morning sun.

At our feet lay the broad Lake Tyin, gleaming like a sheet of molten silver, with low-lying shores, except at the northern end. All over the mountains and hills, and down to the lake-side, was snow—the old snows of the last winter, and unfortunately new snow as well, which had fallen only a few days before. This was decidedly alarming, as we had been driven back the year before in another part of Jötunheim by snow, and we had no wish to repeat the experience, especially as it was a fortnight later in the season. However, we determined to proceed, and to walk along the lake-side instead of taking the boat which the Tourist Club provides for the use of its members and others. The day was young, and we did not intend proceeding farther than Tvindehaug, so decided to walk. It was not, on the whole, an advisable course, as the banks of the lake are in many places little more than a morass, and we had a long and oftentimes weary tramp; but the sunshine was glorious, and the delightful air and the view of the mountain range before us made the toil a pleasure.

About half way up the lake we halted for lunch, and partook of our hard-boiled eggs and *kavringer* (rusks) with the appetite of Jötuns. While lying on the moss and heather we found a very curiously-shaped piece of stone, exactly resembling the half of a sheep's head, with marks like teeth on it. I suggested to E—— that he should bring it home in his knapsack and present it to some museum, but as it weighed about ten pounds, his zeal in the cause of science was not strong enough to induce him to do so. He suggested that it was a petrified sheep's head, and that the waters of Tyin have that quality—a most unpleasant suggestion, as we had partaken very freely of it, which we at once dismissed from our minds, and resumed our walk.

The sun was getting nearer the mountain peaks, when we were gladdened by the sight of the hut at Tvindehaug, and were soon under its hospitable roof. The place had only been opened for the summer a few days before we got there, and we were among the first arrivals for the season. The Tvindehaug hut consists of three rooms, opening one off the other. The first, the kitchen and sleeping place of the people in charge of the hut, then a large room which serves as a *spisesal*, with a long table and a couple of benches and two beds near the stove. Beyond this is another room, with two more beds. As members of the Tourist Club, we would have had a prior right to accommodation over non-members, but, like Alexander Selkirk, "our rights there were none to dispute;" we were the sole guests for that night, and had no need to turn any one out. A good supper of tinned meats, potatoes, coffee, and eggs, not forgetting some excellent *öl*, made us indifferent to the cold, and, what was worse, the prospect of a wet day on the morrow, for the clouds began to gather in a very ominous manner.

After we had retired to our straw couches and were covered with rugs, sleeping the sleep of the just, we were awakened by the rain pattering on the roof a few feet over our heads, and presently began to realise that they had not given as much attention as we could have desired to the roof of the house, for the rain came in in a brisk little shower right on top of us. We were too lazy to move to the other beds in the next room, so settled the matter by arranging our mackintoshes in such a way that the rain fell on them and then

ran off to the floor, and having done so, were soon fast asleep again.

Next morning, though it was not raining much, it was decidedly damp and gloomy, but we took the boat belonging to the house and rowed up the lake to where the river from the Koldedal, one of the wildest valleys in Jötunheim, flows into the lake. Landing there, we walked up the valley some distance, but the snow was so deep and the weather so damp, we returned to our boat. The upper part of Lake Tyin is full of shallows and rocks, just hidden from view, and requires some care in rowing lest you knock a hole in the boat's side. After a midday meal at Tvindehaug we took the boat again, this time with one of the men from the house to row us to the end of the lake, from whence we crossed the narrow belt of land which separates Tyin from Lake Bygdin; the road is marked out by what are called *varder*, or cairns, often, however, only one stone placed on top of a rock, and sometimes on this route by a patch of white paint on the rock. About an hour's walk brings us to Eidsbugaren, the oldest of the Jötunheim huts, situated at the western end of Lake Bygdin. The house is on a little hill, and looks like a small fortress partly surrounded by water. A comfortable place it is in spite of its rough-looking exterior, and manages to accommodate a good many travellers in the month of August, but we found ourselves here, as at Tvindehaug, the only guests.

In the afternoon we climbed up the gloomy Melkedal, with its ice-covered lakes and savage rocky sides, and enjoyed some glissading down the slopes of snow. It was too late, especially as we had no guide, to proceed to the second lake, so we retraced our steps to Eidsbugaren, and after supper turned in, cheered by the promise of a fine day on the morrow.

The predictions of our host were verified, and bright sunshine met us on our arising. Our destination that day was Gjendeboden, another club-hut situated at the western end of Lake Gjende. We might have walked all the way, and, indeed, intended so doing, but, when we were about to start, found there was a boat returning to Raufjord, at the eastern end of Bygdin, and were glad to save several miles of walking along the lake side by taking this boat to a point where we would leave the lake.

After a pleasant sail, for the wind was in our favour, we left the boat, and getting directions from our boatmen, struck up the mountains alongside a small river, which here flowed into the lake.

On our right hand rose the Oksdalshö covered with snow. We soon gained a high table-land with much snow lying all round and had glorious views of the mountains to the north. On our left was a small ice-covered lake, and as we proceeded we found more and more snow. The route was fairly marked by the before-mentioned *varder*, and we had not much trouble in finding our way. Here and there the snow was very soft and slushy, and we found our alpenstocks very useful in jumping from one bit of rock or firm ground to another. It is not easy to get much firm crisp snow at midsummer, as there is so much sunshine that it can rarely freeze long enough to give a good firm footing.

We pushed on, getting pretty well wet in the snow, until we reached the Vesleaadal, a valley running up from Lake Gjende, and then obtained a beautiful view of this, perhaps, the finest of the three principal lakes of Jötunheim. Reaching the level ground at the margin of the lake, we crossed the rapid Storaadöla, and were soon in the comfortable club hut of Gjendeboden.

The surroundings of Gjendeboden are very fine. Looking across the end of the lake, the Svartdal runs in a south-easterly direction, between the Svartdalspig and the Knutshulstind, which rises to a height of over seven thousand feet. The lake itself is a long narrow sheet of water, of a curious bluish-green colour, surrounded by lofty mountains, which rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge. Half way down the lake, on the northern bank, is the Memuradal, a spot familiar to the readers of that delightful book, "Three in Norway." It was there that "Esau" and "John" composed those touching epitaphs for the supposed burial-place of the "skipper," which were just finished when the subject of their poetical regrets, walked in and asked for something to eat. Speaking of "Three in Norway," I may mention that, in its Norwegian translation ("Tre i Norge"), this book is to be found in every club-hut in the Jötunheim—a native tribute to its worth.

We were indeed glad to reach the comfortable quarters at Gjendeboden, and to enjoy the fire, which was lit for our benefit in the large open fireplace. We turned in early, as we had what the Norwegians rightly call a *tung dagsmarsch* (a heavy day's march) before us next day, our destination being Röisheim, some thirty-eight kilometres distant, without a road any part of the way.

We secured the services of a man and horse as far as the Uladal, which, however, is only a couple of hours' journey, and over the easy part of the way. The day was fine, and we started in good spirits, well prepared for a heavy walk. Our way lay at first up the Storaadal, and as we ascended we had splendid views of the mountains behind us, and which lay beyond Lake Gjende. As we advanced the scenery became wilder, and we found the snow more plentiful. The valley ended where the Hellerfos, fed by the river from the lake beyond, dashes over the black rocks. A short stiff climb brought us to the level of the Hellertjern, a small mountain lake, which we found half frozen over. We skirted this for some time, and had glorious views to the north of the Semmeltind and Uladalstind. Between these peaks we were to pass, crossing the high-lying ridge called the Uladalsband. Leaving the lake, we kept to the right, and were soon surrounded by snow. Our little pony trudged along bravely, but soon our guide stopped, and, having given us the necessary directions, returned back again, and we found ourselves alone amid the mountains. It was bitterly cold, with a biting east wind, and the sky had clouded over, but fortunately there was no rain. It is not a wise proceeding to attempt what we accomplished that day without a guide. Indeed, some of our Norwegian friends, when we

told them of it afterwards, lifted up their hands in horror. If rain or fog had come on we should have been obliged to sit down where we were, and wait until it cleared away or we were rescued. Happily we escaped such a catastrophe. It was much too cold to linger on our way, so we set out over the snow. As long as there was no mist we could not easily lose our way, as we were between two great mountains.

Unluckily the snow was very soft in places, and rendered walking rather heavy work. Frequently we sunk above the knees, and had to flounder out with the help of our alpenstocks. We managed, however, to get along pretty well, and were near the three or four little tarns which are met on the way (at least we concluded so by their position on the map, but all around was an unbroken sheet of snow), when suddenly E——, who was in front, disappeared with the exception of his head and the top of his alpenstock. His feet got fixed in the hard snow below, and there he was almost unable to move. The truth must be told. I, in a most unfriendly way, lay down on the snow and roared laughing, the situation was so supremely ridiculous. However, it was much too cold to enjoy such a scene, so I set to work to dig him out, and we were soon on our way again. I must not omit to mention that Nemesis quickly overtook me for my unfeeling conduct. I met with a like fate about a hundred yards farther on, and E—— behaved much better to me than I had done to him.

In about three hours after leaving our guide, we began to get somewhat out of the snow and into very rough ground. The alpenstocks saved us the necessity of wading several rivers, and enabled us to make good progress, and we soon gained a view down the long Visdal.

Here the scene was one of a most imposing description. Another valley opens to the left dominated on the north by the mighty Tværbottenhorn with its great glaciers, and on the other side by the Kirke, a striking peak. The stream from this valley unites with the one flowing from the valley down which we had come, and together flow down the Visdal. Along it we made our way for some hours more, until, after nearly eight hours' walking, we were delighted to reach the hut at Spiterstulen. This spot lies right below Galdhöpig, the highest mountain in Norway (8,400 feet), the splendid glaciers descending from which we passed a few miles before we reached Spiterstulen. After partaking of an excellent dinner, we decided to push on that evening to Röisheim; and this, after five hours' more walking over an often rugged path, we accomplished. The latter part of the way, where we again reached the region of trees, was especially fine, as the river runs in a deep rocky gorge, on the edge of which the path is made. Thus ended our walk across Jötunheim, a rough walk in many places, but one which the magnificence of the scenery and the glorious freshness of the air rendered even the most toilsome parts a pleasure.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

WATER-GAS; WHAT IT IS, AND HOW IT IS MADE.

THE uses of water-gas and its accompanying products in the great furnace industries of the country are now so considerable, and are multiplying so rapidly, as to excite not a little interest in their future possible applications. The outlook for a new and cheap gas illuminant which should be free from the many disadvantages of coal-gas is considered to have been distinctly improved by recent improvements in water-gas manufacture, although there are still difficulties in the way of its adoption for general household purposes. Apart from the question of economy, which is a leading aim in the new enterprise, such an illuminant would in many ways be an enormous benefit to those who at present have to breathe the air in which coal-gas is burnt, with its sulphurous and other deleterious products. It must be remembered that each cubic foot of coal-gas requires 5·20 cubic feet of air to burn in; but water-gas is content with 2·20 cubic feet, thus leaving so much the more for the human furnace to consume. Another advantage of water-gas is that no free carbon is produced, hence there is no smoke to blacken walls and ceilings and pollute the air. From a purely hygienic standpoint, therefore, water-gas can claim a much higher place in the list of illuminants than coal-gas. The idea will strike some, too, that with the introduction of this gas into our national art galleries the difficulty of throwing them open at night to the working classes may be to a great extent surmounted. Of course it is well known that the destructive action of coal-gas on paint has been the main reason why the masses of our industrial population have not been able to see the National Gallery and other great collections of pictures after dark. It may well be hoped that ere long a better state of things will be in vogue under the influence of water-gas. On the much larger question of economy, and the supply of a cheaper light in every household, it will be seen that a prime condition of social welfare is involved in the fuller development of water-gas. This aspect of the question it is not proposed to deal with in the present paper. It may, however, help our readers to an insight into the possibilities of the future, or at least the conditions under which the problem is being worked out, if we give them an elementary description of the chemistry of water-gas, and a short account of a water-gas works in

its latest form with all the newest appliances on which so much of the future of gas-lighting may depend.

In the manipulation of water-gas no new scientific principle is involved; no greater theoretical knowledge of chemistry is required than any schoolboy of fourteen who goes up for his Cambridge "Local" possesses. In a single sentence, the theory of water-gas manufacture is that when steam is passed over burning fuel it forms with such fuel carbonic acid and hydrogen; the carbonic acid coming into contact with more coke at a higher temperature is converted into carbonic oxide, and forms a mechanical mixture with hydrogen.

Now for a few words about the process of manufacture itself. The first object to attract the notice of the visitor to a water-gas works is the "generator," which is very similar in external appearance to a miniature blast furnace. It is a cylindrical vessel of boiler-plate, lined with fire-brick, and standing about sixteen feet in height. At the base there is an ordinary furnace, but provided with a water-cooled ring forming the "throat," in which is a stream of water, as the heat here is very intense. Over the furnace the cylinder is filled with a column of coke with which the generator is fed from a platform that surmounts the whole apparatus.

When the furnace is well alight, what is known as the "blowing-up" takes place, by means of which the lower portion of the coke is raised to an intense incandescence. The necessary draught of air is obtained by a steam-jet exhauster, which sucks in air at the bottom through the column of fuel, discharging the resulting products of combustion by a chimney into the atmosphere. This operation is carried on for about ten minutes, by which time the lower portion of the fuel is in a roaring state of incandescence. The workman in charge then turns a handwheel, by means of which a system of valves is reversed, the steam being shut off from the exhauster and directed into the top of the generator. The hot carbon by affinity instantly seizes upon the oxygen, producing carbonic acid. This travelling through another stratum of hot fuel becomes broken up into oxygen and carbonic oxide, which latter is identical with the blue flame often seen on a bright red fire. As the hydrogen of the steam remains unchanged the final result of the decomposition is a mixture of hydrogen and carbonic oxide, *i.e.*, "water-gas."

Thus produced, the water-gas passes out of the generator into the "scrubber." There it is cooled in contact with water trickling over coke. It thence passes into an ordinary gas-holder. Water-gas passes through purifiers *after* it has been stored in the gas-holder. An important reason for this lies in the fact that as the gas is produced very rapidly it has not time, in passing from the generator to the gas-holder, to become properly cleansed. The purifiers are similar in structure to those used in ordinary gas-works, but an oxide of iron is usually used in the place of lime, there being little carbonic acid to be removed from water-gas.

It should be understood that water-gas by itself possesses no illuminating power, but gives a non-luminous flame of a light blue colour. To use water-gas as an illuminating agent, advantage is taken of the fact that its flame is 2772° F. hotter than the hottest flame of coal-gas. Over the almost non-luminous flame is inserted a comb consisting of calcined magnesia (*not* magnesium, as has been erroneously stated). This is rendered incandescent and emits a brilliant, white light, almost as intense as an electric incandescent lamp, but far more agreeable, as the illuminating surface is much larger, and consequently there is less irritation to the retina. These "combs" must be changed every hundred hours (they cost 1½d. each), as it is found that they gradually diminish in their power of incandescence. If five cubic feet of gas are being burned per hour, the comb gives at first a photometric power of twenty candles, after fifty hours it gives but fifteen-candle light, and after a hundred hours only ten.

Fortune seems to have favoured the inventor by presenting him at this point with a curious anomaly. Although the actual heat of the flame is so great, very little is radiated, indeed the hand can be held quite near the flame without inconvenience. This is probably due to the high absorptive powers of calcined magnesia.

It may have occurred to some that the time during which the coke in the generator is being raised to incandescence is so much time lost. But this is not the case, for a gas—"producer" gas—may then be formed which is in fact used with great advantage for heating purposes. Its formation is due to chemical combination between the air of the blast and the coke, and it consists of a mixture of carbonic oxide, marsh gas, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid—a composition less dangerous and much more economical for heating purposes than coal-gas. "Producer" gas may be conducted away by a special outlet, and stored in a special gasometer.

By this means 150,000 cubic feet of heating gas may be obtained from a ton of coal, or fifteen times as much as coal-gas.

The enormous rapidity with which water-gas is evolved is greatly in its favour, amounting as it does in some cases to no less than 20,000 cubic feet per hour. The distorted shapes of some of the pieces of incombustible residue lying near the generator tell how fierce the process of decomposition must be. All this must naturally react upon the pocket of the maker; and, as a matter of fact, where both varieties of gas are made—water-gas and "producer" gas—the cost is a little under a halfpenny per thousand cubic feet. The producer gas is already used for the following out of a long list of manufactures: steel-melting, tin-annealing, alkali production, phosphorus distilling, plate-glass making, nickel-roasting, oil and tar distilling, and brick-burning.

A word or two may be added in conclusion as to the sanitary effect of the adoption of water-gas. Coal-gas burnt in rooms impregnates the air with (among other compounds) sulphuric acid derived from those sulphur compounds from which it is impossible to free the gas. In the case of water-

gas the only products of combustion are water and carbonic acid. Although the latter is injurious to health, it should be remembered that whereas a cubic foot of coal-gas requires 5·2 cubic feet of air to support its combustion, 2·2 cubic feet of air suffices for water-gas, thus leaving three cubic feet of extra air to feed the human flame.

The solution of one of the greatest town problems of modern times—the prevention of the pall of smoke and smoke-fog which increasingly poisons and darkens the air in our industrial and commercial centres—seems also bound up with the question of the gas whose chemistry and manufacture we have here briefly sketched.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S SOIREE.

The most important novelty in delicate physical experiments shown at the recent *soirée* of the Royal Society was Mr. C. V. Boys's portable apparatus for demonstrating the horizontal attraction of gravitation. The form of gravitation with which we are most familiar is of course that which is seen in bodies falling vertically to the earth, of which Newton's famous apple has become a classical example; but in the laws of physics such a case is but an example of gravitation in one direction only. Gravitation equally exerts itself in raising bodies upwards and in moving them sideways as well as pulling them downwards — upwards, if the expression may be used, as in the case of the terrestrial tides being pulled towards the moon, the observer being on the Greenwich meridian; sideways, as when a mountain deflects a plumb-line hung by its side. Other examples equally in point might be quoted. The attempts which have been made to determine the amount of the horizontal attraction of mountain masses will be familiar to most readers. The first attempt of the kind was made by Maskelyne, Astronomer Royal of England from 1766 to 1811, who determined the attraction of the mountain Schehallien in Scotland by observing its effect upon the plumb-line. The principle of this experiment is very clear: on whichever side of a steep isolated mountain we hang a plumb-line, the attraction of the mountain will cause it to incline towards it. An experiment on a smaller and more convenient scale—indeed, an experiment which may be made in a room—is the famous Cavendish experiment, in which a very light, finely-balanced beam, with weights at each end, is employed for the purpose, and two balls of lead are the attractive bodies which make the balance swing in the direction in which they themselves are placed.

Mr. Boys's portable Cavendish apparatus adopts the same principle, but with far more delicate mechanism, so completely new in its design and details as to constitute an original apparatus. In this beautiful instrument the movable beam consists of a little mass of lead only one centimetre long, to which a galvanometer mirror is attached. The beam is suspended by one of Mr. Boys's filaments of quartz, many times finer than the finest spider's thread, by which the action exhibited is rendered possible. Around this can be moved two cylindrical lead weights, each weighing a kilogramme. The attractive influence of the heavier masses upon the little movable beam is then seen. It is indicated by the movement of a spot of light through some fifty divisions of a scale fixed at the further end of the room. Invisible to the eyes, the act of gravitation is thus made conspicuously visible.

In the Cavendish experiment a beam six feet in length was employed, and Carnn subsequently got good results with a beam half a metre in length. As mentioned above, Mr. Boys's beam is only a centimetre in length. This reduction in size is rendered possible by the use of the microscopically fine quartz threads of which Mr. Boys is the inventor, and which were first introduced at the Royal Society's *soirée* two years since.

This simple apparatus has many advantages over the older and more cumbrous method, and for teaching purposes its utility is evident. It will doubtless be heard of before long in schools and technical institutes. In this and many other delicate micrometric experiments of the day the value of the mirror is becoming increasingly obvious as a means of pictorial magnification of movements quite imperceptible by direct observation, and only becoming conspicuous when the motion is pictorially transferred to a wide area at a distance from the source of motion.

A PROBLEM OF THE ETHER.

Sir William Thomson has done much to popularise the difficult scientific conception of the ether, that hypothetical but indispensable something of extreme tenuity which is supposed to be diffused throughout all space, and to be the medium of the transmission of celestial light and heat. Most readers are familiar with Sir William's example of a clear elastic jelly, with a small red ball of wood floating in the middle of it, and moved up and down or horizontally in alternately opposite directions to create vibrations in the medium. Similarly "the luminiferous ether is an elastic solid, yet it is something that the planets move through with the greatest ease. The question whether or not it has gravity has not yet been answered. Whether or not it is brittle and cracks we cannot yet tell, but the discoveries in electricity and the motions of comets do tend to show cracks in the luminiferous ether. Yet it has a rigidity so prodigious in proportion to its density that the vibrations of light in it have definite wave lengths, with a frequency reaching to 1,600,000,000,000,000 per second. It has the rigidity of a solid, but it yields. Were these vibrations of such frequency in a medium of steel or brass, they would be measured by millions and millions of tons' action on a square inch of matter." Such is the view of Sir William Thomson. Clerk Maxwell held that the ether is certainly material and has mass, though we have no right to call it ordinary matter.

It is not surprising that the present partial knowledge and provisional definitions of the ether

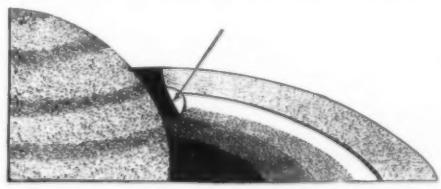
leave open many difficult problems. In a work recently published in France, and entitled "Constitution de l'Espace Céleste," M. G. A. Hirn inquires into the nature of the medium or agent which establishes and carries on the relationship of the celestial bodies, and puts before his readers a somewhat startling result of the supposition that the ether is to any extent of a material nature. M. Hirn begins by recognising that Newton long ago regarded it as the greatest of absurdities to imagine "that one body might act upon another at a distance through a vacuum, without the mediation of anything else, by and through which mere action and force may be conveyed from one to another." Proceeding to deal with the proposition, M. Hirn urges that the medium which fills space and which establishes relations between the celestial bodies is certainly not diffuse matter. This he seeks to show by inquiring what effect such a medium would have on the various members of the solar system, particularly upon their movements, and many of his conclusions are exceedingly striking. Perhaps the most remarkable is that relating to the secular acceleration of the moon's motion. He supposes one kilogramme of gas to be distributed over 975,000 cubic kilomètres of space; we should thus have a medium in which the rarefaction would be one million times greater than that of a Crookes's vacuum of the millionth of an atmosphere. "But the effect of the shock of the particles of this rarefied gas against a body like the moon as it moved forward in its orbit, with an acceleration of only one-fifth of a second, would be to raise the gas to a temperature of 38,000° centigrade, and inconceivably attenuated as this interplanetary atmosphere would be, the moon would yet come into contact with 600 kilogrammes of it in each minute of time. On a body like the earth, surrounded by an atmosphere, the inevitable result of this unceasing collision with the interplanetary atmosphere would be the stripping away of the terrestrial atmosphere layer by layer."

Now the moon's mean motion varies from about 64,000 to 68,000 miles per hour. But there are certain stars whose passage through space is made at the vastly superior rate of 300 miles per second, or more than a million of miles per hour. Such a velocity makes still greater demands on the conception of a medium which shall be material in any sense, and yet frictionless. M. Hirn comes to the conclusion that matter only exists in the state of distinct bodies—stars, satellites, meteorites, and the like,—and that elsewhere space is perfectly empty. Sir William Thomson would doubtless reply that we have not yet arrived—and probably never shall arrive—at a knowledge of the absolute tenuity of matter.

Our present criteria of the nature and constitution of matter are, however, in the view of Sir William Thomson and the mathematicians, by no means absolute. Yet, in Sir William's words, "the only substance we are confident of in dynamics is the luminiferous ether." M. Hirn's investigations will doubtless give a new stimulus to the physical as well as the mathematical side of the problem he has raised in so interesting a form.

THE WHITE SPOT ON SATURN'S RING.

The surface-markings which are believed to be occasionally seen on the nearer planets of our solar system continue to attract attention and discussion. As to some of these phenomena, such as the Great Red Spot on Jupiter, observers are agreed that they really pertain to the planet or its atmosphere, and are not "ghosts" in the telescope. Other appearances, especially the so-called "canals" on the planet Mars, fail to obtain so general a consensus of support, and are still considered by eminent astronomers to be mere "optical products," apparitions created by the telescope itself, if not effects of contrast. The most recently reported of these planetary surface-markings is the white spot seen by Dr. Terby, of Louvain, on Saturn's ring. Dr. Terby's first observation of this apparition was made on March 6th, when he announced "Région blanche sur anneau Saturne, contre ombre globe." On March 15th and 25th Mr. Common brought his great five-foot reflecting telescope at Ealing to bear upon the planet. The sky was very clear and the definition excellent. The image of Saturn in the telescope bore the highest powers, but no "région blanche" on the ring could be made out, and nothing corresponding to Terby's announcement could be seen. Yet the white spot had been seen a few days prior by Professor Macleod, of McGill College Observatory, Montreal. On April 20th and 21st it was plainly seen in London by Mr. Herbert Ingall, of Champion Hill, and Mr. W. H. Maw, of Kensington. More conclusively still it was seen by one of our first astronomical observers, Mr. Elger, who writes apparently with no doubt of the reality of the object as pertaining to Saturn. He says: "Not the least remarkable feature is the peculiarly pure white colour which contrasts strongly with the other lines associated with the planet. Its following edge was clearly convex, and it appeared to be oval in shape."



THE WHITE SPOT ON SATURN'S RING.
As drawn by Mr. Thos. Gwyn Elger, with a power of 284 on 8½ in. Calver reflecting telescope.

With such testimony it is not surprising that questions began to be raised in some quarters as to the validity of the established theory of Saturn's rings and their alleged meteoritic constitution, and whether important physical changes were taking place in the cloud of stones which revolves so symmetrically and with such wonderful equilibrium around the planet.

Notwithstanding the testimony in question, Mr. Common and other sceptical observers were not convinced. Their solution of the problem

was that the supposed spot was simply the effect of light-and-shadow contrast, the ring near the shadow of the ball appearing a little brighter than the other portions. Mr. Common went on to mention that the American observers at the Lick Observatory found they could produce a similar appearance on any part of the planet's surface by using an occulting bar; at the edge of the bar an increased brightness was manifested just as at the edge of the ball shadow.

Up to a late period it does not seem to have occurred to any of the observers to watch and see whether the spot rotated with the ring, although this would appear to be a conclusive test as to the reality of the object seen. Saturn revolves on its axis in about ten hours and a quarter. The spot, if a permanent physical feature, should revolve with the ring, its motion from the observer, and its reappearance in due course being visible. Observations for the purpose in question were ultimately made.

On May 10th Mr. Common read a paper before the Royal Astronomical Society, in which he expressed a very decided opinion. "Dr. Terby's white spot," he said, "is very easily seen with a telescope of moderate size, but it does not rotate with the ring. Further, it is always seen adjacent to the shadow of the ball of the planet." He concluded, therefore, that the effect is entirely due to contrast, and is an optical illusion. Several other observers corroborated Mr. Common's conclusion, adding that the illusion is due to the large extent of shadow which is now seen to be thrown by the ball of the planet upon the ring. The incident promises to be well remembered in the annals of optical illusions, and as additional evidence that it is not enough in science to depend entirely upon the sense-organs for our knowledge. It should also be remembered that the extreme sensitiveness of the human eye has to be allowed for in observations of this character.

ADVANCES IN MINUTE MEASUREMENTS.

The progress of physical science to-day is notably seen in the uses of extreme micrometrical values, both of time and space. Millionths and billionths of an inch or of a second of time are increasingly familiar to the reader of current scientific experiments. The fact that, according to the researches of Clerk Maxwell, Holtzmann, and others, in a mass of hydrogen gas at ordinary temperature and pressure, every particle has on an average 17,700,000,000 (seventeen billions, seven hundred millions) collisions per second with other particles, and that the vibrations of violet light occur 800,000,000,000,000 (eight hundred million million) times per second, will serve to recall some of the micrometrical values to which we refer. A more recently discovered instance of a similar kind has just been announced by Professor Oliver Lodge in connection with the electric spark. According to Wheatstone (confirmed by Tait) a flash of lightning measured by him took place in less than the millionth part of a second. (It is right to say that other and later experiments seem to give a little longer duration to the spark.) But Professor Lodge's experiments with the Leyden jar spark are in the direction of micrometrical feats of another kind. They tend to multiply the operation which takes place during an electric flash, and to show that the phenomenon, astoundingly brief as it is in duration, is not a single act of energy, but a multiple of many such acts, all of which take place in the unit of time hitherto assigned to the spark. In experimenting with the Leyden jar before the Royal Institution, Professor Lodge showed that each spark is in reality not simple but complex; though it lasts only an inconceivably small fraction of a second, yet by a sufficiently rapid revolving mirror it can be analysed into a number of distinct oscillations, analogous to the vibrations of a loaded spring or the reed of a musical instrument. If the discharge be interrupted before it is complete, the jar can be found charged in a precisely opposite way to what it was at first. The fact is that the discharge overshoots the mark, first in one direction, then in the other, precisely as happens with a swinging pendulum. After referring to the labours of Joseph Henry, of Washington, who was the experimental discoverer of the fact of oscillation in the Leyden jar discharge, to Helmholtz, and to Sir William Thomson, Dr. Lodge explained that the oscillations had been seen after considerable labour and careful experimenting by Feddersen in Germany. They are often more than a million per second, and usually more than a hundred thousand. They can be easily got as high as a hundred million per second, and if they were made very much more frequent still, say 400,000,000,000,000 (four hundred million millions) per second, they would begin to affect the eye with the sensation of red light. It is this fact, as worked out by Maxwell and Herz, which invests the whole subject with profound interest and importance. Professor Lodge then proceeded to show how he found it possible to make the oscillations much slower, and ultimately to bring them within the range of audition. Exhibiting these comparatively slowly oscillating sparks to the audience, and analysing them in a slowly rotating mirror, they were seen spread out into a long and serrated band, having much the appearance of a singing flame similarly analysed. By analogy it is inferred that the oscillations of the spark of the Leyden jar are also true of atmospheric lightning, but that the authorities are not at present unanimous on this point is clear from the lively debate on lightning rods which took place at the meeting of the British Association. Lightning cannot, like the spark of a Leyden jar, be easily analysed by revolving mirrors. But the newer school of electricians favour Dr. Lodge's view that what is true of the Leyden jar spark in the case in question is also true of atmospheric lightning.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES, AND HOW TO PREVENT THEIR SPREADING.

IN one of the recent reports of the Registrar-General, the return announced sixty deaths in London, during a single week, from measles. This is not one of the most fatal of the class of zymotic and miasmatic diseases,[1] as they are termed in medical books, and which comprise most of those of an epidemic and infectious nature. The mortality from measles varies in different places and seasons, but the estimated average of fatal cases is from fifteen to eighteen in a thousand. This implies that while there were sixty deaths there were a good many thousand patients—four thousand, at the lowest estimated average—in different stages of the disease.

We can imagine the anxiety, the discomfort, the costliness of such a visitation, beside the sad loss from so many deaths. The fact is that in many parts of England, as well as in the metropolitan district, there has been for some time an epidemic of measles of unusual extent and duration. In some places whole households have been attacked, families involved in much trouble and expense, schools closed, with other results of infectious disease prevailing in any locality.

Epidemics and infectious diseases we always have with us. In some years there is a scourge of smallpox, in another of scarlet fever, or of whooping cough, with rarer invasion of deadlier diseases, such as diphtheria or cholera. It is seldom that there are several diseases of this class simultaneously raging. In the week when sixty deaths from measles were reported, there were only ten deaths from scarlet fever, and not one from smallpox. The type of each disease also varies, as well as the subjects attacked. In most epidemics of measles children are by far the most frequent sufferers, but in the epidemic of 1889, the cases have been numerous at every period of life; and second or even third attacks have not been infrequent, although the usual idea is that one is only once in life subject to the disease. In one house all the children were successively ill, then the parents, the female servants, and last the coachman, who slept out of the house. In some localities the fatal cases were far above the average.

I have said that the deaths from measles are fewer than in most diseases of the class. But this remark refers only to the direct and immediate result of the attack. There is no miasmatic and infectious disease which is answerable for so many dangerous and often deadly consequences, numerous and various complaints in after years being traceable to attacks of measles, even after apparently complete recovery from the immediate attack, and escape from the pulmonary and other diseases often caused by premature exposure to cold. The treatment of the immediate disease is simple enough, and the attack appears often so slight and transient, that there is a tendency to underrate the subsequent perils, especially occurring in constitutions liable to other permanent disorders.

The prevalence of this epidemic, at the time of our writing, has led to our referring to it at greater length, but what we wish to say about the spread of infection applies to all diseases of the class, some of which create greater mortality and wider panic. While the treatment of each specific disease belongs to the skilful physician and the watchful attendants, the question of guarding against the spread of contagion and the increase and perpetuation of any epidemic is one of public importance, and demanding far greater attention than has been bestowed on it in London and in most of the populous districts, whether in town or country. If these are not "preventible diseases," as some of them to a great extent are, such as smallpox, by rigorous attention to vaccination, the increase and spread of all infectious diseases are certainly, to a great extent, "preventible," as the following statement of facts and results of experience will prove.

There appeared lately in the "Times" and other journals a remarkable letter, signed by Cardinal Manning and Dean Bradley, on behalf of the Westminster Sanitary Aid Association. The objects of this association are "to prevent the spread of infection; to show the poor how this is to be done; to assist them to carry out the necessary precautions; to promote sanitary measures in general." In regard to the first of these objects the statement was made that, "during the past seven years, not a single instance was known of infectious disease having spread where the help of the visitors of the association was obtained." This seemed so remarkable a fact, that we wrote to the resident "lady manager," to ask for detailed information as to the steps taken for obtaining so good a result in a locality which one would think not favourable for successful effort. The following printed circular contains the substance of the aims and objects of the association:—

1. By providing female sanitary visitors to visit from house to house under medical advice, and teach the practice of disinfection, and, as far as circumstances will admit, to provide for isolation of the sick among families.

2. Encouraging the declaration of infectious diseases by the offer of assistance in times of illness, and thus tending to diminish the dangerous practice of concealment at present so common.

3. Promoting the removal of patients to fever hospitals whenever practicable, and in all cases watching over the return of such patients to their homes, and providing for the keeping up of proper rules of isolation until all danger of infection is over.

4. Providing for the better care of sick cases nursed at home, securing the absence of overcrowding and the safety of the bread-winners by obtaining lodgings for the father

[1] From ζύμη, Greek for leaven, and μιασμα, corruption; referring to the morbid matter which spreads like leaven and affects the whole system. The epidemic origin is often mysterious, but the infecting power is manifest.

and the adult members of the family during the continuance of the illness.

5. Helping the mother to act as nurse to her sick children, and restraining her from carrying infection abroad in pursuing her ordinary avocations by giving needed pecuniary or other help during the illness. In all cases such help to be given only on condition of the rules laid down by the sanitary visitor being faithfully carried out.

6. Endeavouring to obtain the co-operation of all schools that no child suffering from any infectious complaint shall be received back to school without a certificate from the association, signed by the medical man attending the case, and that such certificate shall not be given until the committee is satisfied that the proper period of isolation has passed, and until the child is properly clothed and all sanitary precautions have been taken.

7. Enlisting the co-operation of all existing sanitary agencies, and, while helping to carry out their directions in a thorough manner, interfering as little as possible with the comfort of families and endeavouring to prevent loss or damage to property from carrying out these rules.

8. Promoting the general health of the neighbourhood by calling attention to foul drains and other nuisances, especially during times of the prevalence of epidemic and other diseases.

9. Endeavouring to procure the co-operation of as large a number of medical practitioners as possible by circulating the Sanitary Rules, and obtaining their consent to adopt these rules in their practice.

To carry out these efforts funds are needed, and it is satisfactory to learn that £160 was all that was expended last year in accomplishing great good throughout nine large parishes in Westminster. Much more might be done, with a larger amount of charitable aid, for the relief of the suffering poor, and lightening the expenses too generally entailed by illness.

It is probable that the practice and rules at Westminster are largely based on those which have for many years been carried out at Hastings and St. Leonard's, where a Sanitary Aid Association has been at work since 1871. A manual, with "Lessons on the Prevention of the Spread of Fevers" (Dorman, St. Leonard's), would give useful directions in other towns where they are much needed. Some of the most frequented watering-places on our coasts have no regulations of a sanitary kind, and are continually haunted by infectious diseases, to an extent which the authorities naturally are averse to acknowledge. The following directions as to scarlet fever have been issued by the Hastings Association, chiefly taken from similar rules in operation at Bristol and Clifton :—

1. If a case of scarlatina, or scarlet fever, or bad sore throat appear in your house, apply immediately to a medical man, and send information of it to the Medical Officer of Health and to the Sanitary Aid Manager.

2. If possible, separate the patient immediately from the rest of the inmates. A room at the top of the house is, as a rule, the best sick room.

3. Let the room in which the patient lies be stripped of all carpets and curtains, and all unnecessary clothes and drapery be removed.

4. Let all the discharges, of whatever kind, be received on their very issue from the body into a disinfectant, such as a solution of chloride of soda or of lime, carbolic acid, or Condy's fluid, and continue this from the first discovery, or even suspicion, of scarlet fever, until eight weeks from that date, no matter how much sooner the patient may appear perfectly well and the skin quite free from any remainder of peeling.

5. Let small pieces of rag be used instead of pocket-handkerchiefs for wiping the mouth and nose; each piece after being once used should be immediately burnt.

6. About the fourth day of the eruption let the surface of the body be well rubbed with camphorated oil daily, the oiling to be continued until the patient is able to take a warm bath, in which the whole skin should be well scrubbed with disinfecting carbolic acid soap.

7. The patient may, in ordinary cases, re-enter the family in clean clothes after forty days from first appearance of rash, but must still sleep apart and keep Rule 4 as to excreta.

8. A large vessel containing Condy's or Burnett's fluid, in the proportion of a wineglass to every gallon of water, should be kept in the room. All bed and body linen on its removal from the person of the patient to be immediately placed therein. The chloride solutions should be sprinkled on the floor, or cloths dipped in them should be hung on lines, and always used in night-chairs and other bedroom utensils.

9. In case of death the corpse should be thickly covered with carbolic powder and speedily buried.

10. No child having had the scarlet fever should be allowed to re-enter a school without a certificate from the Medical Officer of Health stating that he can do so without risk to others, and this certificate must not be asked for until the eighth week is past and Rule 11 completely carried out.

11. On the recovery or removal of a patient, all floors, walls, and ceilings should be fumigated, scraped, and cleaned. For fumigating infected rooms and their contents nothing is better than sulphur. A quarter of a pound of brimstone, broken into small pieces, should be put into an iron dish (or the lid of an iron saucepan turned upside down), supported by a pair of tongs over a bucket of water. The chimney and other openings are then closed with paper pasted on, and a shovelful of live coals is put upon the brimstone. The door is then quickly shut, the crevices covered with paper and paste, and the room kept closed for five or six hours. After this a thorough cleansing should be effected; everything washable should be washed, and all other things be cleansed by proper means.

The before-mentioned rules apply to cases not constitutionally diseased. A case with running sores of any kind must be entirely isolated twelve weeks, or there can be no security against the spread of the disease. Daily fumigation of the sick room, and of the house in which it exists, may very beneficially be performed simply with sticks with the bark on, sold for lighting fires, or with chips dipped in tar, when live sticks cannot be procured. A person nursing a fever case who has never had the fever should never swallow while changing soiled clothing or attending to discharges, but should cleanse nose and mouth and throat, and presently gargle with water made bright pink with Condy's (Red Cross) remedial fluid.

With regard to the various disinfecting solutions, it may be stated that Burnett's, prepared from chloride of zinc, has the advantage of being colourless and devoid of irritating odour. Some of the fluids stain linen, and others bleach coloured clothes in contact with them. For common use in vessels and for cleansing, the handiest thing is a solution of chloride of lime, one pound to three or four gallons of water, well stirred, and after settling kept in well-corked bottles till used.

For diphtheria use all, except skin precautions, as for scarlet fever. Basin, with disinfectant, to spit into is of special importance, and fumigation in the room and house.

Smallpox is to be dealt with in all respects like scarlet fever, with the substitution for camphorated oil of a skin dressing of charcoal powder and olive oil, mixed to the consistency of paint, and applied with a brush. Spots kept covered with this will not pit.

No. 4 rule must be applied in smallpox cases not less than six weeks from first discovery.

Measles, chicken-pox, and rose-rash can be stopped by keeping the rules for scarlet fever for three weeks. There is no occasion for oiling the skin in any disease but scarlet fever, but all eruptive fevers infect clothing and bed-clothing.

Separate directions are given for typhoid fever, but this is a disease where there is a necessity for more rigid inspection and close attention by sanitary as well as medical visitors.

It is now believed by many physiologists and medical men that the various zymotic diseases have their origin in specific living organisms introduced into the system. Microscopical researches seem to confirm this theory. We have not space here to enlarge on this part of the question. The one practical point in connection with disinfection, and preventing the spread of the diseases is how best to destroy these morbific germs. There is no agent more certainly destructive than a high temperature, and therefore it is desirable that a public furnace or oven, for infected clothes and other substances being heated in, should be established in every police or other district. Next to great heat, it is found that fumes of sulphurous or nitrous acid, as in the usual processes of chemical disinfection, are most destructive to morbific germs.

The infectious power of diseases varies greatly in intensity and in permanence of activity. That of measles passes away soon after convalescence, but there is scarcely a limit to the danger of infection after scarlet fever. An instance occurred some years ago in a ladies' school in Brighton, where a dress sent from the home of one of the girls in the north of England caused an outbreak in the school and the death of one of the patients. This dress had been more than a year in a wardrobe, and the girl had scarlet fever some time previously. The seeds of this disease may lie dormant for an immense time. Not only clothes of every kind, but toys, dolls, books, and other things that have been in the sick room should be destroyed, if not thoroughly disinfected. Dogs, cats, and pet animals should never be admitted. In fact there is need in minutest matters of the most constant watchfulness, as well as of knowledge and good sense, to prevent the spread of these infectious diseases. The doctor and health officer can give instructions, but they are in vain without the watchful care of the nurse or attendant in the sick room.

In different towns and districts there are local regulations, but there is a great want of any public and general system applicable throughout the whole kingdom, under the authority of a Central Board of Health. In some places the reporting of cases of infectious disease is compulsory, in others there is little attention paid to this. The whole subject of the prevention of disease, and especially the spread of infectious diseases, remains in a position not worthy of our advanced civilisation, and of the boasted progress of medical science. There could not be a more important matter for the consideration of the new County Council of London, one of whose chief committees ought to be for sanitary and for hygienic organisation, with increased power given to district officers of health.

In case of any steps being taken in this direction, it would be well to obtain various published documents from the *Préfecture de Police* in Paris. They have a *Conseil d'Hygiène Publique et de Salubrité*, from which a series of papers has been issued, with clear and concise instructions as to dealings with all infectious diseases, and as to the best methods of preventing the spread of such diseases, and disinfecting the chambers and clothes from which danger might be feared. The police regulations as to cases occurring in hotels, lodging-houses, and schools, as well as in private dwellings, and for the isolation or the removal of patients in special carriages, and other arrangements, require to be put on a better footing with us, and for this purpose the French regulations may be consulted with advantage. Many "reports" are invited in connection with visits to Paris during the year of the Centenary Exhibition, but no subject is worthy of inquiry for practical use more than this, as bearing on public health in our own land and its vast metropolis.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

Varieties.

French and American Democracy.

In almost every notice and review of Professor Bryce's great work on "The American Commonwealth," reference has been made to the classical book on the same subject of earlier date, De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." Many of the chapters in the two works bear almost identical titles, yet the two writers describe utterly diverse conditions, both of social and political life. Of his illustrious predecessor, Mr. Bryce himself says that "to him America was primarily a democracy—the ideal democracy, fraught with lessons for Europe, and above all for his own France."

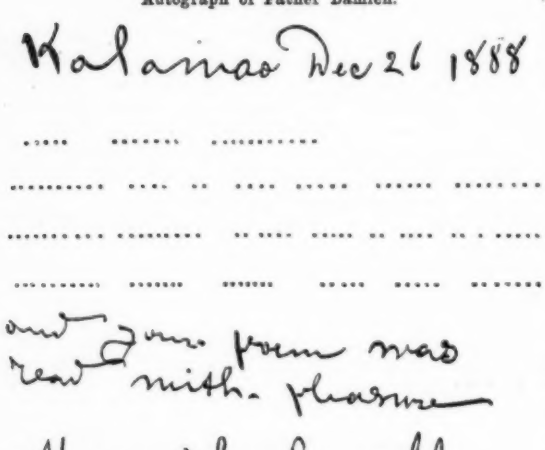
It is singular, however, that not one of the reviewers who have brought together these two works in their notices of the more recent writer on American Democracy has quoted a passage in which De Tocqueville describes what he calls "the first and deepest impression made on his mind in the Republic of the New World." The "Times" even, in its elaborate notice of Mr. Bryce's book, says that the work of De Tocqueville has enduring interest to the artist or historian, but has no bearing on present wants. "We might as well go to Franklin or Jefferson as to 'Democracy in America' for guidance respecting the present conditions of the country."

Is it so? Here is the forgotten and unquoted passage from De Tocqueville: "It is religion that has given form to the Anglo Saxon communities in America. On my arrival in the United States it was the religious aspect of the country

which first attracted my attention. I perceived it to be blended with the national customs, and with all those feelings that one's native land inspires. The Americans blend so completely in their minds the idea of Christianity with that of Liberty, that it is nearly impossible to bring them to conceive the existence of the one apart from the other. As I prolonged my stay I perceived the great political result of this fact, so new to me. Among ourselves I had seen the spirit of religion and the spirit of liberty almost always move in opposite directions. Here I found them closely connected."

This notable contrast, of which we are surprised that Mr. Bryce himself has not made more, received remarkable illustration in the Centenary celebrations of this year in Washington and at Versailles. There was parallelism in the national rejoicing for the events that were commemorated, but how marked the contrast in the national ceremony of celebration! In America the proceedings commenced with religious services, the President and all the great State officials assembling to acknowledge the hand of God in the past and to seek His blessing in the future. In France no national recognition of Divine providence was made, and the only remark made as to the omission was that the presence of the archbishop and some of the clergy would have added colour and picturesqueness to the scene. The contrast now as to the public influence of religion is as great as in the time of De Tocqueville. The only hope for France is that, although national acknowledgment of God was wanting, the number is increasing of those who are finding the true way, between superstition on the one side and infidelity on the other, as the safe path of democratic progress. One of the most distinguished sons of France, M. Leon Say, thus spoke at a Protestant meeting: "To-day, a hundred years after the meeting of the Constituent Assembly, we have been able to meet freely after having attended the service of our Church, celebrated publicly as is befitting a great religion. It is for that immense result we should feel grateful to that generation which liberated us. Now, I see Protestants in every rank of society. I myself have been President of the Senate, and my successor also belongs to our religion. Protestants are everywhere. I see them occupying the highest places in arts and in industry."

Autograph of Father Damien.



Our readers will remember the poem "Father Damien, of Molokai," by Emily H. Hickey, which appeared in the "Leisure Hour" for 1887, and has since been republished. The death of that devoted man has since given a new significance to its glowing lines. The preceding autograph forms the conclusion of a brief note brought home to the author by Mr. Edward Clifford, whose visit to Molokai was described in recent numbers of the "Nineteenth Century."

Count Tolstoi.—The Russian minister lately deceased has by some been mistaken for the more famous Count Tolstoi, philanthropist and novelist. The late Count, a prominent member of the bureaucracy, was the official head and champion of the reactionary party, which has been in the ascendant in the councils of the Czar ever since the retirement of Loris Melikoff. His influence with Alexander the Third was understood for a long time to be second only to that of M. Pobedonestzeff, the Czar's former tutor, and, in his capacity as Procurator of the Holy Synod, controller of the ecclesiastical affairs of the Empire. The policy of these men has been that of retracing as far as possible the steps taken in the direction of liberating Russian institutions during the first years of the reign of Alexander the Second. It is M. Pobedonestzeff who is the chief enemy of religious toleration, and who has urged the oppressive measures against the Lutherans in the Baltic Provinces, and against the various sects throughout the Empire who dissent from the Greek Church.

Costliest Volumes on Record.—Possibly the highest price given for any book was (says the "Literary World") when the German Government paid £10,000 for the missal presented by Pope Leo X to King Henry VIII, with the title, "Defender of the Faith." Charles II gave it to an ancestor of the Duke of Hamilton, whose famous library was dispersed by auction only a few years since. The book which secured the highest offer was a Hebrew Bible in the Vatican, for which the Jews of Venice offered Pope Julius II its weight in gold, equivalent to about £20,000. The offer, however, was refused.

Biggest of Books.—The largest octavo volume ever issued has just been produced by Messrs. Whitaker and Son, of Warwick Lane, London. It is entitled "The Reference Catalogue of Current Literature." Although the size of the page is only $8\frac{1}{2} + 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the book is ten inches thick, and weighs twelve pounds. It contains the full titles of books now in print and on sale, with their prices. One hundred and thirty publishers have contributed their full or selected lists to this bulky book. From these lists an index has been prepared, and included in the "Reference Catalogue," which contains upwards of sixty-eight thousand references. To book buyers and librarians everywhere this fat volume will be invaluable.

Long and Close Ocean Race.—The American mails recently brought from New York the report of what appears to have been one of the longest and most spirited ocean races ever recorded, longer, if not swifter, than those that we have been accustomed to record in regard to the tea "clippers" from China to England. This race was from Manilla to New York, between the British ship John M'Leod, commanded by Captain Stuart, a Scotchman, and the American ship Paul Revere, Captain Sewell, a true-born Yankee. The ships are full-rigged, of equal size, and the contest, which lasted 108 days, caused much money to change hands. They both sailed from Manilla for New York at the same hour on the 3rd of January, 1889. For a long time they could see each other through telescopes, but when they reached Cape Horn they were driven far apart, and for a month they lost sight of each other. Nevertheless, canvas was crowded on both ships. At length south-east of Hatteras they came into view again. They were almost abreast, and about fifteen miles apart. In this position they continued until nightfall. After dark a furious gale came on, driving them several miles out of their course. For four days the gale continued, during which time neither ship could gain any advantage. At last the weather moderated, but the vessels had lost sight of each other. No time was lost, and both made for the winning post, then only a few hundred miles away. Down the home stretch they came, until day broke on the morning of the 28th of April, when they were in sight of Sandy Hook. Then Captain Sewell, after levelling his glasses to windward, exclaimed, "There's the M'Leod, and

we are not a foot ahead of her." The two vessels were neck and neck. After a race of 108 days, both ships crowded on every inch of canvas they could carry. On they came together, but the Revere got a slant of wind which the M'Leod missed, and won by ten minutes, amidst great cheering. Thus was won and lost the longest and closest ocean race on record.

Glasgow University.—The General Council report that the whole revenue of the library does not exceed £1,500 annually, out of which over £700 goes to "salaries and binding, and £210 for periodicals, leaving only about £650 for purchase of books. No money bequest has been made to the library for eighty years, though books have been presented. At Harvard, U.S., the University spends £3,000 annually on books; Gottingen, £1,200; Tubingen, £1,500. Many other universities are referred to in the report, all of course putting Glasgow to shame, with all its boasted commerce and wealth. Professor Ramsay, while advising the reading of good books, said, "Let them read novels, if they had no taste for higher books, but, whatever they did, let them never read newspapers, some of which, on account of the style in which they were written, and their utter disregard of truthfulness, were most mischievous and demoralising to our youth." How different this from the advice of a former Rector of Glasgow University, John Bright, who said, "Whatever you read, let newspapers be read," and who gave an honourable testimony to the character of the cheap newspaper Press.

Marriages After Lent.—It is a common superstition that marrying in May is unlucky. The prejudice against weddings during Lent is a far stronger factor in the hymeneal statistics. This year Easter fell late in the year, and the "Times" of May 2nd contained no fewer than sixty-five announcements of marriage.

Centenarians in Norfolk.—The number of well-authenticated instances of centenarians recently recorded makes it surprising that Mr. Thoms ever obtained credence to his assertion that there are hardly any cases of people attaining the age of a hundred. Mr. Smith, curate of Brockdish, Scole, Norfolk, reports the following: "Benjamin Atkins, of this parish, who was baptized at Bressingham Church, Norfolk, on the 11th of May, 1788, passed to his rest yesterday afternoon. With the exception of slight deafness, the old man was in full possession of his faculties to the day of his death, and only yesterday week partook of the Holy Communion, entering heartily into the service which I held in his room. That which makes the case, I think, almost unique is the fact that his wife Elizabeth is still living, and is in her 102nd year. Benjamin was three times married and Elizabeth twice, an evidence that matrimony is not detrimental to longevity."

Greenery at the Paris Exhibition.—Great praise is justly given to M. Alphand, Surveyor of the City of Paris, for the display of trees, flowers, and grass with which he had adorned the once arid and barren surface of the Champs de Mars. It must be remembered, however, that for a long period, and under successive dynasties and administrations, great attention has always been paid to the gardens and open spaces in and around the capital. Our own department of Woods and Forests might always have obtained useful practical hints from the custodians of the Bois de Boulogne, the gardens of the Luxembourg, the Bultes Chaumont, the Parc Monceau, and other Parisian parks and gardens and boulevards. In the "Leisure Hour" volume for 1879, an article appeared on "The Trees of Paris," prepared from personal and official sources.

Gambling and Betting.—A report on this subject was prepared for the Lower House of Convocation, in which it was said: "The first steps in youthful dishonesty and fraud were frequently taken in order to recoup the losses of money incurred by debts or in games of chance or skill. Disinclination to honest, steady work also had its effect. Gain thus made was often squandered recklessly, and even viciously; the minds of those engaged in these practices were diverted from sober thought and from rational amusement; and, above all, indulgence in them effectually barred the way against spiritual impressions and godly living." Some journalists have ridiculed the action of the clergy for meddling with this question, but in one of the most independent and plain-speaking of our provincial newspapers, the "Brighton Gazette," the editor says: "The Lower House of Convocation has but done its duty in considering the report of the committee on the prevalence of betting and gambling. No one at all conversant with commercial and social life in England can doubt the widespread, multiform nature of the evil and the alarming extent to which it prevails. Amongst young men in particular it is an unmitigated curse. When the youth has caught the taint of the craze it is as good as all up with him; a brief span of secret or open indulgence in the infatuation, be it card-playing, betting, or gambling of other kinds, and in the end, poverty, debility, the workhouse, or the prison dock. This is the simple fact, and the clergy would be 'dumb dogs' if they failed to give the warning note of the rapid spread of the infection." Legislation or police prosecutions can effect little beyond checking public offences in this matter. What is needed is increase of higher principle, and of the moral courage in individuals to say, "I never bet," or, "I never gamble." Such firmness of example would be not only respected, but would have influence greater than arguments or exhortations.

Demoniacal Possession in the Lower Animals.—An American writer, who has evidently heard nothing of the discussion between Principal Wace and Professor Huxley about the miracle of the swine, throws out a suggestion worthy of notice. Having often, he says, wondered why the story of the Gadarenes was recorded, it occurred to him that it opened up an important field of thought as to the overruling providence of God. He says that while there are many instances in the time of the Saviour of men being demoniacally possessed, and the devils were cast out, in order to show the power of Christ in healing human souls through all the ages. But there is only this one instance of devils entering brutes, and it is specially recorded that they had to obtain leave for doing so. "God in his merciful providence has exempted the animals from Satan's influence. This world is fitted up for man's comfort. Man has dominion over the creatures. He domesticates many of them, others are subdued. Suppose Satan could possess them or tempt them, or influence them, or in any way subject them to his evil designs, they would be rendered terribly dangerous to man. Man alone can be tempted of the devil. He has the power to resist. He is taught to resist the devil. He has reason and intelligence, and is taught how to seek and find deliverance, but dumb brutes would be helpless, powerless, and destructive to mankind under the power of Satan's arts. We are therefore taught that devils would gladly enter into brutes but cannot. They never did so but once, and then under special license, and the animals were not permitted to live. Some animals are dangerous and troublesome, whether from the nature of certain species, or the diseases, tempers, and conditions of individuals; but it would be a fearful state of things if the great adversary could use the lower animals for tormenting men, women, and children by demoniacal possession."

William Wyatt Gill, LL.D.—The University of St. Andrews, Scotland, has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D upon the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, the veteran missionary and eminent naturalist. Dr. Gill has laboured about thirty-four years in the Hervey group of islands in the Pacific, and has carried through the press, during a recent visit to England, a new version of the Scriptures for Raratonga. He has also assisted in establishing the missions of the London Missionary Society in New Guinea. He is author of several valuable works, including "Historical Sketches of Savage Life in Polynesia," "Myths and Songs from the South Pacific," "Jottings from the Pacific, in Philology and Natural History," and "Adventures in New Guinea," jointly with Mr. Chalmers. For many years he has been a contributor to the "Leisure Hour."

Missionary Collections.—In replying to criticisms on the appeal for money at missionary and religious meetings, Mr. Eugene Stock says, "I admit fully that money has been too prominent in pulpit and platform missionary addresses. We have needed to learn that importunate pleas for "a good collection" are unworthy of so high and holy a cause, and that the money will come of itself when the heart is touched. I do not, however, agree with my friend Mr. Hudson Taylor in refusing to have collections after

meetings. I cannot understand why they are wrong. I value them because they give opportunity for small and humble gifts from many who cannot send cheques or postal orders. Nor can I join in the condemnation of sales of work. *Bazaars*, with their veiled gambling and other worldly adjuncts, are hateful and utterly unworthy of any sacred cause; but quiet missionary sales are among the happiest methods of enabling quiet people to help. Many have no money to give, but they can do a little simple work, and they delight to do it for Jesus' sake. Last year £15,000 was raised for the C.M.S. by such sales of work.

Reformed Judaism.—When the West London Synagogue was first formed, many years ago, a course of lectures, by the learned Professor Marks, was accepted as an official manifesto as to the relations of the new congregation to the so-called orthodox synagogues. Professor Marks stated that the West London Synagogue "received the Pentateuch in the same sense as it was regarded by the Psalmist when he exclaimed 'The Law of the Lord is perfect,'" that is, a complete manual setting forth every duty and obligation incumbent on the Israelite. A leading member of the congregation, Mr. C. G. Montefiore, has recently informed Professor Cheyne of Oxford that the Reformed Jews now reject any form of religion which is obliged to take its stand on miracles. He denies belief in a personal Messiah, and in the promises made to the fathers. We know that this statement made by Mr. C. G. Montefiore is not an official and authorised abandonment of the faith of the true Israelites. The minor changes, such as rearranging the lessons and admission of instrumental music would be of little account, but the statement as echoed by Professor Cheyne is a direct nationalist revolt against the Divine authority of the Law of Moses. The promises held by all orthodox Jews imply more than "the progress of mankind in knowledge, goodness, and pure religion." If there had been protest against the interpretation of the law by those "who make it void by those traditions," the movement might be hopeful. The Karaite Jews (now, alas! but few) held the law as Divine, without human traditions, but this new departure is a move towards Sadduceeism, even as the older departures were but continuations of the Pharisaism of the time of Jesus the Messiah.

Transatlantic Fastest Passage.—The City of Paris, Inman and International Steamship Company, arrived at New York on the 8th May, having run from Queenstown, Cork, to Sandy Hook, in 5 days, 23 hours, 7 minutes, thus beating the best record up to that time, that of the Etruria, by 2 hours and 48 minutes. It is the first time that the voyage across the Atlantic has been made within six days.

East and Central African Exploration.—The progress of African exploration is marked in many directions. Attention has been of late chiefly turned to the regions of the Great Lakes, and to the Congo and its affluents. The latest movement reported is that of Mr. Selons, famed as a hunter as well as explorer, who has given in the "Fortnightly Review," an account of Mashonaland, situated north-west of Matabeleland. The southern boundary of Matabeleland is 160 miles north of Shoskong, one of the most recently formed stations of the London Missionary Society in Bechuanaland. Mr. Selons describes Mashonaland as a region where drought is unknown, possessing many rivers and perpetual springs of water. It is a high plateau, forming the water-shed between the Zambesi to the north and east, and the Limpopo and Sabi to the south. Between the rivers there are reaches of splendid pastoral and agricultural land, one of these reaches being nearly 200 miles long, with breadth of 60 to 100 miles. The climate is temperate, almost free from fever, and quite fitted for European settlements. The tribes of this upland region are peaceful, and consist of natives driven to their present position by the fierce and warlike Matabele people. This upland region must be of the same character, if not the same place, so strongly recommended by Dr. Livingstone, who, in a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, offered a thousand pounds to start a colonisation fund for settlers from Scotland. Mr. Selons proposed to go up the Zambesi to the Garenganze country, west of Lake Bangweolo, and then to make for the source of the Lualaba, and to follow it till it becomes the Congo. If Mr. Selons falls in with M. Coillard, who has established new missions on the Upper Zambesi, he will find a man of the stamp of Dr. Livingstone, equally great as an explorer and a philanthropist. He travelled from Basutoland, where his labours have been long known, to the Upper Zambesi, having passed through the Transvaal, where he was received with high honour by the authorities and by President Kruger. He has since received the Gold Medal of the Geographical Society of France, a distinction which we have recorded in a previous volume of the "Leisure Hour." The localities of the mission stations belonging to the many societies now interested in African civilisation will be found in the "Missionary Year Book," published at 56, Paternoster Row."

The Funeral Service of the late Duchess of Cambridge.—Among the incidents of the latter days of the venerable Duchess of Cambridge one of the most touching was her giving instructions to her friend and companion, Lady Geraldine Somerset, as to the musical part of the service at her interment. It was by her own desire that the programme included what she said was her favourite psalm, the ninetieth, to be chanted by the choir. Her passionate love of music is well known, and in secular music her preference was for the works of the best classical composers. In regard to sacred music, especially in public worship, her taste was for the simplest and plainest service. She loved the old-fashioned hymns and tunes, and indeed the whole service as it used to be conducted in the days of George III in Kew Church. So strong was her feeling in this matter that it was not till she ceased to attend divine service there that a surpliced choir and other "innovations" were introduced. To those who remembered old times at Kew the solemn service of the funeral had peculiar interest. The duchess had nearly completed her ninety-second year, and she was laid beside her husband in the vault in Kew Church with a grandly simple ceremonial.

Guttenberg or Mazarin Bible—In preparing the catalogue for the sale of the Hopetoun Library, an unknown copy was found of the rare Mazarin library, the first book known to be printed with movable types. In 1884, Sir John Thorold's copy sold for £3,900, and in 1887 the Earl of Crawford's copy sold for £2,650.

Royal and Ruling Personages at Guildhall.—It is understood that in the event of the Emperor William's [visiting the Metropolis, the Corporation of London will ask to be permitted to receive his Majesty at the Guildhall and to present him with an address of welcome in a gold casket. The Corporation received the allied Sovereigns (the Emperor Alexander I of Russia and King Frederick William III of Prussia) in 1814, King Leopold of Belgium in 1816, King Louis Philippe in 1844, the Emperor Napoleon in 1855, King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia in 1856, the Sultan Abdul-Aziz in 1867, the Shah of Persia in 1873, the Emperor Alexander III of Russia in 1874, the King of the Hellenes in 1880, and the King of the Netherlands in 1882.

A Chinaman in Sydney.—Quong Tart went to Sydney when nine years of age, and has lived there for about thirty years. He has had an English education, and is a member of the Church of England. In 1882 he had become rich enough to visit his native home, and on his return established in Sydney a tea and silk business, which is now one of considerable magnitude.

Astronomical Almanack for July.

1	M	⊕ greatest dstnc. from ☉	16	T	☉ sets 8.8 P.M.
2	T	☉ rises 3.50 A.M.	17	W	Jupiter S. 10.19 P.M.
3	W	Clock before ☉ 3m. 56s.	18	T	Aquila S. at midnight
4	T	☉ sets 8.17 P.M.	19	F	☽ 3 Quarter 7.45 P.M.
5	F	Venus the morning star	20	S	Sagittarius S. 10.10 P.M.
6	S	Oxford Trin. Term ends	21	☩	5 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
		☽ 1 Quarter 5.59 A.M.	22	M	Length of day 15h. 50m.
7	☩	3 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	23	T	Saturn sets 8.55 P.M.
8	M	Venus rises 1.18 A.M.	24	W	☽ greatest dstnce. from ⊕
9	T	Fire Insurance expires	25	T	Vega S. 10.18 P.M.
10	W	Hercules S. 9.53 P.M.	26	F	Clock before ☉ 6m. 14s.
11	T	Jupiter near ☽	27	S	New ☽ 11.59 P.M.
12	F	☽ Full and eclipsed 9.0 P.M.	28	☩	6 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
13	S	Antares S. 8.55 P.M.	29	M	☉ rises 4.21 A.M.
14	☩	4 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	30	T	Cygnus S. at midnight
15	M	☉ rises 4.2 A.M.	31	W	☉ sets 7.48 P.M.



Painted at Rome in 1870 by André Hennebicq] [*From the Painting in the Musée Moderne, Brussels.*

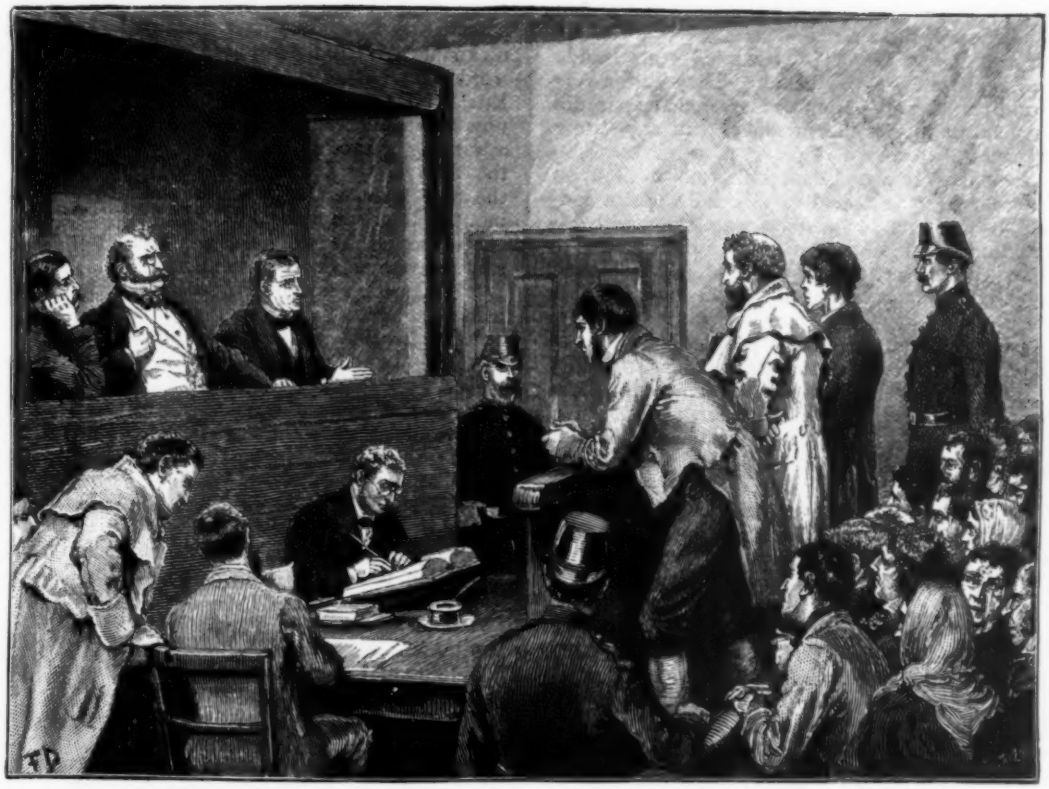
ITALIAN LABOURERS IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

CARRICONNA:

A STORY MORE OR LESS IRISH

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXXII.—IN COURT.



WHY DID THEY MAKE A RAID ON THE TELESCOPE?

THE court-house to which Anthony accompanied Trenchard for the purpose of giving evidence against the enemies of science, was a miserable, narrow, low-ceilinged chamber, over the market-house, in the middle of the town of Knockdrum. The magisterial bench had probably been constructed with a view to the infliction of exemplary sentences upon prisoners, for it was so confined that no magistrate could stretch his legs in it; and, at the end of a few hours, the longer the magistrate's legs, the worse it was for the prisoner. There was no dock, but a low wooden platform under the bench accommodated prisoners and witnesses alike. Beyond this platform a stout bar, or pole, ran the width of the court, and kept the populace at a trifle more than arm's length from the administrator of justice.

When Trenchard and Anthony drove up, at the time of the opening of the court, the court-house was quite full, and outside in the market-place there were groups of people gathered. It was market day as well as sessions day: the square cumbered with live and other objects for sale.

Everybody knew what the chief trial of the day was to be, and it goes without saying that everybody was in sympathy with the persons who were to be tried. Anthony and Trenchard were before the magistrate, who, however, was not long in following them. There was no demonstration, hostile or otherwise, on the part of the townspeople, or of those whom the market day or the sessions had brought to the town; and the solitary policeman stationed at either end of the square walked quietly to and fro amongst the groups.

The magistrate was a very big, fat, handsome man, and as popular with the people as a person in his position could expect to be. Unfortunately for the persons who had to appear before him in court, the magistrate always went on horseback to the scene of his duties; he rode to keep his

weight down, and being a very bad horseman, the result was generally to put his temper up. Some stupid little rent cases came first on the list, and by the time these had been disposed of the magistrate had satisfied himself for the two hundred and twentieth time that no possible effort could enable him to adjust himself comfortably on the bench. The day was hot, besides, and there was no means of ventilating Mr. Ettrick's quarter of the court except by opening a skylight immediately over his head, which created a draught, instead of a proper circulation of the air.

Anthony and Trenchard occupied seats beside the magistrate on the bench. They were a very friendly trio, and perhaps this circumstance did not tend to inspire the prisoners with any strong hopes of justice.

Trenchard's spruce dark uniform sat ill upon him that day; he looked so pale and worn; a contrast to the stout, handsome magistrate, with his amplitude of white waistcoat and shirt-front, and to Anthony, who sat stiffly in his tight, old-fashioned black coat, and menaced the whole court with his glare.

The magistrate, like other people, had heard of the famous telescope, and, despite his irritability on account of the heat and the incommodious bench, the case tickled his humour.

The three men concerned in the attack were put upon the platform and charged.

Amongst the bulk of the spectators the chief interest in the case was one of curiosity. Everybody knew of Anthony's latest craze, and of the disagreeables which the telescope had been the means of creating on his estate. The case as against the three men charged was so clear that there could be no difficulty in bringing it home to them. Trenchard and his junior colleague, Graham, were the chief witnesses for the prosecution.

The magistrate was only puzzled to know what cause the men could have had for making a raid on the telescope; and to enlighten him on this point, Anthony was put upon the platform and testified to the fact that two of the prisoners were persons whom the instrument had assisted him to discover in the act of stealing turf from his bog; the inference being that the attack was prompted by motives of revenge, though it may very likely have had the additional object of putting a stop to any further detection of illegitimate enterprise on the bog.

It was observed that Trenchard gave his evidence against the men with more emphasis and warmth than usual. He had quietly followed up the clue placed in his hands, when Dora gave him the scrawl that had been thrown into her lap in the little cemetery, and had little doubt in his own mind that one of the three men on the platform was the culprit on that occasion.

It was Casey, one of the turf stealers, on whom the inspector's suspicions fastened; a man something over middle age; with sandy hair and freckled face, and a forehead that retreated as if in permanent fright at the rest of the countenance, which was certainly unpleasant to look upon. The three men maintained an air of sullen indifference to the proceedings. There was no liveliness in any of them, and not a flicker of humour redeemed their position on the platform. Casey's son, who was wedged against the bar in the front row of spectators, showed a keener and more malicious interest in the trial than his parent. He was a well-grown young fellow of nineteen, with a dark and rather handsome face, and a good head, the shape of which was spoiled by a pair of enormous ears that lay close to his skull as if gummed there, and combined with his close-cropped hair gave him a noticeably singular appearance, which had long since earned him the nickname of "Bullet." Bullet Casey missed no word that passed between Trenchard and Mr. Ettrick; his restless eyes noted every movement, now and again wandering down the court to cast a warning glance at his mother, who stood near the doorway. The trial was quickly over, and the men were led away under sentence of three months' imprisonment.

"I thought they'd have got more nor that," said the woman Casey to her son.

"'Tis more nor enough," answered the young man.

"Oh, 'tis that indade," said the mother.

"And 'twas Trenchard done it," added young Casey.

"'Twas," said the woman. "Did ye mark how he bore down upon the boys in his ividence?"

"Troth, I did! But we'll get a chance at him for this."

"'Twould be worth while, I think," said the mother.

The pair were soon lost in the sympathetic crowd in the market-place, which waited to see the prisoners driven off on a car to the gaol.

"That must be a great telescope of yours, Anthony," said the magistrate, "I'd like to see it. Come home to lunch with me, and I'll drive yor over to Carriconna in the afternoon."

Trenchard was asked to go with them, but ex cused himself.

"Trenchard's not himself at all, to-day," said the magistrate, as the inspector drove off in his dog-cart.

He was not, as the reader knows. And just now he was more than ever impatient to be home again.

He thought that, in attempting to put Dora out of his reach, he might also banish her image from his thoughts, but that was not to be; and he had an intense desire to know whether she would answer his letter, whether she had already done so, what the answer would be. He reflected that she could scarcely have replied as yet, but it did not lessen his unreasoning eagerness to learn whether she had done so.

He drove home fast.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN Dora had let herself into the tower, intent on the discovery of its mystery, she took the precaution to shut the entrance door behind her. She hesitated whether to bolt it also, and then bolted it; less because she feared

the possibility of interruption than because she chose in this way to enhance the excitement of the adventure.

She made at once for the corner behind the staircase where she had previously observed the marks of recent disturbance amongst the loose bricks and rubbish ordinarily piled there.

Before displacing this dusty heap Dora carefully drew on an old pair of gloves, and looking ruefully at her neat grey dress, wished she had thought of borrowing one of Kate's capacious aprons. But she tucked the dress up, and plumping down on her knees, set to work energetically to clear the stone floor of its encumbrances. As she proceeded in her work there came slowly into evidence precisely what the explorer had expected to find—the outline of a trap-door, leading evidently to some underground apartment.

Her excitement increased in proportion as she advanced with her task. She had long since persuaded herself that her curiosity was legitimate. She got the rubbish all cleared away, and an obvious trap-door was there beneath her. She looked at it with mingled feelings of pleasure and anxiety; suppose the trap-door should be too heavy for her to lift. She put her hand in the ring, got the door up a little way, and let it fall. It was easily moved, but heavy. Then she had recourse to stratagem. There was a broken iron bar which had been used as a bolt to the door lying ready to her hand, and using this, first as a lever and then as a prop, she succeeded in raising the door half-way; and thus much achieved, she was able to see, in the twilight beneath, a short flight of stone steps, descending almost perpendicularly to some place not yet visible.

The door being raised half-way, Dora could, without much difficulty, throw it back completely.

She was in the act of doing this when her exertions and her thoughts were rudely interrupted by the clanging of the luncheon-bell. She had taken no heed of time, and had not noticed that it was very near the luncheon-hour when she began her operations. Should she neglect the bell until she had explored the region that lay at the bottom of the stone steps?

She was much tempted to do so, but she reflected that if she delayed long Kate would almost certainly come to the tower in search of her. So for once in her life, Dora prepared reluctantly to go to luncheon. She left the trap-door still upright, calculating that some few hours would probably elapse before Anthony returned from Knockdrum; and, with Anthony out of the way, there was only the remotest chance that her work would be disturbed or discovered by anybody else.

Despatching her luncheon with very unusual haste, she returned to continue her investigations.

Half-way down the steps that led from the trap-door she paused in a delicious fright. Suppose she should be detected. Suppose her uncle should return and hammer at the door. It was only because she knew that this was utterly unlikely to occur that she enjoyed the sensation. At the foot of the steps she paused again, till her eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness of the solid walled passage in which she found herself. This passage, which was only a few yards in length, opened at its extremity into a stone chamber, lighted solely and very dimly by means of a wide grating in one of the walls, a grating entirely hidden from external view by an overgrowth of weeds and ivy.

This was the only chamber to be seen, and to all appearance it was as bare as the passage which led to it.

Dora stood in the entrance and looked around, without discovering anything to recompense her labours.

She crossed the stone floor, which was in good preservation and dry, and scrutinised the walls on either side; then she saw at the end of the room, opposite to the doorway, what looked like a deep recess in the wall, and to that spot she advanced.

Pushed back into the recess, in exploring the depths of which Dora found her hands almost more serviceable than her eyes, was a large old-fashioned dovecote, the numerous apertures of which were stuffed with packages of various sizes. One of these Dora pulled out and carried across the chamber to the grating in the wall. The little light that filtered through the thick screen of leaves showed Dora that what she held in her hand was a canvas bag filled to bursting with some hard and heavy substance.

Dora passed her fingers over the surface, tingling with excitement and curiosity.

"It is full of gold!" she exclaimed.

The bag was secured only by means of a tape, the knot of which was easily unloosed.

Dora slipped it off, and putting her hand into the bag drew out a dozen sovereigns.

"So!" she exclaimed again. "This is Uncle Anthony's secret. He has turned miser."

She laid the bag on the stone ledge under the grating, and went back to the dovecote. The larger holes on the lower rows contained larger bags, and in some of the holes bag was stacked behind bag, half a dozen deep.

"Such a shocking old Crœsus!" said Dora. "Now I wonder how much there is in these precious bags? Poor Arthur and Kitty! Not much chance of Gravelmount for them if this is Uncle Anthony's craze. I wonder if the bags are marked?"

She went back again to the one she had placed on the ledge and examined it more closely. There were no marks or figures to indicate the amount of its contents.

"But it must hold a good deal," thought Dora; "you can pack a hundred sovereigns into no space."

Curiosity urged her to empty the bag and count the gold; but prudence restrained her. Then all at once she began to be frightened, not knowing how long she had been in the chamber; and she hurriedly put back the sovereigns she had taken.

She tied the bag again, and returned it to its place in the dovecote. In doing so, her eyes, now well accustomed to the gloom, fell upon a good-sized tin box, tightly bound with cords, which stood upright in the recess alongside of the dovecote.

She stooped to examine this, lifted it, and found it not too weighty.

It was an ordinary biscuit-box, labelled "Cracknels," and had no fastening but the knotted cords.

She undid these. The stable clock struck three, and its sound frightened Dora more than ever. She could not be safe there much longer; but she had got the box open and she just peeped in.

"Notes, I declare!" whispered Dora, in utter amazement.

She hurriedly replaced the lid, and tied the box as she had found it. She took another survey of the room, but its treasures were evidently confined to this recess.

"No wonder Uncle Anthony was jealous of his portmanteau!" said Dora, and then she trembled at the thought, how much of this hidden wealth lay here at her mercy.

The fortune she had schemed to get was piled before her—a great part of it at least, and useless there to anybody.

Dora scarcely dared to give passage to the thoughts—the wild, wicked impulses that rushed upon her. She turned her back on the recess, trembling violently. Happily for her, she dared not stay.

Escaping from the treasure chamber, she ran along the passage, climbed the stone staircase, and shut the trap-door down upon that wealth and its temptations.

Disposing the stones and rubbish once more as she had found them she drew back the bolts from the tower-door, and felt a great sense of relief as she did so.

And she was only just in time, for as she set the door a little way ajar she heard the voice of her uncle—in conversation with some one—coming down towards the tower. She made haste to run up to the observatory, and got the telescope into place; but no activity could shake off the thought that she had allowed her curiosity to betray her.

When Trenchard returned home, he, of course, found no communication from Dora. None such could have reached Moyrath, as he knew, unless Dora had chosen to send him a letter by hand. But hankering, as he did, for some word from her, were it only the curtest acceptance of the rejection implied in his letter to her, he was impatient of every hour of suspense.

Since his struggle of the previous day he had taken one small dose of opium; that was in the morning, just before he set out with Anthony for the court; by no means a sufficient quantity to sustain him in comfort throughout the day.

The victim of opium is dependent upon his daily quantum to a far greater extent than the dram drinker upon his dram. When completely enslaved, he breaks down utterly if his dose be taken from him. Trenchard was not yet reduced to this condition of absolute subjection, but he was sufficiently under the influence of the drug to feel in intensity the horrid craving which the want of it produces; and the excesses he had committed within the last few hours, so far from deadening his appetite, had but increased and intensified it.

He had, however, regained a more equable and philosophic state of mind, in which he perceived that the desperate resolutions he had tried to force upon himself the day before were no longer to be entertained. He could not so weakly abandon himself to what the remorse of his first awakening had chosen to depict as an inevitable fate.

Dora had judged him rightly in this. She knew that, whatever its final issue, he must go on with the contest he had begun. But along with this, he was still persuaded that the course he had taken with regard to Dora was the right one; so far, at any rate, as Dora was concerned. How he upbraided himself for the wretchedness of his state! Hitherto the struggle had lain between himself and his own conscience. Since his meeting with Dora his vice had been foe to him in another fashion; it had reared itself between him and the woman he loved. But is it not so with all vices? Their injuries are not to the wrong-doer alone.

Trenchard passed the afternoon in solitude, for the most part pacing his garden. He envied the freedom of nature all around him; his own imprisonment within the bonds of a demon himself had fostered, seemed more odious and unbearable than ever amid the placid beauty of his garden.

He longed to know what Dora was doing; Dora, who seemed so strong and unrestrained in her life; what sympathy could she have with one like him? Would she answer his letter at all?

Too restless to remain quite idle, too restless to feel pleasure in the saddle, or in anything that took him far from home, he turned out at the gate of the drive, and sauntered down the road.

A notion struck him.

There was no second delivery of the post in that outlying district, but persons who chose to do so might send, or apply, for letters at the office. Trenchard had occasionally made such calls when he was expecting official or other letters of interest.

Dora had not written overnight, or he would have received her missive in the morning. Might she, perchance, have done so that day? His impatience to hear from her made it seem probable, if not certain, that she must have written to him that day. It was a hope, at any rate.

He struck into the high road and walked towards the village at a brisker pace. It was about six o'clock. Dora's letter had just been delivered from the office in the neighbouring village. It was handed over the counter to Trenchard before he made his inquiry.

"Was that all?" he asked, carelessly.

"Yes, that was the only one."

So she had written to him after all!

He put the letter in his pocket, and went out. He had thought to keep it until he was home again, but the desire to know what she had written was too strong in him. He took it from his pocket, and opened it in the street. The few words it contained were gathered in an instant.

"You are too despairing, and you despair too

soon. One may lose some battles and yet win. You are wrong in thinking that you should isolate yourself."

A tingling sense of delight came over him.

She did not despise him; she did not even accept his decision. He crushed the letter into his pocket and walked on, feeling new life in him. His whole being was elevated, eased, gladdened. It seemed that some one had touched him with a healing and vivifying wand. His dejection left him; he drank in new courage; all seemed easier a hundredfold than it had done five minutes before.

The mental effect which the letter produced on him was almost as though he had drunk a full draught of opium; the same elation, flush, and expansion of the imaginative faculties. He felt this himself, and wondered at it. The narcomaniac, when he first strives to return to his normal self, dreams always of some impossible substitute for the delightful poison. He knows, as no one else knows, that there is a stage of opium (or let the stimulant be what it may) which yields a pleasure that nothing else can purchase. If this could be produced by some agent that left no misery behind it! To find this non-destructive agent, this charmer that has no sting, becomes a passion: it is the dream of those who would have without pain that form of happiness which is pain's parent.

"If she would love me," thought Trenchard; "there is nothing else necessary."

Then a chill shadow fell on him, as he reflected instantly, that this same love which he had fancied his before, had but just now failed to save him. But he could not keep down the strong sense of joy that overtopped all other feelings.

Dora did not reject him; that was what tingled in his heart.

In this exalted state of fancy he walked on without taking note of his direction. He had passed the by-road that led to Moyrath. Looking up he saw Dora step out of a coppice, and face him full, her hands laden with white convolvulus.

The great delight of meeting her thus, at the instant when the thought of her was kindling him, overcame what feeling of awkwardness or shame might otherwise have made the encounter difficult on his part. The soft look of pleasure on his face called up just such another look on Dora's; and so they met without restraint on the one side or the other.

Dora did not know that he had had her letter; did not imagine that he could have it until the following morning. She had no clue to the feelings that expressed themselves so unmistakably on Trenchard's handsome countenance, but she said gaily,

"Why, you don't look ghostly at all!"

"How should I?" he answered. "I have just read your letter."

"Why, I only posted it at twelve to-day," said Dora. "I—I took it to the post myself."

"That was good of you," said Trenchard; "and I—I went to the post to find it."

"You expected that I would write to you?"

"I do not know whether I did or not; but I thank you deeply."

The relations between them, though of such recent birth, allowed conventionalities to be foregone. Doubtless both were aware of this; it was felt between them.

They walked on together.

"Was I not right in what I wrote?" said Dora.

"Yes and no," answered Trenchard. "You were right to tell me that I despaired too soon."

"Certainly I was," Dora said. "But in what was I wrong?"

"Ought not one to fight a battle of this kind alone?" he asked, after a pause on his part.

"Is one able to fight it alone?" asked Dora.

"Perhaps not; but—what help does one deserve?"

"Ah! How can you ask that? Who would withhold help that could give it?"

They footed it some paces in silence. Trenchard was contending with himself. He scarcely knew what to make of Dora's words. She seemed almost to offer herself to him, this woman, whom he would have given the best part of his life to call his own. A more selfish man than Trenchard would doubtless have been less conflicted than he was; but he knew that to take Dora at her word was to compel her to a kind of sacrifice. Perhaps she herself did not quite realise the significance that her words might have for him. Affection and sympathy went hand-in-hand with her. Trenchard scarcely dared to speak, for his next utterance must be decisive; and if, in the future, he should fail to be victor of himself, what would be the life of the woman he loved? This was not weakness, so much as an excessive distrust of self, born of his latest failure.

The sound of wheels behind them was, perhaps, a fortunate interruption. They turned about, and in the gathering dusk—for it was now some little time after sunset—were able presently to distinguish the Carriconna car, on which Joe was driving Miss Nugent home from Doyne.

The car stayed beside them.

"I was walking to meet you," said Dora to Miss Nugent; "but you were so late that I turned back again."

"Yes, we've been terribly busy, and I only hope Arthur isn't overdoing himself. Mr. Trenchard, you'll come in, and take your dinner with us. 'Twill be ready in a few minutes."

"No, not to-night, thank you, Miss Nugent. I have a report to prepare which I ought to have finished this afternoon."

"Well, then, step up, Mrs. Lytton, my dear; for we must hurry, or Anthony 'll be scolding us."

Dora turned and gave her hand to Trenchard, who took it silently; a smile was their only good-bye.

The car drove on, and Trenchard, lifting his hat, turned about, and walked briskly homewards. He felt in a much less degree than he had done earlier in the day the need of his accustomed stimulant.

"There *is* sustenance in love," he said. "I am sure of it."

Thus his thoughts were borne back again upon Dora; and thus there began in him again the same mental contest—to ask Dora to share his lot, or not.

There is a fatal irresolution in opium. Its victim is tossed between doubt and desire, when there is any decision to be taken.

It was so at this crisis with Trenchard. He felt, and rebelled against, the weakness that made him hesitate to seize the chance of hope and happiness held out to him. Rebelling, he gained fresh strength.

"To be able for once to cast doubt and fear aside!" he exclaimed, with a touch of passion in his voice. "If I could love her less, I should fear less."

He turned in at his own gate and approached the house with leisurely steps. The lamp was lighted in the dining-room, and the sergeant was preparing the table for dinner. Presently he came out to the door, and peered into the dusky garden for a sign of his master.

Trenchard, moving to and fro upon the lawn, saw him, and called out—

"I am here, William; is dinner ready?"

"'Twill be ready to come on in five minutes, sir," answered the sergeant.

Trenchard entered the house, and went up to his room; but before he came down again he had taken his decision. He had decided to ask Dora to be his wife.

"No more uncertainty," he said. "I will try and see her to-morrow."

He pictured her sitting opposite to him at his table—his strength, his comfort, his joy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—ARTHUR QUITS HIS POST UNDER NECESSITY.

ANTHONY'S sensations at the dinner-table that evening would have been worth an effort to depict, had he known in what manner Dora had spent a portion of the afternoon. So at least Dora surmised, and doubtless correctly. She took little glances at him from time to time; laughing in herself at the expression of complacent cunning which settled on his face as often as he thought of the clever way he had gone to work to secure his brother's riches to himself.

She had not yet got over the excitement of her discovery, though her meeting with Trenchard had for the moment put it from her mind.

Now she began to be exceedingly puzzled as to Anthony's reasons for heaping his money up in so useless a fashion. Whatever else his shortcomings, she had given him credit for sufficient shrewdness in his money matters. What was his purpose in piling his fortune into a vault where it lay more barren than seed upon a rock? All unwittingly she came very near to her uncle's secret. "If," thought she, "he knew that I were his niece, that I expected some share of my father's money, there would be an object then in his hiding it away like this."

It was odd, their sitting opposite to each other, those two. He knowing her secret, she knowing his; each triumphing quietly over the other; and Barbara there, so simple and innocent of it all!

"You're greatly absorbed, you two," Barbara remarked at last. "Mrs. Lytton, you didn't tell me how you spent the day at all."

No, and Dora was not likely to tell it.

"I wrote a letter in the morning," she said, "and gave Mr. Ettrick a famous lesson in astronomy in the afternoon."

"Well, and what became of your prisoners, Anthony?" pursued Barbara.

"Faith, they got off cheaply enough," returned her brother—"three months each, and no more; and to think they might have had the telescope broken, and I getting on so nicely with my studies!"

Here his old eyes twinkled at Dora, for this last was a shameless utterance, and Anthony knew it; he having all but abandoned his astronomical pursuits.

"I hear," he added, "the Caseys are mad with Trenchard, though I declare I think he might have got them a heavier sentence."

"I am glad they did not get any more," said Barbara; "it's almost the first time we've had trouble with any of our own people. This will only stir up ill-feeling, and if we don't take care we'll be having the same trouble that they're in at Doyne."

"How are they getting along there?" inquired Anthony.

"Not so badly at all," said Miss Nugent, "though 'tis well we were able to help them out with their stores."

"Is the village still refusing to serve them, then?"

"They sent to buy candles there this morning," said his sister, "and the man asked them a guinea a pound."

"That's a new style of boycotting!" exclaimed Anthony, with a laugh; "but is it going to last, do you think?"

"I'm hoping not," said Barbara; "the most of the people are wanting to be friendly, and they'll bring the rest round by-and-by, I trust."

"That's well," said Anthony, but in truth this subject did not keenly interest him. He was projecting another visit to Dublin, and thinking over the mild surprise his banker had expressed at the vast and rapid inroads he had been making on the store in that functionary's keeping.

Anthony had mystified his banker as he had mystified other people, and it amused him.

"But there's one thing I'm afraid of," said Barbara, "and that is that Arthur is in a way to overwork himself. You know, Anthony, that fever's not so far behind him, and a sickness of that sort must leave its effect, of course."

Anthony was always impatient at references to the health of his son.

"I think, now, he's the strongest man in the county," said he.

"Maybe he is," said Barbara; "but there's no call on him to overwork himself on that account."

"Ye're well able to take care of him, my dear,"

replied Anthony, giving the signal to rise from the table. "Mrs. Lytton," he said, when they were in the drawing-room, "I think we might have just a weeny bit of a lesson."

Dora fetched out the lesson-book—which, in truth, was not too much thumbed—and Anthony, rumpling his hair and stiffening his back, prepared to give his whole attention to it.

"The motion of the moon among the stars," began Dora; and so the lesson went on, to the accompanying click of Barbara's knitting-needles, until the tea was brought. With the tea came an unexpected visitor—Arthur himself.

"My boy! What's the matter?" cried his aunt, springing up from her chair.

Arthur's appearance, in fact, warranted that startled interrogatory. He was perfectly pale, and seemed not quite master of his limbs.

He took the nearest chair, and endeavoured to look as though nothing were the matter with him.

"Has the boy been drinking?" queried Anthony, *sotto voce;* an extraordinary supposition on Anthony's part, for the son followed the father in the extreme sobriety of his habits.

"I'm not feeling very first rate; that's all, Aunt Barbara," said Arthur with a rather faint smile. "I thought I would come home and be doctored."

"My dear boy!" said his aunt, nervously. Then, turning to Anthony, "Didn't I tell ye, now?"

"What's wrong with ye, my boy?" said his father, peering at Arthur over his glasses, with, perhaps, more anxiety than he cared to show.

"Oh, I'm ashamed of myself," returned Arthur, with another effort at bravado. "I feel quite done up. But Aunt Barbara will put me straight again in a night."

"Go to bed this minute," said his aunt, with tender insistency, "and I'll go up to you."

Arthur rose from his chair, reeled, and would have fallen, had not his aunt darted forward and caught him by the arm; his weight upon her nearly bore the poor lady to the ground; and would have done so, had not Dora, whose movements were twice as quick as Anthony's, sprung to her aid. Between them they supported Arthur till Anthony took his son's weight upon himself.

Arthur, however, regained his equilibrium, though his effort was obvious.

"Take a good hoult o' me," said Anthony, whose brogue came out strongly in his excitement; and, leaning on his father, Arthur gained his bedroom. Barbara followed them, and Dora was left alone.

Dora and Arthur were never the best of friends, and their relationship, at kindest, contained no more than the show of friendship. Dora's was not in the least a jealous nature, and, if at times she grew impatient of the affection lavished by Barbara upon her nephew, it was only that any effusive display of that kind irritated her, as being foreign to her own habit and character.

She could never repress the fancy that Arthur saw her not quite as the others did; and the sensitiveness that arose from the falsity of her position at Carriconna made her think that he recognised the adventuress under the mask of the pseudo-teacher of astronomy.

She was wrong in part, and in part she was right, in this notion that she never succeeded in suppressing.

Arthur, of course, had no more idea than Barbara who Dora was, nor what was her real business amongst them; but he had never quite brought himself to believe in Dora's astronomical attainments. On the whole it was, perhaps, as well for both of them that Arthur was not an astronomer himself.

Dora's glance fell on the tea tray. It seemed a pity that the tea should be wasted. She poured out a cup for herself, and sipped it slowly, with the quiet satisfaction with which she relished all good things—potable or comestible. She was sorry for Arthur, for she had perceived in a moment that he was genuinely ill; and, with her own keen zest of life, she felt a little diminution of pleasure before the spectacle of suffering.

It was necessary to the perfection of her own enjoyment of existence that the people around her should enjoy it also. It may have been that, consciously or unconsciously, this feeling was never quite absent when she thought of Trenchard, and a possible future with him. She could not help being conscious that her old philosophy of life must undergo some modification if she were to exist contented in consort with one whose days must be a struggle, more or less intermittent, both of body and of mind. But this by the way.

"Arthur is going to have another fever, I am afraid," was her reflection, as she sipped her tea. *Voilà une jolie affaire pour nous! Voilà toute la maison dérangée. C'est ennuyant.* Poor Aunt Barbara and poor Kitty! I am very sorry for them both."

Anthony came downstairs, and presented himself again in the drawing-room.

"Did ye ever see the like of that, now?" said her uncle, ruefully.

"I'm afraid Mr. Arthur is really unwell," said Dora, sympathetically.

"'Tis a fever he's in, and no less," returned Anthony, dolefully.

Then, as if he had forgotten, and suddenly remembered, "And I'm to go for the doctor this minyut."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Dora; "but why not send John for the doctor? Wouldn't Miss Nugent prefer that you stayed with us—with her, I mean. Can I not do anything to help Miss Nugent? You know that my husband was a doctor, and I am really quite an experienced nurse."

"Ye're the best of women, so ye are, and I do think 'twould be better for John to fetch Maguire, and meself to remain in the house. He's a little light-headed this moment, so he is; and maybe he'll be worse before Maguire can be here. I'll go down and send John off this minyut. Did ye take a cup of tea? You don't think of yourself at all."

Dora's empty cup was happily under the shelter of the teapot, where Anthony did not see it.

"I'll give you a cup, Mr. Nugent," said she, and suited the action to the word.

"There's no one like ye," said Anthony, and

rang the bell for John, instead of going to seek him in the servants' hall. "Well, well, I'm an unfortunate man; things have a way of going wrong with me. These fevers, now, are a matter of weeks, I suppose."

"Oh, that depends," said Dora, cheerfully. "Mr. Arthur has such a good constitution, you know. Besides, it may not be a fever after all; we must wait till Dr. Maguire comes. It may be only a feverish attack."

"I never had a fever myself," said Anthony; "and here's two of them for Arthur within a poor twelvemonths. John,"—the factotum presenting himself at that moment, having already heard of Arthur's attack—"ye'll put a saddle on the mare and go off for Dr. Maguire at once."

"I will so, sir."

"And take care ye don't come home without him."

"Deed I'll not, sir."

"You may go now."

"Sure, I'm gone already, sir."

Anthony drank his tea, and returned upstairs.

"Please tell Miss Nugent," whispered Dora up the stairs after him, "that I am only waiting to be called on."

CHAPTER XXXV.—A TRIFLING ADVENTURE.

JOHN MAHER had to follow Dr. Maguire from the doctor's own house to that of a friend a mile and a-half further on; and, when Carriconna was reached again, some two hours later, the patient was in a high fever.

He was worse the next day, and Dr. Maguire had to tell Miss Nugent that her nephew was suffering from a rather sharp attack of brain fever.

"Now, what has Arthur been doing?" asked the doctor, of Barbara.

"Well, you know how hard he has been working at Doyne, and bothered about their matters there, doctor; and, I suppose, he wasn't fully strong from the fever he had in Africa, though he never looked better in his life than he did when he came home."

Barbara did not care to add, though the doctor was a family friend of many years standing, that a chief cause of Arthur's worries was his father's unaccountable attitude towards himself and Kitty, his unwillingness to make any settlement with Arthur, or even to suggest the prospect of one.

Word of his illness had, of course, been sent to Doyne; and, of course, also, the message that was received there was answered quickly enough by Kitty in person.

Barbara had described Arthur's case as mildly as possible, so that Lady Frayne did not think it necessary to accompany Kitty, who was despatched on a car, with a policeman on the other side of her as escort.

"I knew he was going to be ill, Barbara; but he would go on till he could scarcely stand, and I am sure I wish those wretched crops had all been lost before it came to this. Can't I go up and see him?"

"My dear, I'd let you in a minute if I dared. But the doctor won't allow a creature near him except myself and his father."

"Oh, dear," sobbed Kitty, "and to think that it's all our fault."

"Now, there's foolishness for you," said Barbara; "'tis nobody's fault at all; and 'tis just a mercy that the whole of us are not down with fever this minute—you, and your mother, and all."

"Where's Mrs. Lytton?" asked Kitty, not quite assured as to Barbara's assertion that Anthony and his aunt were Arthur's sole guardians.

"Mrs. Lytton? She went off at nine this morning, to Rathfarline, to get ice."

"Why, Rathfarline is ten miles away," said Kitty.

"'Tis, every step of it," answered Barbara, with a sigh, "and how we'll manage to get a regular supply, I don't know."

"Must he have ice every day?"

"Every day, and all day, for the present. But, my dear, I must go upstairs again. And tell me, now, how will you manage at home?"

"Oh, never mind us, Barbara; we've had the worst of it now. Well, I shall get over somehow this afternoon or this evening, if I'm pelted on the road."

"Don't be running any risk. Won't we find means to let you know somehow? And for the next few days there's nothing to be done but wait the course of the fever."

Kitty went sorrowfully off, and Miss Nugent returned to the sick room, where, and during several succeeding weeks, all her interests and affections were centred. It was a struggle for life with Arthur, and the resources of the household, isolated in that sequestered region, were strained to the utmost to obtain the means necessary to aid him in the contest.

Dora bore her part with the rest; nursing, watching, and waiting; and had scant leisure to be troubled about her own concerns. She had seen Trenchard once or twice since their last meeting on the road, for he, as in duty bound, had made calls of inquiry at Carriconna; and, when disengaged, it was Dora who had received him. But these visits had necessarily been of the briefest; and when he and Dora saw each other they both felt that their own affairs must wait until the acute crisis of anxiety about Arthur was over. Once, as she was bidding him good-bye at the hall door, Dora said gently,

"You have not told me how you are yourself?"

"Not worse, at any rate," he replied, almost cheerfully. "Hope is a powerful lieutenant."

Dora had not replied in words, but a glad look sprang into her face, which was somewhat pale and weary with the close duties of the last few days; and he had seen her gladness before the door closed upon him.

It was a strange time for Dora. A mere inmate of the house, yet called upon in this emergency to act as a daughter of the house. She felt half tempted more than once during this time of anxiety and trouble to declare herself to Barbara. She felt instinctively that their near relationship at this moment would be a comfort to her aunt,

who had learned to depend trustfully on Dora's constant alertness and bountiful physical strength. But the remembrance of Anthony's secret withheld her. That hoard of gold in the tower cellar weighed upon her like a nightmare.

One night, when she was keeping watch by the bedside of Arthur, who lay muttering to himself, his restless hands never ceasing to fidget over the sheets of his bed, the thought had occurred to her, "If Arthur should not recover, who will inherit all that hoard? Would Anthony die and make no sign?" Then she went on to wonder what could be the meaning of his avaricious habit? Out of what purpose could it have arisen? When she first came to Carriconna, he had been all for spending. Had not his sister been anxious lest he should spend too quickly? What was it that had turned him about, and so suddenly? Had he any dread of losing the money? Could he possibly suspect her identity? The thought made her tremble, sitting alone in the dimness of the sick room. Could she in any way have betrayed herself? But no; she felt certain that she had not; it was absurd. She had touched the precipice more than once, she knew; but that was all. The mystery remained a mystery to Dora, and the anxious days and nights moved slowly away; and the crisis of Arthur's illness passed, and he began to creep back to convalescence.

Grey November days had succeeded to the brilliant harvest season before Arthur made his first difficult descent to the dining-room, where Aunt Barbara and Kitty made a festival of afternoon tea in his honour; and the days were shortening with woful rapidity before he was strong enough to pass beyond the hall-door, leaning on Kitty's little plump arm.

"I'll have to drive over to Rathfarline to-day," announced Anthony one morning at breakfast, "to take the rents. Is there anything ye're wanting, Barbara?"

"I think I want to go with you, Anthony," replied Barbara. "I've some shopping to do, and I must do it there, or in Dublin. Will you come with us, Mrs. Lytton? You weren't out this good while."

"I should like it very much; but can one really shop at Rathfarline?"

Barbara laughed.

"Well, if you don't want the 'modes,' said she. You mustn't be thinking about the 'modes.' They're not too great at the 'modes' in Rathfarline."

"And what'll Arthur do, with the two of you away?" asked Anthony.

"Kitty's coming to drive him over to Doyne for luncheon to-day. The doctor says he may go, if he's home quite early."

"Then I'll leave John here to hurdle up the new sheep folds. Can ye be ready by ten?"

"To be sure we can," answered Barbara.

The rents which Anthony had to go to Rathfarline to collect were attached to a small property owned by him in that neighbourhood, a property that always cost him money and never brought him any. He collected the rents there twice a year—or rather he went there twice a year to make a show of collecting them, for in general he spent the greater part of the day in listening to the arguments of his tenants as to why they should not or could not pay any rents at all. It was a long, lonely, and dreary ride; a dark, cold day; and nothing comforting in Anthony's conversation, for he talked of the days when the return journey from Rathfarline, with the rents stowed in the well of the car, was not unattended with dangers by the way. Indeed, through mere force of habit, Anthony still carried with him on his rent-day journeys to Rathfarline the old horse-pistol which had sometimes been a useful companion on similar journeys a generation earlier.

He favoured (and tried to frighten) Dora with a sight of that arm, but Dora being, as we know, a pistol-woman, was only shocked at its hopeless antiquity.

"It won't go off very easily," said Anthony, kindly, mistaking Dora's expression of contempt for one of alarm.

"No," she replied, "I think I would rather stand before than behind it."

Anthony, crestfallen, returned the pistol to its leathern case.

"Have you many rents to collect, Mr. Nugent?" asked Dora.

"I've a good many that should be collected, but that's one matter—to collect them's another. Ah, no, rent-day's not what it used to be. Rent-day was rent-day then; you went to take your money and you took it."

"And what do you do now?" said Dora.

"You do what you can; and if you keep a sweet temper you're no bad man."

"'Tis the times that are so bad," put in Barbara; "'tis well to be a little above the need of rents these days."

"My own's my own, for all that, and I like to take it," returned Anthony.

The grey mare, making her own pace—which was an indifferent one—gave them more time for talk than they found subjects to talk about, and nobody was sorry when Rathfarline was reached.

It was a loose-built, straggling town, which seemed to have proposed to itself to take one shape at one stage of its career and another at another, and to have finished with the resolve—successfully carried out—to have no shape at all.

Anthony received his rents, or the apologies for them, in a miserable little room attached to the court-house, where he sat behind a small baize-covered table, on which in the course of an hour or two rested some dirty little heaps of silver and copper, and a smaller number of dirtier Irish notes, which, as though ashamed of both their size and colour, made the least of themselves.

The tenants straggled in till the room was full and strong-smelling; there were frieze-coats and coloured shawls, bare feet and blackthorn sticks. There were also excuses in plenty.

"The pigs an' me grandfather died the same day, yer honour; and by the same token I couldn't scrape the bit o' rint togither annyhow."

Sterne would have said that the scrape of the

foot and the smile which accompanied this were atonement enough in themselves.

An old woman edged to the front, pushing a a gawky son before her. "Tell his honour ye're comin' on well in yer schoolin', an' say the rint 'll be ready at Christmas, an' ax his honour for a tree for firin'."

A red-haired man with a squint (the combination is one of nature's most exasperating freaks) said he had "skint (skinned) two cows within the month"—to have skint a cow is to have lost one by death—"an' there's the very rayson I'm not ready wid yer honour's rint, yer honour."

The difficulty was to know who spoke the truth, and who spoke it in paraphrase. Anthony's rule was to believe no one who did not come with his money in his hand; but he could not quite shake off the awkward responsibilities of his new position, being quite aware that his tenants knew they were dealing with a landlord who had suddenly become able to let them all live rent-free on his soil. *Per contra*, it went much against the grain with Anthony to submit to be wheedled on account of his wealth.

The last apologist having presented himself, Anthony raked in the handful of rents he had



RENT DAY.

An accomplished comedian of sixty, or thereabout, with his knee-breeches artistically patched, said unblushingly, he had been living so much for the other world that he'd had no time to think of his rent.

A youth who came forward as his father's deputy offered hay and turkeys as a substitute for cash.

Another proposed to drive his pigs to Carriconna in lieu of the rent.

Three men and a woman, in succession, paid their money down without a word, and Anthony was so astonished that he forgot to count it.

One had buried his father, another his aunt, a third had lost all his potatoes, and a fourth said his pigs were not ready for killing.

been fortunate enough to secure, and harangued his assembled tenants, in their own simple vernacular.

"Ye don't love me, or ye'd be payin' me me rints. Ye don't love one another, or ye'd be gettin' married, an' that'd be good for me too, for ye'd be wantin' new houldins. An' I declare"—but the rest of his speech was couched in stronger terms.

The November sun was hastening towards the horizon when Anthony, and his sister, and Dora, started to drive homewards. The Rathfarline rent, in a package in Anthony's tail-pocket, made no appreciable difference to the horse's burden, and that beast, scenting his stable, set out

at a fair round trot. It was four o'clock. Barbara and Dora had pleaded for a cup of tea at the hotel before starting; but Anthony, who had had a thimbleful of whisky in his rent room, put aside this request, saying they'd be home in no time.

Dora, who had spent an hour with Anthony and his tenants, kept Barbara amused with her description of the scene, and teased Anthony about the pistol and the package of rents, and the package of rents and the pistol, until he wished that both were in the ditch.

"Did ye hear anything in the town?" he asked Barbara.

"Oh! there now, to be sure; I was forgetting. They told me at Martin's that Tom Feeney has had another terrible row with his father, and declares he'll go off to America at once. The old man will scarcely let Tom sleep in the house, and has turned his horse out of the stable; and his mother and Mary are in a dreadful way about it. They say Tom has made up his mind to go off immediately."

The Feeneys were well-to-do tenants of Anthony's on a farm near Carriconna; and Tom Feeney, the son, was one of the smartest young men in the neighbourhood, and a favourite with Anthony and his sister. The violent temper of the father was continually bringing on a domestic crisis, such as had just occurred, and Tom had more than once threatened that the next quarrel forced on him by his father should be the last.

"Martin says," continued Barbara, "that Tom's mind is made up this time. Anthony, you must go up there, and bring the old man to reason. If Tom leaves it, the farm will go to pieces."

This last was an appeal to the practical side of Anthony, which took due and immediate effect.

"I believe I'll go up this evening," said he.

"It would be the best thing," assented Barbara.

"If ye wouldn't be afraid to drop me on the road," said Anthony, doubtfully——

"What would we be afraid of?" interrupted Barbara.

"I was going to say," said Anthony, "that if you wouldn't be afraid of driving home the last mile by yourselves, we'll be passing within a near step of Feeney's, and I'll go up there at once."

"I'll take the reins," said Dora.

"There's the pistol, you know," said Anthony.

"Oh! don't leave that with us," said Dora. "I dread every stone we go over lest it should burst. You'd better leave the rents with us."

"I will," said Anthony; "n—no," he added, withdrawing his hand from the pocket out of which he had been on the point of taking the package of rents, "they're as well where they are. They're no weight at all—the worse for me! But I'm not getting down just yet."

They were about two-thirds of the way home, and it was very nearly dark; but, as Anthony still held the reins, and both he and his horse knew the road by heart, he did not at present trouble himself to light the carriage lamps. At the end of another mile and a half he suddenly pulled up.

"The stile's just here, I think," said he, "though Dora could see nothing on the side of the road on which Anthony was looking, except the dark unbroken line of the hedge. But, when Anthony had dismounted and lighted the lamps, there was visible, just where the car had stopped, a low stone fence in the hedge.

"See how well I knew it!" exclaimed Anthony. "Now, will I give the reins to you, Mrs. Lytton? You're not a bit frightened, either of you?"

"Sure, what could happen to us now?" said Barbara, "We're not likely to be run away with, and if Mrs. Lytton can keep out of the ditch——"

"I'll leave that to the horse," answered Dora, as that animal made another willing start for home, leaving Anthony shouting them a parting caution from the top of the stile.

"We've just about a mile and a half, I think," said Barbara, "but we're as good as home already, for we're on our own ground at this minute."

"I'm getting uncommonly hungry," said Dora.

"You can't be worse than I am, if that's any comfort to you; Anthony's a terrible poor man for feeding when you're out with him."

All at once the horse swerved violently, and came to a dead stop at the side of the road.

Barbara and Dora, laying hold of each other by a common instinct, saved themselves from a fall.

They were just driving past a narrow strip of plantation that bordered the road for about a hundred yards, and the thick shadow of the tall pine-trees made the darkness almost black. The glare of the lamps prevented them for a moment from distinguishing who or what it was that had arrested the horse; the next instant the figure of a man was visible standing at its head.

Dora's physical courage was probably superior to Barbara's, but during the next few seconds she perhaps felt the more frightened of the two.

Barbara, on her brother's property, and within a mile of home, was more indignant than alarmed at finding herself stopped in this fashion.

"Who's that? and what do you want? and what do you mean by it? I'm Miss Nugent! how durst you stop me this way?" she cried, in the pluckiest manner; "stand out of that, or I'll drive you down."

Dora, recovering her own wits, said hurriedly,

"Perhaps there's an accident."

"'Tis no accident at all," said Barbara, angrily—"'tis mischief of some sort."

"'Tis all a mistake, Miss Nugent, me lady," a voice called from close beside the car, though the owner of the voice remained invisible; "let go o' that horse, ye omadhaun; didn't I tell ye 'twasn't right?"

The last words were spoken in a lower tone, and as the voice finished, the man who had been holding the horse vanished without a word. The horse, still trembling, made a sort of bound forward when his head was released; only Dora, who was on the side from which the voice had proceeded, heard the loud and angry whisper, "Sure I knew 'twas too early for Trenchard."

At those words Dora's heart sprang within her. If she had been frightened before on Barbara's account and her own, what were her feelings now

when she realised the true purpose of the ambuscade?

Those men were waiting for Trenchard!

What their numbers might be she had no idea, nor what their intentions; but he was in danger. Was it possible that she should drive on in safety and leave him to meet some unknown fate alone and unwarned?

Impossible; she could not do it. At whatever cost she must try and warn him.

She drew the reins, and the horse subsided unwillingly into an uneasy walk; he had had adventure enough, and desired nothing better than the safety of his stable.

Miss Nugent started nervously. She was still wondering, half anxiously and half indignantly, what that rude stoppage of their progress could have signified.

"What is it now?" she asked.

"Nothing, Miss Nugent, only I—I think—I am sure—I must get down, and—go back."

"Go back, my dear! The sooner we both get home the better, *I* think. Have you dropped anything?"

"Oh, no; but do you know those men are waiting for Mr. Trenchard? They must mean him some harm."

It was too dark to see Dora's face, but there was a vibration of pain and terror in her voice which told Aunt Barbara much, and made her wonder, moreover, that she had so long been unsuspicious.

"My dear Dora," she said, gently—it was the first time she had called her so — "are you sure?"

"I distinctly heard the man who spoke to you whisper to the others that he knew it was too early for Trenchard. Dear Miss Nugent, I must go back. If those men are waiting for him, as they certainly are, it can't be for any good. He might be shot."

"Dear! dear! But sure if there's shooting, wouldn't Mr. Trenchard be able to give as good an account of himself as anybody?"

"But don't you see, they will take him unawares," pleaded Dora, in a fever of nervous impatience. "We ourselves never saw nor suspected anybody till the horse was stopped."

"And d'ye mean that you really will go back alone?"

"Yes; I am determined."

"Well, wait now. Keep the horse moving slowly, for we're not far beyond them, and they'd hear us, maybe, if we stopped."

Fortunately there was a bit of a hill at this part of the road, which was a good excuse for the walking-pace to which Dora had reduced the horse.

"I'll be obliged to go on at a trot when you're down," said Miss Nugent, and there were tears in her voice as she spoke.

"You needn't be afraid for me, dear Miss Nugent," answered Dora. "I shall get round the men somehow without being heard. I know that bit of wood quite well."

"There's a footpath—I'll show it you in a minute," said Barbara—"will lead you right through the planting, and far enough back that the men won't see you, nor hear you either; only you must go like a cat. But it's a dreadful danger I'm letting you run into."

"I don't think of that a bit. I should never forgive myself if I did not go; and I must go at once, for every minute may be precious."

"'Tis a thing that some one ought to do; no question about it," said Barbara.

In the midst of her terrible anxiety, Dora could not but recognise the clear-headed way in which Miss Nugent had grasped the situation; and the promptitude with which she helped her to carry out her plan.

"Here now's the footpath," said Miss Nugent. "You'll find two big stones by there. Now jump off carefully, and pass between them, and if ye can manage, in the dark, to keep to the footpath, 'twill lead ye back to the road at the far end of the plantation. I'll hurry on and send John, and as many boys as he can get, right along the road after ye. Now jump!"

Miss Nugent took the reins, and the moment she was sensible that Dora's weight was off the car, she drove quickly on. This she must do, as both of them knew; for they were but a little way in advance of the men in hiding, and to have stopped for any cause but the hill would have been dangerous in the extreme.

Dora, left alone in the pitchy night—for they had not yet passed out of the added gloom of the pine-trees—groped her way to the edge of the road, and found the two large upright stones which Miss Nugent had spoken of.

Slipping between them, she discovered, by sense of touch rather than of sight, a narrow beaten track, which it was easy to follow, even in the blackness of the plantation; for, whenever she overstepped it, her foot pressed a thick soft carpet of odorous pine spikes, very different from the trodden path, which was much used in the day time by field-labourers, and children going to and from school.

With firm light feet, but with a quaking heart, Dora walked as swiftly as she dared, along this narrow way; holding her dress closely about her, straining her eyes to pierce "the palpable obscure" of the plantation, and dreading momentarily to hear the hoofs of Trenchard's horse echoing upon the silent road, carrying his master —all unconsciously—to danger, perhaps to death.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE long-promised memoir of William Wordsworth, by Professor Knight, has at length appeared in three handsome volumes, worthily completing the professor's great standard edition of the Poet's Life and Works, of which the first instalment appeared in 1882.[1] No English classic has ever been presented in a form more entirely satisfactory, and the noble series of volumes will henceforth be indispensable to all true students of Wordsworth. Another sign of reawakened interest in the poet and his writings is the recent publication, for the first time, of Wordsworth's complete Poetical Works, in a volume further enriched by a critical introduction from the pen of Mr. John Morley.[2] Nor have other signs been lacking. Some years ago the "Wordsworth Society" was formed, embracing many of the foremost names in English literature; that society has now been dissolved, its work being accomplished; but the cream of its transactions has been preserved in "Wordsworthiana," a volume of various and often exquisite criticism, as well as of most interesting personal detail, by such men as the late Matthew Arnold, Mr. Russell Lowell, Mr. Aubrey de Vere; Lord Selborne, Lord Coleridge, and Lord Houghton; Professors Veitch, Dowden, and Knight; the Revds. Stopford Brooke and Alfred Ainger; with Mr. Henry Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant," and Mr. R. H. Hutton of the "Spectator." Rarely has a collection of essays of equal interest appeared on any literary topic whatever; and apart from their intrinsic value, the very names of their writers prove how widely the Wordsworthian influence has extended. Two volumes, again, of Selections from Wordsworth have appeared within the last ten years, one compiled by Mr. Matthew Arnold for the *Golden Treasury* series, with a preface containing some fine criticism; the other, more recent and much larger, being edited by Professor Knight, aided in his choice by the advice of some twenty literary men, including not only the Wordsworthians just mentioned, but Mr. Robert Browning, Principal Greenwood, Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, Dean Boyle of Salisbury, and the late Principal Shairp. This latter volume deserves to become the standard collection of Wordsworth's best work; it is indeed impossible to imagine anything of the kind better done; and the book is a dainty and beautiful one into the bargain.

Whether for study or delight, therefore, the poet's readers have material richly provided.

In these two volumes of Selections different principles of arrangement have been adopted; Arnold's being classified according to the literary form of the chosen extracts, as Narratives, Sonnets, Lyrics, and the rest, while Mr. Knight has simply followed the chronological order of the compositions, without regard to their distinctive character. Wordsworth himself, it is well known, divided his poems into those of the Affections, of Imagination, Fancy, Sentiment, and Reflection, according to the predominance, in his own view, of one or the other quality. That this division, whatever its philosophic value, was not wholly satisfactory, appears from the difficulty which, it is recorded, the poet occasionally experienced in references to his own volumes; seeking, for instance, some poem in the "Imagination" section, which had been placed by him in another

[1] "The Works of William Wordsworth," in eight volumes 8vo, published by W. Paterson, of Edinburgh, in 1882-86.

[2] "The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth: with an Introduction by John Morley." Macmillan and Co., 1888. This volume, as well as Professor Knight's Biography, contains the "Recluse," now first published in a complete form.

part of the book; while at least one of his principal poems occupied a different place in successive editions. The truth is that any classification of the kind can be only approximative. The *Ode to Duty* for instance, deeply reflective as it is, is at least as truly fraught with noble imagination; the exquisite little *Lucy* series, written in Germany, although classed by Wordsworth under the head of Imagination, have all the intensity and sweetness of a pure affection. It is plain that the poet's arrangement was an afterthought; and in this respect, as in some others, his work is far greater and better than his analysis of his work. Altogether more satisfactory is the chronological arrangement, which is itself a study. This has been given us, not only in Mr. Knight's Selections, but in his standard edition of the poet's works, to which we have referred above. In this edition, also, the various readings introduced by Wordsworth into different editions, or suggested by him from time to time, are noted in a most interesting fashion, showing not only the growth of the poet's mind, but the frequent variations of his mood, with the keenness, and, we must add, the occasional lapses of his critical power.

The "Recluse," now newly published, naturally claims our first attention. To some readers it may be needful to explain that this title was originally intended for a long philosophical poem, of which the "Excursion" was to be the Second Part. The "Recluse," as we now have it, was designed as the First Book of the First Part. Beyond this, the First Part remained unfinished; the Third was never written. To the whole, the "Prelude" was the introduction.

Coleridge was accustomed to "lament the fact that Wordsworth's genius turned so much to 'lyrical ballads' and to 'sonnets'—small poems dealing with small themes—instead of flowing freely forth towards what he (Coleridge) told him, in season and out of season, should be the great work of his life—viz., the projected poem of the *Recluse*. His desertion of this to write smaller lyrics—poems of 'the fancy,' or the 'imagination,' of 'the affections,' or of 'sentiment and reflection'—he likened to his friend's forsaking a mountain track to wander in lanes and alleys; or to his haunting waterfalls, rather than sailing out over the great ocean of poetic work, under the steady wind of inspiration."[1] Yet, perhaps, the fact is not altogether to be regretted. There is material, no doubt, in the poet's writings, for an unwritten sequel to the "Excursion" in thirteen or fifteen books, as the case might be, but, upon the whole, we prefer to have this material, as it is, broken up, and embodied in that multitude of Sonnets, in which his choicest thoughts are given us with the compression and clearness of crystals.

Charles Lamb, we are told, was very eager that this fragment of the "Recluse" should see the light. He writes to Wordsworth in 1819, "O for a potent voice to call forth the *Recluse* from his professed dormitory, where he sleeps forgetful of his foolish charge—the world!" Now that we have the poem, we find in it little or no addition to the treasures of the poet's thought, and but a small contribution to the history of his mental life. In fact, the most characteristic part had already been published in the preface to the "Excursion" (ed. 1814). The poem is chiefly occupied with a description of his early happy life at Grasmere with "Dora," his sister. And we may here add that perhaps the greatest charm of Professor Knight's Biography is the larger and deeper acquaintance which it gives us with this much-loved and fascinating companion of Wordsworth's early years. Her *Journals*, at Alfoxden, at Grasmere, in Scotland, and on the Continent, are delightful reading; and in the bright sympathetic sketches which they give, both of natural scenery and of human life, they help us to understand how, as the poet says:

> She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares, and delicate fears;
> A heart—the fountain of sweet tears—
> And love, and thought, and joy.

The influence, indeed, of this sister upon the sterner nature of her poet-brother yields material for one of the most beautiful chapters in domestic or literary biography. In the "Prelude" he tells how but for her his nature would have been like "a rock, with torrents roaring, with the clouds familiar, and a favourite of the stars." But she planted "its crevices with flowers," and taught "the little birds to build their nests, and warble in its chambers." Here, again, in the "Recluse" he says:

> Where'er my footsteps turned,
> Her voice was like a hidden Bird that sang,
> The thought of her was like a flash of light,
> Or an unseen companionship, a breath
> Of fragrance independent of the wind.

Some of his lighter and more playful poems depict this sister in an exquisite way. She is the "Emmeline" of his *Butterfly* fragment, and the "Louisa in the shade," a poem which met with such cold sarcastic criticism that in a later edition the poet was stung to alter it thus:

> Though, by a sickly taste betrayed,
> Some will despise the lovely maid,
> With fearless pride I say, etc.

It was afterwards, however, restored to its original form, the second stanza only being omitted, to the regret of many:

> And she hath smiles to earth unknown,
> Smiles, that with motion of her own
> Do spread, and sink, and rise;
> That come and go with endless play,
> And ever, as they pass away,
> Are hidden in her eyes.

Probably the words "to earth unknown" jarred upon the poet's fastidious sense of accuracy; but for all that the picture is a lovely one: and the joys of Town End, Grasmere, with so beloved a

[1] Knight: "Life," vol. ii. p. 16.

companion—who even wrote some of his love-letters for him to Mary Hutchinson![1]—were a fitting introduction to the larger, fuller life of Rydal Mount.

Nowhere in the poet's writings has his delight in the sights and sounds of Nature been more happily expressed than in this Grasmere poem of the "Recluse," with the warm human sympathies which find room and scope and impulse more truly in the sequestered valley than in the crowded scenes

> Where pity shrinks from unremitting calls,
> Where numbers overwhelm humanity,
> And neighbourhood serves rather to divide
> Than to unite.
> From crowded streets remote,
> Far from the living and dead Wilderness
> Of the thronged world, Society is here
> A true community—a genuine frame
> Of many into one incorporate.

Wordsworth never failed, amid the voices of creation, to hear "the sad still music of humanity;" and "the human heart by which we live," made Nature to him beautiful and full of meaning. In a sonnet of the same period, turning from the sunset glory, he writes:

> Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built dome,
> Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,
> Find in the heart of man no natural home:
> The immortal mind craves objects that endure;
> These cleave to it; from these it cannot roam,
> Nor they from it: their fellowship is secure.

This fragment of the "Recluse," then, is chiefly interesting as indicating the scenes and influences amid which his lifelong purposes were formed, not without hesitancy, or yearning in other directions. Wordsworth was not insensible to the thrill of military ardour:



From a Portrait by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.]



> Yea, to this hour I cannot read a tale
> Of two brave vessels matched in deadly fight,
> And fighting to the death, but I am pleased
> More than a wise man ought to be: I wish,
> Fret, burn, and struggle, and in soul am there!

In fact, as some stirring lines in the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle" show, he could have sung of the deeds of chivalry with the best. But, like his own Lord Clifford, he "was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed."

> Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

[1] Knight: "Life," vol. i. p. 337

Perhaps the "deeper colouring" which suffuses Wordsworth's pictures of natural beauty was in great measure due to the influence of the French Revolution. In the days of his youth he hailed with passionate enthusiasm what seemed a new gospel of humanity, announcing the evanishment of all that was factitious and false in man's lot, that the greatness of the Individual might be recognised apart from the trappings of his state or the rags of his humiliation.

> A glorious time,
> A happy time that was; triumphant looks
> Were then the common language of all eyes;
> As if awaked from sleep, the Nations hailed
> Their great expectancy: the fife of war
> Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,
> A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.
> —*Prelude*, book vi.

Nor in the disillusionment, which followed the crimes and excesses that the Revolution brought in its train, were these beliefs and hopes forgotten. The ideal of a free and ennobled humanity was still dear to the poet's mind; and in all glimpses of pure disinterested affection, of heroism in lowly life, of patience amid sorrow and wrong, he beheld, no less than in the grandeurs and activities of the natural world, a revelation of the Divine, all-pervading spirit of the universe. Hence in his grandest delineations of nature there is as much of the epic as of the idyll. Mind, thought, action, suffering are disclosed behind the scene through which "more deeply interfused" there is a spirit that "impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things."[1]

This has been called Pantheism, but wrongly. The poet believed most firmly in a living Will, and in man's relations with a personal God. Of this God there is a twofold manifestation, in Nature and the Soul. To most persons these revelations seem distinct, as though belonging to different spheres of thought. The imagination of Wordsworth discerns their essential unity, and Nature adumbrates all that is great, beautiful, and true in Human Life. Such correspondence is not a mere creation of the fancy, or the projection of self upon the scheme of outward things. It is absolutely distinct from what Mr. Ruskin calls "the pathetic fallacy," in which the passing mood of the mind descries its own reflection in the aspects of Nature. Thus to the lover in "Locksley Hall" the scene, that had been musical with the voice and fresh with the beauty of spring, is all on a sudden changed.

> O the dreary, dreary moorland, O the barren, barren shore!

So, as Coleridge says, "We receive but what we give."[2] The "wedding garment" or the "shroud," in which we behold Nature invested, is woven of our own thoughts and feelings. This is not Wordsworthianism. Our poet holds that every scene of Nature has its own *real* correspondence with the soul. To read this secret aright is the function of the imagination; and here it is that Wordsworth is transcendent.[3] It is this discernment of truth that constitutes the greatness of his verse—truth of Nature and of Man. He is more concerned to be true than to be beautiful. His "diction," of which so much has been said, is the diction of reality. It is not precisely, as he himself represented it, "the language of common life." His forms of expression are often far too exquisite to be so denominated. Byron was thinking of the Prefaces to the "Lyrical Ballads," not of the ballads themselves, when he sneers at Wordsworth as one

> Who both by precept and example shows
> That prose is verse and verse is merely prose!

Take, for instance, the characteristic description of the schoolboy shouting to the hills through "an instrument of his own fingers."

> And when there came a pause
> Of silence such as baffled his best skill,
> Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
> Listening, *a gentle shock of mild surprise*
> *Has carried far into his heart the voice*
> *Of mountain torrents*, or the visible scene
> Would enter unawares into his mind
> With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
> Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
> Into the bosom of the steady lake.

Of these lines, Coleridge said that if he had met them running wild in the deserts of Arabia, he should have exclaimed "Wordsworth!"—not, surely, because of their thought alone, but because of the exact accordance of the diction with the thought. The lines we have italicised are as far removed from the language of ordinary life as from the tone of ordinary thinking. Had Wordsworth never written his *Prefaces* to explain his method, his fame would have been at least as secure; and he would never have felt compelled by his theory to write, as he seems to have sometimes written, for the sake of illustrating his system. His language, when the glow of poetic inspiration was upon him, was shaped by his thought; and, without regard to theory, he says "the best things in the best way," according to Coleridge's definition of true poetry.

In pursuing his great task of interpreting Nature and the Soul, an ethical purpose was always predominant. "Trouble not yourself," he writes to a friend who had lamented the public indifference to his poems, "upon their present reception. Of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny?—to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore

[1] "Lines on Tintern Abbey."

[2] "O Lady! we receive but what we give." So the line stands now, in Coleridge's poem of "Dejection." Originally it was "O *William!* we receive but what we give," and was addressed to Wordsworth himself. Coleridge altered it in a season of estrangement from his friend. Knight: "Life," vol. ii. p. 86.

[3] See some fine remarks on this point in the late Principal Shairp's "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," p. 63.

to become more actively and securely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves."

The highest function of poetry has never been set forth more worthily than in these simple, noble words. Matthew Arnold's well-known lines give to them a fitting response, and assign to Wordsworth his place among the great modern poets:

> Time may restore us in his course
> Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
> But where will Europe's later hour
> Again find Wordsworth's healing power?

This *healing power* is the distinctive mark of his poetry. We retire to it, as weary men from crowded cities and sultry plains seek a sanatorium among the hills. Very remarkable on this point is the testimony of John Stuart Mill, who as a philosophic thinker was at the farthest possible remove from our poet. When utterly depressed amid the struggles and disappointments of life, he says:

> What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed, not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling and of thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings which I was in quest of. In them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure, which could be shared in by all human beings, which had no connection with struggle or imperfection, but would be made made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. From them I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness, when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed. And I felt myself at once better and happier as I came under their influences.—*Autobiography*, p. 148.

It must be added that this healing power comes rather from the intense apprehension of Humanity in its ideal, in contact with the ideals of Nature, than from a practical apprehension of the wants and sorrows of the actual world. Perhaps this lessens his influence over ordinary men: for after all that has been said, the truth must be confessed that this greatest of English poets, in the view of many competent critics, since Shakespeare and Milton,[1] is too generally neglected.

The great mass of English readers do not know Wordsworth. *We are Seven* and the *Pet Lamb*—productions as different in their value as poems by the same author could well be—have been familiar from childhood. The *Ode to Duty* and the *Happy Warrior*, the wonderful conversations with *Matthew; Lucy Gray* and the other *Lucy*—the poet's mysterious child-love—the *Highland Girl* at Inversnaid, and the *Phantom of Delight*; the story of *Romilly*, the *Cuckoo*, the *Skylark*, the *Daffodils*, the *Rainbow in the Sky*; and, most delicious of all, the *Solitary Reaper* in her Scottish mountain valley, are more or less popular. A few have studied the great Ode on *Immortality*, and the best of the Sonnets, as *Westminster Bridge*, *Milton*, *Calais Beach*, *The World is too much with us*, and (not to mention others) the incomparable *Afterthought* of the Duddon series:

> Enough, if something from our hands have power
> To live and act and serve the future hour;
> And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
> Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
> We feel that we are greater than we know.

Some again have extended their studies to the three *Yarrow* poems, although not very clear why the little river should have been "unvisited," "visited," and "revisited." With *Michael*, *Margaret*, *Ruth*, the dramatically delineated *Brothers*, and the *Leechgatherer*, many have a bowing acquaintance, who still labour under the impression that *Peter Bell* is absurd, *Simon Lee* trivial, and the *White Doe of Rylstone* tedious; who have never even attempted to master the "Prelude" or the "Excursion," "Dion," or "Laodameia;" and who know nothing whatever of the poetic gems to be found embedded in the multitude of the poems of which we have made no mention.

The secret of this indifference may partly be found in the character of our age. We are impatient of the meditative; we want strong recurrent sensations; the classic is too cold for our tastes; we delight in the ornate, the grotesque, the mystic, and obscure. Another reason undoubtedly is that Wordsworth, with all his high poetic faculty, has long although still lucid intervals of prose. To say the truth, he is dull; and the soul of poetry which to him vivified the themes on which he wrote finds no fitting expression. To borrow a happy illustration from Mr. Hutton, "Wordsworth seems to kindle his own poetic flame, like a blind man kindling his own fire; and often, as it were, he goes through the process of lighting it without observing that the fuel is damp and has not caught a spark; and thus, though he has left us many a beacon of pure and everlasting glory flaming from the hills, he has left us also many a monumental pile of fuel from which the poetic fire has early died away."

Another hindrance to the popularity of our poet is his too obvious want of humour, or rather perhaps we should say his insufficient sense of the ludicrous.[2] The sense of the ludicrous unfortunately was one predominant quality of his earlier

[1] "One puts him after Shakespeare and Milton. Shakespeare is out of comparison. Milton was of course a far greater artist than Wordsworth, probably also a greater force. But the spiritual passion of Wordsworth, his spiritual passion when, as in the magnificent sonnet of farewell to the River Duddon, for instance, he is at his highest, and sees into the life of things, cannot be matched from Milton. I will not say it is beyond Milton, but he has never shown it. To match it one must go to the ocean of Shakespeare."—Matthew Arnold, President's Address, Wordsworth Society, 1883.

"If I were asked to name the greatest poets I should refer to the general sense of Englishmen, and should put Shakespeare first, and I should place Milton (with some hesitation) second, because there is a certain greatness about him, which, with many defects, is not approached by any other writer in our language. And I should certainly put Wordsworth third."—Lord Selborne, President's Address, 1886.

[2] "At a dinner party, when Moore was present, the conversation turned on wit and humour. Wordsworth, starting as from a reverie, exclaimed, 'I do not consider myself a witty poet; indeed I do not think I was ever witty but once in my life.' A great desire was naturally expressed by all to know what this special drollery was. 'Well, well,' said the old poet, after a little hesitation, 'I will tell you. I was standing some time ago at the entrance of my cottage at Rydal Mount. A man accosted me with the question, "Pray, sir, have you seen my wife pass by?" Whereupon I said, "Why, my good friend, I didn't know till this moment that you had a wife!"' The company stared, and finding that the old bard had discharged his entire stock, burst into a roar of laughter, which the facetious Wordsworth in his simplicity accepted as a genuine compliment to the brilliancy of his wit."

reviewers; and they succeeded, therefore, in raising a laugh which ever and anon more faintly re-echoes its once rude and boisterous peals. There were some things, as we have seen, which Wordsworth, in deference to these critics, made haste to alter, yet hardly understanding why. The "household tub, like one of those which women use to wash their clothes," in which the blind little hero of one anecdote *really* performed his perilous voyage, is changed into a turtle-shell, rather spoiling the story. Again, in the stanza so familiar in one of the "Matthew" poems,

> Down to the vale this water steers,
> How merrily it goes!
> 'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
> And flow as now it flows,

the first line has become

> No check, no stay, this streamlet fears.

At one time the poet was disposed to give the stanza thus:

> Down to the vale with eager speed
> Behold this streamlet run,
> From subterranean darkness freed,
> And glittering in the sun.

For how can water be said to "steer"?

Who, in fact, can define the limits of the incongruous? Three generations have laughed at the patient donkey in "Peter Bell," keeping watch where the body of its drowned master lay.

> And east and west, the ass sent forth
> A long and clamorous bray.

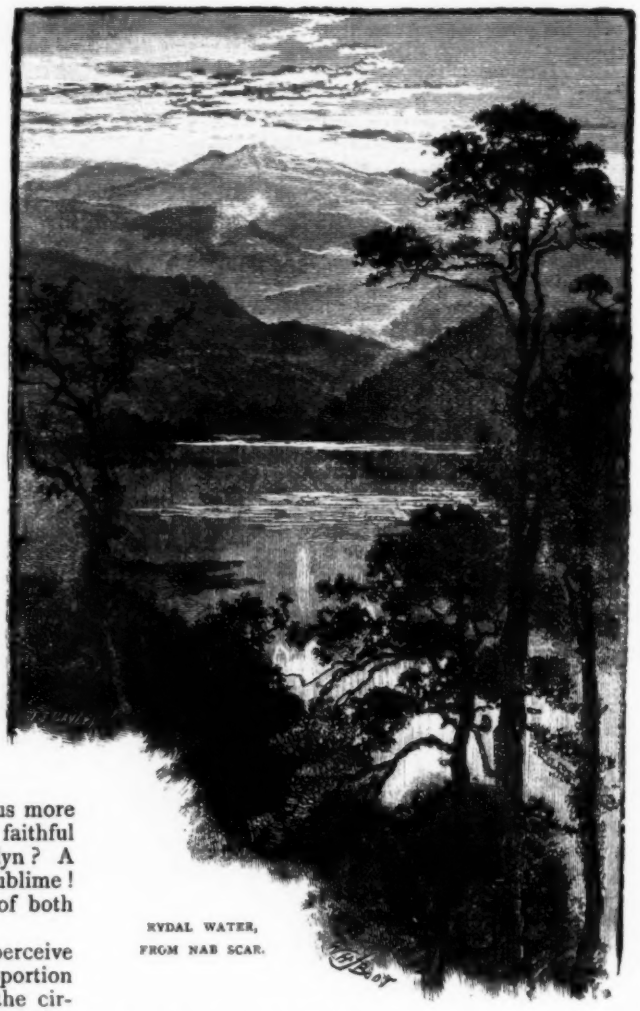
Yet why should this "bray" appear to us more absurd than the "barking sound" of the faithful hound keeping similar watch upon Helvellyn? A donkey's fidelity is ridiculous, a dog's is sublime! Perhaps the poet who recounts the story of both with an equal thrill was wiser than we.

Closely connected with the failure to perceive the incongruous is the frequent disproportion between the reflections of the poet and the circumstances from which they spring. His thoughts and images appear too great for their subject. Many illustrations of this will occur to the reader. Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," has singled out one of the most striking, in the little poem entitled *Gipsies*.

The poet having gone out for a day's tour of pleasure meets early in the morning with a knot of *gipsies*, who had pitched their blanket tents and straw beds, together with their children and asses, in some field by the roadside. At the close of the day on his return our tourist found them in the same place.

> "Twelve hours,"—says he,
> "Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours, are gone while I
> Have been a traveller under open sky,
> Much witnessing of change and cheer,
> Yet as I left I find them here!"

Whereat the poet, without seeming to reflect that the poor tawny wanderers might probably have been tramping for weeks together through road and lane, over moor and mountain, and consequently must have been right glad to rest themselves, their children, and cattle for one whole day, and overlooking the obvious truth that such repose might be quite as necessary for *them* as a walk of the same continuance was



RYDAL WATER, FROM NAB SCAR.

pleasing or healthful for the more fortunate poet, expresses his indignation in a series of lines, the diction and imagery of which would have been rather above than below the mark had they been applied to the immense empire of China, impregressive for thirty centuries:

> "The weary Sun betook himself to rest
> Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west,
> Outshining, like a visible God,
> The glorious path in which he trod!
> And now ascending, after one dark hour,
> And one night's diminution of her power,
> Behold the mighty Moon! this way
> She looks, as if at them—but they
> Regard not her—oh, better wrong and strife,
> Better vain deeds or evil than such life!
> The silent Heavens have goings on:
> The Stars have tasks!—but *these* have none!"

It may be added, as another proof of Wordsworth's sensitiveness, or perhaps of his readiness to receive correction, that the last four lines now read,

> Regard not her—oh, better wrong and strife
> (By nature transient) than this torpid life;
> Life which the very stars reprove
> As on their silent tasks they move!

One further characteristic must be noted, to explain why many serious Christian thinkers find Wordsworth unsatisfying in the very height of his poetic inspiration. Too often he stops short of *the highest;* and although, as we have said, by no means pantheistic, he fails at the very point where the light of Christian revelation would have shed new glory upon his page. Here alone he is inferior to Cowper. It is not so always. A deeply religious spirit breathes through many of his later poems, and gives us a deeper insight into the heart of the bard than he allows us to have even in the solemn "Churchyard among the Mountains." Thus, *The Primrose of the Rock*, a poem of 1831, beautifully consecrates one of Nature's most familiar emblems. The pale spring flower blooms from year to year amid its tuft of leaves:

> The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
> Their fellowship renew;
> The stems are faithful to the root,
> That worketh out of view;
> And to the rock the root adheres,
> In every fibre true.
>
> Close clings to earth the living rock,
> Though threatening still to fall;
> The earth is constant to her sphere;
> And God upholds them all:
> So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads
> Her annual funeral.

The sight awakens in the bard the thought of God's redeeming love:

> That love which changed—for wan disease,
> For sorrow that had bent
> O'er hopeless dust, for withered age—
> Their moral element,
> And turned the thistles of a curse
> To types beneficent.
>
> Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
> The reasoning sons of men,
> From one oblivious winter called,
> Shall rise, and breathe again;
> And in eternal summer lose
> Our threescore years and ten.
>
> To humbleness of heart descends
> This prescience from on high,
> The faith that elevates the just,
> Before and when they die;
> And makes each soul a separate heaven,
> A court for Deity.

Of a simpler strain are the *Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a hermit's cell.* Here the poet in sadly meditative mood seems to be challenging his own earlier assertion that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." The spirit needs a higher trust than can be found in this material universe.

> Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
> Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
> Not seldom, Evening in the west
> Sinks smilingly forsworn.
>
> The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
> To the confiding bark untrue;
> And if she trusts the stars above,
> They can be treacherous too.
>
> The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
> Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
> Draws lightning down upon the head
> It promised to defend.
>
> But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
> Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
> Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word
> No change can falsify!



RYDAL MOUNT.

> I bent before Thy gracious throne,
> And asked for peace on suppliant knee
> And peace was given—nor peace alone
> But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

The following, too, from a letter of 1839, to Professor Reed, of Philadelphia, is touching and beautiful:

> The other day I chanced to be looking over a MS. poem, belonging to the year 1813, though not actually composed till many years afterwards. It was suggested by visiting the neighbourhood of Dumfries, in which Burns had resided and where he died; it concluded thus:

Sweet Mercy to the gates of heaven
This minstrel led, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven
Effaced for ever.

Here the verses closed; but I instantly added, the other day—

But why to him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live?
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!

misapprehensions in the way in which that mighty mind has done?[1]

An earlier letter (to Sir G. Beaumont, 1825) expresses the poet's faith, no doubt with some indefiniteness, but with characteristic force and beauty.

Theologians may puzzle their heads about dogmas as they will, the religion of gratitude cannot mislead us. Of that we are sure; and gratitude is the handmaid to hope, and hope the harbinger of faith. I look abroad upon nature, I think of the best part of our species, I lean upon my friends, and I meditate upon the Scriptures, especially the Gospel of St. John, and my creed rises up of itself, with the ease of an exhalation, yet a fabric of adamant.[2]

Such utterances of the poet's soul show how as



WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

The more I reflect upon this last exclamation, the more I feel, and perhaps it may in some degree be the same with you, justified in attaching comparatively small importance to any literary monument that I may be enabled to leave behind!

Again he writes to Dean Alford, February, 1840:

For my own part, I have been averse to frequent mention of the mysteries of Christian faith; not from a want of a due sense of their momentous nature, but the contrary. I felt it far too deeply to venture on handling the subject as familiarly as many scruple not to do. I am far from blaming them, but let them not blame me, nor turn from my companionship on that account. Besides general reasons for diffidence in treating subjects of Holy Writ, I have some special ones. I might err in points of faith, and I should not deem my mistakes less to be deprecated because they were expressed in metre. Even Milton, in my humble judgment, has erred, and grievously; and what poet could hope to atone for

a little child he had entered into the kingdom of heaven. The "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," beautiful as many of them are, are not the most religious part of his writings, nor, as Professor Knight acknowledges, the most successful; although they show an intense sympathy with all forms of moral and spiritual greatness, and a large apprehension of what constitutes the true catholicity of the Church.

High and Low,
Watchwords of party, on all tongues are rife;
As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe
To opposite and fierce extremes her life,—
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.
—Part III, Sonnet xi, *Sacheverel.*

1 "Life," vol. iii. p. 387. 2 "Life," vol. iii. p. 115.

In the same spirit he shows himself able to appreciate widely different manifestations of the heroic character, commemorating in strains of equal stateliness the Crusaders and the Waldenses, Cistercian monks and English Reformers, Archbishop Laud, the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Nonconformists of 1662. This largeness of sympathy is all the more notable because of his intense ecclesiastical convictions. Such a churchman was he, that more than once he finds it necessary almost to apologise for his panegyric on Milton; but the *Sonnet* will be remembered when the apologies are forgotten! No sect or party can be suffered to claim Wordsworth as all their own!

For one little reminiscence we must find room. It is from the Journal of Caroline Fox, October 6, 1844, in the poet's seventy-fifth year:

> He took us to his terrace, whence the view is delicious; he said, "Without those autumn tints it would be beautiful, but with them it is exquisite." It had been a wet morning, but the landscape was then coming out with perfect clearness. "It is," he said, "like the human heart emerging from sorrow, shone on by the grace of God." We wondered whether the scenery had any effect on the minds of the poorer people. He thinks it has, though they don't learn to express it in neat phrases, but it dwells silently in them. 'How constantly mountains are mentioned in Scripture as the scene of extraordinary events: the Law was given on a mountain, Christ was transfigured on a mountain, on a mountain the great act of our redemption was accomplished; and I cannot believe but that when the poor read of these things in their Bibles, and the frequent mention of mountains in the Psalms, their minds glow at the thought of their own mountains, and they realise it all more clearly than others."

A few years more, and the poet, among "his own mountains," sank peacefully to rest. More than a generation has passed since then (April 23, 1850), and this delayed biography records the judgment, as it were, of posterity on one whom we have almost ceased to regard as a contemporary. Professor Knight modestly says of his work that it is "a storehouse of facts and not a critical memoir"—"a quarry rather than a building." So it is best. The life of Wordsworth teaches its own lesson without the intervention of the critic. Our biographer, at least, has massed his facts in admirable order and keeping; while the varied reminiscences culled from the poet's friends and admirers, contribute with the editor's fine taste to make the closing chapters of the record (1838-1850, vol. iii. pp. 359-495) among the most fascinating and inspiring pages in English biographical literature.

S. G. G.

MONEY.

THERE is a ring in the uttered word as definite as the ring of a coin on a counter. And it is an attractive sound to many; not least to those who, about to commence their pilgrimage in the queer paths of life, are standing just now on the threshold, wondering what the future has in store for them. The roads are strewn with gold pieces to some young imaginations; to others nothing definite is in front, but all things vaguely. Most young hearts, on starting, have music in them; and when it takes a decided form, we, more staidly certain of our calculated footsteps, hear strange bursts of melody with the refrain, "Britons never shall be slaves!" Ah, let the young hearts sing!

To descend to money. Old and young, with philosophy or without, will not lose much in their considerations on the subject by remembering: First, that poverty and wealth are but comparative terms with vague significance. Some men, like the Vicar of Wakefield, consider themselves "passing rich" on forty pounds a year, whilst others look upon a multiplication by, say, a dozen of that amount as but a respectable poverty; and, second, that the decisions of the majority of men in this direction are prejudiced, and so far, of necessity, wanting in sanity. The *dicta* of the man who sells his soul that he might heap up pounds, shillings, and pence for the mere sake of accumulating a fortune, are worthless; for by his every action he is persistently pulling the curtains over his eyes, and can in no wise be other than a blind leader; whilst the poet or artist, living in the realms of imagination and finding in his dreams his choicest occupation, has also "blinkers" on, although of a different kind, and consequently cannot see ahead in a straightforward way. His sight is either to the right or the left of him.

We must not forget, also, that expressions in favour of wealth are sometimes only indications of a thirst for an untasted draught, which is apt to leave a bitter taste behind; as well as that those who speak scornfully of it are, too often, sharers of the spirit of the fox looking upon the unattainable grapes. In some cases, men who have satiated themselves through too extensive possession turn to the arms of philosophy, and hit upon riches as a fit subject of discourse. Our readers shall judge for themselves as to what kind of individual he was who in 1737 gave to the world a little treatise with the title, "The Pleasant Art of Money-Catching, treating of the Invention of Money, Misery of wanting it, how persons in straits may supply themselves with it, how a man may pay debts without it, etc., etc."

There are many instances, not only on record, but around us in daily life, which go to show conclusively that the love of money is the foundation of numerous ills; but there are also indications without number to be found of the want of money being the root of all evil. A little would often soothe the last moments of one of the world's "unlucky" children; and a little would sometimes brighten and make plain the earthly paths of those who love the beautiful—we were going to write, too ardently—at the expense of

the necessary. Poor David Gray, struggling in the grip of fell disease, cried out piteously in one of his letters: "Surely I am worth £15!"[1] And how acceptable was the five-pound note received by William Thom, the weaver-poet, as payment for his "Blind Boy's Pranks," just as he was about seeking rest in the Aberdeen House of Refuge! "O, sir!" he writes in acknowledgment, "it is difficult for those in other circumstances to think what a strife is his who has to battle lip-deep in poverty, with a motherless family and a poetical temperament—the last the worst, inasmuch as it enhances tenfold the pain that is frequent, and the joy that is rare." And we recollect how sorely the literary Augusta Smithers, in "Mr. Meeson's Will," needed money to send her dying sister on a health-giving sea-voyage.

"Whoso has sixpence," says Carlyle, "is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of sixpence." 'Tis for the independence it secures that many run after a crown-piece. Burns sang of catching Dame Fortune's Golden Smile,

> "Not for a train attendant,
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent."

And Lamb uttered pretty much the same kind of sentiment in one of his letters to Coleridge, "O, money, money," he said, "how blindly thou hast been worshipped, and how stupidly abused! Thou art health and liberty and strength; and he that has thee may rattle his pocket at the devil." Lord Kames, however, saw independence in another direction. "Exert yourself," he said, "and proclaim liberty, to which no other road leads, but a bold neglect of the goods of fortune. If you shake off idle fears, assert independency, and encourage cheerfulness, serenity, and openness of heart, your happiness is built upon a rock; the winds blow, tempests roar, but behold it remains unshaken."

And yet wealth is a species of blessing to another kind of being, for it has often concealed the baldness (ay, and emptiness) of a fool's head.

Thoreau, in his Bohemian experiments at housekeeping at Walden Pond, has shown us how little wealth is actually needed for the happiness of an individual, intelligent, scholarly, and of genius withal; and Wordsworth, in his plain, almost austere, mode of living at the Lakes, especially during the first years of his residence there, has emphasised, for all times, the duty of plain living and high thinking. There is, by the way, a good story recorded, in this connection, at the expense of Walter Scott, who once stayed with Wordsworth. Finding Wordsworth's homely living a trifle too meagre, Scott used to wander alone to the Swan, beyond Grasmere, where he was wont to "atone for the plain fare of the bard's cottage." One morning, however, Wordsworth persisted in accompanying his guest on his morning stroll; and, as luck would have it, on passing the place of his resort, Scott saw to his horror the landlady at the door, who promptly greeted him with, "Ah, Mr. Scott, so you *have* come for your morning glass!" thereby letting the cat out of the bag and covering Scott with confusion.

Examples of the use of comparative poverty in the moulding of men of power and genius are to be found all through our literature. "Poverty whets the genius; opulence blunts it." "What a slavery must he be under who is a slave to fortune." "To noble hearts such wealth is there in poverty itself, and impossible without poverty." "Poverty with peace is preferable to affluence with anxiety." Some of Emerson's ancestors, possessing no hoarded treasure save a rich content, would have nothing to do with a certain "Uncle John of Topsfield, who had a grant of land, and was rich." Emerson says, "My grandfather prayed every night that none of his descendants might ever be rich." Then there is that notable passage in "The Complete Angler:" "As I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth; or rather, they enjoy what the others possess and enjoy not; for anglers and meek, quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily expressed it,

> 'Hail! blest estate of lowliness;
> Happy enjoyment of such minds
> As, rich in self-contentedness,
> Can, like the reeds, in roughest winds,
> By yielding make that blow but small
> At which proud oaks and cedars fall.'

Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich,' and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, 'That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happi-

[1] Carlyle, in one of his "Sartor" outbursts, exclaims: "There must be something wrong. A full-formed Horse will, in any market, bring from twenty to as high as two hundred Friedrichs d'or: such is his worth to the world. A full-formed Man is not only worth nothing to the world, but the world could afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of the two was the more cunningly-devised article, even as an Engine? A white European Man, standing on his two Legs, with his two five-fingered Hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth, I should say, from fifty to a hundred Horses!"

ness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got."

> "Some possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,
> Which trulier may be said to possess them."

The saintly Archbishop Leighton hath it that you may see how slight a value God puts upon money, by noticing the kind of men to whom He gives it; and a thoughtful modern writer puts it that "some men have a touchstone to try gold, but all men find in gold the touchstone that tries them."

When ambassadors came from Rome to offer Numa the kingdom, Plutarch tells us, he, at first, refused it in these terms:—"When a man has a sufficiency for everything, and there is nothing in his present situation to be complained of, what but madness can lead him from his usual track of life." Emerson well said, "We can get used to being poor, for the first men and the happiest men of the earth have been so." And Carlyle, in his Edinburgh address, gave the following scrap of philosophy to the listening students: "If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he have £10,000, or £10,000,000, or £70 a year. He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find very little difference intrinsically, if he is a wise man."

It certainly is true that "none feels his poverty so sordidly as he who contemplates prodigious expenses." "What is poverty?" asks Jean Paul Richter, "who is the man that whines under it? The pain is but as that of piercing the ears is to a maiden, and you hang jewels in the wound." And again he exclaims, "I cannot help saying to Poverty, Welcome! so thou come not at quite too late a time! Wealth bears heavier on talent than Poverty; under gold mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may lie crushed down and buried! . . . . The poor historical professor, in this place, would not, for much money, have had much money in his youth. Fate manages poets, as men do singing-birds; you overhang the cage of the singer and make it dark, till at length he has caught the tunes you play to him, and can sing them rightly."

The evil of unnecessary wealth is that it hides from us "the treasures we are born to." "Fools that we are!" cried Carlyle, "why should we wear our knees to horn, and sorrowfully beat our breasts, praying day and night to Mammon, who, if he would even hear us, has almost nothing to give." Nothing, we take the Chelsea sage to mean, compared with the other and brighter gifts which are possible of possession to men.

'Tis not against wealth, as such, that the chiefest objections are to be raised; but rather against what Tennyson terms "the narrowing lust of gold." Money, like every other gift of God, is a blessing if put to a right and judicious use. It has, undoubtedly, often cramped men's natures, and shrivelled their souls; but so, also, has poverty. Only a fool will think lightly of the power of wealth to bless; yet, certainly, only a fool will steep his soul in mud to obtain it. Many men cannot keep it when they have it; but the channels through which it goes are very different. Some play "ducks and drakes" with it for their own personal gratification; others are equally free with it when a wanting hand is outstretched. One of Emerson's ancestors, a New England minister, "gave alms profusely." "He gave away his wife's only pair of shoes from her bedside to a poor woman who came to the house, one frosty morning, barefoot. When his wife, thinking to restrain a profuseness of almsgiving which his scanty salary could ill afford, made him a purse that could not be opened without a tedious manipulation, he gave away purse and all to the next applicant." Rob Roy's *sporran*, or purse, which no one could find the means of opening (referred to by Sir Walter Scott, in one of his letters), would have shared the same fate at the hands of this Emerson.

After all, poverty and wealth are, as we have said, but comparative terms; affluence to one is stringency and poverty to another. The happy mean is difficult to define. It seems on the surface to appear that great estates should not belong to the scholar or dreamer, or, as in the case of the Squire in "Robert Elsmere," dilapidated Mile End cottages and consequent fevers will be among the results. Let the dreamer have sufficient for a plain scholar's daily fare, and deliver him over to his dreams. It is related that Agassiz, the great naturalist, when importuned by the manager of an American lyceum to lecture on a certain occasion, refused quietly but firmly. Finding, however, that his refusal was not taken, he said, "My dear sir, I cannot afford to waste time in making money."

But it would be a pity to stint in any way the means of the intelligent helper of the poor, or the assistant in any genuine work which has for its end the uplifting of the masses. There is much work of this kind yet to be done, and the workers are, alas! too few.

Tom Hood knew something of the philosophy which clusters round the word "money," and this is how he sang:

> "Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
> Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
> Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
> Heavy to get, and light to hold;
> Hoarded, battened, bought, and sold,
> Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
> Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
> To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
> Price of many a crime untold.
>
> Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
> Good or bad a thousandfold!
> How widely its agencies vary—
> To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
> As even its minted coins express,
> Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
> And now of a Bloody Mary."

J. ROGERS REES.

ON SOME REMARKABLE RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF MICROSCOPIC MARINE LIFE.

BY W. H. SHRUBSOLE, F.G.S.

SCIENTIFIC investigation, like charity, should begin at home. An accurate observer of any of Nature's manifold aspects generally does good service in the cause of science when his researches are carried on in the district contiguous to his place of abode.

The present article will be an unpretentious attempt to embody in plain language some of the recent experiences of one who by quiet and solitary plodding for many years has been enabled, in brief intervals of leisure in a busy life, to make some recognised additions to the scientific records. Geology first engaged his attention, but from the close correlation of the natural sciences it was found to be hardly possible to study that one branch earnestly without being almost insensibly drawn towards other subjects.

When knowledge had been gained of what the sea had done in bygone ages it was an easy gradation to the inquiry as to what the sea is doing now, and to the comparison of the relics of ancient life with the manifestations of terrestrial and marine life of the present time.

In this way the River Thames and the animal and vegetable organisms it sustains in life, became the subjects of close and oft-repeated examination.

Probably it will be generally conceded that the condition of this river at and near London is not favourable to the development of aquatic life. But further down the sewage-laden stream encounters a larger quantity of sea water, and from the blending, partial purification results.

Near Southend the river rapidly broadens, and uniting with the Medway, forms an estuary of considerable amplitude. Beyond this point, sea-water conditions practically prevail, as the average salinity is not far from being normal, and the organic matter present is in such diminished proportion as to be positively beneficial alike to animals and plants.

It is not surprising, therefore, that hereabouts many fishermen exercise their arduous calling, and that students of marine zoology obtain an abundant supply of materials for observation and research.

The shore slopes and the sandy tracks lying between tide marks are readily accessible, and examination will well repay attention; while a rich harvest of objects of scientific interest, as well as some of commercial value, can always be raised from the sea bottom by means of the trawl or the dredge.

For the present, these hunting grounds, and the spoils they yield, will be disregarded in order to concentrate thought upon some of those minute organisms that occasionally appear in such abundance that it may well be said that the sea then "swarms" with them.

"MAY WATER."

Some of these are annual visitors, and their return can generally be correctly prognosticated. Especially is this the case with some forms, at present little understood, that cause the water to become what fishermen call "foul." Whatever they are, these little bodies so often make their periodical visit during the month of May, that among the riverside population "foul water" and "May water" are synonymous terms.

Last year it seemed as if the long-continued low temperature had caused retardation of vital processes in the sea to the same extent as on the land, for these organisms, whose origin and ultimate form are at present unknown, appeared the previous year in the Thames estuary on May 18th, and in 1888 not till June 16th. In 1889 they began their annual visit on April 25th.

The term "foul water" is almost too harsh, and its use is scarcely justified by facts. Certainly ropes and nets on being hauled in from water in this condition have a slimy feel, and the men say that these appliances quickly become rotten in consequence of such immersion; but impartial observers believe that this is a much exaggerated grievance. An objection to the presence of this "May water," based on more substantial grounds, is that soles and other flat fish usually met with hereabouts dislike it, and try to get where it is not. Indeed sometimes fishing is altogether discontinued until another condition of the water sets in.

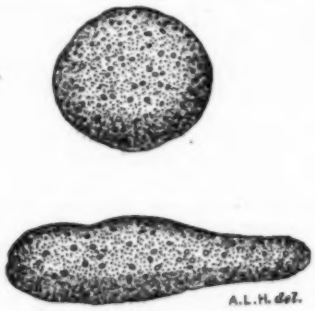
The whitebait-fishers, who usually take enormous quantities of the little silvery delicacies in and about Queenborough Swale, also complain that the "foulness" greatly lessens their daily catch for the London market.

It does this in a very singular way. The nets used in catching whitebait, it may not be generally known, have quite large meshes except just at the centre, where they are small. The net is laid out so as to enclose a semicircular area, the ends are brought together, and the former centre, called the "cod-end," trails behind.

When the water is clear, the fish see the net standing as a fence or barrier, which they think it better to avoid, and in trying to keep clear of it make their way along until they find themselves entangled in the "cod-end." They fly an imaginary evil, and in so doing come to an untimely end. Now, when their vision is obstructed the net is not seen, no fright is experienced, and the pretty little fish pass through the large meshes unalarmed and unharmed. The whitebaiters therefore have good reason for disliking the "foul water."

This diminished transparency is due to the presence of countless myriads of gelatinous masses,

either globular or cylindrical, or modifications of those forms, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2.



FIGS. 1, 2.—Foulwater Forms.

They are slightly translucent capsules, in the substance of which are embedded numerous granules about one six-thousandth of an inch in diameter. These gelatinous masses flow in and out with the tide for a fortnight or thereabouts without much change in structure being observable. After this, when examined microscopically, the granules are seen to wriggle and twist, and then to move about freely within the limits of each capsule.

With considerable energy they crowd to the side nearest to the light, and presently break through the membraneous envelope and commence independent life as free-swimming creatures, apparently infusorian in character. What form they ultimately assume yet remains to be ascertained.

It is worthy of remark that the diminution of transparency now described takes effect only beneath the surface. When this condition prevails, and the water is viewed from above, it really appears much more translucent, and the light appears to penetrate to a greater depth than usual.

How can this paradoxical state of things be explained? Well, may it not be that the floating bodies described above, being partially opaque, obstruct the free transmission of light below, and from innumerable points reflect it upwards at various angles into the air? This seems to account for the obscurity beneath, and the greater brilliance observable from above the water surface.

PHOSPHORESCENT SEA.

Another large development of microscopic life of annual recurrence hereabouts produces the so-called "phosphorescence" of the sea. As soon as warm weather sets in, the little animals known by the name of *Noctiluca miliaris* appear; a few at first, gradually increasing till they are present in great abundance. As will be seen by Fig. 3, these creatures are nearly globular, with a linear depression giving a somewhat bi-lobed appearance. At one end of this furrow a tail-like filament is attached, by means of which propulsion is effected, and close by the point of attachment the mouth is situate.

As much misapprehension exists as to the nature of the luminosity given off by these "lights of the night," it may be as well to state what has been ascertained respecting them by personal observation.

It is quite certain that phosphorus has nothing to do with the phenomenon, and that the light-producing energy is only exerted when the animals are irritated. A large number may be present on a calm dark night, and be quite invisible until the darting of a fish or the stroke of an oar agitates the water in their proximity. Then all the *Noctilucæ* affected by the movement express their sense of annoyance and put forth all their powers of defence by simultaneously emitting tiny electrical discharges, the flash of which is seen, and of which the corresponding shock may be felt.

Any one curious on this subject should put some in a glass jar and then watch them in a dark room. If the jar has been undisturbed for a few minutes, and no other animals are moving about in it, the *Noctilucæ* will hardly betray their presence. Now suddenly plunge the finger-tips among them, and a bright bluish-white light will be visible, and at the same moment a mild pricking sensation will be felt by any one having skin of ordinary sensibility. This action, no doubt, is strong enough to frighten and possibly injure the other small creatures that move about at the surface of the sea. On promptly dipping the fingers again the *Noctilucæ* respond feebly, and the third time scarcely at all. Their stock of vital energy has been largely drawn upon, and they are unable again to electrify their assumed foes until sufficient time for recuperation has elapsed.



FIG. 3.—Noctiluca miliaris.

On a calm warm autumn evening, when crossing between Port Victoria and Sheerness in the S.E.R. Company's steamer, this marine luminosity is marvellously beautiful. Whilst the water is dark all around, the vessel seems to be cutting her way into something that changes at the contact into liquid fire, which encircles her hull at the waterline, and is tossed astern by the paddles, where it gradually fades away into darkness.

DIATOMS.

Far more erratic in their movements, and much more interesting to microscopists, are the incalculable hosts of diatoms that appear at uncertain intervals. For the enlightenment of those to whom the word "diatom" conveys but little

information, it may be stated that a diatom is a plant very low down in the scale of being, consisting of but a single cell. The name has no reference to atoms, as is often supposed, but is a compound of two Greek words, *dia* and *temnos*, indicating the readiness with which a chain formed of a number of diatoms naturally linked together (as sometimes happens) can be cut or broken. It was assigned when these objects were not so well studied as they are now, and though it would be easy to coin a better name, yet the one originally given is, by common consent, still respected and preserved.

Diatoms are of many different geometrical forms. Some groups of genera are lanceolate, others are discoidal, quadrate, triangular, or oval, with and without modifications. The forms are very varied, but, without exception, all are beautiful to those who appreciate gracefulness of outline. Several thousand species are known, and each has characteristic peculiarities by which it can be identified.

A diatom cell is generally built up of two delicate flinty plates, united by a band of the same substance, so as to enclose a space. This contains colourless protoplasm, as well as some yellowish-green particles of chlorophyll and a kindred substance known as "diatomine."

The plates, or "valves" as they are called, are sometimes decorated by very small points arranged in rows, and these points are so closely packed together as to have the appearance of fine lines, when moderately high magnifying power is employed. When lenses of very high power are brought to bear, the lines can be resolved into their constituent points. In some species the lines are on the scale of 90,000 or more to an inch!

With low microscopic power no markings of any kind are visible. Owing to the plates forming the cell-walls being siliceous, they are almost imperishable. When freed from colouring matter and accidental impurities by being boiled in corrosive acid, the beauty of their sculptured surface becomes apparent as soon as suitable lenses are used, and they are then ready for being mounted on glass for preservation and convenience of exhibition.

Besides being beautiful, and assisting to preserve fresh or salt water in a fit condition for the support of animal life, diatoms are of some service to mankind. For instance, they enter largely into the composition of dynamite, and as one of the ingredients of silicate paint they take part in resisting destructive atmospheric effects on buildings and other objects. It is thus seen that in different combinations they are important factors in the work of destruction (not always harmful) as well as of preservation.

Then again some plate powders owe their efficacy entirely to the presence of diatoms. One such is sold as "Silicon" and another as "Pure Peat Plate Powder."

That metals can be polished by these substances without visible scratches being left, is clear proof of the minuteness of the organisms in question. Diatoms are also a very useful addition to soap for many domestic purposes. But perhaps the greatest service they have ever rendered has been in impelling opticians to produce better lenses, in order that the subtle "markings" on the diatom plates might be defined. During the last forty years makers have been thus engaged in keen friendly rivalry, and diatoms have been foremost among the objects by which progress has been tested.

But for diatoms, or something similar, many researches that have resulted in great good to mankind would have been impossible.

Strange to say, those diatoms that live and multiply on the surface of the soft silt in the rills that intersect the "saltings" of the Thames and Medway districts, are very rarely found floating free, and there is no record of any such having been met with in large quantities in the sea here.

Yet, at uncertain intervals, other diatoms that are foreign to the locality come in prodigious numbers, stay for a few weeks, and then gradually disappear, their siliceous skeletons going to augment the varied accumulations at the sea-bottom farther from land, there to remain undisturbed till some enterprising geologist in ages to come shall discover them packed in thin seams in beds of clay.

During the short period in which systematic observation has been made in the Thames estuary, diatoms of very distinct character, and presumably of oceanic origin, have made their separate appearances, so that pure gatherings of each species by itself could in turn be made to any extent.

The first one noticed in recent years thus occurring plentifully by itself was a rod-like form, as shown in Fig. 4. This was so abundant that a calico bag attached to a metal ring towed at the surface in the vicinity of the Nore lightship, in less than one minute was lined with a thick film of these diatoms, causing the white material of the net to appear as if stained a rich mahogany colour, whilst an odour somewhat nauseous was diffused around. Owing to minuteness their linear outline was not apparent to the unassisted eye.

This gathering consisted of a species new to science belonging to the genus Rhizosolenia, to which the specific name of *Shrubsolii* was given by Professor Cléve of Upsala, who in a paper communicated to the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences states: "This slender species (*R. Shrubsolii*) occurs in the Atlantic Ocean between Iceland and Greenland, and was recently found in great abundance on the surface of the sea near the Island of Sheppey by Mr. Shrubsole."

Vast floating banks of this same diatom have since been found in the North Atlantic by Mr. Pearcey, of the Challenger expedition staff, when carrying on an investigation into the movements and food of the herring.

This evidence seems to establish the fact that the North Atlantic is its natural *habitat*, and that its presence so far south is due to the action of currents.

It may be that these interesting tiny plants will yet be of further service to mankind by revealing the existence and extent of oceanic currents at present unknown.

Let us now look a little closely at the structure of this particular diatom (*Rhizosolenia Shrubsolii*). It consists of a delicate transparent cylinder, slightly oval in section, having pen-like ends tapering in opposite directions, as represented by Fig. *a*, where one frustule and a portion of another are seen in longitudinal conjunction. As many as five or six are sometimes seen thus joined together. The shaded part indicates the colouring matter within, which in quite young specimens is evenly distributed over the internal surface.

the most elegant in appearance, but they are at the same time the most rarely met with. . . . In marine collections from the seashore or from the washings of seaweeds they are only found in rare cases." The elegance and comparative rarity, under certain circumstances, are freely admitted; but if the cause of the rarity be inquired into there may be some difference of opinion.

Probably they have seldom been found by naturalists because they have not looked for them in the right places.

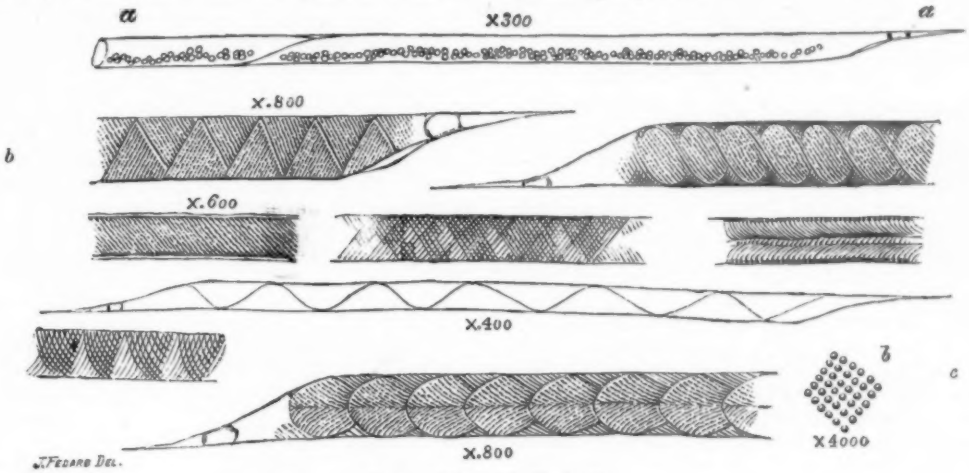


Fig. 4.—Rhizosolenia Shrubsolii.

To get an idea of the actual size of this object divide its length and width by 300, and the true proportions will be seen. It would take 75 diatoms of the size of the one sketched placed end to end to equal the length of an inch. Even when enlarged diametrically by 400 very little of structural detail is visible.

Magnifying power of 800 diameters (Fig. *b*), however, makes it apparent that the tube is built up of densely striated lozenge-shaped parts folded together so that the lines of suture form a spiral. When the apparent enlargement is carried to that of 4,000 diameters it is shown, as in Fig. *c*, that the lines are really an orderly arrangement of circular depressions which possibly may communicate with the interior of the tube. One can hardly realise that the object then in view is the same as that seen with lower microscopic power, and that its actual diameter is rather less than one two-thousandth of an inch.

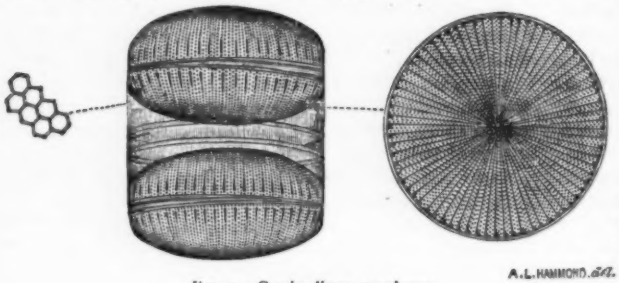
It will be seen that Rhizosolenia is an exception to the ordinary type in which two plates are united by a band.

Before briefly noticing a diatom of discoidal form that swarmed in the Thames estuary last year continuously for more than a month, it may be opportune to quote from Count Castracene's valuable official report on the diatoms collected by the Challenger expedition the following remarks: "Among the numerous different forms of diatoms that have hitherto been recorded, those possessing discoidal outlines are, without doubt,

It is amusing to read in various scientific papers and books, of the trouble taken to collect mud or sand from which the diatoms have to be separated, to wash a lot of seaweeds, or to ransack the stomachs of marine animals (not always a pleasant job), when all the time the eagerly coveted objects may have been floating thickly in the water all around. Certain it is that unless present in the water they could not be swallowed by molluscs and fishes, and that these diatoms must have been living and rapidly multiplying at the surface, buoyed up by the oxygen they freely evolve during life, before the dead forms settled at the sea bottom.

Inspection of a small quantity of sea water taken up in a glass tube will show to an experienced eye if any diatoms are present, and roughly in what proportion. It is a simple matter to fill, say, a medicine bottle. Let it stand undisturbed for a few hours, then pour off the clear water, and put a little of the sediment on the stage of the microscope, which need not be an expensive instrument. A pail of salt water dipped from the beach or the pier, standing all night, will often yield a plentiful supply of beautiful forms obtained thus with little trouble. If one microscopist in each town round the British coast would but do this once a week throughout the year, and keep a record of what he might see, much valuable information would be gained in connection with the questions of fish food, the direction of currents, and other matters of interest, and leave no room for complaints as to the rarity of discoidal diatoms.

The particular diatom now to be noticed is well shown in Fig. 5. Doubtless its appropriate specific name, "concinnus," was given by William Smith, author of the "Synopsis of the British Diatomaceæ," as indicating "something that commands admiration by its elegance."



A.L.HAMMOND. *del.*

FIG. 5.—Coscinodiscus concinnus.

Its presence in the Thames was first noticed during the last week of April, 1887, when it was found to be exceedingly abundant. A bottle of water filled at random and held up to the light was seen to be crowded with something in suspension, and yet the water was highly translucent. Using a lens, one saw a lot of objects rather suggestive of bone shirt-buttons many sizes smaller than usual. Closer inspection showed that the sides were convex, and that the connecting zones varied very much in width. This last peculiarity is incidental to the process of multiplication, and cannot now be dwelt upon.

For some weeks this beautiful Coscinodiscus was carried about by tidal action until by the end of May it had nearly disappeared.

The outer surface of the valves of this diatom is covered with numerous minute depressions, apparently of hexagonal form, termed cellules. Near the margin there is a circle of little spines varying from one-three-thousandth to one four-thousandth of an inch apart, from which rays extend nearly to the group of larger cellules that mark the centre of the disc.

Rather high power is requisite to render all these and other decorative details perceptible to sight, and owing to the considerable curvature of the valves a highly magnified view of a whole disc is impossible, even with the best optical aids.

Just as this form was disappearing, another (*Eucampia zodiacus*, Fig. 6) was evidently preparing to muster in force and take its place.



A.L.H. *del.*

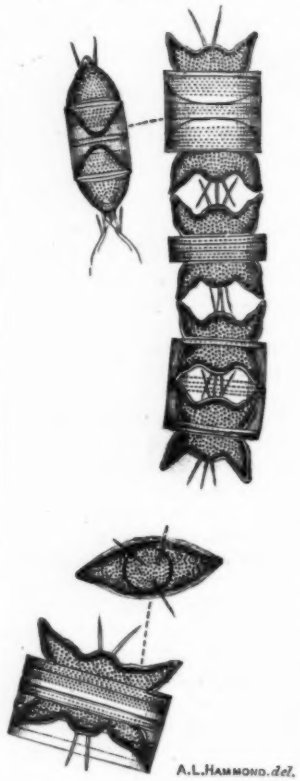
FIG. 6.—Eucampia zodaicus.

Increase was rapid, and soon the spiral outlines were easily seen in any sample of water, taken haphazard at places miles apart, as so many miniature corkscrews, minus handles.

Of these and of other noteworthy associates it would be easy to write at length. It must suffice, however, just to say of one (*Biddulphia aurita*, Fig. 7), that some of the lifeless plants, favoured by calm weather and slack tides, settled down along the Sheppey shore, close to the beach, and thus resolved themselves into a superficial deposit extending for several miles, some yards wide and about a foot in thickness.

The writer, when rambling in search of fossils, happened to step into the ooze, and found it decidedly malodorous, black, and tenacious, as well as soft. To the first shock of surprise succeeded a resolve to take some home that its true character might be ascertained, and in the absence of a bottle, a cockle-shell became a convenient receptacle for the sample. At home the microscope revealed the truth, and showed that the unlovely mass (or mess, as some might describe it) was simply an aggregation of beauty in disguise.

A small cartload was secured for the benefit of microscopists elsewhere, and soon after a single gale cleared the remainder of the deposit away.



A.L.HAMMOND. *del.*

FIG. 7—Biddulphia aurita.

In conclusion, it may be said that the natural conditions are not more favourable in this district than in others, and that equal, if not superior, results may be attained anywhere round the British coasts.

This paper is sent forth in the hope that it may stir up some to the study of the unfamiliar forms of life that surround us on every hand, in ponds, rivers, and seas, and it is most confidently asserted that any time that may be spent in the study of their functions, or in the admiration of their marvellous beauty, will not be idly spent, if the occupation enhance our conceptions of creative skill, and strengthen our persuasion of the diffusive energy of the Divine Artificer of Nature.

PHILANTHROPICAL PERPLEXITIES.

PERSONAL MINISTRATION.

AFTER all the ways of doing good seen in (1) promoting co-operation among depressed and scattered workers; (2) in giving help either through trustworthy societies, or by secret alms, to such of the needy as cannot work, and yet are not tainted with pauperism; and (3) by the troublesome investment of capital which might with ease be made to produce the same or greater interest elsewhere (as when a man, often thanklessly, builds good houses for the poor when legitimately enough he might have put his money "into the bank" and received his "own with usury"), we must not forget that the best benevolence is seen in "personal ministration." Let me say a word about this, and I will have done.

In all the above-mentioned ways of doing good, though there be much sacrifice of time, expenditure of energy, and giving of alms, there may be no actual contact with, no close approach to, the sufferer. Far be it for any one to suggest that indirect liberality, where no such meeting takes place, is unacceptable with God and man. Most of the good work done in the world is of this kind; but there is a peculiarity of excellence, a savour of what I was going to call perfection, in any righteous deed where the doer is not only personally engaged, but is brought face to face with the object of his concern.

There is such an undefinable charm in this that some good people are tempted to deny the name of "real" work to all other kinds of labour for the good of men. I suppose the characteristic flavour of it comes from the immediate response which the worker gets. If you were to give a handsome sum to an institution which honestly fed the hungry, you might perhaps feel pleased, and the secretary might write a gratifying note; but when you clap a plate of smoking hot mutton and potatoes on the table before a starving man, you feel as if you had a personal share of the (unspoken) "grace" which he says before meat. So with teaching. You may found a college, but in no feeling which follows your munificence do you experience what the teacher receives who is *en rapport*, joins issue with, an intelligent scholar. There is nothing surer than that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and the personal giving of a fresh movement to another mind is peculiarly pleasant to him or her who has any "gift" for teaching.

So with the sick. The machinery needful for a due exercise of the healing art costs money. There is need of the healthily-built hospital and the finished surgical appliance. Medicine must be bought for the patient, and a salary paid to the nurse. And the sick are under the deepest obligation to those who furnish the funds for this purpose. Indeed, without these donors nothing can be done. But the "sister" who perceives the silent smile of the sufferer, and the physician who sees the welcome with which his approach is hailed, have the taste of a unique gratification which it is impossible for the "supporter of the hospital" to apprehend. This thankfulness is perhaps assumed to be most demonstrative and gratifying not in ministration to the diseased in a hospital at home, but in the nursing of those "sick and wounded" by reason of war. There is then a special attraction to those who wish to do good, and who offer their (often untrained and valueless) services to such as are in authority. Officials find ways to choke off these amateurs, or rather in applying inevitable tests which soon weed out the incapable but impulsive candidate for the trying duties which have to be done. Still, the eagerness of volunteering for this service is a witness to a belief in the excellence and charm of personal ministration. And as they would "do good," many women might take pains to learn scientifically about nursing and the laws of health, so that they might better minister to the sick when occasion arrives, though it be in the tame atmosphere of national peace and domestic sorrow.

No doubt there is much individual discharge of important duty which is met by no grateful immediate thanks. The conscientious keeper of the lighthouse who trims its lamp with wakeful anxiety during the storm gets small consideration or thanks from those whom he warns away from the path of death. The sailor who is wrecked hails the lifeboat crew with a gratitude too deep for words, but if he avoids the rock by reason of the signal he thinks nothing of the sleepless man who has seen to the wick and oil, or blows the loud fog-horn. This last saves countless lives at cost of patient service involving the most scrupulous and individual attention of a watchman, but his calling has no charm, inasmuch as it does not bring him into personal contact with those for whom he works.

In reviewing some solutions of the difficulties we feel in doing good, let me suggest that my reader might well take a turn at some work done at first hand, work in which he has to rely mainly on his own personal influence. There is, for example, "instruction." If he has any gift that way, and is prepared to give time and pains to its use, he might do unmeasured good. I have no special form of such ministration to suggest. That must depend upon his tastes and beliefs. The instruction may be religious or secular, the pupil of this or that age. But I believe that most "ministers" would gladly welcome the services of one who would not expect to have everything prepared for him or her, but would create the work which had to be done, and possibly make friends of some dozen young people for life. I contribute this as a hint rather than a definite direction.

Again, though I have already glanced at some features of this service, let me point to the visiting of the lonely, sick, bedridden, or weakly. Here

we have a very close approach to a Divine test of righteousness. There are many suffering poor who would be thankful for steady and kind visits. To them the best "listener" often brings best ministration. Then, too, there are sufferers in a man's own rank of life who sorely need the sympathy of a present soul, and the compassion of a patient and accessible ear. We do good when (as people say) we "sit with them," though perhaps we do nothing but "sit" and hear the old repeated story of discomfort. This may not be always keenly interesting, and it may cost us some effort in order to give our attention to the sufferer, but then "attention" is agreeable (so we find it ourselves), and it is more blessed to give than to receive. Perhaps the listening to the plaint of an invalid, without expression of weariness, or hint that we have heard it all before, is by no means a slight factor in the deed which Jesus commended when He put Himself in the place of an ordinary suffering mortal and said, with satisfaction, "I was sick and ye visited Me."

It is indeed in the case of those who suffer from some bodily trouble that any man can most closely share the work of the Son of Man. We read again and again how He healed the blind, lame, deaf, dumb. Now, though we cannot do that, are there none of this sort, suffering thus, among our friends and acquaintances, possibly in our own family, towards whom we might show more consideration? We talk of the difficulties of philanthropy, and read of Jesus that He went about "doing good." Perhaps we then think of some almost exclusively Divine beneficence; and yet, when we come to examine His ways and deeds, we find that they mainly consisted in showing kindness to those of all ranks who were suffering from commonplace infirmities. And though our power does not reach so far as His, though we can only alleviate where He was able to cure, yet by showing consideration for sufferers and by mitigating their pain, even in the least degree, we are so far on the same road as Christ Himself. We are thus likely to have our perception of good deeds somewhat contracted or confused by means of the very examples and instruction concerning them found in the Scriptures. Perhaps we do not sufficiently realise the lesson set in the washing of the disciples' feet, though herein we see no presence of what is termed the "miraculous" element. In other matters, however, we are tempted to fancy that a guide may be found in the "Spirit" or "mind" of Jesus rather than in the details of what are called His "wonderful works." But as we realise what even they were, we see nothing stupendously magnificent and unapproachable. We may follow not merely His mind, but the direction of His hand and voice. Even though we cannot change water into wine, though we cannot command the winds and waves nor cause a miraculous draught of fishes, we may add to the ordinary cheer of a humble feast, and in divers ways help to make the seafarer's and fisherman's lot easier, safer, and more profitable.

Then, again, possibly, some are deterred in their attempt to do distinctly Christian work by the suspicion that it ought to be accompanied by some "religious" advice. But genuine Christian visits need not be inevitably so garnished. Many seem to forget that, if they were ill, they might be otherwise than grateful to any one, a comparatively strange visitor or not, who insisted on always offering what is called "spiritual consolation." Is kind mortal sympathy no genuine and divine comfort? If occasion arose there might well be prayer and converse about the deep things of life. Nothing is really more profoundly interesting (though this is far too tame a word) than the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God. And yet His will is surely done in kindly converse with, and forbearance of, the sick. Indeed, when I examine the things which Christ did and praised, I fail to see this condition of conversationally religious commentary inevitably or generally attached to them. He "talked" with the Samaritan woman, but that was when he had asked her to give Him to drink. He had conferred no favour, being at first a recipient rather than a giver. He administered a sharp warning to the cripple at the pool of Bethesda. Still, He mostly cured and sent away, or, as in the case of the just restored damsel, followed up His deed with the instruction that something should be given her to eat.

Possibly the deterrent apprehension which I have noticed has been intensified by some official renderings of the first part of a sentence where we read, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction . . ." The minds of many at once create a picture of the modern district visitor with her basket and her tract going about and doing good. All honour to her. She is often incalculably welcome at many a poor sick bed. And she might well be multiplied tenfold. But, nevertheless, that part of St. James's instruction which may be taken to refer to any distinctly spiritual effort or procedure applies rather to the "visitor" than to the "fatherless and widows." The Christian is bidden to "visit" them, and to "keep himself unspotted from the world." Moreover, it may be remembered that there are fatherless and widows in all ranks, and we may also assume that these represent social and domestic sufferers of all sorts and degrees of relationship!

On the whole, in looking at the ground over which we have passed, and especially to the testimony of Scripture, we may be sure that from the teaching of Christ Himself and His disciples the most appreciated and gratifying form of Christian service is seen in "personal ministrations." These have, moreover, great advantage in the fact that we need no inevitable accompaniment or support of money, learning, or office in order to bestow them. A review of the whole matter helps to explain and encourage genuine personal ministration on the firmest religious and social grounds.

It may be thought that even the slightest utterance about the personal doing of good on Christian lines is not complete without some allusion to what is called "rescue work." This involves individual, realistic, and often repulsive endeavours to reclaim the most degraded. No service, however, more needs discrimination as well as

devotion, since it moves in a world of special iniquity and deceit. It is the more difficult since any making of it easier for the fallen to recover themselves must be accompanied and corrected by the reflection that the conventional attitude of the "respectable" world towards "sinners" must not be disregarded as unfeeling. It recognises keenly the mischief of some special forms of evil, and its severe estimate of them acts as a strong deterrent to some who are tempted to go astray, but who (though not perhaps restrained by any distinct religious scruples) are afraid of the judgment which society will pronounce upon them if they fall. The lifting of them up must therefore be done with not merely tender but judicious hands, so that no one shall be enabled to say when tempted, "If I do wrong some kind Christian may be depended upon to take care of me." The severe attitude of ordinary decent society towards some evil-doers may not involve the finest expression of justice, but it is a standing and healthy protest against their sin, and foretells a heavy social retribution if they offend.

Before bringing these few words about "personal ministration" to a close I need hardly remind my reader of the invaluable influence of "kind speech" and "example." A line about these. "By thy words," says Christ, "thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." We can hardly measure the force of that impulse towards recovery which lies in a cheerful, genial "word." It is a personal ministration of the first rank. As nothing is more depressing than forced association with a silently sulky companion, as nothing in its way sows more distrust than the backbiting comment of the busybody, so a generous, kindly voice and hearty utterance sends a new pulse into the weary soul, and helps towards a better judgment of the world.

As to "example," all I can say is that it is often most effective if unconsciously set. When a man deliberately makes himself into a model he may be exercising severe self-denial, as when he abstains from liquor which he likes, but which he has never taken immoderately, in order to lead or challenge a drunkard to abstain. And all must honour the voluntary personal abnegation involved in these contests with evil. Nevertheless they are unquestionably exposed to the charge and risk of setting up some measure of righteousness smaller than that of a Christian Church which enjoins "temperance, soberness, and chastity," but does not accompany this bidding by any formulated regulations; and, above all, the conscious posing as an example is not unlikely in some natures to nourish that sense of exclusive self-righteousness which was the curse of the exemplary and devout Pharisees and scribes in the time of our Lord. Perhaps we might form a juster and less dangerous estimate of the value of "example" if we look at it on, as it were, the negative side, and sometimes check ourselves by the thought that such and such an action was inexpedient, however lawful. We must not indeed be altogether afraid of giving offence. Not so. There is some misapprehension concerning this matter.

Some people need to have a stumbling block put in their way when, however assumedly religious it be, and however honestly it be followed, that way is leading in a questionable direction. Fanatics, for example, are always simple, fearless, and sincere, but that is no reason why no check should ever be put upon them, or their road be left without a block. Some people, even among those who are not to be charged with fanaticism, are tempted so to construe the liberty of Christ that others see in it an abounding or exaggerated freedom, approaching licence, which may dangerously offend one of the great as well as little souls which believe in Christ.

Moreover, when we talk of setting an "example" it is a "personal ministration" of no little value when we can not only sincerely, but bravely and openly, decline a wrong proposal. This is distinct from caution in not giving needless offence. A man need not propose himself as one to be followed, but he may strengthen many a weak heart and knee by heartily, brusquely, if you will, saying "No" when he is asked to do this or that of which he disapproves. Thus he personally ministers to the young and timid who are so many, and at the same time sets up no new detailed measure of righteous self-conduct.

On the whole, in facing the Perplexities of Philanthropy, we may conclude, from the most august example and teaching, as well as from general Christian experience, that the chief charm and effect in "doing good" comes as we best realise our relationship to the Son of Man who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

HARRY JONES.

SUMMER IN THE PISTOJAN MOUNTAINS.



PISTOJANS IN THE FIELDS.

WHO is there among our readers who has spent a summer in Italy? Few, indeed, we would venture to say. That country the foreigner thinks is well enough in winter; but in July, August, September! No; in those months give us the Alps, or a Scotch moor, or an English seaside place, they cry. And perhaps they are not far wrong. The Italian sky, the Italian sun, are all very well in winter, but in the dog days even the natives find them too much. But whoever has not spent a summer in Italy has not seen that "land of tints" in its full beauty; does not know of what effects of colour, of splendour, it is capable. In order to realise this, however, it is not needful to stay in the cities; the enjoyment can be procured both by the sea and in the mountains.

VILLEGGIATURA.

In Tuscany the Pistojan Apennines are a great centre of attraction to citizens in search of *villeggiatura*, and in many an elevated locality are to be found stately hotels, where the visitor may suffer considerably from the hosts' capacities for running up a bill, but scarcely from the heat. But besides these pensions upon the peaks there are to be found among these mountains, though situated a little lower down, a number of villages adapted to the reception of strangers, or in which one can find one or two modest rooms, where visitors can be lodged and boarded. The most comfortable lodging is generally the *Canonica*, that is to say, the parsonage, which has generally been built in the good old days, and is distinguished by large rooms and thick walls, capable of keeping out the heat; for even in the mountains at a height of 600 to 800 feet above the sea, the temperature will rise in midsummer to 80 degrees in the shade. It is true that the chestnut forests, which at this height overspread mountain and hill in rare luxuriance, afford even at midday an agreeable half shade; for in order to afford true shade the trees do not stand close enough together, owing to their gigantic roots and their spreading branches.

Excepting a few rare larches and a few holm oaks, these chestnut-trees are the only trees to be found, and they furnish the mountain dweller with his nutriment. In many of these mountain villages ordinary bread is a rare delicacy. Its place is taken by the so-called *necci*, thin round cakes, made of chestnut meal mixed with water, that have been baked between hot stones, and which often taste excellently well to the townsman who eats them by way of a change

or as a caprice. A large chestnut-tree bears about two hundredweight of chestnuts when the year is good. Corn is cultivated, but does not flourish as well as in the plains, where we do not find chestnuts, and therefore, of course, also, no *necci*. Besides this, oats, potatoes, and vetches furnish the chief products of these mountain regions.

SYSTEM OF TENANCY.

The ground, which even here is Italian ground, that is, fruitful, is sold by the *coltre;* a piece of land of about 9,000 square metres, which costs in the hills about 1,000 francs (£40), and in the plains three times that sum. The Tuscan peasants have a curious method of preparing artificial manure, for owing to the scarcity of cattle the natural does not suffice. On the ground that is to be manured a number of round heaps are raised, consisting of dried twigs, and fenced round with desiccated turf. The twigs are set fire to through a hole at the top, which is specially left for this purpose, but which is closed after. The fire is maintained burning by draught-holes pierced at various points, and this burning continues some three or four days, until the contents have been entirely reduced to ashes, which manure most excellently.

Throughout Tuscany there prevails the *mezzadria*, or *métayer* system of tenancy, and it works here on the whole quite satisfactorily. The land of a proprietor is divided into a certain number of farms, which adjoin the *tenuta*, or the lord's estate, and are all under the superintendence of a *fattóre*. Sometimes the farms of the same owner are situated far from one another. This renders supervision more difficult. The peculiarity of the *mezzadria* system consists in the fact that master and peasant maintain the whole estate at half costs, dividing both expenses and gains. After the harvest the division of produce takes place, when the master receives his half, which half, however, as he assumes without comment, never corresponds to the peasant's share. It is said, jokingly, that many a *contadino* invites his master to come and take possession with the words, "Signor padrone, venga a prendere la metà della sua parte" (Master, come and take the half of your share). In the Pistojan districts the peasants are mostly but badly off; but in other districts, for example, round Siena, the peasants are wealthy and able, constantly improving in agricultural knowledge; and hence, as the masters are generally ignorant, knowing little and caring less for agriculture, they are able to enrich themselves to such an extent that the peasant is often the creditor of the master, hence *de facto* proprietor.

The conception, both exaggerated and erroneous, which prevails outside the peninsula, that the Italians are lazy, has no truth when applied to the Tuscan. The Tuscan labours, and literally in the sweat of his brow. If he has not the seriousness and energy of the Lombard, he is far removed from the indolence of the Neapolitan. As great as is the difference between their various dialects, so is that of the character of the Italians in the various provinces. It is true the Tuscan only works when he must and as much as he must, but when he does work he works steadily. Instead, for instance, of dividing his day into work and recreation, he prefers to work for two days with the utmost energy and power, in order to do absolutely nothing on the third. Steady, strenuous work, like that of the Northerner, he does not understand; but in the end he achieves as much, or almost as much, by his system, a system more in keeping with his idiosyncrasy.

BRIGANDS.

This bias towards playing the gentleman and enjoying his life in idleness is at the root of the brigandage from which Italy has at no time been quite free. But brigands in Tuscany, brigands in the Pistojan mountains, this was till recently an unheard-of circumstance! Until now, Sicily, Apulia, and Calabria were their happy hunting grounds. But in the summer of 1887 a little band suddenly appeared at San Marcello and the villages to its south, and perpetrated some not inconsiderable highway robberies. One night, however, the greater number, while sleeping in a forest hut, were surprised, and woke to find themselves in the arms of the *carabinieri*, with handcuffs round their wrists. The remainder, grown timid hereby, disbanded and returned to their former more peaceful avocations. It is highly probable that the majority figured during the daytime as peaceful citizens, and only took to their guns at night, when the laurels of Pasquale Bruno and Leone would not let them slumber; for the greater number of cases of waylaying occurred at early morning or late at night, and the robbers were so well acquainted with all the bye-paths and short cuts of the district that it was obvious they were at home there. To rob is one of those *bravura* occupations which the Southerner cannot resist, even in face of the severest legal prohibition, as little as fighting, which often leads to murder.

In vain the law prohibits the carrying of arms without a permit. The young lads who come to fisticuffs at any festive gathering generally have a dagger promptly to hand. Jealousy is almost invariably the cause of an outbreak of violence. Bad as is legally and socially the position of the Italian woman, especially in the country districts, still in the domain of emotion she stands in the foreground, and for the hot-blooded Italian a faint suspicion suffices to cause him to shed his own blood and that of others.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

One would hardly suspect him of this hot blood when one watches him peacefully tending his herds and doing his field work. With regard to his flocks he contrives to make his desires comprehensible to them by a scale of most original sounds. The herdsman's Italian estate consists principally of sheep, the pasturage being more suited to them than to cattle. The yearly yield of

each sheep in wool and milk (the latter is used for making cheese) is reckoned at five francs. For example, in Cireglio, which boasts 1,600 in-



PISTOJAN WOMAN.

habitants, there are barely twenty cows kept in all the village. In consequence milk is a rare commodity. Nor is it appreciated. In the Pistojan mountains it is often heartrending to a British mind to see pails of milk wasted, flung out of the window as so much dirty water. The peasants neither know nor appreciate its nutritive powers.

Grazing peaceably among the sheep, it is not rare to meet with a pig or two. Nearly every family rears one of these animals, which become so tame and friendly that they almost remind us of dogs. They will eat out of your hand, run and jump after their mistress, lie at her feet, guard the house door; nay, if called for out of fun from a top-story window, they have been known to try and climb up the walls of the house. Indeed the pig plays no secondary *rôle* in Italian village tales.

Dogs, however, are not lacking, although in summer they run great danger of going mad. Cats are to be seen in every house, and one often comes across beautiful specimens.

Of draught animals mules and donkeys are mostly employed, because they are more skilful in climbing and scrambling than a horse; and in the Pistojan mountains, where the chief industry is burning wood for coal, these poor beasts lead a weary life. As is known, the mule is even cleverer than the donkey at climbing up and down hill while carrying a heavy load; but it also costs twice as much to buy in the first instance, and needs to be better fed. Poor moke is satisfied with the most meagre fare, and on this will accomplish daily some twenty-five kilometres of rough steep mountain paths while carrying a load of one and a half hundredweight. And yet how he will be tortured while doing this with stick and whip when his strength fails him and he can do no more! The driver, who often is also his owner, in order to increase his load, is capable of seating himself also on that poor patient back. For the Italian, as a rule, has little sympathy for animals, whom he puts into sharp opposition to Christians; and because he holds them as wholly senseless, he sees no sin in illtreating them. To their shame be it spoken, this idea was first promulgated by the Popes, and was inculcated upon the peasants by their priests.

The contrast between the native *gentilezza* of the Italian, which shows itself even in the roughest peasant, and the coarseness of his manner with animals, never fails to amaze foreigners. Birds, too, suffer much, as the law does not protect them beyond forbidding the robbing of their nests. It is difficult to imagine how the little feathered songsters are ill-



PEASANT BOY.

treated, boys carrying them about half starving in their waistcoat pockets, and otherwise handling them as "things." No exception is made with

regard to shooting. Not even the nightingale is exempt, and hence the Northerner misses in an Italian forest those sweet melodies to which his ear is pleasantly accustomed. During the last thirty years the number of birds has diminished by one-third throughout the peninsula. It is true a shooting permit is nominally required, but it costs next to nothing, and sportsmen (?) are legion. Among birds, finches, blackbirds, jays, and redstarts are most common; and as birds of passage, especially in October, partridges, quails, and thrushes.

CHARCOAL-BURNING.

As before mentioned, the chief male industry is charcoal-burning. In order to carry this out they emigrate in masses during the winter to the Maremma, where they will spend eight or nine months, from October to June or July, absent from wife and child. Maremma is the generic name for those uninhabited marshy regions which skirt the sea-coast, especially between Pisa and the former States of the Church, where the highly insalubrious air breeds the terrible ague fevers, and where, notwithstanding extensive works for irrigation and drying, there still exist masses of stagnant water. These stagnant pools alternate with great tracts of forest, and here in winter the men of the Pistojan mountains labour, there being no work for them to do at home. They work either for rich private gentlemen or for companies, who are the owners of these woods, and for whom the timber is felled and reduced to charcoal. The logs are built up in the shape of a cone, and surrounded by dry turf or earth. The cone is then set alight from the top, and is kept burning by means of air-shafts for some five to seven days, until all the logs are converted into "coal." It is a dirty and laborious trade, but whosoever can carry it on on his own account often grows rich. In the Pistojan hills various men are to be met with who own some hundred thousand francs a year, but they cling to their old habits and their old industry. Thus it was able to come about that a certain proprietor who was supplying various gentlemen with his wares, while these were seated at table, was offered a piece of bread, his dirty smock-frock, his coal-black face and hands, making an outsider believe that he stood in need of relief. The man, with the Italian's fine tact, accepted the alms, but the gentlemen had not yet risen from table before there was sent to them a *fiasco* of the choicest native wine, "as a countergift from the poor charcoal-burner."

As we have said, in autumn the men wander to the Maremma, and often take with them their little sons of eight or nine years old. These begin their apprenticeship to work by looking after the kitchen; they cook the polenta, which, partaken of with grated cheese, forms their only nourishment; they fetch water, wash, etc. In later years they are promoted to help with the charcoal, and, yet later, become workmen on their own account, and are able to bring home each summer some two to four hundred francs (£8 to £16).

DOMESTIC LIFE.

Meantime the women stay at home with the female children, the mere babies—leading a monotonous and miserable life, knitting or plaiting straw for the dealers in Pistoja. For these straw plaits they are paid at an average price, be the plait coarse or fine, of fifty centimes (4½*d.*) for sixty-five yards —"not enough to live upon and too little to die upon," for not even the most skilful hand can accomplish sixty-five yards in one day. The families are most sadly numerous. Owing, however, to the hard life, a weakly or sickly child rarely grows up, and infantine mortality is very high. Kind Mother Nature renders her most painful task unusually easy to women in these regions, and to give birth to ten, twelve, and even fourteen children is no rarity among them.

In the mountains still obtains the custom, once common throughout all Tuscany, of swaddling the children, binding the little arms close to the tender body, so that the poor young thing resembles a mummy. They are carried about like this, with the head rolling free, in consequence of which their poor wee heads often balance from side to side, with obviously disastrous results to health. The mothers may be seen nursing the child and plaiting straw at the same time—a feat they accomplish by pressing the child under one arm, just about the region of its stomach. A foreign observer never fails to be deeply impressed by the power of resistance and vitality that must reside in these poor little victims. In the plains, at least the child's arms are left free.

Among these peasants it is frequent for parents and married children to live all together, so that one house may hold as many as twenty-five persons of one family. That under such circumstances complete harmony does not always reign is easily conceived, especially among the women, who have to stay at home. The mother will not relinquish the reins of government; the daughters-in-law desire to be independent. But on the whole the system really works better than one would have supposed.

It is curious to note what a preference these peasants show for classical names. Atreus, Lysimachus, Fabius, Cæsar, Artemisia, Quintilia, Erminia, Clorinda, Fulvia, etc., etc., are of the most every-day occurrence.

Of indoor comfort they know little; a straw chair, a table, a bed, are their entire furniture. As a great innovation, we encounter here and there a wardrobe. Generally, all the clothes are simply hung up on a hook in the wall. In most houses the same place serves as kitchen and sitting-room—a kitchen, it must be noted, without a chimney. In winter, therefore (a season about as cold up here as in England), the inmates must either endure the smoke or must let out with it the small amount of heat acquired in the apartment during the process of cooking. It is easy to conceive how new-born babies thrive under such conditions.

Until 1838 the status of the women with regard

to inheritance was very bad. When after this date a change of law occurred, daughters inherited half the share that went to the sons. Only since 1866 does the law give equal portions to the children without distinction. Since that year the mother also inherits a share like a child, and she is permitted to administer the property of her minor children, until or unless she remarries. In this event, a family council takes her place. A husband has the right to administer the property of his wife, but she alone can dispose of it.

EDUCATION.

Among the twenty-eight million inhabitants of Italy, nineteen millions are still unhappily without any schooling, although since 1860 all instruction, even in the higher schools, is gratuitous. Even the law of 1877, which makes attendance at school obligatory, has not radically helped this evil, for the communes are lax in enforcing the statute. For each thousand souls there ought to be a school, but in these mountains many and many a village lacks this institution, because the communes are too poor to cover the needful costs. In a few such cases the priest is officially entrusted with the charge of education, which in that case, however, merely benefits the girls. For this the priest will receive as emolument about two hundred francs (£8), while a regular master or mistress receives an annual payment of six to eight hundred francs (£24 to £40). Small places much prefer to appoint a mistress, because she is allowed to hold a mixed school (boys and girls), which means a great saving of expense to the commune, since male teachers are only allowed to instruct boys, and in that case teachers of both sexes are required. In what esteem the peasant of these regions holds higher education may be gathered from the payment given for private lessons. One example suffices. The primary master of a neighbouring village gives private instruction besides his school work, and this at the homes of various of his pupils. For three lessons a week he draws a salary of one franc (9½d.) a month! Having omitted a lesson, owing to a high church festival, the peasant father of his pupils, righteously indignant, enjoined upon his wife to subtract for this hour. In consequence, the miserable man saw his pay reduced to ninety-two centimes that month.

RELIGIOUS LIFE.

The country priest is usually a far more sympathetic figure than his town brother, and also leads a more admirable life. His education, even if one-sided, is above the average, since it is built upon a classical basis. His mode of life, in accordance with his income, is most modest. For since the State, in 1866, made itself master in somewhat autocratic manner of the revenues of the church, the income of the small country clergy is reduced some thirty per cent., his income varying from forty to sixty francs a month, the lesser sum being indeed far from common. The financial situation of those who have "married the church" is somewhat better. By this is understood those men who, in order to be virtually rectors and to enjoy the profits of their parish, have made a deposit with the State, a sum that varies according to circumstances from 2,000 to 10,000 francs. If it were not for secondary profits the poor priest and his servant would almost have to starve. For certainly a Perpetua, in the style of her whom Manzoni so ably describes in his "Promessi Sposi," is almost indispensable. The Perpetua of whom I should like to tell answered almost word for word to her great prototype; "she is faithful and affectionate, knows how to command or obey according to circumstances; bearing at times the grumbles and moods of her master, and at times making him feel hers." A lady staying in such a house once uttered in anger, "Why one speaks of water here as though it were oil for extreme unction." Strictly speaking, things were not quite so bad as this; but it is wise, if staying in a canonica, not to enter the kitchen for fear of seeing some horrors perpetrated.

Religious, or more strictly speaking, church life, is much more alive in the country than the towns, as might have been expected, and in the country it is borne in upon the observer how well the church has understood how to enter into every moment of the people's life, and to impress upon that moment its official stamp. It is often touching to note with what fervour, what childish simplicity, these people, who cannot read, listen to the mass, of which they do not understand one word, seeing it is not even read in their native tongue. Sometimes a priest will take unfair advantage of this ignorance. Thus a foreign visitor noticed that in one of these mountain villages the priest, who, by the way, was excessively narrow-minded, read the Latin prayers of baptism in the following style:—"Exorcigo te, creatura salis immmmmm . . . . per Christum Dominum nostrum. Exorcigo te immunde Spiritus immmmmm . . . . ergo maledicte diabole immmmm . . . per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen," and so on, skipping and mumbling the words, while the sponsors stood by with devoutly-bowed heads. The devil is exorcised out of the new-born child with all formality, and this at the door of the church, before even the baby is allowed to enter. At marriages the custom prevails, which is also common in Switzerland, of letting off small cannons as the bridal pair leave the church. This is done by the young lads, friends of the bridegroom. If both or either party have been widowed, the marriage usually takes place in the morning, as otherwise the turbulent youth of the village is too likely to treat the newly-wedded couple to a *charivari* (wild discordant shouts and music) in front of their house. It happens often in the mountains, and indeed in all Italy among the peasant class, that the woman is older than the man.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

The country funerals present some curious fea

tures. Until within the last thirty years coffins were not usual; the body was borne to the churchyard simply swathed in a sheet and buried in this wise. Up to the same period of time little children, up to ten years old, were all buried in a common vaulted grave closed by a round stone. These "angels' graves" can still be seen in the mortuary chapels, but are now disused. Old people tell of the pestilential smell that would rise up each time when such an "angel," who was only buried in its little shirt, was interred with its fellows, and that during epidemics the grave was often full up to the top. The officiating priest would warn the bystanders each time not to approach too closely, so that no one might fall in, overcome by the odour. And even to-day, when coffins are enjoined by the law, children are borne to earth upon an open bier, and only then, in front of all the people, are put into their coffins. Happily all funerals have to take place within twenty-four hours of demise, or the consequences resulting from such a system would be even more serious than they already are. The little bier is always carried by the young girls of the village. It is swathed in greenery, and decorated with ribbons and streamers. The little corpse lies embedded in flowers.

The funeral, like all Italian ones, takes place in the evening, which heightens the poetic effect. These children's obsequies are a spectacle to bring tears into the eyes of the most indifferent observer. In many villages the women will hang all their jewellery round the little bier, only withdrawing them before the baby corpse is put into its coffin. Most anti-sanitary, though touching, is the custom that all women and children kiss the little dead face before the coffin is closed on it for ever. It would be well could this also be forbidden by law. Even in the case of adults the coffin is only finally closed in the *Campo Santo*, having been carried uncovered into the church for the blessing of the corpse, which is gazed on and surrounded by all the villagers until the sexton comes with hammer and nails to put on and secure the lid. The coffin is then usually left for a night in the mortuary chamber of the churchyard, and is put into the ground quite early next day, in the presence of the gravediggers only. The prescribed depth of each grave is a yard and a half, but this order is rarely, if ever, attended to. The indolence of the gravedigger makes him satisfied to dig to a depth considerably less than one yard. The sanitary consequences may be imagined.

After the religious ceremony at the grave the mourners and friends all go quietly home. The barbarian funeral banquets, common among Swiss and German peasants, are entirely unknown.

FESTIVE COSTUMES.

The Italians in general are sober and moderate in material enjoyments, and the country people live more than frugally. Notwithstanding their excellent wines it is rare to see drunken persons. As a rule they take three meals a day, their chief nourishment being the already named *necci*, polenta with cheese, maccaroni, beans, a species of pea, and some potatoes. At carnival time a pig is killed, which is well pickled with salt, pepper, and spice, and then laid for about a month on an inclined table. Afterwards it is hung up in a dry place, where for two years it keeps fresh. It corresponds somewhat to the dried beef familiar to visitors in the Engadine. Fresh meat is always fried in oil, as, indeed, oil everywhere takes the place of butter in the North, a circumstance easily accounted for by the native products.

But, however simple in matters of diet, about their clothes — especially about their Sunday clothes—they are most particular. Even the poorest man will on that day appear with a coloured scarf tied round his hips, of which at least the fringed ends must peep forth from under his *giubba* (jacket). The woman wears her *vezzo*, the necklace that is indispensable to the attire of a peasantess, without the possession of which none will marry or appear at a festival, and which in certain districts consists of pearls and in others of corals. Besides this she wears a bright-coloured handkerchief on her head, for a straw hat is not a common form of attire for the peasant women of this district, while in the Sienese regions all wear it. Old women and young girls both wear the *pezzuola* habitually, which suits some faces admirably well. Their dress is usually of some simple striped cotton stuff, such as is hand woven in these regions.

In this costume we can see them dancing under the chestnuts on Sundays and festivals, often for hours together, while, leaning against a tree, some lad will make music for them with a concertina. Music is the spice of these people's lives, and, since Nature has generally endowed them with clear, harmonious voice and an excellent ear, their woods are apt to echo with the singing of workmen and shepherds. Their songs, however, are no sentimental ditties such as are dear to the souls of Germans of this class, but mostly romantic stories, with a curious *adagio* melody—a sort of *recitative*. Many old people, who can neither read nor write, know by heart such romances of more than a hundred verses in length; as, indeed, it is common to find among these *analfabeti* (as the Italians call those who cannot read) much natural wit, acute understanding, and an exceedingly fine taste, surpassing by far that of those whom education has superficially touched. Only in such an environment could Beatrice degli Outani be bred—that shepherdess who, though she had never enjoyed any school-learning, was able to improvise poems in the purest Tuscan speech, and who has enriched Italian folk verse with real treasures of beauty. To her humble cottage the most learned men of Italy have made reverent visits, and on the tombstone that closes her recent grave may be read the epitaph, "There lies she who was dear to the Tuscan muses."

MUSICAL LIZARDS.

In this fair Italy, this land of the sun and of

music, the writer of these pages made a curious observation which both entertained and instructed her, and which may also interest her readers. As is well known, lizards of all colours and sizes abound in Italy. They lie basking on all the stones, they run along all the walls, they peep out of every chink and crevice; but as soon as they hear the faintest noise they disappear with lightning speed, and it is hard to see them near and to observe them closely. Walking carelessly, and noticing the dear little animals darting now here, now there, the writer remembered the Greek statue of Apollo Sauroktonos, who is always represented as busied with a lizard—Apollo, god of the sun and of music. "Suppose I try," she thought, and softly, quite softly, she began to whistle a dreamy old German air, and behold! a lizard lies still as though rooted to the spot, raising his little head in a listening attitude and looking at her with his sharp little eyes. Without stirring, she continued her melody. The lizard came nearer and nearer, and at last approached quite close, always listening and forgetting all its fears. As soon, however, as the whistler made the smallest movement it vanished into some crevice, but to peep forth again a moment after and to listen once more, as though entirely entranced. A delightful discovery truly, and one of which I extended the field of observation daily. At last as many as eight or nine of these little music-lovers would sit around me in the most comic attitudes. Nay, two of them, a mother and its young one, would sit awaiting me as I arrived whistling at the same hour of day, sitting on a large stone, under which was probably their home.

With these, too, I made some further experiments. After having made music to them for a while I cautiously went a few steps farther, whistling on in soft drawling tones, such as I had found they best loved to hear, and see, verily, they followed me! Watching them with intense interest, I continued to whistle as I walked on slowly, halting every few paces and being silent while I halted, and truly the little creatures followed, slowly it is true, but in a straight line, at a distance of about fifteen steps, until at last, unhappily, the heavy tread of a peasant put them to flight. But my experiment had lasted long enough to make me understand the Apollo Sauroktonos, and I once more reverenced the keen native observation of those old Hellenes. Besides this, the legend of the "Ratcatcher of Hamelin" suddenly became much more credible.

THE GIOSTRE.

Space warns me that I must bring these memories of the Pistojan mountains to a close. I must, however, still say a word about an amusement that is peculiar to the district, the so-called *giostre*. The real meaning of *giostre* (or *giostra*) is a tournament, and probably in old days it was something of the kind. Nowadays it is a sort of melodrama, always enacted out of doors, if possible in the middle of the village, generally in July or in the autumn, and in which women as well as men take part. The authors of the text, whose metre and melody never change, are mostly peasants, and these texts, which are generally printed, are lent by one village to another. The circumstance that the plays are performed in costumes that at least profess to be antique, and that the *buffone*, or merry andrew, takes a leading *rôle*, entitles to the supposition that these plays are of very ancient origin; indeed we should probably not be far wrong in seeking in them the beginning of the extra-clerical theatre in Italy. The national writers of literary history have neglected to treat of this matter. It is probable that old chronicles might throw light upon it. The themes treated in the *giostre* are either old Roman or historical subjects, derived from church legends, classical literature, or epic romance; and a *giostre* cannot exist without at least a half dozen emperors, kings, and princes appearing in the scene. Here are a few of their titles:—Æneas in Italy, Cleopatra and Antony, Niccola de Lapi, Charles v, Francis i, the Battle of Pavia, St. Olive, the Queen of Castille, King Herod, Kings David and Saul, the Liberation of Jerusalem, Count Ugolino, Genoveva of Brabant, the Defeat of the King of Thrace, Artaxerxes and Artabazes, etc. Medes Persians, and Turks are favourite figures on this stage, if only because of their picturesque costumes.

If we watch these people act, these people who in all their life have never seen a regular theatre, whose director and stage manager is one of themselves, like themselves a hewer of wood and burner of charcoal, leading a hard life all winter through in the Maremma, we can but confess ourselves amazed. Whence do they learn this grace, this nobility of bearing, as they stand face to face fighting a lordly duel; whence those splendid gestures that so harmonise with their lovely language? How proudly they erect their figures when, during the action, a comrade addresses them as "prodi campioni" (worthy knights). Look at them then; they are every inch an hidalgo. Our British peasants, as compared to them, would but present a boyish aspect. It is as though a sense of the ancient grandeur of their race penetrated them electrically at such moments, and as if they too, after their fashion, would prove the truth of Petrarch's words:

"... l'antico valore
Negli Italici cor non è ancor morto.

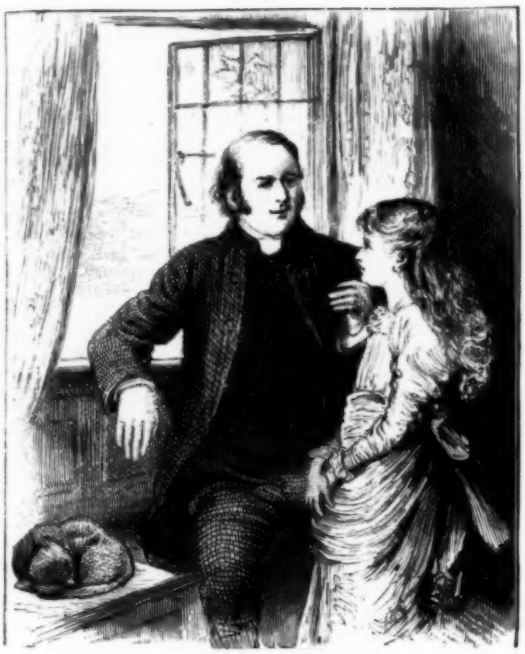
BILLY BOY.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY LAD.

BY EMILY H. HICKEY.

CHAPTER I

"So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!"



"WHAT ARE WE TO CALL THE BOY?"

LUCY FLETCHER was standing at the open window of her bedroom, and looking out upon a landscape exceedingly fair. Just before her was the lawn with its great weeping-ash, the lawn bounded by a low hedge of laurel and a wall old enough to have many a fern growing in little clefts, and to wear a goodly veil of ivy. The road, smooth and white, ran between this wall and another which bordered fields whose long brown furrows were beginning to grow green with springing corn. It was a very quiet road; now and then a cart would go by at an easy pace, or a rider who had slackened speed, or two or three full-uddered homeward-bound cows. The doctor's horse was the only creature in those regions that went very fast, and he had only lately ceased to do so under protest.

To the right of the fields was a plantation of firs, and one of these firs was especially dear to the little girl, who knew all the trees far and near, and loved them much. It was a tall fir—taller than any of its fellows; it had stood a long time on the hill when Lucy was born, ten years ago; and the night of her birth a great wind had come and struck this tree strangely, so that when the broken wood was cleared away there remained a great cross standing sheer against the sky. There was another tree on the far-off side of the hill which Lucy loved too. It was a birch that stood near the road where it wound below the fir-trees on the off-side—a birch with long drooping branches swaying to every touch of the wind. Once the rector had called it Lucy's green tabernacle; and ever since then the word tabernacle in the Bible called up to Lucy's mind the vision of that fair green tree. But the strange fir cross was more to her than even the birch.

It was her father's love for it which had made her care so much for it. He dearly loved it, and had made a sketch of it, which hung in his study.

Beyond the cross-tree the light glanced on the blue river, which wound its way between hills and hills—the river by whose banks grew lovely sedge and tall mace-reeds and yellow irises.

Lucy could hear the sound of the weir and just see the castellated top of the great mill that had stood idle for two years, ever since the gentleman who had been working it had failed and gone away. That old mill was one of Lucy's earliest recollections, and inseparably associated with it were kind Mr. Bender and his kind foreman, who used to carry her on his shoulder, when she was a very little girl, to see the great stones grind the corn, and who used to shake her frock so carefully lest some of the dust should have been caught in it.

Beyond the river, between Lucy and the sky, were the mountains which she dearly loved—the mountains which were the same and yet ever-changing; deep-blue at times, and shifting their tint with levin-like speed; running through a seemingly illimitable scale of colour, shining with amethystine sheen, burning with the light of the great sun, glistening with the reflection of the outpouring of the light where the sun was going down behind the hills at the back of the rectory; now and then blazing with many a fire, now standing black and still; now far off, solemn in their beauty, and strong. "The strength of the hills is His also."

The mountains were many miles away, but Lucy had been up there with father, and had looked from their heights with delight and amazement. And father had spoken about the wonder of earth and its changes, and the two had talked and been silent, and gathered furze and heather and brought it home to mother, who was not strong enough to climb mountains—at least,

not earthly mountains like these. But father told Lucy that mother lived much on the Delectable Mountains, those mountains of delight whence, on a clear day, you may catch a glimpse of the Golden City of God. And that evening father brought out an old book with queer, rude woodcuts, and read to mother and Lucy about two pilgrims who were brought up to the fair heights of the Delectable Mountains; only the day was not clear enough for them to see the City.

And Lucy said to her father, "Is it always clear enough for mother?"

And father smiled, and said "Yes."

Then mother's eyes, which were like doves' eyes, were full of wonder, but father's eyes smiled into them, and his lips kissed the clear brow that was above them.

Seven months had gone by since then, the clusters of ruddy arbutus berries had ripened and passed away, the winter had come and gone, the shadow of spring had awakened the snowdrops, and the spring herself called forth the violets; and now it was April, with the trees in leaf and the hedges fair with primroses; and the birds were building, and the cuckoo's cry would soon be heard.

"In April
Come he will,"

Lucy said, to herself, on the very first day of the month.

The cuckoo had not yet come, but some one else had. Some one had come with April—an April bird who was to be strong, and fair, and brave. It was a brother.

Oh, what a strange, glad day this had been! Lucy had scarcely got over yesterday's surprise of the coming of the cosy, kindly woman who said she was going to stay for a bit, when to-day had brought her tidings of the new-come brother. His father had taken her to his heart with a beautiful look on his face, and told her of the gift that God had sent, and knelt down with her to thank Him. And then she had seen the dear little wrinkled, red-faced mannikin and held him in her arms, and kissed mother, who was lying happy and weak in bed, and who must be kept very quiet. The doctor had said to Lucy—the old doctor who had known her all her little life—"You must take care of mother and that Billy Boy."

"Is that his name?" asked Lucy

"Well, that depends," said the doctor, as he shook hands. "Good-bye till the morning."

He got down to the avenue gate in about the time that other people took to get up and down stairs, all without one bit of hurry or fuss.

This new delight had been with Lucy for hours, until her little heart had ached under the burden of its joy. She had been out for a walk with her father, but a parishioner had joined them and engaged the rector in business talk, and Lucy had been silent. When they came in she had gone straight upstairs, for father was going to be busy, and she had stood at her window letting the April wind blow in her face as she watched the shadows sweeping over the mountains and the delicate light playing among the young-leaved branches of the trees.

Father had been in his study a long time, and Lucy thought he must soon come out now; it seemed as if he could not be shut in much longer. The house was very quiet, the little new brother having gone fast asleep after some lusty endeavours to let the world know it contained a new personality, which said personality was not going to let himself be neglected.

Presently the study-door opened, and very softly the rector came upstairs in his slippers, stole along the passage, and stood listening at mother's door. Then he came to Lucy's little room and sat down by the window, taking the child on his knee and looking out with her on the mountains, ethereal in the lovely evening light of spring.

After a little while he said, "And what are we to call THE BOY?"

He said the two words, as Lucy thought, "very big and pleased-like," so I put them in capitals.

"Father, may we—may I—call him what I like?"

"Well, yes; I think you may have the naming of him, subject to the approval of a select committee consisting of mother and me. You had better not send him forth to the world as Vercingetorix, or Regulus, or Eighth Champion of Christendom, or Brian Boru, or—"

"Father, you know I shouldn't! He shall have a very pretty name—the prettiest man's name in all the world! He shall be WILLIAM."

The rector laughed, and returned Lucy's hug with interest. "But how are we to mark the difference between the boy and the father?" he said. "You see, it would hardly do to have two distinguished people of the same name. We might, of course, have 'Big William' and 'Little William,' or 'Old William' and 'Young William.'"

"No, no, father; *that* wouldn't do. You are not big, and you are not old—at least, when I say you are not big, I mean you are not *too* big."

"Oh, then 'big' means 'too big,' does it?"

Lucy nodded. "Then, you know," she went on, "*I* don't call you William, do I? And Jack and Polly call you Master, and mother calls you Love. So there wouldn't be any confusion."

"But what about Aunt Jane, and other aunts and uncles?"

"I tell you what," said Lucy, after a thoughtful pause, "let's call him what the doctor called him, Billy Boy. He shall be christened William, and we'll call him Billy Boy. We can't call him Willie because there's Willie Moody, and he can't be Will because of Will Leeper. We'll call him Billy Boy, shall we, father?"

"Yes, if mother approves."

"Oh, mother always approves if *you* do."

Then the two went downstairs and had their tea together, and afterwards they crept up and listened at mother's door and crept down again, and the rector and his little daughter sat close together and talked until it was time for Lucy to go to bed.

This was how Billy Boy came by his name, and none of the admiring household called him "the baby," or even "baby," but "Billy Boy" or

"Master Billy Boy." When they stood at the font father said, "Name this child." Mother, who was godmother, hesitated just one instant, and Lucy, in distress lest the name had been forgotten, whispered very softly, "Billy Boy," and then she remembered and blushed very red. But father was not disconcerted, and waited until mother's clear voice said, "William."

So the boy was christened, and they went home very happy through the beautiful country with grazing flocks, and past great old trees round which the air was resonant to the cawing of rooks, and hedgerows full of the strength of spring, and the voices of birds and the scent of violets, back to the rectory, which was nearly two miles from the church.

The wood-quests cooed, and ever and anon came the "wandering voice," crying, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

And the fir-cross stood against a sky with never a cloud.

CHAPTER II.—"MOTHER, MOTHER!"

THAT night there was trouble at the rectory. The day's joyous excitement and exertion had been too much for the mother, and she was so ill that Jack was aroused and sent off for the doctor. Then came days of anxiety and of fear lest it should be indeed the Angel of Death who was brooding over the house.

One night there came a strange awakening to Lucy. She was dreaming of climbing a great mountain with Billy Boy by her side—Billy Boy no longer a little baby, but a lusty lad, and strong. The mountain was very steep and very slippery, and the heather and gorse were wet and cold and scentless, and the lichened rocks seemed very hard and grey. And her fear was for Billy Boy lest he should slip, and she crept or slid till she was quite close to him, and then somehow the ascent grew easy, and she saw the furze all one sheet of living, quivering gold, and the air was filled with the smell of it. Then she awoke in her father's arms. He had lifted her out of bed and was carrying her along the passage.

"Father!"

"My darling, God has sent for mother, and I am taking you to say good-bye to her. That's my brave child. It is our Father's will, my dear."

So she was carried into her mother's room, and her lips were pressed to lips whence the warmth of life was fleeing fast, and sweet eyes looked in great, pathetic love into hers, and the mother said, "Good-bye, my Lucy. Take care of Billy Boy."

Billy Boy was laid in his sister-mother's arms, and mother's head sank on father's breast, and a great silence came, even until the glow of the sunrise had filled the room. The birds began their songs—robin, blackbird, thrush, and not a few others—and the grass was a-sparkle with dew. And the fir-cross stood out clear and fair, alive on the heart of the spring.

And the mountains stood wrapped about with the glories of the sunrising.

And William Fletcher's wedded life was part of the great world-story that is written on the heart of God.



"TAKE CARE OF BILLY BOY."

CHAPTER III.

"Then Nature said . . .
This child I to myself will take.

So Lucy became Billy Boy's little mother. He took to her far kindlier than to his nurse, and when the nurse was summoned home on account of the dangerous illness of her husband, Lucy took charge of her brother.

"Motherkin," her father called her, with a smile of the sweetest sadness. She was teaching Billy Boy "to go," taking him by the arms, and the wee lad stumbled in the going, but would not be beaten, and got from Lucy's knee to a chair, and then to another chair, and back again to Lucy's knees and the clasping of her arms.

"Motherkin" got down to "mothkin," and in Billy Boy's language it became "muddin," and in that form remained.

Billy Boy was a strong laddie; when the next spring was come he could toddle in the fields and make grabs at the soft yellow cowslips, and fiercer grabs at the brighter furze which blazed along the hedges, and he would give one short roar when he wounded his fingers, and straightway laugh again and have another try in Lucy's despite.

The rector would toss his boy up and sing some rimes, after this fashion:

"Dance to your daddy O,
My pretty babby O;

Dance to your daddy O,
My pretty lamb!
You shall have a fishy O,
On a little dishy O;
Red-cheeked apples
And a mutton ham."

And sometimes:

"Where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Where have you been, charming Billy?"



"DANCE TO YOUR DADDY O."

As time went on, he spent much of his life out of doors. He would trot about with his father, or Lucy, or with both together, or ride on Jack's back. He would tumble round the cows as they grazed, and try hard to catch the water wagtails that hopped about them—between their legs, under their bodies, anywhere and everywhere. Many and many a grab did Billy Boy make at the watties, but they minded it no more than did the cows under whose legs he found himself, and whose tails he occasionally tugged at, in the ardour of the chase. At last some one suggested putting salt on the watties' tails, as a well-known, sure, and certain way of succeeding in capturing them; and Billy Boy tried it with much patience.

The father and his children were boon companions, and the three used to go about together "a-parishing," and taking long walks, which often were—

"Thorough brake, thorough briar,
Thorough flood,"

if not "thorough fire," and they would come back; often very dirty, and full of life and delight, and the interest of all they had noticed.

Polly had had to get used to the rector's ways of "pickin' up things as common as blackberries, an' makin' a fuss over 'em," and "gatherin' rotten sticks in bogs;" and Lucy had always been with her father whenever she could. But somehow Billy Boy managed to make twice as much mess as Lucy had made, even before she had learned to "clear up her messes," and you know "boys isn't like girls;" so Polly tried a little appeal, after this fashion:

"Ye see, Master Billy Boy, the worst o' them wood things is, they've got nasty insecks in 'em, an' a nice young gentleman wouldn't have dirty little insecks, would he?"

Billy Boy was decidedly of opinion that whatever nice young gentleman were in the habit of doing and having, "dirty little insecks" were delightfully interesting, and Polly's appeal fell flat. So "dirty little insecks," under which head were classified many things non-entomological, came in apace.

"The master do love them things, poor man! It's well to have time for 'em. If he had to work like me he wouldn't think much iv'em. O'ny it needn't ha' come out in Master Billy Boy—that's the third generation!"

So Polly discoursed with herself.

Billy Boy's home was in a very out-of-the-way place. His father's parish was a small parish of the Church of Ireland, greatly diminished in the number of its parishioners, even since he had come there. Times had been hard for the mill-owner, and his leaving had involved the leaving of some families whose fathers and brothers had been in his employment, and who had had to seek for work elsewhere. The squire had died childless, and his widow had gone to another part of the country and left the place under the charge of a caretaker. Besides, the inhabitants of the village, at whose entrance stood the church, nearly all belonged to the flocks of the Roman Catholic clergyman.

Then there was little society to be had. There were monthly clerical meetings, and occasional gatherings in summer. In winter there was very little stirring. So people said that Ballyard must be a shockingly dull place. Perhaps it was; but the rector never found it out. He was a man of large culture, well versed in literature, both classic and English, with no mean knowledge of more than one branch of natural science, and a bit of a poet besides. People who met him casually said, as well as people who were more or less of friends said, it was a sad pity he should be thrown away, as they considered him to be, at Ballyard. Some people think any cultivated person who lives in a country place "thrown away." They would have little oases of culture and learning and the rest of the world barren, if they only could have their way. They would root up all the good country ministers who make life delightful within a small radius and carry them to London town and dry them and smoke them. And they would carry off all the clever young men, and all the potentially distinguished folk, and pack them up for the London market, just as they carry off rare plants, roots and all. If they

only could, they would take away the nice pure water and the clear air, and let the country bumpkins shift for themselves in these particulars as well as in others.

Some people—Aunt Jane, the rector's sister, among them—thought the throwing away might be less complete if the rector would only write a book—a "Natural History of Ballyard," or a striking volume of sermons, or a dignified romance with a purpose, and give it to the world as the result of all his years of leisure. But the rector never did. He was no more a literary man than he was a practical man; so he just went quietly on his way, and shed about him an influence as imperceptible as the blue air itself, and as much to be missed if it had been cut away.

He sent some of his own life, the pure springs of which were very deep, into the lives of the people he lived among, and he made their lives broader and deeper and higher. And this was what of all good gifts he would have chosen had he had the choice.

He was able to give all the more because he was humble and ready to receive. The simple lives about him fed his, too, and enriched it. For it is not the function of some only to give and of others only to receive. Giving must go hand in hand with taking. None can stand aloof in the vain grandeur of a giver. He who would give must know how to take.

CHAPTER IV.

"Where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Where have you been, charming Billy?"

WHEN Billy Boy was about six, Aunt Jane elected to come on a visit to Ballyard—a visit which she had often found some polite excuse for not paying when the rector had suggested it. She decided to pay it now, partly on her own account, partly as a sort of deputation from the rector's connections in London town, to see how things were getting on in that out-of-the-way place—that region "at the back of Godspeed."

She admired Lucy very much, the tall maid with the cream-coloured skin, under which came and went the delicate blush of faint roses, and the slender body with all the grace of the river-reeds.

But Billy Boy sorely exercised her with his "whys" and "hows," and his noise and his many things contrary to the old-world spinsteresque ideal of the propriety in which the young should dwell.

"Muddin, muddin! Father, father!"

Two heads appeared at separate windows, and two pair of ears listened.

"Aunt Dzane wants to 'zamine me in my catechims."

"But you only know a little of your catechism, Billy Boy."

"She's going to 'zamine me, and give me a silver sixpence if I say it right. Can't some one come and see me 'zamined?"

But Aunt Jane objected to this, and Billy Boy's first *viva* took place unheard by any ears more sympathetic than Aunt Jane's.

When it was over Billy Boy rushed back to Lucy. "She asked me every little, teeny weeny word just ezacly," said the child; "and she dodzed me, and I fink it was horrid; and she said, 'No sixpence, sir, till you know it.'"

Next day Aunt Jane gave Billy Boy a half-crown, but a sixpence following on a more merciful examination in his "catechims" would have given him considerably more pleasure.

Billy Boy's room—it had never been called his nursery—was hung with coloured pictures, and, what he liked better, some old coats-of-arms, which, slightly spoilt, had been brought home from Heralds' College by mother's father, and cherished by the rector's wife as memorials of a happy childhood. Not long since the rector had brought them out and explained them to Lucy as he taught her the elements of heraldry, a science which had always kept its fascination for him, and now fascinated her too. Somehow it threw light on many things she had read, and helped her much. It was curious how much Billy Boy picked up of what the rector taught Lucy. He claimed the old coats-of-arms, and they were hung up for him, and it was impressed on him that mother had loved them, and that he must be very careful in his usage of them. He had in his room, too, a banner and a pennon, which Lucy had made for him, and a lance fashioned of a long willow rod. Then there was his armour, all of little links, which Lucy, under father's eye, had put together, and his little sword and shield. On wet days he would put them on and "ride a-colonelling," and father or Lucy would tell him of "doughty deeds." It was best of all when Lucy would be a distressed lady needing help, and he would fight for her and rescue her. And in this play, and through it, he learned much, and when he came to hear of the Red-Cross Knight the words that told the story were easy to be understood.

One wet day, while Aunt Jane was at Ballyard, Billy Boy had "thought of a new game." "You may come and see me play if you like, Aunt Dzane," he said. Somehow an affection had sprung up between these two, despite the "catechims," and Aunt Jane was growing to care for the little man with his strange ways, as she thought them, more than she had cared for any one since her brother had left the home of his boyhood.

Aunt Jane sat down on a cane-bottomed chair beside Billy Boy's bed.

"Wouldn't you like my armchair?" he said, politely, pulling out a small wooden chair.

"I couldn't sit in it," said Aunt Jane; "that's only for little boys."

"Muddin can sit in it and work; she works while I play. Won't you work, Aunt Dzane?"

"No, thank you, Billy Boy; "I'll look on."

"But first, Aunt Dzane, will you help me to put this against the wall?"

"This" was one of his sheets which he had pulled off his bed before Aunt Jane could look round

"Oh, Billy Boy, you mustn't pull your bed to pieces!"

"I'm not pulling it to pieces; I'm only pulling off the sheet. Aunt Dzane, won't you hold the end? Please, auntie."

Billy Boy looked up coaxingly, and Aunt Jane got up and fastened the sheet for him against the wall. His calling her "auntie" was irresistible.

"Thank you. That's the field argent, and I'm going to be a lion gules."

"A lion what?"

"Gules. That's a word for red. Auntie, why are these two words for the same thing?"

"Oh, well—a little variety."

Billy Boy looked grave.

"A little 'rioty? Is that when I make too much noise?"

"What do you mean, darling?"

"When I make noise too much father said I'm 'rioty'—no, that's not *quite* right. Oh, I know, it's 'riotous.' But gules doesn't make a noise, auntie."

"Never mind, dear, go on with your pretty game," said Aunt Jane.

Billy Boy unrolled a red flannel nightgown. "I shall put on this," he said. "I shall be rampant and gardant, I fink."

He was proceeding to remove some of his garments when Aunt Jane interposed.

"Billy Boy, you mustn't undress in the middle of the day!"

"Why not?" said Billy Boy. "I can't put on my nightgown over these things; it's too hot. Auntie, please undo this button. Do you know I've got my buttons at the proper side now?"

"What do you mean by the proper side?"

"Oh, the *proper* side. When Mary Finch made my things she made them button wrong, like girls' clothes, you know; but Mr. Giles, the tailor, made this suit, and so they're right. Aunt Dzane, why do girls and ladies wear their buttons on the wrong side?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Aunt Jane. "What is the boy doing?"

"I'm rampant." And the small lion gules ramped to the best of his ability.

"Do ramp, auntie! You can't think how nice it is."

But the suggestion was not adopted.

"I could do it much better if I had four legs. Why haven't I four legs?"

"Because you have only two, I suppose."

"Oh!" The tone was that of one whose craving for information has not been satisfied. "I fink I must ask father," he said, half aloud.

"Billy Boy, what are you twisting your neck for? You'll hurt yourself, child!"

"I must," said Billy Boy. "You can't make yourself gardant unless you twist your neck right round."

"You can't, Billy Boy! you must *not*. William! William!" shouted Aunt Jane, as she flew to the door.

The rector came upstairs in less than no time.

"Look at this boy. He'll kill himself."

Billy Boy looked calmly at his father. "I'm only twisting my neck a little bit, father! I twisted it yesterday, and I fink it isn't *quite* so stiff to-day."



BILLY BOY RAMPANT

"You had better not, as it distresses Aunt Jane," said the rector, laughing.

"I wish it didn't 'stress you, Aunt Dzane. I tell you what, you shall be a lion, and I'll do my best to make you gardant. I can pull very hard if I try."

Aunt Jane was dumb.

The rector suggested to Billy Boy that he might play at being *dormant* or even *sejant*, but the proposal found no favour. The sun suddenly came out and the robe gules was dropped, and out flew Billy Boy to race up and down the avenue, and then to have a ride on the saddleless old pony.

OUR HORSES.

BY THE LATE REV. J. G. WOOD

III.

THE curb leads us to another favourite means of coercing the horse, namely, the bearing-rein, or "check-rein," as it is called in America.

To any one who approaches the subject with an unprejudiced mind, it is impossible to imagine any invention which is more utterly senseless, and which displays a greater ignorance of the structure and capacities of the horse. Putting aside for the present the question of cruelty, and treating a horse simply as a traction engine, five minutes' observation of a horse at work will show the utter absurdity of fastening its head to its back, so that it is unable to lower its head. The neck of the horse is possessed of singular flexibility, and when the animal is at liberty in a field it habitually carries its head close to the ground, whether for grazing or drinking. When it is attached to a cart, and drawing a heavy burden, it always performs its task by leaning well forward, so as to throw its whole weight into the collar. When the burden is very heavy you may see the horse fling itself almost on its knees, so as to utilise every pound of its weight.

But the bearing-rein renders such a movement impossible, and the animal is forced to remain almost upright, and to draw its load by scratching itself along by digging the hoofs of the fore feet into the ground. The consequent loss of power is enormous, and the horse is speedily worn out by being obliged to employ for traction a set of muscles which were intended to serve a totally different purpose.

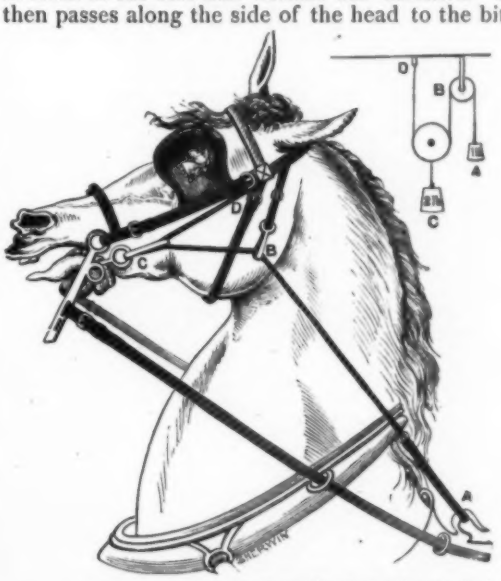
Some few years ago I lived just opposite a terminus station where coal, sand, bricks, and similar heavy goods were stored until fetched away in waggons. The locality is exceptionally hilly, and it was pitiful to see most of the horses wearing themselves to pieces in their struggles to drag their loads up the hills while their heads were tied back by the bearing-reins. In vain did they endeavour to throw their bodies forward and pull with their weight instead of their muscles, for at each step their heads were brought up with a sharp jerk of the bit against the mouth. Even in those cases where bearing-reins had not been furnished the driver had converted the leading-reins into bearing-reins by shortening them and twisting them round the hams. By walking alongside the horses it was easy to see the terrible strain which was put upon the muscles, whose quiverings were perceptible under the skin.

Now I do not say that the drivers were intentionally cruel to the animals. On the contrary, they used the bearing-rein just as they used the blinkers, thinking that they were rendering the horse a service. Remonstrance was useless, for they really believed that in so hilly a place the horses would fall and break their knees unless held up by the reins. It was useless to tell them that no animal can be kept from falling by tying its head to its own back, and that even if the weight of the horse could be thrown upon the reins the stoutest leather strap that ever left a saddler's shop would give way under such a strain.

Mr. Flower mentions an instance where a tightly-reined carriage horse fell, broke its knees, and in its frantic struggles to rise actually dragged the hook out of the saddle. So far from preventing the horse from stumbling, the bearing-rein, by keeping its head elevated, hinders it from seeing stones or other impediments on the road, and actually encourages stumbling. Then, after the horse has fallen, the bearing-rein checks it in getting up again, for which purpose the animal needs a perfectly free head. In this case the horse did not recover itself until it was free from the bearing-rein.

Such bearing-reins as have been mentioned are bad enough, but they are nothing to those which are employed for show purposes. The invention in question is sometimes called the "Bedouin" bit; an utter misnomer, for no Arab would be foolish enough to employ such a machine. A more appropriate term is the "Gag" bit. In the former case the bearing-rein passes simply from the bit to the saddle-hook, but in the latter the principle of the pulley is employed so as to double the strain on the mouth.

The rein is first made fast to the head-stall just in front of the ears and behind the blinkers. It then passes along the side of the head to the bit,



From Mr. E. F. Flower's Book.

and through a swivel, then through a drop ring at



"A LONG PULL, A STRONG PULL, AND A PULL ALL TOGETHER."

the end of a short strap also attached to the head-stall, and thence proceeds to the saddle-hook over which it is hitched.

The bit to which it is fastened is not that which is attached to the reins, but an entirely separate bit. The result of this complicated machinery is that the pull of one pound at the hook equals a pull of two pounds on the mouth. As the animal will naturally be restive under such treatment, the driving-bit is made of great severity, and its curb-chain drawn so tightly that it is sunk into the lower jaw and can hardly be seen.

What with the gag-bit, which cannot be relaxed for a moment, and what with the driving-bit and its appurtenances, the horse is in constant torture from the moment when the bit is put into its mouth to the happy time when the harness is removed. Through sheer pain the tongue is often forced out of the mouth, and in order to counteract this "vice," certain bits are made with a special apparatus by which the tongue is confined within the mouth. A horse thus tortured foams abundantly at the mouth, and as it jerks its head backwards so as to relieve for a moment the intolerable pain which it is suffering, the foam is flung here and there in flakes.

This head-tossing and foam-flinging are popularly considered as indications of pride and spirit, whereas they are only proofs of pain, and the more the foam and the farther it is flung, the more severe is the pain. A horse when at liberty never foams at the mouth, even when the animal is careering round a paddock in the exuberance of health and high spirits. It is not at all uncommon to see the foam flecked with blood-stains, as I have too often witnessed in the Park, and when carriages are standing at the doors of fashionable shops. Yet the fair inmates of those carriages never notice the blood-stains, and never reflect that every backward toss of the head is an endeavour of the tortured animal to relieve itself from the pain which it is suffering. As if by a subtle irony, carriages have been seen awaiting their owners at the door of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, while the horses had their heads dragged backwards by the gag-rein, and the abundant foam-flakes which bestrewed the ground and the breasts of the horses were visible proofs of the anguish which the animals were suffering.[1]

Even eyes are not needed to detect the pain which is inflicted by these abominable contrivances. The ear is quite sufficient, and a blind man can in a moment detect the gag-bit by the peculiar and unmistakable rattle of the head harness. The terror with which horses regard these abominations is most pitiful. Facing page 38 of Mr. Flower's work are a pair of plates which apparently represent two different horses. Yet, as the author told me, they are exact copies of photographs of the same horse, taken within a few weeks of each other, the one representing the animal—an irreclaimable savage—as it was when he purchased it, wearing the gag-rein, the long-levered driving-bit, the tight curb, and a martingale to boot, without all of which con-



A BIT REMOVED BY MR. FLOWER.

trivances the horse was pronounced unsafe. The other represents the same animal, as it appeared a few weeks after it had passed into Mr. Flower's possession, without bearing-rein of any kind, martingale, or curb, wearing a simple ring-snaffle, and being perfectly gentle and docile. Mr. Flower told me also that when he went into the stable for the purpose of fitting the gag-bit on the horse in order that it might be photographed, the animal burst into profuse sweat at the very sound of the bit, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he subjected the horse to such pain for only a minute or two, though it was for the object of relieving hundreds of other horses from torture.

These contrivances aid effectually in shortening the lives of the horses which are subjected to them, unless the animals have the good fortune to be sold as unmanageable and transferred to hansom cab owners, who buy them for a trifle, take off all the complicated bits and reins, and have them driven in light and easy snaffles.

Moreover, the bearing-rein is a fertile cause of poll-evil, staggers, apoplexy, spavin, navicular disease, swelling of the neck-glands, roaring, and other complaints, while by forcing the horse to draw its load by the muscles of the fore legs it distorts the shoulders and permanently disfigures the contour of the animal. How those evils are caused by the bearing-rein I have no space to explain. Suffice it to say that every one of these assertions is the deliberately expressed opinion of the first veterinary surgeons of the day.

No real excuse can be found for a bearing-rein of any kind, and, as "Land and Water" tersely puts the case, "If a coachman says that he can't drive certain horses without bearing-reins, the remedy is simple—get one who can. The word 'can't' should never be in the vocabulary of any really willing and trustworthy servant."

[1] Mr. John Colam, the secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, directed three officers of this society, with a veterinary surgeon, to report on the use of the gag bearing-rein at a recent Drawing Room. "The duration of waiting was three hours and a quarter. Two hundred and sixty-six carriages were counted; 229 of the drivers used the gag rein, in many instances tightened to the utmost tension; thirty-seven coachmen used no bearing-rein, whose horses, unlike the others, were apparently in comfort all the time of their waiting. At three o'clock, during an inspection up and down the line, 200 of the 229 coachmen were found to be sitting at ease on the box of their carriages, the driving-reins being loose in their hands, while the necks of their horses were bent with tight gags; the remaining twenty-nine coachmen were standing at the heads of their horses, for they had dismounted and loosened their bearing-reins. This return is certified as correct by the veterinary surgeon." It follows from these reports, says Mr. Colam, that, for upwards of three hours on this occasion, 400 horses were needlessly tormented by a tight gag. Mr. Colam says he is assured that this spectacle of horse-suffering was commented on in terms of strong reprehension by well-known experienced gentlemen whips.

"A LONG PULL, A STRONG PULL, AND A PULL ALL TOGETHER."

AN ENGLISH RIVER.

THE CHERWELL AND CROPREDY BRIDGE.



CROPREDY BRIDGE.

WHAT Oxford man does not love the dear old Cherwell? Which of us who has enjoyed the privilege of spending the happy years of early manhood in the enchanting and enchanted city, where its placid waters mingle with the Isis, fails to find many treasured memories associated with the name in that old book of bygone days to which we turn with a mournful pleasure, and which we close again with a sigh? No treason is meant to the more majestic stream in which the Cherwell finally loses his name and identity, "*the* river" *par excellence* of our undergraduate days. Who can forget the measured pulsation of the flashing oars as a college eight glides over the familiar course, the silence broken only by the sharp cry of "cox," leaning forward from the stern, or the louder encouragement of the "coach," running alongside on the towpath? Who that has ever experienced it can recall without a thrill of emotion the quiet, stern determination with which we swung past the crowded barges to our Iffley station on the race-night; the nervous anxiety with which we rounded to our place; the awful moment of suspense as we waited for the last gun to give the signal; the grand sensation of combined effort for a common object and an unselfish honour, as we felt the boat travel well and evenly beneath us; the suppressed exultation as we made sure from the increasing shouts of friends and foes alike that we were "gaining" on the college before us; and, at last, the glorious recompense for hardships and toils as we felt the thrill of the "bump," and "easied" amidst the cheers of our men from bank and barge? "Well rowed! Oh! Well rowed, Boniface!"

Cherwell has no associations like these; yet it has others of its own not less precious. Grand it may be, nay, godlike, with Ulysses and his crew, to "sit well in order," and

> "smite
> The sounding furrows,"

but there are times when lotus-eating claims its part in the varying mood of mortal man. Glorious summer afternoons, will ye ever come again? Glorious summer afternoons, when stretched at full length on a soft mattress in the stern, with finger closed between the pages of a book which one vainly tried at intervals to read, we idly watched the frantic efforts of a dear friend to propel our punt on its zigzag and erratic course up the quiet Cherwell. Does not Byron say that

> "Sweet it is to watch the gondolier"?

And has not an older poet told us somewhere how much he enjoyed

"*Alterius* procul e puppi spectare laborem"?

Yea, and do we not remember also, how, with half a dozen others, we would charter "dingies" for a pull—with well-filled hamper—to Islip? What dangers there were to encounter; what overhanging willows to avoid; what banks of weeds and tangled water-lilies to get through with our tiny craft; what angry farmers if we trespassed on the green meadows where the grass was still unmown; what joyous haymakers, who welcomed with peals of laughter our awkward attempts to toss the hay; and how, at length, we landed at Islip, where the little Ray joins Cherwell, and where, in 1645, stout Oliver routed a party of "malignants," some of them, perhaps, like ourselves, students from Oxford, in those evil times when Englishmen shed each other's blood; and how we visited the old church, and were duly assured that Edward the Confessor was baptized "in this 'ere font, genelmen!" though how this could be, seeing the font was of later date, was somewhat puzzling; and how we persuaded one of our party to try what it felt like to be put in the stocks, and then cruelly left him in that ancient instrument of correction, till he began to find, from the assembling of some rustics, that the villagers took his punishment *au serieux!* All these are pleasant memories of the days that are gone. Ah, yes! and of many of the friends that are gone, too! Yet dear old Cherwell still looks much the same when we run down to Oxford by the Great Western, to see how our boys are getting on

"In that new world which is the old,"

and as we lean on the muscular arm of a young fellow in his college "blazer," and take a turn for old association's sake round Christ Church walks, our companion cannot altogether understand why his father should sigh as they pause by the familiar stream where June casts a network of leaf-shadows pleached with gold on the sweet green-sward by the thorn.

Yes; Cherwell has a way of winding itself very close to the heart. As we stand there, the old man and the young, gazing with unsated admiration at the stately grey tower of Magdalen and the grand balustraded bridge which spans the little stream and forms so noble an approach to Oxford from the London road, do we not recall "Mr. Spectator," not yet known by that familiar appellation, but a young fellow in wig and gown, whose fondness for the shady groves beyond the bridge has given to one its well-remembered name of "Addison's Walk"? And did not sweet and mystic Faber, that anachronism of our own times, associate his earliest poetic fancies with the water-lilies of our river?

Cherwell is navigable (in a sense), as we have already seen, as far as Islip. Beyond that, it is, to most Oxford men, almost unknown. Yet those who have either launched their boat on the many-barged waters of the Oxford Canal for a pull into the Midlands, or who have (a more numerous class) travelled by the northern Great Western line as far as Cropredy, must have noticed that for twenty miles or so above Oxford they have been running up the centre of a green valley with gently sloping sides, threaded by the quiet but never-stagnant stream of a "silent river," whose course is marked by rows on rows of willows standing like sentries on its banks. Under the woods and gardens of the Dormers' seat at Rousham it seems for a time to forget itself, and hurries along in a broad and shallow bed,

"And makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,"

but in general the Cherwell, in its upper as well as lower course, steals noiselessly on from one deep pool to another, where you may sometimes surprise a heron standing in the shallows, or see the kingfisher flash by, a blaze of azure, to his nest in the clayey bank.

At Cropredy Bridge, a few miles above Banbury, both railway and canal part company with the river, which comes down in a tiny but never-failing stream from its home ten miles farther off in the highlands of Northamptonshire. Let us, instead of pursuing our course upwards, cross those rounded hills to its source and trace it down to Cropredy.

On the highest ground of Northamptonshire, at a water-shed where the streams divide which find their way on the one hand to the estuary of the Thames, and on the other to the Severn and the Wash, there is clustered a group of cottages with here and there a picturesque farmhouse, whose grey and lichened walls, with red-tiled roofs and mullioned windows, harmonise well with the shady oaks and elms in which they are embosomed.

Just beyond Cherwelton the Daventry and Lutterworth highway is crossed at right angles by the old Roman road, now a grassy lane, which leads from Towcester to Stratford-on-Avon, following which for half a mile or so we reach a solitary farm, with a dark, weed-grown pool close to the buildings. Here, in the cellar of the house, is the birthplace of the Cherwell. Its pure water may still be heard welling up within the wall, where a stone arch, now bricked up, formerly gave access to it for dairy purposes, for which it is still drawn by means of a pump. The cool dairy, with trays on trays of milk and old-fashioned churns, the bright sunshine outside brooding over the peaceful strawyard with its strutting poultry, and lighting up a group of men busy shearing some patient sheep in a corner by the pond, made an idyllic picture when we first saw the place, a picture which we shall long remember. But about seventy years ago this old house, so peaceful in its seclusion among the green hills of Northamptonshire, was but too well known for the terrible murder of the farmer who occupied it—a crime for which his guilty wife and the shepherd, her accomplice, suffered death at Northampton. There stands the long grey barn

through one of the slits in whose wall the poor old man was shot in his own rickyard when other means had been tried in vain to rid the guilty pair of his unwelcome life. In it the murderer was found concealed, and arrested by the constables. Last scene in this ghastly story, the skeletons of the two, not divided in their death, are said to have been sold not long ago at the auction of a doctor's effects, who had become possessed of them for the purpose of dissection.

Tracing the tiny brook downwards to the village we find it crossed at this point by one of the most picturesque structures in its whole course, a high footbridge, carried on pointed and groined stone arches, and accounted from its situation the highest bridge (as it certainly is one of the oldest) in England. A little below the houses, under another bridge or two, through green pastures and beneath the shade of glorious old trees, it finds its way to Church Cherwelton, where a fine old decorated tower stands knee-deep in nettles, and near to which it receives a diminutive affluent from Holywell Pool. So on and on, a bright little rippling stream, down the upland valley to Woodford, some three miles distant, and thence between the high ground on the west, where Aston-le-Walls still retains the memory of our Roman conquerors, and Eydon on the east, whose Saxon name derives from its strange quasi-insular character—on and on to the favourite hunting rendezvous of Trafford Bridge, expanding into a good-sized lake in Mr. Cartwright's park, above the stone house which "Lucas Malet's" readers will perhaps recognise as the home of Colonel Enderby; plunging next into the mill-race lower down, and finally making its way into Oxfordshire, the Cherwell glides gently between the level meadows of Prescote, where great white-faced "Herefords" stand in the shallow pools, and so reaches the old two-arched bridge at Cropredy, where we lately quitted it.

But what? Has not the Poet Laureate unconsciously described it all in his inimitable lines on "The Brook"?

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

Cropredy Bridge deserves to be better known. It has an interest, both from its own picturesque character, and also from its association with two of the most interesting struggles of the Civil Wars.

It may be well, perhaps, to go back a little upon its history first, so far as it can be traced. No record exists of the original structure, probably of wood, which must at some early time have superseded the necessity for the "ford," or "rhydd," whose memory lingers in the uncouth Celtic name. But, in 1312, John D'Alderby, Bishop of Lincoln, whose enormous diocese extended at that time from the Humber to the Thames, granted "twenty days of indulgence to all contributing from their goods for the construction or reparation of the Bridge of Cropperie, according to the indulgence previously granted in this behalf by Brother Gilbert, Bishop of Enachdun,[1] and all indulgences granted by any Bishops of the realm of England."[2]

How long Bishop D'Alderby's structure lasted it is impossible to say, or whether any part survives in the pointed arch on the east side. The angular pier, which thrusts out between the arches and breaks the force of the current, bears the date of its construction, or repair, in 1691, while the western arch was built anew in 1780.

But the picturesque little bridge, with its wooden rails, carried by oak struts on either side, played its part in the great struggle of the seventeenth century, of which Cropredy saw more than fell to the lot of most Oxfordshire villages. We can imagine the excitement of conflicting opinions in the parish when the rumour reached it that the King had at last raised his standard at Nottingham (August 22, 1642), and, still more, when, two months later, it is known that the royal army, on its march towards London, has been caught up by the forces of the Parliament in the immediate neighbourhood. On Saturday night, the 22nd of October, the King slept at "Mr. Chauncey's house at Edgcote," two miles off. The old oak bedstead is still preserved. His troops, tired with their march, got such shelter as they could find in the villages of Williamscote and Wardington, or bivouacked in the meadows by the Cherwell. Sunday, however, was to be no day of rest for them, nor, we should imagine, for the good people of Cropredy, for the King had been informed by Rupert that the Parliamentary watch-fires had been seen by him from Burton Dasset hills in the rear, and Charles was determined to chastise the temerity of Essex.

[1] A little Irish See near Tuam, whose bishop was at the time employed as suffragan or assistant to Lincoln.
[2] Linc. Register "D'Alderby."

Early on Sunday morning the royal troops, in all the picturesque bravery of the time, began to defile through the village; and presently, preceded by kettledrums and pursuivants, and surrounded by his nobles and the gentlemen of his household, came the King himself. How one can picture the stir among the villagers—the cry of "The King, the King!" as the group of which he was the centre was seen approaching from the bridge; how mothers would hold up their children to gaze upon him and fierce Rupert, and Rupert's famous dog,[1] as they swept by; how some of the bystanders would bless him, and others mutter and curse, as he rode on, with compressed lips and pale face, to his first battle-field. Charles (we are told) was clad in a suit of steel armour, over which he wore a surcoat of velvet, and the collar of St. George round his neck. "Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's" was the legend on his banner. And when at length the sound of the trumpets died away, and the last troopers of the rearguard clattered through the street and were seen mounting the ascent towards Mollington, few people in Cropredy, we should imagine, can have been composed enough to have attended the services of the day in church, even though the clerk (like his brother official at Radway), may have chimed the bells as usual, and the Royalist vicar (he was a brother of Ralph Bathurst, President of Trinity College, Oxford), may have been ready to pray for that "unity, peace, and concord" which seemed, indeed, far from attainment in the distracted England of those sad times.

Four days after Edgehill fight[2] the Cropredy Church register contains a record of two soldiers who were buried in the churchyard, probably wounded men left there when the King moved on to Oxford, and perhaps natives of the place. Indeed, in spite of the Puritans, who ultimately drove Edward Bathurst from his home and his flock, there seem to have been some staunch Royalists in the parish, for on more than one old gravestone is inscribed the record that he who lies beneath was "a faithful souldier of K^{g}. Charles ye First."

Two years more of the misery of civil war, and Cropredy itself was the scene of an engagement deriving its name from the same old bridge—which was, in fact, the key of the position.

June, 1644, had nearly come to an end when the King, who had left Oxford on the 3rd and marched unmolested as far as Worcester, resolved to give battle to Waller, who, in his turn, following Charles's steps, had returned from Worcester by Shipston to the old battle-field of Kineton, near Edgehill, and thence to Hanwell, on his road to Banbury. The forces on both sides were considerable for those days, and war itself—that "stern teacher," as Thucydides calls it—had brought experience to the combatants. The King, having obtained reinforcements from Oxford, had held a general rendezvous at Woodstock, and thence moved on to Buckingham, Brackley, and Chacombe. Both armies now converging on Banbury, Charles made a push across Banbury Bridge to seize the high ground of Crouch Hill on the farther side of the town. Waller, however, marching from Hanwell, contrived to anticipate him, and the royal army fell back to the left bank of the Cherwell. Small as our river is, it is not easily passable for cavalry and artillery. Accordingly when the King, on the morning of June 29th, began to move up the stream towards Daventry, observing Waller in a threatening position on Bourton Hill, he sent a party of dragoons to hold Cropredy Bridge and so protect his line of march. Wilmot and Brainford led the van, Charles himself was with the main body, while the rear was brought up by Thelwall and the Earls of Northampton and Cleveland. Charles can hardly have thought his opponent would dare to attack, or he would never have sent so miserably inadequate a force as the score of troopers, whose buff coats and pot-helmets the villagers saw grouped about the bridge. But Waller made a bold and skilful attack, which had nearly proved successful. It was only the difficulty which the little stream presented that was the cause of his failure. A strong force of cavalry was sent by him across the ford at a place called Slat Mill, about a mile lower down, while with a thousand foot, fifteen hundred horse, and eleven small cannon, under Colonel Middleton, he forced the passage of Cropredy Bridge, and began to deploy his men as fast as possible on the other side. The King had by this time crossed the rising ground east of the Cherwell towards Chipping Warden, and two of Waller's troops drew themselves across the line to bar his return. Meanwhile the Earl of Cleveland, commanding the rear division of the royal forces, which Waller had thus severed from the main body, without waiting orders, charged the mass of Waller's army and took some prisoners. Still, the situation was alarming enough for the Royalists. Their line was cut in two. Waller's pikemen were rapidly pouring over the bridge, and, with such speed as they might, forming into line; and eleven small field-pieces, with two contrivances of mitrailleuse fashion, each containing seven brass and leathern guns, were being hurried up to the front to make good the position.

But at that moment the villagers, who were crowded on the top of the church tower, looking eastward to the summit of the green hillside beyond the contending forces, saw a picturesque and stirring sight. The bright rays of the June sun flashed back from spear and pennon point, from sabre and cuirass and helmet, as, streaming over the open common from Wardington, came King Charles himself and the cavalry of the vanguard.

Yes,

"The man of blood was there with his long and essenced hair,"

[1] "Boy," as he was called, was a well-known attendant of this strange and headstrong man, and followed him to more than one of his battle-fields. He was killed at Marston Moor, to the great delight of the Roundheads. An old caricature remains representing a Parliamentary soldier with matchlock on rest shooting poor "Boy," whose prostrate form, with legs in the air, lies before him with a hail of bullets round it. A witch stands by to show the current belief that the dog was of the nature of a "familiar."

[2] Edgehill was fought on Sunday, October 23rd, 1642.

and with him, well armed and well mounted, many a young and gallant gentleman, who, with his sovereign's eye upon him, felt that years of dull, ordinary life might well be given for the fierce thrill of passion which it was then his lot to experience as he grasped his sword and settled himself well in his saddle, and then at the King's command, and headed by Lord Bernard Stuart, flung himself with his hundred comrades right on the two troops of Roundhead horse drawn up on the flat water-meadows between them and the bridge. It was a short and stirring charge. Many a man and horse rolled over before it; many a riderless beast, snorting with terror, was seen galloping along the Cherwell side. The contending forces, only partially distinguished by their respective colours and scarves, were for a time inextricably mingled. Unlike the mechanical movements of modern warfare, and more familiar to us by pictures such as Wouvermann's, for some hour or two on that hot day of summer,

"With sword sway and with lance's thrust,"

and the occasional but irregular volley of musketry or sharp report of clumsy pistol, or heavier sound of "drake," the rival hosts swayed this way and that, as the fortune of the fight varied:

"On either side loud clamours ring,
'God and the Cause,' 'God and the King.'"

But though Waller's London train-bands were stiff and resolute, they had not the spirit to withstand an assault so reckless and self-sacrificing as is implied in the simple fact that Lord Wilmot, who commanded the royal cavalry in chief, was twice wounded, twice made prisoner, and as often rescued by his comrades.[1]

So back over Cropredy Bridge, and splashing through the shallower parts of the Cherwell, followed by taunt and oath and pistol-shot, came the buff-coats of the Parliament, leaving many a brave Englishman on the green-sward and by the roadside up to Wilscote, where the main contest had been waged. They left also their guns upon the other side of the river—a proof of the haste with which they drew off—and General Wemyss, a Scotchman, who commanded the artillery, in the hands of the King.

The next day was Sunday. We wonder how the services were attended after so stirring a St. Peter's Day. Did many a young fellow's thoughts wander to his distant home, and anticipate the joyful news which should reach wife or sweetheart, children or friends, of his own safety? Did Mr. Bathurst offer a special Thanksgiving for his Majesty's victory over the "rebels"? And was that sad and melancholy face of Charles himself which looks out upon us still from the canvas of Vandyke, or from such a striking picture as that of Lely's at Wilscote House, close by—was that mournful countenance, with its deep lines of care and anxiety, seen among the worshippers in Cropredy Church?

Alas! the vicar has left us no record in his registers. What would we not have given for a few words written on this memorable day—for some indication, however brief, of the manner in which it was regarded by those who had a share in it. Yet we do know one sad part of his duties on that Sunday, for he has entered, although without any comment, "Five soldiers buried" in the churchyard; and a few days later, on the 6th of July, occurs the name, "Edward Woll, maister of the King's horses." Those who were killed in the fight were laid to rest under the green sward where they fell.[1]

Here, from time to time, and in the bed of the river, have been found various relics of the battle—broken swords and daggers, cannon-balls and bullets,

"Exesa scabra robigine pila,"

and an old cuirass and backpiece, with pot-helmet to match, which long hung in the church, are now preserved in the vicarage.

With the exception of the skirmish at Islip in the following spring, to which we have already referred, Cherwell has since been allowed to pursue his gentle course in peace. "Esto perpetua!"

WILLIAM WOOD, D.D.

[1] On the Parliamentary side Colonel Middleton was dismounted among the King's forces, "one of whom, taking him for a commander of theirs, mounted him again, and bade him 'make haste and kill a Roundhead.'"

[1] In the register at Wardington may be seen an entry dated "Junii 30°," of the burial of John Burrell, cornet to Colonel Richard Neville, "which Mr. Burrell was slain the day before in a smart battaile against the rebels." To this is signed "Ita testor Henr. Deane, Capt. Regim." But the word "rebels" has been crossed out, and in a later hand is substituted "the Parliament." The change reminds one of the old epigram:

"Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
When it doth prosper none dare call it treason."

ON MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

I.—FOR AND AGAINST.

"In choosing a wife or buying a sword we ought not to trust another."
"Advise none to marry or go to war."
—*George Herbert's "Jacula Prudentum."*

"WHAT subject finds a place in the greatest number of minds, and interests most persons all over the world?"

This question was suddenly propounded at a social gathering during one of those brief pauses which will happen on such occasions, even when the constituent items have been most carefully selected.

In this particular instance everybody was on the most familiar terms with everybody else, for it was a purely family affair, and held in honour of its venerable head, who had on that day attained the age of fourscore years, and was the oldest person present. The youngest was a girl of ten, the still younger children having reluctantly retired from the scene an hour before. It was her father who asked the question, and by it promptly aroused the interest of all present.

There were many replies. The first voice said, "Money-making. Everywhere, those who have little desire much, and much would have more."

A second suggested, "The bettering of one's condition generally, for nobody is quite satisfied with the place in which he finds himself."

A third deemed that the preservation of health and lengthening of life would be found to absorb most thought and care.

Yet another said, "The pursuit of happiness, or what some call pleasure."

And then a fifth replied, "One word answers your question, and includes all the replies that have been given. It is *Self*."

The old man wished he could have answered, "The glory of God and the good of one's neighbour." But he felt that this was rather what *ought* to take the first place in men's minds than that which actually occupied it. He therefore gave a little sigh and remained silent, so far as offering an opinion of his own went. But he stroked the soft cheek of the girl who was sitting on a low stool at his feet and encircled by his arm, and asked, "What do you think about it, Lily?"

Most of those who had already spoken were men, but the grandfather noticed a look of eager intelligence on the face of his favourite, and was determined to give her an opportunity of expressing her opinion.

It came promptly enough, and set everybody laughing, though it was condensed into only two words, "Getting married."

Lily was the youngest of a large family, nearly all girls, and had probably heard a great many opinions expressed on a subject which is supposed to occupy a good deal of time and thought amongst such young folk, consequently there were not a few reproachful glances thrown in her direction

When the laugh came to an end, it was agreed by all present that Lily's answer had solved the problem. The other subjects suggested in reply to the question might each be all-absorbing in certain places and amongst large numbers of persons in every position. But, taking the whole world over, this matter of choosing a mate probably finds a place in the mind of every eligible individual at some time or other of his or her existence. Moreover, it began to be a subject of interest before money was thought of, or self-aggrandisement had a place in human minds.

It may fairly be claimed, then, for this subject of "Marrying and Giving in Marriage," that it is of the greatest antiquity as well as the most universal interest.

One might conclude at the outset, that since an infallible voice had decided in favour of marriage as the best and happiest estate of all, the matter might be considered as settled.

Yet people give a great many reasons for not entering the "holy estate," as well as in favour of so doing. Some of these are ludicrous, others sad, or, it may be, selfish.

This has, I think, the merit of originality.

A young bachelor tradesman who was well able to keep a wife, and on whose cosy home it was supposed many feminine eyes were enviously cast, was asked one day, why he did not marry.

"I should very much like to take a wife," he replied.

"Then why do you not? There are plenty of girls in the neighbourhood who would suit you capitally and make you as happy as the day is long," persisted the friend, whose matrimonial venture had proved all that could be wished.

"Well, you see, I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"That if I married one girl, I might see another afterwards that I should have liked better."

It is, perhaps, needless to add that this vacillating individual remained a bachelor.

A similar question was put to a middle-aged celibate, who had always been noted for the exceeding care he took of number one.

"Why have I never married, do you ask?" he roared out in reply, his face the while assuming an apoplectic hue. "Sir, I have not married because I have never felt inclined to undertake the maintenance of another man's daughter!"

Of a similar turn of mind was a third bachelor, who, contemplating matrimony, in order to test the probable consequences, divided a pie which had been made for his dinner into halves.

"Yes," said he, to himself, "There would be enough for a wife and me. But supposing there were two children!"

A second division, and the pie was in four parts.

"Not amiss, even then. But how if the pieces had to be again divided?"

He tried the experiment, and an eighth of the pie seemed so small that he put his arms round the dish, said "Come all to myself," and lived and died a bachelor.

"What possessed you to marry a second time, and to become the wife of a man of such intemperate habits, when you knew what misery you had endured during the life of your first husband?" asked a lady of a woman whom she occasionally employed as a laundress.

"Well, you see, ma'am, when George died last Martinmas twelvemonths, he left me with four children, none of them old enough to earn me a penny. I was never afraid of work, as you know, and I had been obliged to do my share when he was living. I used to think, sometimes, I should be better off without him, for he was a very ill-tempered man when he had taken a glass too much, and that was mostly the case except he could not get it. But when he was gone, and all the bread-earning had to be done by one pair of hands, I found out the difference. I had a little from the parish at first, but then I was told the guardians had made up their minds not to give outdoor relief, and I should have to go into the house with my children.

"It was just at that time that my present husband came to me, and he said, 'I've known you nearly all my life, Betsey, and you've known me, and I often thought when your husband was living what a good patient sort of wife you made him, although he drank worse than I do. And you'll excuse me saying it, he was an ill-twined twig if ever there was one. More credit to you for putting up with his tempers as you did. Well now, I want a wife as will put up with me and not storm and stamp and call names if I get a bit over the line sometimes. Though I say it that shouldn't, I am a good-tempered chap, and if I've had a drop I never give anybody an ill word. So if you've a mind to take me such as I am, I will be kind to you and as good a father to the children as their own was, anyway.'

"I did not answer him then, I could not.

"He was as pleasant as you like, and he said,

"'I'm not particular to a few days. Take a week to think about it. And here are five shillings. Get the children a dinner with it. I can spare it,' and he went away.

"A dinner! It meant a week's plenty instead of starvation, and I could not say no when he put that money in my hand, because I saw four pairs of hungry eyes turned to me as I opened the door.

"John, that is my second husband, never came near me again for a week, and meanwhile I thought, —I've three things to choose from. To clem with my children, go to the workhouse with them, or get married again. I have tried clemming, and it does not agree with me. Other folks have tried the workhouse, and they say it does not agree with them. If I stood alone in the world it would be different, but I can never drag up four children without some help, so I will say yes to John when he comes for his answer. And I did."

"It seems a pity," replied the lady, "for I suppose he still drinks?"

"That is true enough. But, seeing I had only three things, all what you would call evils, to choose from, I was bound to take the least. And I will say this, that he is very kind to the young ones and to me. If a man does drink you get some money from him, and I always made it a rule to take what was given me, little or much, in a pleasant way, and to get hold of as much more as ever I could."

"What do you mean?" asked Betsey's listener, who was not versed in the management of a husband given to drinking,

"Why, many a time a man like either of my husbands does not know what money he brings home, and so, when he is asleep, his wife has to look in his pockets and help herself. I make it a practice to leave something, and generally a man is ashamed to ask about it, because he cannot remember whether it went at the public-house or not."

This woman's reasons for marrying again combined both the sad and ludicrous sides of the question, and make one devoutly hope that there are not many who have to decide in favour of a drunken husband as the least of three evils.

A very amusing story was told me lately by a gentleman who knew the parties concerned.

A labouring man, by dint of great industry and economy, had amassed what was, for a person in his position, a considerable sum of money. At his death this came to an only daughter, who was thus promoted to the dignity of a village heiress. The young woman was past girlhood, and, though an uneducated person, had a sufficiently high opinion of her own value. She scorned young men in a similar rank of life to herself, and who had neither education, refinement, nor the money which would have placed them on the same level as that to which money had raised her.

Her fortune and the airs she gave herself in consequence of possessing it, together with the probability of her ever marrying, were matters eagerly discussed at many an "idle-corner" gathering.

"She'll get married, safe enough," said one.

"Th' owd man's brass 'll buy her a husband," remarked another.

"Nay," said a third, and nobody found an answer to his anti-matrimonial reason. "She'll never marry, I tell you, for 'Shoes won't, and clogs dare not.'"

Meaning by this that young men of a higher class would not look her way, and that those in the rank of life above which her money had lifted her dare not go wooing for fear of refusal. A like reason has left many a maiden in other ranks without a husband.

Another reason which tells in favour of marry-

ing is a dread of being lonely in old age, rather than a thought of present companionship or any great expectation of increased happiness. There is a certain amount of selfishness in taking a partner for such a reason; but after all it is a very natural one. A lonely old age is a thing that we may well shrink from; and a lonely old bachelor is—from the feminine point of view—the most pitiable object in creation.

Calvin, the great but austere reformer, had an eye to such a contingency when, amongst the qualifications he needed in a wife, he suggested that she might be able to nurse him in his frequent sicknesses.

The reasons for and against marrying are, however, endless. People marry for a home, a protector, for the sake of a pretty face. Men take wives as pegs on which to hang finery, and display wealth in the shape of jewels, or that they may have a graceful, stately lady to do the honours of house and board.

"I married my wife for the sake of her musical gifts and her voice," said a gentleman to me on one occasion.

I fear he lived to regret his choice, for the voice, which was remarkable for its very high notes, was joined to an ungovernable temper, and it was often raised—after marriage—to a pitch that was more piercing and shrill than agreeable.

I also knew an elderly couple who became man and wife under the following circumstances: A lady, widowed for the second time, and "comfortably left," but with no child of her own, soon became weary of her lonely position. Her stepchildren were grown up and married, and she had no near of kin with whom she could share a really charming little home.

She accordingly invited a widower, of similar age to herself, to look through her house. As he went from room to room, he said many complimentary things about the various arrangements, the good taste displayed, etc. He finished with the remark, "Dear madam, you have quite a little paradise here."

"That may be," was the reply. "But," she added, with a sigh, "what is paradise without Adam?"

On this hint he spake, and in a short time the vacant place was filled by husband number three.

This lady was of a matrimonial turn of mind, and we may presume had been happy in her first and second ventures, so that all her arguments were in favour of the holy estate. She was of a provident turn also; for, after having secured her third Adam, she remarked to a friend, "When my present dear old man dies, I really do not know where I shall look for another husband."

As it happened, he was the longer lived of the two, and equalised matters by making a third selection himself.

In giving these anecdotes it is not my intention to moralise. They are all strictly true, and are merely told as illustrations of a few of the reasons which have been advanced for and against "Marrying and Giving in Marriage."

II.—THE MONEY QUESTION.

"A great dowry is a bed full of brambles.
"He that marries for wealth, sells his liberty.
"Jacula Prudentum"—*George Herbert.*

THE Laureate puts into the moutn of his new-style, northern farmer the following words. He confesses they are not original, but those of a friend, and says,

"But I knawed a Quäaker feller, as often 'as towd ma this;
Doüan't thou marry for munny, but göa wheer munny is!"

To this friend's advice he adds his own matrimonial experiences, and the benefit which resulted to himself from following such counsel, and continues:

"Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny too,
Mäakin' 'em göa togither as they've good right to do.
Couldn' I luvv thy muther, by cause o' 'er munny läaid by?
Näay—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it: rëason why."

The old poet-divine, George Herbert, goes dead against our northern farmer and his Quaker adviser in the extracts from his "Jacula Prudentum" which head this chapter.

A labouring man in another agricultural county was of the old parson's opinion, for he said to his employer, "Niver you marry for money, Mester John. My wife had sixteen shillin' when we were married, and I've niver heard the last on it yet."

But again a neighbour of his took the other side, and thought a bit of money with a wife added greatly to a man's luck. The speaker was a small farmer who had got into low water and was complaining of bad times to the same gentleman already alluded to as "Mester John."

"Why I should have thought you were doing very well," replied the latter. "I hear no complaints from Jacob Styles, and his farm and yours are very much alike both for size and quality of land. He seems quite contented, and I cannot see that he has any advantage over you."

"Eh, but see you, Mester John," was the eager response, "Jacob's case and mine are not a bit alike. *See how lucky he's been. He's buried three wives, and he had a nice bit of money with each of 'em.*"

A gentleman who had a keen eye to the main chance was once victimised by a lady who had decided that he would make her a suitable husband. He was a lawyer, a childless widower, and

well-to-do. The lady was a spinster on the shady side of forty, and reputed to have just enough to live on. All at once a report ran through the neighbourhood that Miss (say) Smith had lost a relative, but that by his death she had received a substantial legacy.

The lady was absent from home at the time, but on her return she wore simple mourning, which gave colour to the rumour.

The neighbours were naturally anxious to know the particulars, both as to her bereavement and newly acquired property. But they found her a little more dignified in manner, and a good deal more reticent than before.

"Yes, she had lost a relative. Not a very near one; but still, he had been as kind as if he had been a brother. In fact, he had left her all he nad. There was a—a—residence included in this bequest, and there was just a possibility that she might leave her present apartments before long."

Miss Smith had only hitherto occupied two rooms, for which she paid, so said her landlady, far less than they were worth, until she received this addition to her means.

"Then," said the good woman, with tears in her eyes, "she showed herself the real lady she is. She made me a present of a five-pound note, thanked me for all my kindnesses, and told me that while she stayed she should give me double the old terms. The money has fallen into right hands this time, though it often gets into wrong ones, and I shall have cause to be sorry when I lose my lodger."

"Then she is going to leave you?" asked a friend.

"I do not know just when. But is it likely that with lots of money and a fine house and grounds of her own, she will stay in my little rooms?"

Miss Smith's good fortune was the talk of the town. Not that she said much. She admitted that money had been left her, and there were allusions to a residence and land, but nothing more explicit. Miss Smith said, rather pathetically, that she trusted she should always owe the affection of her friends to what they found her in herself, not to what she might possess.

Miss Smith had no occasion to assist rumour. Rumour proved equal to the occasion, and multiplied her income, until it stood at four figures, and the first was not a one. Little stories of recent acts of generosity got abroad; and people noticed additions to Miss Smith's wardrobe which, though simple and quiet looking, were in style and material fit for any lady.

Finally it was stated—and rumour told the truth—that Miss Smith had sent for Lawyer Peckerton to make her will. Everybody agreed in the prudence of this measure. The lady had no near relations, and perhaps old friends might be remembered. Any way, it was never good to have people squabbling over estates after the owners were dead, and letting the lawyers pocket their value instead of relations or those who were in place of such.

Mr. Peckerton opened his eyes when Miss Smith artlessly proposed to make him her sole executor, and bequeathed him five hundred pounds for his trouble. He received instructions as to the disposal of various estates and large sums of money, and went home to carry them out, —and to think what a pity it was they should not go along with the five hundred pounds to one person.

The will took a great deal of preparing for. The lawyer made many visits to his fair client on the subject of this testamentary document; but, after all, it was never executed. Miss Smith consented to become Mrs. Peckerton the second; and as marriage would destroy the validity of a will, it would be better, said the bridegroom elect, to defer making one until afterwards.

This was before the days of Married Women's Property Acts, and the lawyer knew that the moment the word "amazement" had been uttered at the close of the service which made Miss Smith into Mrs. Peckerton, her power to bequeath so much as a sixpence would be gone. All the lady's property would be his to do as he liked with, and his own as well, though he had just said "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

No need to speak of the honeymoon or the return of the bride and bridegroom. Our lawyer had greatly enjoyed his unwonted holiday, and found his wife so really lovable and amiable, beside being accomplished and well-informed, that he frankly confessed to her how great a mistake he had made in not seeking her hand years before.

So far, no allusion had been made to the lady's dowry. Mr. Peckerton could afford to wait, and it was only after he and his wife had been a week at home, that he insinuated a question on the subject.

Mrs. Peckerton answered with tolerable firmness, "I have been expecting this, Joshua, and I am prepared to satisfy you. Wait here a moment."

She went upstairs and quickly returned with a folded paper, which she placed in his hand. It was a cheque for five hundred pounds.

"What is this? I do not understand," he stammered.

"It is the amount I should have bequeathed to you had my will been executed, and all I gave you reason to expect."

"But, my dear Julia, you named estates and—"

"A great many other things, did I not? Well. If any persons had known the particulars of the will which was never drawn up, some disappointment might have been felt, but I never intended that they should. Had I remained Miss Smith, the will would have gone on the fire. As it is, you have got your legacy without any deduction."

The truth flashed on the lawyer in a moment. It was this. The five hundred pounds was nearly all that his wife possessed. The legacy, lately received, amounted to this sum, and, in addition, there was a tiny cottage with half an acre of land attached to it, for which she had obtained another hundred. When the news of the bequest came to her she was nearly at the end of her resources. Then the idea flashed across her mind that she would allow rumour to fix the amount of her acquisition, and amuse herself with the tales that would soon be told of her wealth.

The will scheme was an afterthought, and the result of it was that she found herself the mistress of a well-appointed establishment and the wife of a wealthy man.

It could not be said of the sequel of this story "All's well that ends well," for what in the beginning was very much a freak of humour had developed into a dangerous deception. Yet it was Mr. Peckerton who had taken things for granted, for Miss Smith had not said one word beyond giving him instructions for the will. His wooing had been thoroughly spontaneous, and he could not accuse her of having drawn him on in any way. In fact, he had not found that it was merely to ask and to have. He had been obliged to woo in earnest, and the wooing had proved very pleasant. Mr. Peckerton was only in love with the money when he began, but he was in love with the lady by the time he won an affirmative to his suit.

So when this crisis came, he reflected that his own first motives would not bear the light. Next that it would never do for him, the legal adviser of all the best people in the country side, to own that he had been outwitted, so he must keep his own counsel.

Last of all, he was filled with admiration for the woman who had been clever enough to beat Joshua Peckerton with his own weapons. There she stood, holding out the cheque, and as he looked up at her he saw there were two big tears just stealing down her pale cheeks, and a pleading wistful expression on her face. Joshua Peckerton was doubly vanquished.

He resolved to be magnanimous, to deserve the respect of this woman, and not even allow her to see his disappointment. He put aside the hand which held the cheque.

"My dear," said he, "you shall leave this five hundred pounds to whom you please. I have plenty without it, plenty for us both, and I have learned, during our short married life, that I have got far more than I bargained for in my wife herself."

"I will be a good wife to you, Joshua," sobbed out Mrs. Peckerton.

"I believe you, my dear, and I will be a good husband to you," was the reply supplemented by a murmur, in which the words "thereto," "hand," and "seal" were alone distinguishable. There was a clasping of hands on the bargain, and there was a seal set thereto, in which ordinary wax had no share, but which proved eminently satisfactory to both parties.

And Mr. Peckerton in after days whispered, but only in his wife's ear, that the one individual who ever outwitted him was a lady, and even on that occasion he got the best of the bargain, though he did not deserve it.

People are often suspected of mercenary motives just because they "göa where munny is," though it may be the last thing they think of in connection with their suit. Such was the construction put upon the visits of a young man to the house of a very wealthy gentleman, with only two fair daughters. The suitor was honestly attached to the younger of these. He was doing well and likely to do better, and not a word could be said against his character, family or social position.

The girl's father, however, flew into a towering rage at his presumption, and had barely patience to listen when the young man asked his consent to an engagement with his daughter.

"Sir!" he replied, "I presume some one has told you that my girls will have money when they marry. It is a mistake. They have nothing independent of me, and I need not give or leave them a penny unless I choose. And, sir, I shall not choose to enrich their husbands. I should be a fool indeed if, on seeing a man carrying off one of my greatest treasures, I were to fling a bag of gold after the thief to pay him for his trouble."

"Sir!" retorted the young man, with equal firmness, "you are right in supposing that your wealth has been frequently spoken of in my presence. But *you* make the mistake if you imagine that I desire any portion of it. I know your daughter's value, though you seem to think that she needs the addition of your money to make her worth the winning. I tell you plainly that if you dared to fling me a bag of gold with her, I would fling it back again.

"At the same time, if I am fortunate enough to call your dear daughter my wife, she will still be yours and you will gain something in addition."

"What can you give me?" was the father's contemptuous question.

"A good son, and that is what you do not at present possess, though I believe you have often wished for one. I will leave you now to think the matter over and to make what inquiries you like. I fear none."

The young man was about to withdraw, but the old one stopped him.

"I know all about you. Do you suppose I should have let you cross my threshold at first unless I had been acquainted with your character? I shall not say 'yes,' mind that. Not to-day, at any rate. But I believe you are an honest lad, and mean what you say. I hate a sneak—so stay to dinner."

The old gentleman continued to mutter at intervals that "girls did not know when they were well off," that he supposed they would get married some time, "might do worse," etc., etc., and ended by giving his consent to the proposed engagement. He had no cause to regret it. His daughter had an excellent husband, himself a manly son-in-law, to whom he would gladly have given a large sum after the marriage took place. True to his profession, the husband preferred to depend on his own resources until the death of his father-in law enriched him, whether he would or no.

A wife's money has, however, often proved a source of unpleasantness, and grievous results have followed when she has kept a tight hold upon the one qualification—riches—for which he sought her hand.

"There has never been a week's real comfort in our family since my son—who is also partner in my business—married a woman with money," said a good old man in my presence one

day. "We used to be very happy and united. We were homely folks, that had risen by hard work and careful economy, but she held her head above us. Her money has parted my son from the rest of us. His house is too fine for us, and ours not fine enough for his wife; so now we keep ourselves to ourselves. But we feel it, for all that."

Here the money had marred family unity and added nothing to the true happiness of the husband; and there are many similar cases.

Who has not read the old rhyme in the children's nursery book,

> "My little old man and I fell out,
> I'll tell you what it was all about;
> I had money, and he had none,
> And that's the way the row begun"?

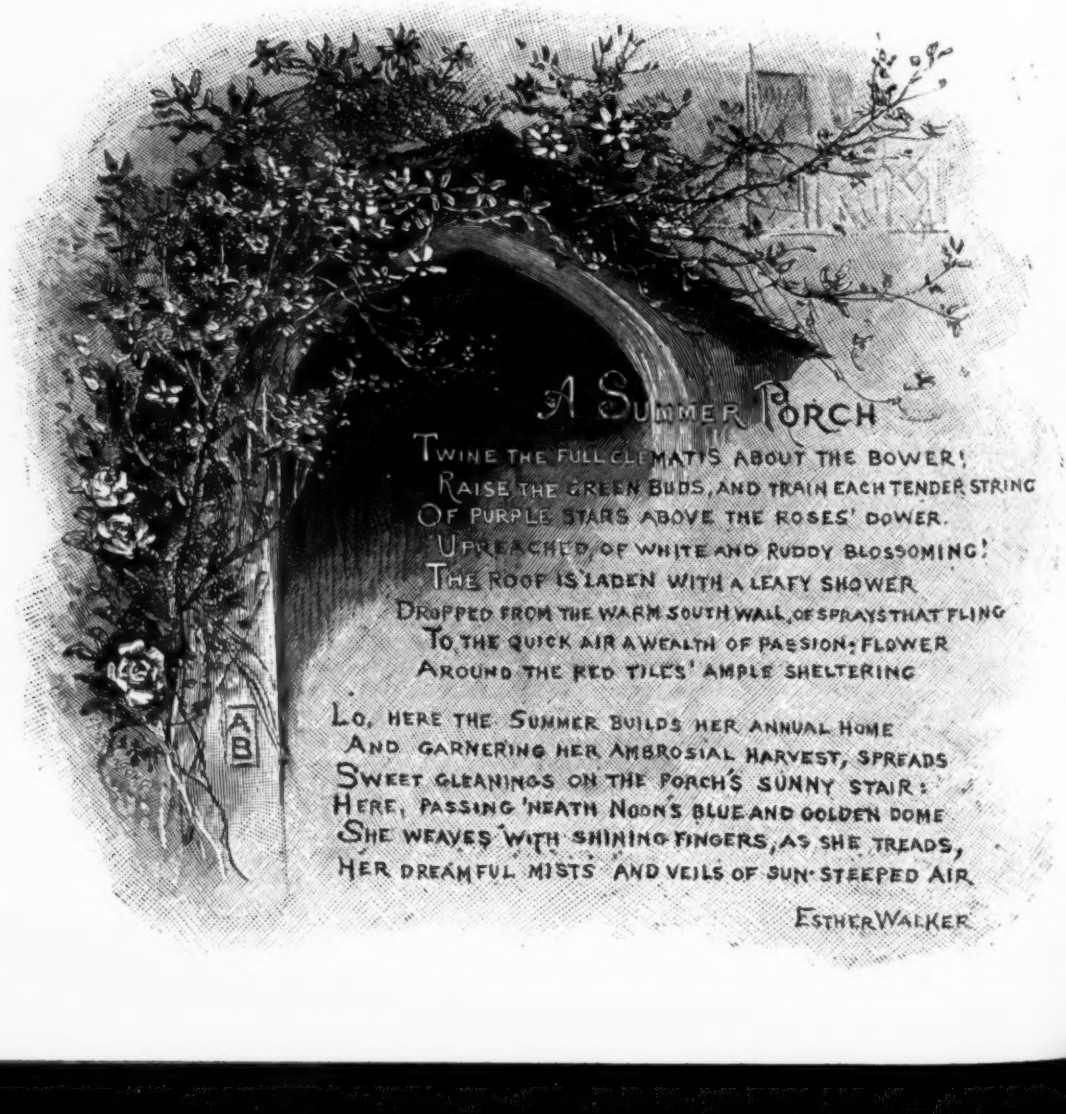
Despite the old rhyme, however, it has often been a great blessing when the wife of a worthless, selfish husband has never minded the falling out and the "row," but has kept a firm hold of her own money—the only thing which stood between her children and ultimate want.

There are two kinds of cowardice in connection with this matrimonial money question: the cowardice which refrains from seeking "a lass wi' a tocher," just because she has it, when there is an honest affection and respect for the girl herself, and reason to believe that her happiness is involved as well as that of the lover.

There is something more than cowardice—there are dishonesty, selfishness, meanness, and cruel falsehood—when a man goes with the words of love on his lips, and professes an affection he does not feel, with the sole object of securing a girl's dowry.

Whoever marries only for money, rank, social position, or any mercenary motives, is pretty sure to realise the truth of old George Herbert's pithy proverbs, and to deserve to do so.

I will quote one more from the same wise old writer, "Love is the true price of love," and with it will end my chapter.



GO TO PONDICHERRY!

IN the memoirs of the celebrated French *savant*, Diderot, eminent alike as a man of science and a man of letters, but best known as the projector and co-editor with D'Alembert, of the great "Encyclopædic Dictionary," there is a curious story attached to the phrase at the head of this article—"Go to Pondicherry!"

Before telling the story it may be well to say something about this once powerful and still interesting French colony. A notice lately appeared in the "Moniteur Officiel" that a new governor was to be sent to Pondicherry, the late governor, M. Piquet, being promoted to the government of Tonquin and of the French territory in Indo-China. This announcement recalled the fact that there are other European Powers which have possessions in the Indian peninsula, which we are accustomed to think of only as part of the British Empire.

The Portuguese still retain Goa and other districts, with a population of above a million and a half, and territories above fifteen hundred square miles in area.

The French still possess not only Pondicherry, with territory of above 110 square miles, and population of above 135,000, but also Chandernagore, Yanahon, Karikai, and Mahé—in all about 200 square miles, and a population of 265,000, of whom 1,500 are Frenchmen.

The Danish Government also had formerly possessions, of which Serampore and Tranquebar were the chief towns, but these were sold to the British East India Company in 1845. These Danish possessions were providentially held long enough to afford shelter to the Protestant missionaries—Carey, Marshman, and others—at a time when the British Government was hostile to all evangelical and missionary efforts in India. But it is to the French possessions that at present we confine our attention.

The first French settlement in India was Surat, in Bombay, occupied in 1668, a place which rose to great importance from being the port of embarkation for all Indian pilgrims on their way to Mecca. Pondicherry, eighty-five miles south of Madras, was also in former times an important place of commerce. After being various times captured in the early struggles for sovereignty over native territory, it was finally ceded to France at the peace in 1815, and with the other French settlements above-named now forms the government of Pondicherry. It is a place of far less wealth and importance than it was a hundred years ago, at the time when the incident occurred which is told in the life of M. Diderot. Even now, in case of a war with Russia, there might be danger in the south as well as in the north of India, if Russia got into her hands even a small territory like Pondicherry; such a *point d'appui* being capable of being mischievous from the effect of the moral influence on the native population were it occupied by enemies of England.

"A young French poet came to me one day," says M. Diderot, who was as kind as he was learned, and always ready to give counsel to aspirants to fame; "a young poet came to me, as young authors come every day. After the ordinary compliments about my genius, my taste, my kindness, the young poet drew a manuscript from his pocket, saying, 'These are my verses, on which I have ventured to come to ask your opinion.'

"'Do you wish the candid and plain truth to be told you?'

"'Yes, sir, I beg to know your candid opinion?'

"I read the verses of the young poet, and then said to him, 'They are not only bad, but they satisfy me that you never can write good ones!'

"'Then I must continue to make bad verses, for it is impossible for me to abstain from writing.'

"'This is a sad condition, my young friend. Do you not know the words of Horace about neither gods nor men tolerating mediocre poets?'

"'Yes, sir, I know that; but I *must* write.'

"'Are you rich?'

"'No, sir, I am very poor.'

"'And you are going to add to your poverty the ridicule of being a bad poet! You will lose your time, and come to old age poor, and a bad poet! What a part to play in the world!'

M. Diderot asked some further questions, and found that the poet was the son of a working jeweller, who was willing to help the young man to be a skilful artificer in the wares for which French workmen are famed through the world.

"'Well, now,' said M. Diderot, 'I will give you my best advice. Ask your parents to advance to you a small stock of trinkets and objects of art, and with this go to Pondicherry. You will make bad verses on your voyage; but on getting there you will make a fortune. Your fortune being made, you will come back to Paris, where you will again make as many bad verses as you please, only don't publish any of them!'

"About twelve years after I had given this advice to the young man he reappeared in my study. I did not recognise him till he recalled the former visit. 'You advised me,' he said, 'to go to Pondicherry; I have been there ever since, and have brought back a hundred thousand francs. I have brought also many verses, which you will probably pronounce to be very bad!'

"'I have no doubt of it, my friend; but your lot is fixed. Go on making verses if you choose, but don't print them.'"

Such is the story which M. Diderot in his Memoirs tells about the young poet whom he told to go to Pondicherry. The French merchants there used to import large quantities of articles of *bijouterie et vertu*, which were eagerly sought and well paid for by the native population. Let us hope that the French in the East will prefer the peaceful and profitable pursuits of commerce to the restless and warlike spirit of their countrymen, Dupleix and Labourdonnais, who had the ambition of founding a great empire in India.

THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

CHARLES I AND HENRIETTA MARIA, HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, AND ELIZABETH QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

THE specimens left to us of the handwriting of Charles I during his boyhood show that his education in penmanship was better than that which we may presume his father received. In the several letters of Charles I, written before he was twelve years old, extant amongst the Harleian MSS., we see a writing formed with considerable skill, bearing even favourable comparison with the early efforts of Edward VI. In after years Charles wrote an exceedingly well-formed hand—the first really good "running" hand which we meet with among the handwritings of our English sovereigns.

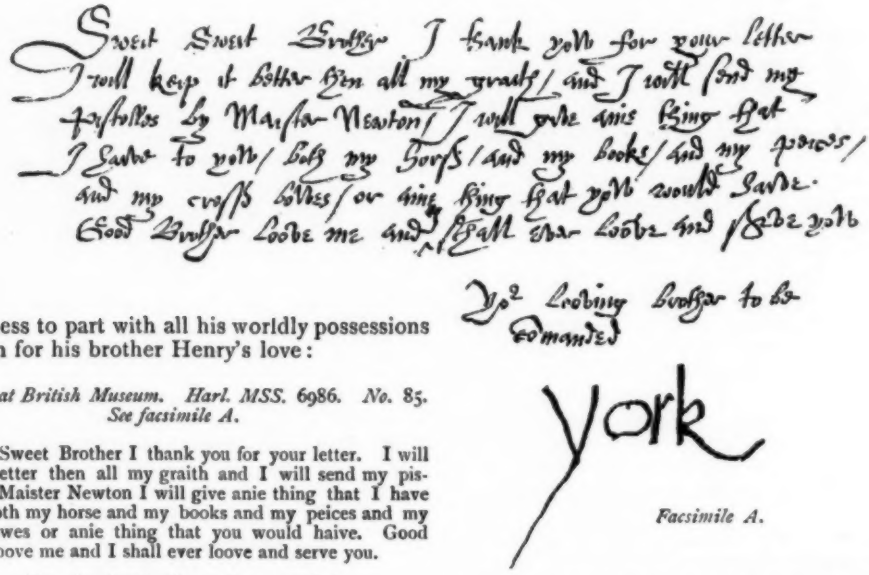
Here is a letter signed by Charles, and evidently composed by himself, in which he expresses his willingness to part with all his worldly possessions in return for his brother Henry's love:

Original at British Museum. Harl. MSS. 6986. *No.* 85. *See facsimile A.*

Sweet Sweet Brother I thank you for your letter. I will keip it better then all my graith and I will send my pistolles by Maister Newton I will give anie thing that I have to you both my horse and my books and my peices and my crosse bowes or anie thing that you would haive. Good Brother loove me and I shall ever loove and serve you.

Your looving brother to be comanded,

YORK.



Facsimile A.

Another letter, written probably a year or so after the foregoing, shows us Charles's powers of Latin composition:

Holograph. Original in Latin at the British Museum. Harl. MSS. 6986. *No.* 90. *See facsimile B, opposite.*

Translation.

Nothing can be more pleasing to me, most dear brother, than your return to us; for to take pleasure with you, for to ride with you, to hunt with you, will be the highest gratification to me. I now read the colloquies of Erasmus, from which I am confident that I shall be able to learn purity of the Latin language and elegance of style. Farewell.

Your most loving brother,

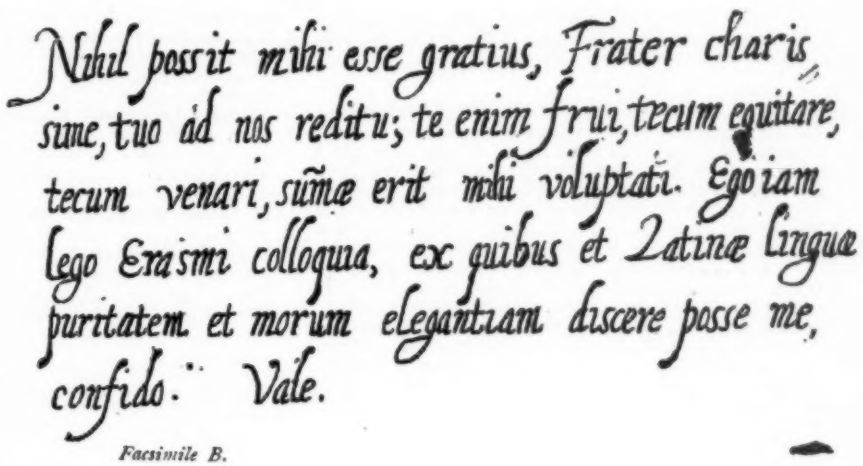
CHARLES DUKE OF ALBANY AND YORK.

The object of thus writing was, that Henry might judge how the writer was progressing in his schooling, a matter in which Henry was evidently deeply concerned This fact is in itself noteworthy, for it must be remembered that Henry himself was then barely in his "teens"—surely an early age for a boy to be anxious as to the progress of a younger brother's education? But Henry had an extraordinary craving for knowledge, the capacity which his father had, or thought he had, for obtaining it, and also a desire that others should taste the fruits of learning. He also had, as we have seen by his brother's previous letter, the power common to all the Stuarts, except his father, of engaging the love of those around him. We know, too, that Henry had another gift—tact; a gift to which certainly all the later members of his family were strangers. For that reason alone his early death was probably the greatest misfortune that ever befell the House

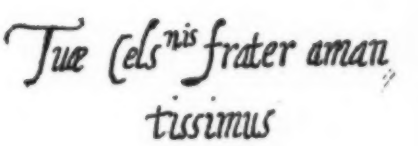
of Stuart. Space precludes us from giving more than an example either of Prince Henry's signature[1] (*see facsimile C*), or of that of Elizabeth,[2] his sister, who became Queen of Bohemia. (*See facsimile D.*)

We will now turn to some examples of Charles' handwriting after his accession.

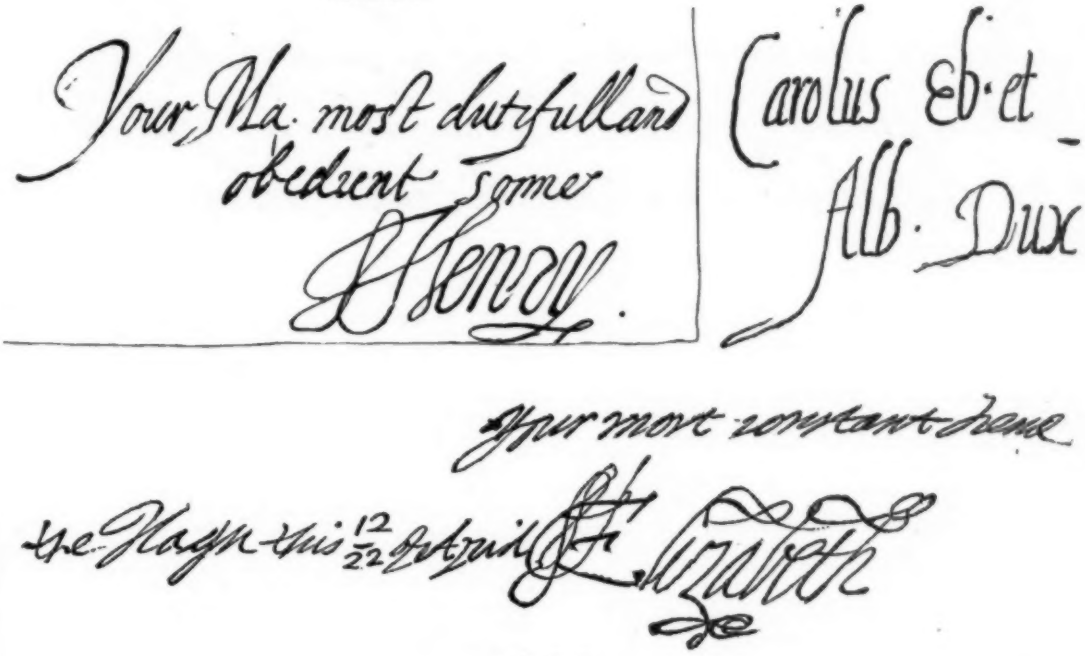
In the early summer of 1627 the Duke of Buckingham sailed on his memorable —and, in its termination, disastrous— expedition to the Isle of Rhé in order to relieve the besieged Huguenots. The scarcity of money and provisions with which the expedition was furnished soon made itself felt, and Buckingham dispatched Sir William Beecher home, to urge that supplies be forthwith sent out.



Facsimile B.



Facsimile C.



Facsimile D.

The state of Charles's finances at this period of history is well known, and he sought to increase the revenue by the levy of excessive duties on imports and exports. The proposal was opposed as unconstitutional by the ministers, and so the king's impatience was aroused. The following is the last of three letters written by him to the Exchequer officers, and its wording leaves us in little doubt as to the frame of mind of the writer:

[1] Original in British Museum. Cotton MS. Vesp. F. iii. f. 11 b.
[2] Original at Public Record Office. State Papers Domestic. Charles I, vol. ccxxxvi, No. 44.

Holograph. Original at Public Record Office. State Papers. Domestic. Charles I. Vol. lxxiii. No. 1. See facsimile E, showing first three and part of fourth lines.

Tresorers

Now I begin to see sum good effects of your labors, yet, it is but a begingin, and if ye goe not speedelie on to make an good end (I meane of those things that ar to be spedd out of hand) all that is past, is worthe littell or nothing: By the next, and verrie shortlie too, I looke to heare, that those things I sent Beecher to you about, ar dispached; For if Buckingham should not now, be suplyed, not in show but substantiallie, having so bravelie, and, I thanke God, succesfullie, begunne his expedition, it wer an irrecoverable shame to me, and all this Nation; and those that ether hinders, or, according to ther severall places, furthers not this action, as much as they may, deserves to make ther end at Tyburne, or some suche place: But I hope better things of you. I lykewaise looke for an accont of the Mint business, and of the raysing of my Costomes; I hope ye will be industrius in all my affairs, but in this of the Costomes, I looke ye should add bouldness to your care. So expecting a full and perfect account of all those things that I have earnestlie recommend-d to you, at Windsor if not sooner: I rest

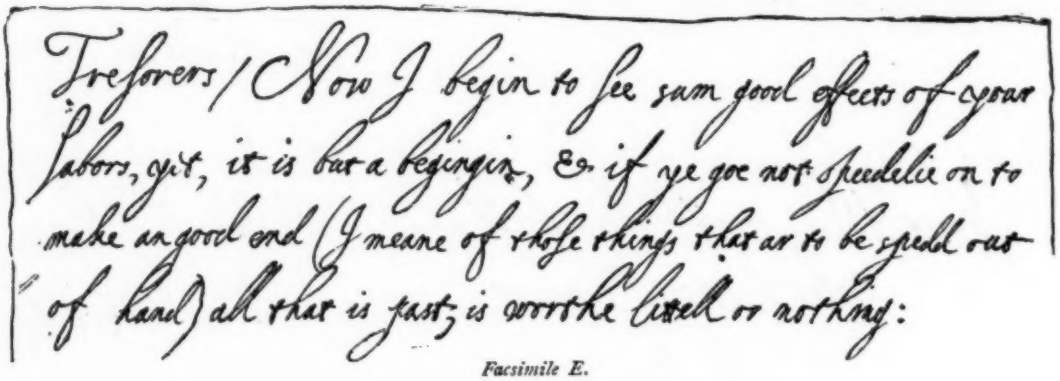
Your asseured frende

CHARLES R.

Woodstock the 1 of August.
1627.

(Addressed) For your selves.

During the progress of the Civil War, Charles was an active correspondent. To his wife, he wrote frequently, and generally in hopeful tones, even if circumstances for the time looked unpropitious. Here is a specimen—the draft of a letter written probably from Oxford in January, 1645. Henrietta Maria was then in France, whither she had fled to escape during the previous summer in order to escape possible danger. The king's



Facsimile E.

In odd contrast to the arbitrary demand for worldly help, is the following prayer for the aid of heaven, written by the king some five years later, and, by a choice of readings, made suitable for morning or evening use. It seems to be compiled partly from the Book of Common Prayer and partly from the Bible:

Holograph. Original at Public Record Office. State Papers. Domestic. Charles I. Vol. ccxi. No. 91. See facsimile F, opposite, showing first four and part of fifth lines.

Good Lord I thanke [Thee] for Keeping mee this day night, I humblie beseeche Thee to Keepe mee this day night from all dangers or mischances that may happen to my boddie, and all evell thoughts which may assalt or hurt my sowel for Jesus Christ his Sake: And looke upon me Thy unworthie servant, who heere prostrates him selfe at Thy Throne of Grace, but looke upon mee O Father through the merites and mediation of Jesus Christ Thy beloved Sone in whom Thou art onlie well pleased, for of my selfe, I am not worthie to stand in Thy presence, or to speake with my uncleane lips, to Thee, most holly and æternall God; for Thou knowest that in sinn, I was conceaved and borne, and that ever since I have lived in iniquetie, so that I have broken all Thy Holly Commandments, by sinfull motions, evell words and wicked workes, ommitting manie dewties I ought to doe, and committing manie vyces, which Thou hast forbidden under paine of heavie displeasure: as for sinnes O Lord, they ar innumerabe in the multitude, therefore of Thy mercies, and by the merites of Jesus Christ, I intreate Thy Devyne Majestie that Thou wouldest not enter into jugement, with Thy servant; nor bee extreame to marke what is done amisse, but bee Thou mercifull to mee, and washe away all my sinnes, with the pretius [blood] that Jesus Christ shed for me: and not onlie washe away all my sinnes, but also to purge my hart, by [Thy] Holly Spirit, from the drosse of my naturall corruption; and as Thou doest add dayes to my lyfe, so (good Lord) add repentance to my dayes, that when I have past this mortall lyfe, I may bee a partaker of Thy everlasting Kingdome throught Jesus Christ our Lorde.

advice to his wife as to her policy towards the Queen Regent of France is interesting:

Holograph. Original at Public Record Office. State Papers. Domestic. Charles I. See facsimile G, opposite, showing the first six lines.

Deare hart

I hope before this can come to thee thou wilt receave 3 letters from me by Sabran's conveyance (whom I dispatched Sonday last); who although he condemes the Rebelles proceedings as much as any, yet he declares in his Maisters name a positive newtrality, so that ether he complyes not with his instructions, or France is not so much our frend as we hope for. I rather thinke the later: yet I dout not but thy dexterity will cure that couldness of frendship, which in my opinion will be the easier done, if thou make the cheefe treaty for our assistance betwixt thee and the Q. R. in a familliar obliging way: and withall showing all possible respect and trust to those Ministers whom she most esteemes; it being impossible, but they must rather aplaude, then dislyke, thy familiarity with theire Mistris, and by it thou may prevent any trickes they may put upon thee. As for the affaires heere, wee are in so good state, that I am confident the Rebelles (though all their strenthes ar now united) cannot afront us, and when my nepueu Rupert comes to mee (whom I certainly expect in few dayes) I hope to be able to choose freshe Winter quarters, but where, I am not yet resolved, for which occasion and oportunitie must direct mee.

Deare hart I by Sabrins circumstance (whom I dispatched Sunday
Last) I hope I shall receave 3 Letters from me; who although
he condemes the Rebells proceedings as much as any yet he
declares in his Masters name a perfitt neutrality, so that
ether he employes not with his Instructions, or France is not so
much our frend as we hope for: [illegible]

Facsimile G.

Good Lord I thanke for keeping me this night, I humble beseech
Him to keep me this day from all dangers or mischaines that may happen
to my Body, & all evell thoughts which may grieve my Soul.
For Jesus Christ his sake: And Lorde worke upon me thy unworthie Servant,
who keepe yourselfe him selfe at thy throne of grace,

Facsimile F.

The majority of letters now extant written by Henrietta Maria are in French; the following, in English, introduces us to an amusing incident in the history of Charles II's boyhood:

Holograph. Original at British Museum. Harl. MSS. 6988. No. 25. See facsimile H.

Charles, I am sore that I most begin my first letter with chiding you be cause I heere that you will not take phisike. I hope it was onlie for this day, and that to morrowe you will doe it, for yf you will not, I most come to you and make you take it for it is for your healthe. I have given order to my lord Newcastell to send mi worde to night whether you will or not, therfore I hope you will not give me the paines to goe, end so I rest

Your affectionat moher [*sic*]

HENRIETTE MARIE R.

Facsimile H.

THE BRABAZON PAUPER EMPLOYMENT SCHEME.

IN our walks and drives about London we may not infrequently come upon many-storeyed, gaunt-looking buildings with iron gates jealously guarded by a watchful porter. If we are Londoners, even though the particular building immediately before us is unfamiliar, we scarcely need to glance at the inscribed name, we know almost intuitively the nature of the institution. If a stranger is with us and asks what it is, perchance we carelessly reply, "Oh, it's only a workhouse." Only a workhouse! but what a world of sin and suffering might not that name conjure up before our eyes! Within such walls can be found beings sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. Prisons could show few lower; but here, too, may be seen afflicted saint-like souls, of whom the world knows nothing, but who are perhaps guarded by angelic beings who may look and wonder to see such meekness, such patience, such heroic fortitude.

Here may be seen a man in pauper dress who once drove his carriage and pair; there the delicately nurtured lady, reduced by the iron hand of misfortune to associate with those with whom she has not a taste in common. If a novelist would deign to stray within such prosaic precincts as an ordinary workhouse presents, he might find many and many a study not unworthy of his pen; the tragic element would predominate, but the comic would not be wholly lacking.

The poor are given to look upon the workhouse as a prison, and that not without reason; and we have more or less accepted this notion in so far as we are prone to imagine that those who dwell in such institutions are men and women little worthy of sympathy, whose own shortcomings and vices have brought them low. This is true up to a certain point. If we English could acquire, in our early years, that virtue which our neighbours across the Channel possess in a high degree, *thrift*—if drunkenness were no longer to be heard of in our land—workhouses would become comparatively empty; but we must remember that many come into the workhouse not so much through their own fault as through that of those whom they might reasonably expect to support them. Even supposing, however, the fault is their own, is no sympathy to be shown to the poor wretch whom a few months of folly have reduced to the workhouse, and who during long, long years lives to bemoan them?

Again, when thinking of the inmates of workhouses, many ignore that numbers of these poor people are suffering from disease in a most aggravated form. A large portion of the building, which we heedlessly pass by, is probably an infirmary, and there might be seen, lingering out a suffering existence, men and women, the victims of incurable maladies, gazing year after year at the same whitewashed walls, living in the same possibly uncongenial company, until death comes to release them from their pain. Hospitals cannot retain such patients, they must needs make way for more hopeful cases. Let us think for a moment what such a fate would be for us—we who are free to come and go, engaged in the work which we love, with our home comforts, our books, our amusements, our pleasant weeks if not months of travels; and yet thousands are enduring this sad existence, and we give them—what? Too many amongst us, not one thought!

Nor must we imagine that it is only the sick who are worthy of commiseration; some of these are fast nearing the time when the burden of suffering will be laid down. There are other inmates who perhaps are equally, if not more, to be pitied, who have ten, fifteen, or twenty years of an aimless, objectless existence to spin out. After the age of sixty a man or woman is not, according to workhouse regulations, considered able-bodied, and at that age he or she is relegated to wards where the paupers may be seen clustered together doing nothing, thinking of nothing if not of their miseries. A writer thus describes a sad experience he had with a man who eventually put an end to his existence, unable to endure the monotony of it.

> For many years I was often a visitor of the Union, and many and many a conversation I have had with its inmates; and well I remember one man whom I saw there and talked with. The strong men were at work in the garden, and some, but little weaker, were otherwise employed, but this man sat in the sunshine doing nothing but thinking and thinking, and piling up thought on thought till, as he said, he felt as if he could think no longer. There was nothing he could do, nothing to employ his mind; he could not read, so he sat about and—thought. Was he happy? No! for he said, "One day is as another. I get up, I eat, and I rest, and I sit about thinking, and I eat, and it gets dark, and then I soon go to bed; and, sir, what is the *use* of a life like this? I want to be doing something I can think about, for this doing of nothing is dreadful. I cannot bear it much longer." I was away some months. The next time I went the mistress told me of a sad ending of an out-wearied life of—nothing to do.

This sad tale speaks volumes; there is no need to enlarge on the miseries of a nothing-to-do existence, which must be, to any who are active-minded, a burden of intolerable weight. Can nothing be done to remedy a fearful evil? Yes, something. Masters and matrons can do much—and some do—towards seeing that those under their charge are not consigned to a life of hopeless idleness; but time has its limits, and it would be impossible for officials to see to the individual employment of the hundreds of infirm persons under their charge.

A scheme has been tried to find occupation for these unoccupied people which has met with considerable success, consequently it is not unworthy of the thoughtful consideration of those who would wish to see the lot of the aged and afflicted pauper ameliorated. It goes by the name of the "Brabazon Pauper Employment Scheme," and is now splendidly worked in the very Union (Tonbridge)

where the unfortunate man lived whose end was so deplorable.

The writer of these lines, some few years ago, struck by the evils of the idle existence of the aged workhouse inmates, sought to find a remedy by offering a fixed sum, not exceeding £30, to any workhouse where the money could be laid out in the purchase of materials to be worked up by the patients, and then sold at a profit for the purchase of fresh wool, cotton, twine, etc., and also to give small rewards to the workers. The proposal was brought to the notice of a good many poor-law guardians, and amongst others to that of Miss Donkin, an energetic lady guardian at Kensington Workhouse, who undertook to bring the matter before the Board, which happily was composed of those who had the pauper's welfare at heart. Consent was obtained for the scheme to be tried, a committee of ladies was formed to carry it out, and an excellent hon. sec., Miss Eyre, appointed.

These kind helpers had no light task before them, as the innovation met with scant approbation from the then matron, who was, not unnaturally, apprehensive that the ladies would be employing those women in fancy work whom she required to do plain sewing. However, her fears proved groundless; not one single worker was occupied by the committee, in the wards over which she presided, without their first having obtained her permission. A certain number, however, remained whom she could not possibly employ, and the question was, Could any one contrive to give them remunerative occupation, such as the one-handed, the blind, and sufferers from crippling rheumatism whose hands had been completely distorted by this terrible malady? The ladies solved this question most satisfactorily by being able to produce, at the end of some months, a quantity of excellently executed work, which found ready buyers. "She learned me," proudly said one of the busy workers, a poor sick man with only a left hand which he could use, as he glanced at a young lady, who, with great patience, had succeeded in teaching him the art of knitting under these difficult circumstances; and truly, when the work was seen which had been made, and at the same time the afflicted men and women who had done it, onlookers might well hold that both teachers and pupils had good cause for honest pride in what had been accomplished. The result being thus satisfactory, it elicited not only praise from outsiders, but also from the guardians, the chaplain, and the doctor. All spoke warmly of the scheme, and the medical man considered that his patients were physically benefited by occupation having been given to them.

The same experiment has been since tried in other workhouses, notably in the Paddington institution. Here the scheme was fortunate enough to meet with approval at the hands of the officials, consequently not only the most decrepid in the infirm wards were employed, but others as well. Some of the needlework done by the women has been excellent, so much so that it is a matter of surprise to discover the advanced age of many of the workers; but age proved no barrier to employment when it was found that in the Tonbridge Union a dame of ninety summers could be happily occupied in making mats. She only bargained that the colours of the wool which was given her to use should be bright in hue; probably there had been enough of grey and neutral tints spread over her experience of a long lifetime, and she not unnaturally craved for brightness.

The scheme has proved—as it was intended to be—quite self-supporting, and at Kensington, where it has been for some years steadily at work, the committee have always found themselves in a position to give rewards to the workers. These rewards take many and various forms. One woman may receive a book or workbox, a man with a taste for flowers may be the happy recipient of a growing plant, another is given bath-chair drives, others who are likely hereafter to leave the workhouse have a store of small coins laid by for them, to be ready when the owners are well enough to bid adieu to the infirmary. A great advantage which has arisen from this scheme being established is that a man or woman in more than one instance has been taught an employment which has proved of great service in helping him or her to gain a livelihood on leaving the institution. Some excellent wood-carving has been done in the Kensington Workhouse, and artistic talents have been discovered hitherto unknown to the workers. A lady who has taken deep interest in this scheme gives the following list of some of those whom she saw employed:

I. An old verger doing beautiful needlework, able to *sketch* as well as to *stitch* his patterns.
II. A sailor half paralysed by the effects of a sunstroke.
III. North-country labourer.
IV. Man, seventy-eight years of age, working most industriously at a large quilt, crippled and infirm.
V. Crippled with chronic rheumatism, knitting on a frame with one hand only.
VI. Blind girl, thankful to knit all day.
VII. Invalid confined to bed able to do fretwork.

This list might be largely added to, but it seems unnecessary, for we trust that enough has been said to prove that it is possible to employ most infirm persons, that employment is very grateful to them, and that they are mentally and physically benefited by it. In one institution the workers said that since they had been occupied they were able to sleep better at night.

The scheme is now at work in the following workhouses: Kensington, Fulham, Paddington, Kingston-on-Thames, St. Pancras, Sevenoaks, Tonbridge.

But why in so few? The necessary money is at present forthcoming to start employment amongst the unoccupied in many other institutions, but money can at best do comparatively little. Willing hearts and willing hands are needed to come forward and help these poor Lazaruses lying at our gates. Who will come?[1]

M. J. MEATH.

[1] Those who require further information are requested to write to the hon. sec. of the "Brabazon Employment Scheme," 83, Lancaster Gate, London.

Varieties.

The Secrétan Sale of Pictures.—There have often been exciting scenes at the sales of paintings at Christie's auction rooms, in King Street, St. James', but there never has been witnessed a more stirring conflict than during the first day's sale of M. Secrétan's pictures, on the 1st of July, at M. Sedelmeyer's rooms, in the Rue la Rochefoucauld. The chief struggle was for M. Millet's "Angelus," which is considered the greatest of this painter's works. Several American bidders were present, some for private galleries, and one for the Washington Museum. The price commenced at 100,000 francs, and rapidly rose to 300,000. At this point a new bidder struck in, M. Antonin Proust, who step by step raised the bidding to 451,000. At this juncture two new bidders appeared on the scene, having just landed at Havre and hastened to Paris by special train. They ran the price up to 502,000 fr. The international rivalry had become so marked that the French in the room became disorderly, and insisted on the hammer being brought down at this figure in favour of M. Proust. But one of the Americans had bid 1,000 francs more, when the tumult drowned his voice. M. Proust on being appealed to agreed to reopen the competition. By this time it had become known that M. Proust represented the French Government. However, the American offered 50,000 francs more, and then another bid of 1,000 secured the picture for France at the price of 553,000 francs. There was immense enthusiasm at the result among the Frenchmen present. Paintings by Corot, Meissonier, and other modern painters, to which the first day's sale was confined, fetched enormous prices in most cases, the total, for about a hundred pieces, amounting to more than three and a half millions of francs, or £140,000. One of Meissonier's military pictures, "Cuirassier de 1805," was bought by the Duc d'Aumale for 190,000 francs. For the pictures of ancient masters the competition was less lively, but the prices were generally high. It may not be generally known that M. Secrétan's sale was compelled by his losing his fortune in the recent "Copper crash." The "Temps" states that Mr. Sutton, the wealthy American collector, has offered, since the sale, to present 50,000 fr. to be distributed among the poor of Paris, if M. Proust would let him have the picture at the auction price. The French will only smile at this proposal, for it is a question of national pride and of patriotism; and above 200,000 fr. had been subscribed by artists, amateurs, and collectors, in syndicate, to assist the Government to secure the picture.

M. Laveleye's Theory of England's Prosperity.—Since the days of M. de Tocqueville there has been no statesman more observant, and no writer more impartial, regarding national character and institutions, than M. de Laveleye, of Brussels. It is some years ago now, but the testimony he then gave as to the true cause of the strength and prosperity of England is worth repeating, in this year when France is celebrating the centenary of its revolution.

"Whence comes it," says M. Laveleye, "that with laws and institutions very imperfect the English are a great nation? This is due, I think, to the prevalence of religious principle. In England I am surrounded on all sides by churches, chapels, schools, hospitals, asylums, almshouses, public parks, and countless institutions for the well-being of the people. Political economy and materialistic sociology tell us that mankind is urged by one motive only, that of self-interest. But when I observe closely the life of the people in England, I see that the rule is—notwithstanding many selfish exceptions—the rule is for each man to do good to his neighbour. From the working man to the peer of the realm, I see almost every one devoting some time daily to the fulfilment of duties connected with societies or institutions of which they are members. This is to be seen to such an extent in no other country of the world, except in the United States of America, where the same religious and unselfish principles are influential. See all over England, that marvellous institution, the Sunday Schools of every denomination, with more than five millions of children, and more than half a million of teachers. In fact, there are about 600,000 persons, who, willingly and freely, give up several hours every Sunday for the purpose of instructing poor children! Is not this alone a proof of the prevalence of religious sentiment in England? It is the prevailing feeling that we have to consider. Nearly all public acts are inspired by the spirit of the Gospel of Christ, even among those who do not profess to believe in Divine inspiration. In England, and still more in Scotland, there prevails so religious an atmosphere, and all the national sentiments are in this respect so different from what they are on the Continent, that one might almost imagine oneself transported to another planet. I say, then, to all Englishmen, reform such of your laws as need reform, but be careful to maintain and to strengthen the religious principles of the people, for they are the cause of your pre-eminence."

Derby Grammar School and its late Head Master, the late Rev. Walter Clark, M.A.—When the Prince and Princess of Wales were on a visit to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, in 1872, the trustees of the Derby Grammar School sent a petition to the Prince, asking him to preside at the annual distribution of prizes. They made the plea that the school was one of the oldest in the kingdom, and also one of the most poorly endowed. This was an appeal which at once secured the goodwill of the Prince, and accordingly he went to the school on the 17th December, 1872, accompanied by the Princess of Wales. It was a day not far from the anniversary of the most anxious and gloomy time of the illness of the previous year. The Prince made a hearty and genial address before distributing the prizes to the successful competitors, and paid a well-merited compliment to the head master. In referring to the antiquity of the school and its slender endowment, the Prince added: "Still it has always borne the highest reputation, which I feel convinced it will continue to maintain."

The speech is included in the volume of "Public Speeches of the Prince of Wales," published by Mr. Murray, the editor of which book says that the Prince has not forgotten the school, for he went on the 14th November, 1888, to see the new class-rooms erected as a memorial of his visit sixteen years before. On this occasion the Prince obtained from the head master a promise of making November 14th a perpetual annual holiday in remembrance of the visit. A sad interest now is attached to this record. Not many months afterwards the learned and energetic head master died, after a brief illness, in April of this year.

It is only now generally known that Mr. Clark claimed to be the last lineal descendant of the great Protector, Oliver Cromwell. When Richard Cromwell laid down the burden of rule, he for a time assumed the name of Clark, to avoid the insult and danger attached to his own name. The Rev. Walter Clark was the last of the line, and he died unmarried, so that the direct descent from the Cromwell family is said to be closed. This historical association gives additional interest to the kindly visits of the Prince of Wales to the Derby Grammar School.

Woodite.—Woodite, as it is named (after its inventor), was brought into notice some few years since as a kind of indiarubber protection for ships and other structures against accidental or wilful injury, any perforation or rent made in the sides of a vessel thus protected instantly closing up partially or wholly against the access of water. This was the claim made for the new material. It has now come again before the public, this time under the auspices of two eminent naval authorities, Sir Nathaniel Barnaby and Sir Edward Reed, who at a recent meeting of the Institute of Naval Architects took a very favourable view of the invention. Sir Edward divides the uses of woodite and Mrs. Wood's other inventions into two classes: (1) protection of vessels and structures from accidental injury; (2) from artillery, torpedo and ram attack in warfare. Another kind of classification, however, has something in its favour, if woodite itself be con-

sidered apart from the inventor's other designs, viz: (1) woodite employed as an elastic medium, either for resisting blows, or, what is of more importance, a layer in which holes are closed by means of elasticity; (2) woodite as a buoyant substance. In the former capacity woodite to all appearance is a form of indiarubber. In the latter it appears to consist chiefly of cork. It is intended to be as little inflammable as possible, to resist well the action of climate, and when torn or crushed by shot, to compress and hold together rather than crumble to dust, such as would impede the working of pumps employed to decrease the water. The application of woodite to the sides of ships, wharves, and the like is obvious. Horse-shoes made of dense ebony-like woodite must be a luxury if they will last a reasonable time. An important question is the use of woodite in ships-of-war. Against quick-fire gun attack a self-closing medium would undoubtedly be invaluable. Indiarubber as tried by the Admiralty failed. Woodite formed into blocks 8 in. thick was tried, built up behind thin plates by Nordenfelt, at Dartford, by firing projectiles from the Nordenfelt 6-pounder and 3-pounder Q. F. guns, so as to perforate directly and at 45°. The holes made by the projectiles closed up so completely that it was not easy to pass a probe far into them; and water with a head of 40 ft. failed to find its way through when applied to the self-closed holes. It is claimed for the buoyant form of woodite, of which there are different experimental varieties, that it is lighter than cork, and excludes for twenty-four hours 96 per cent. of water; that it is protected against decay by its chemical treatment; it will not take fire under the action of bursting shells, though a block can be burnt if put into a fire; and it does not generate dust and grit when broken by impact. The opinion of experts is that woodite deserves a thorough Government or other public trial before anything more is said for or against it.

The Poison Apparatus of the Mosquito.—An article with this alarming title, by Professor G. Macloskie, of Princeton University, lately appeared in the "American Naturalist." The description and the diagrams (highly magnified) are sufficiently formidable. Most English readers might regard them with scientific curiosity, as they would regard similar representations of the poison apparatus of rattlesnakes, and other creatures in foreign lands. But there is nearer interest in what is said about the mosquito, for this pest has recently been found to be a frequent visitor, and threatens to become a permanent resident among us in the south of England. Professor Macloskie's statements are therefore worthy of attention, and ought at least to give warning as to the preparation of mosquito curtains and other prophylactic means for guarding against the venomous wounds of these insect invaders. It is some comfort to be told that "the chief food of the mosquito is not animal blood, but the proteids of plants."

Suwarrow Islands.—The British flag has recently been hoisted on these islands of the Pacific. It is a little group, north-west of the Cook Islands, and about 500 miles east of Samoa. There are altogether nine or ten small islets, in a lagoon formed by an enclosing coral reef, a gap in which affords access to deep water, where a large navy could ride in safety, being out of the range of the hurricanes and cyclones which caused disaster to the ships at Samoa this spring. The largest of the islands is only about a mile and a half long, and rather less in breadth, and covered with tall timber, with sufficient open ground for establishing a coaling station and trading factory. The Suwarrow group is on the direct road of the steam line of the future between Panama and Australia, and a steam service between Vancouver, British Columbia, and New Zealand and Australia would, as a matter of course almost, take the islands *en route* after passing Christmas Island on the voyage outward from Honolulu. It is in the direct line of the contemplated telegraph cable which is to connect the Antipodes and North America. A good trade could be established in pearl shells, and the tripang or bêche-de-mer so much prized as food in China.

The Queen of Spain in a Balloon.—Queen Christina has given a proof of her coolness and pluck which has created great enthusiasm amongst her soldiers. A detachment of the Royal Engineers, with their officers, were about to make a first trial of some military balloons recently purchased in France. They were working knee-deep in mud in the Royal park, some miles outside Madrid, when suddenly a Royal carriage appeared, in which were seated the Queen, Countess Sorondegui (Mistress of the Robes), and Colonel Ayallon (Aide-de-Camp). The Queen picked her way, not easily, through the mud to where the Engineers were preparing the balloon, and (says the "Daily News" correspondent at Madrid) she astonished everybody by saying that she had come for the express purpose of joining in the first ascent. Her lady-in-waiting declined to accompany her, when her Majesty lightly stepped into the balloon with Colonel Ayallon. The order was then given to let the cable go, and, held by two slender ropes, the balloon, bearing the Queen, the colonel, and four soldiers, rose to a height of about three hundred yards. After enjoying a splendid view of Madrid and its environs, her Majesty gave the signal to lower the balloon, which stopped ten yards from the ground to allow a photograph to be taken, and the Queen landed, welcomed by enthusiastic cheers from the soldiers. The balloon has been christened "Marie Christina of Hapsburg."

Cashmere a Suitable Place for English Colonisation.—In an interesting lecture at the Royal Colonial Institute, Sir Lepel Griffin stated that, Cashmere being the only part of India altogether suited for the permanent residence of Europeans, it would be highly advantageous to establish English colonies there. The present Maharajah of Cashmere, Pertab Sing, is desirous of resigning, and there is nothing in the past history of the country, since the appointment of Gholab Sing by the British Government, to entitle the rulers to consideration, apart from British interests on the frontier. A large colonisation by our people would add to the defence of the northern frontier. The purchase of land could be easily arranged by a board composed of English and Cashmere officials, who could settle the localities and the terms of purchase from occupiers willing to sell their land. Sir Lepel Griffin might have strengthened his case by referring to the policy of the ancient Romans, who strengthened their frontiers by settling colonies of old soldiers from their foreign legions. Many of our Indian soldiers would gladly settle on such land and in such a climate as Cashmere, instead of being sent home as invalids after their military service.

General Reynell Taylor, C.B., C.S.I.—The generous notice and excellent portrait of Reynell Taylor in the "Leisure Hour" for January may recall to some readers what was said by the Rev. Robert Clark, of Umritsur, in his interesting book, "Thirty Years of Missionary Work," about Donald McLeod and his soldier friend: "He (McLeod) was a man greatly beloved and honoured by all who ever knew him. Kind and considerate to all, the natives so loved him that they used to say that there were two ferishtas (angels) among the English in the Punjab; that they were so good that, if only all the English had been like them, the whole country would have become Christian, by seeing them and witnessing their actions, without the aid of any missionaries at all, and that these two ferishtas were Sir Donald McLeod (Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab) and General Reynell Taylor."

Antique and Historical Shoes and Boots.—A novel and interesting exhibition was lately made at the establishment of Mr. Box, the Court bootmaker, in Regent Street. There were upwards of 225 specimens in the collection, many of them showing the actual foot-coverings of foreign nations in our own time. But the chief attraction was the exhibition of Old English boots and shoes at various historical epochs. The ordinary walking boots could not be represented, these being usually thrown away as worthless when no longer fit to wear. The successive shapes and fashions were displayed in a series of engravings sent to the exhibition by the "Leisure Hour," where drawings have from time to time appeared of historical costumes. From private persons many curious specimens of historical foot-coverings were lent for the exhibition—such as a shoe of Mary Queen of Scots; the first shoes worn by George III, and by the present Prince of Wales and his son Albert Victor; the snow-shoes worn by Sir John Franklin in his first overland journey; a pair of Oliver Cromwell's jack-boots; a red shoe of Pope Pius IX;

and shoes of notable persons, Court beauties, actresses, and others of various periods, from the days of the Stuarts to those of Queen Charlotte and Queen Adelaide. One of the coronation shoes of William IV was among them, and an overshoe of the last Duchess of York. Besides the leather and silk exhibits, there was a fine display of silver buckles, ribbon ties, satin rosettes, spurs, and other ornaments and appendages of foot-gear. We have had exhibitions of fans, snuff-boxes, pipes, walking-sticks, and other special domestic and personal objects, and this display of antique boots and shoes was a new and happy idea due to Mr. W. Box Kingham, the present manager of the well-known business house of the Court bootmaker. Many artists visited the show to get useful hints as to costume.

The Inside of a Volcano.—A woodcut illustration of the internal structure of the volcanic cone of Krakatoa was given in a recent issue (see page 429), reproduced from M. Verbeek's Atlas, and from the "Report of the Krakatoa Committee of the Royal Society (1888)." The Royal Society report is an invaluable record of the most notable and terrible volcanic event of this century, and is the work of the chief British scientific experts in the various phenomena described. It is prefaced with six beautiful chromo-lithographs of the wonderful twilights and afterglows and blue and green moons which marked the autumn of the "Krakatoa year." The volume is also illustrated. The various sections are edited and partly written by Professor Judd (volcanic phenomena and ejected materials), Lieut.-General Strachey (air-waves and sounds caused by the eruption), Captain W. J. L. Wharton (seismic sea-waves caused by the eruption), the Hon. Rollo Russell and Mr. E. Douglas Archibald (optical phenomena of the atmosphere), and Mr. G. M. Whipple (magnetic and electrical phenomena). Each editor incorporates in his section a large number of original observations contributed by spectators. The whole work is edited by Mr. G. J. Symons, F.R.S. Messrs. Trübner and Co. are the publishers.

Silver Depreciation.—An important statement has been made by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava on the depreciation of silver in India. He says that the decrease of one penny in the value of silver is tantamount to the loss of £1,000,000 to the Indian exchequer. Any method that can be devised for bringing the relation of the value of gold and silver to a more satisfactory condition would be of the greatest benefit to the Indian Government and to all classes of the community. A petition has lately been presented to the House of Commons from the members of the Indian uncovenanted Civil Service praying for inquiry into their grievances from this cause. The payment of pensions, furlough allowances, and other dues is made in the depreciated currency, the value of the rupee at the time of this petition being only 1*s.* 4½*d.* instead of 2*s.* This affects large classes in the departments of education, engineering, public works, telegraph service, and other employments. In fact, the inconvenience and injustice may be seen on every side.

Jewish Statistics.—In a recent number of the "Leisure Hour" a statement was given of the number of synagogues in London, and of the Jewish population in the United Kingdom. In the "Archives Judaiques," published in Paris, we find an estimate of the number of Jews throughout the world, which is computed at 6,300,000. Of this number no fewer than 5,400,000 are in Europe; in Asia and Australia 300,000; in Africa, chiefly on the coasts of the Mediterranean, 350,000; in America 250,000. Of the Jews in Europe, nearly 3,000,000 are in Russia, including 770,000 in Russian Poland. Austria has above 1,500,000, of whom nearly 690,000 are in Galicia or Austrian Poland, where they have long been treated with a liberal and tolerant spirit unknown in Russian and Prussian Poland. In Spain the Government is not intolerant, as in former times, though the popular feeling, instigated by the Romish authorities, is hostile. The richest European Jews are in France and England. Palestine, the home of the race, has only 35,000 Jews, most of them poor.

French Wheat-growing.—In a recent number of the "Leisure Hour" we gave an account of the famous sheep farm at Rambouillet, established by the French Government before the great Revolution, and which has been maintained during all the successive changes and dynasties of the past century, to the great benefit of the national flocks and of the wool industry. An agricultural colony, not quite so old but of equal importance, is the Vilmorin experimental farm at Verrières, in the department of Seine-et-Oise. This establishment was founded in 1805 by M. de Vilmorin, grandfather of the present head of a great firm of agricultural seedsmen. There can be seen a most wonderful collection of living wheats of every variety, the largest and most complete in the world. New varieties are constantly produced by skilful cross-fertilisation. There is also a large collection of every kind of grass for pasture-land. Of vegetable produce there are numerous varieties—peas, potatoes, cabbages, and every kind of salads, some of which are little used except in France. Visitors to the Paris Exhibition, especially from England, America, and our Colonies, interested in agricultural progress, should make a point of inspecting the Vilmorin establishment at Verrières.

Experiments on Reducing Obesity.—Dr. Lorenzen, of Erlangen, has been discussing the influence of liquids on obesity. The first experiment was made on himself. For a period of nine years he drank a large quantity of Erlangen beer daily. During four years of the period the daily quantity consumed amounted to ten litres, or two gallons one and a half pints, or about twenty-two pounds weight; during the remainder of the period the quantity ranged from five to seven litres in addition to one litre of wine. In this way he succeeded in increasing his body weight by seventy-eight pounds, and the usual unpleasantnesses of obesity made their appearance. On shutting off the liquids his weight fell fourteen pounds in seven days. If, however, more water was taken, but without alcohol, the weight increased again. Within five weeks he reduced himself to the extent of twenty-three pounds, the chest measurement diminished by seven ctm., and that of the abdomen by thirteen ctm., and the difficulties attending respiration disappeared. Similar experiments carried out on colleagues, who were likewise heavy men, had similar results.

Washington's Religious Liberality.—In 1777 General Washington had his headquarters at Morristown, New Jersey. The only church there at that time was Presbyterian, of which the Rev. Timothy Johnes was minister. Previous to a communion Sunday, General Washington asked him whether a communicant of another denomination would be permitted to partake of the Lord's Supper in his church. Dr. Johnes replied, "Most certainly, General; ours is not the Presbyterians' table, but the Lord's, and hence we give the Lord's invitation to all His followers, of whatever name." To this Washington replied, "I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be. But as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities." Washington was at the communion table on the next Sabbath.

George Washington.—There have been several centenary celebrations in America in recent years, from the first Declaration of Independence, in 1776, to that of the election of Washington as first President of the United States, in 1789. In view of the contemporary celebration in France of the Revolution of 1789, the following utterances of two distinguished Frenchmen concerning Washington will be read with interest:—

The Marquis of Chastellux wrote as follows of the General under whom he had served with honour, and whom he loved as a friend: "I wish to express the impression General Washington has left on my mind; the idea of a perfect whole, which cannot be the product of enthusiasm, but would rather reject it, since the effect of proportion is to diminish the idea of greatness. Brave without temerity, laborious without ambition, generous without prodigality, noble without pride, virtuous without severity, he seems always to have confined himself within those limits where the virtues, by clothing themselves in more lively but less changeable and doubtful colours, may be mistaken for faults. It will be said of him, at the end of a long Civil War, he had nothing with which he could reproach himself."

Guizot, the famous author of the "History of Civilisation,' concludes his work upon the character and influence of Wash-

ington with this sentence: "Government will be, always and everywhere, the greatest exercise of the faculties of man, and consequently that which requires minds of the highest order. It is for the honour as well as for the interest of society that such minds should be drawn into the administration of its affairs and retained there, for no institutions, no securities can supply their place. And on the other hand, in men who are worthy of this destiny, all weariness, all sadness of spirit, however it might be permitted in others, is a weakness. Their vocation is labour; their reward is, indeed, the success of their efforts, but still only in labour. Very often they die, bent under their burden, before the day of recompense arrives. Washington lived to receive it, he deserved and enjoyed both success and repose. Of all great men he was the most virtuous and the most fortunate. In this world God has no higher favours to bestow."

Lord Brougham uttered one of the highest eulogies ever pronounced concerning the great and good President of the Republic, and "father of his country," when he said, "The test of the progress of mankind will be in the appreciation of the character of Washington."

The Shah of Persia.—The visit of the Shah will be one of the most memorable events of the year. His Royal Highness Nasr-ed-Deen has borne well his added weight of years since his former visit sixteen years ago, in 1873. The improvements introduced into his kingdom after his Western journey proved that he has considerable force of character. He published an account of his travels after his return to his capital, Teheran. In the "Leisure Hour" volume for 1869 we gave a portrait of "the King of Kings," by the Court painter, sent by a correspondent in that place. The likeness is wonderfully good, even after a lapse of twenty years. The Shah was born in 1829, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Mohammed Shah, in 1848. The march of civilisation in Eastern lands is slow, but Persia has telegraphs and railways, and an international postage rate of twopence halfpenny for letters, and for books a halfpenny for two ounces; a postal condition which puts our Australian Colonies to shame. The Shah lacks one mark of civilisation—a national debt; and we hope that the fear of Russian invasion may not lead to needless extravagance in naval and military loans. The publication of his journal during the recent visit will be looked for with much interest.

Hampstead.—At a recent sale in the City an old house at West End, Hampstead, with pleasure-ground and garden, in all covering about twelve acres, was bought for £32,000. This seems to show that Hampstead is one of the most favourite suburbs of the metropolis. The property was not bought by a speculating builder, but by Lieut.-General Fraser, who is going to build a new house on the site of the old residence.

Lake Nyassa.—Captain Lugard, of the Norfolk Regiment, writing from Karongas, Lake Nyassa, early this year, says that the Arab slavetraders were deterred from hostilities against the mission stations by the fear of the British Government. He affirms that the acting-consul from Zanzibar shortly before had told the Arab chiefs that no assistance would be given by the British Government to the missionaries. "This ill-advised and gratuitous announcement which the consul made—acting, I presume, on his instructions—was most disastrous in its results. The slavers, encouraged by the emphatic disclaimer from the consul, thought they had only the little band here to resist, and acted accordingly." Captain Lugard has, we believe, returned home invalided, but he continues to plead for British protection against the Arab slave-dealers.

Unrecorded Heroism and Unrewarded Devotion to Duty.—The Roman sentinel who died at his post in the last days of Pompeii has been made an illustrious example for all the ages, though his name is unknown to fame. The world is full of such instances of heroic devotion to duty. Lord Wolseley, in an article in the "Fortnightly Review" on the life of the British soldier, gives a touching story of what he himself witnessed in the Crimean war. "One night, in that dismal winter of 1854-5, the Russians forced their way into our second parallel, and having driven out the overworked handful of men on guard there, held it for some short space of time. When we, in our turn, drove them back helter-skelter to their own lines, and reoccupied the parallel, we found on its extreme left, where it dipped down into the Woronzoff ravine, one of our sentries at his post. The enemy had not had enough time to spread out as far as his post, although they had gone very near it. He was not, however, one of those who run before they have been actually attacked. He saw that his comrades had bolted in a panic, and he must have fully recognised the danger he was in of being surrounded and taken prisoner. When found at his post, coolly looking over the parapet towards the Redan, as his orders were, he said that he had been posted there by his officer, and had no intention of leaving his post until he had been properly relieved. His coolness and high sense of duty made a deep impression upon my young mind at the time. No marshal's bâton was in his knapsack; he expected nothing, he got nothing. It was by accident only that his gallant conduct on that dark winter's night was even known to any one; but he must have had the satisfactory consciousness in his heart that he had done his duty."

Tom Moore no Carver.—The head of the great publishing house of Longmans, in the early part of this century, had a large house and grounds at Hampstead. He gave sumptuous dinners to "our authors," at one of which Mrs. Barbauld met Tom Moore as a guest. He was placed next to Mrs. Longman, and the suggestion was made that he should carve the fowls which were before her. Moore looked alarmed, and exclaimed, "I cannot carve; I would not sit next Venus herself if she asked me to carve her doves!" Poor Mrs. Longman, a matter-of-fact lady, looked perfectly bewildered by this flight.

Transport Costs by Land and Water.—The cost of carrying liquorice-root from the plains of Antioch, by camels, to Alexandretta is five times as much as the freight from that port to New York; the relative distance being 35 miles by land and 3,500 by sea. The freight cost of a bale of goods from London to Alexandretta is about half of that from Alexandretta to Aleppo, only 77 miles. Aleppo wheat could command a good sale all round the coasts of the Mediterranean, but the export is prevented by the stupid policy of the Government in not making roads or railways to the sea.

Maine Liquor Laws.—A firm of brewers or distillers in the East of London asks us in fairness to add to the testimony of the old resident in Maine, in our June number (p. 429), as to the benefits to that State from restrictions on the liquor traffic, the statement that there are more divorces in Maine than in many other parts of America of equal size, also that there are more lunatics and idiots. The authority given for this statement is a book on "Local Option," by J. A. Scofield, and an article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," on "Prohibition," by J. D. Power. Our readers may take the statement for what it is worth, but the clear testimony of men like General Neal Dow and Mr. Cyrus Hamlin will have more weight with those who have to legislate on the subject of unrestricted production and sale of intoxicating drink.

Astronomical Almanack for August.

1	T	☉ rises 4.26 A.M.
2	F	Venus the morning star
3	S	☉ sets 7.43 P.M.
4	☩	7 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
		☽ 1 Quarter 1.27 P.M.
5	M	Bank and Genl. Holiday
6	T	Clock before ☉ 5m. 36s.
7	W	Venus rises 1.0 A.M.
8	T	Lyra S. 9.20 P.M.
9	F	☽ least distance from ⊕
10	S	Half-Quarter Day
11	☩	8 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
		(Full ☽ 4.43 A.M.
12	M	Trin. Law Sittings end
13	T	Jupiter S. 8.25 P.M.
14	W	☉ rises 4.46 A.M.
15	T	Length of day 14h. 34m.
16	F	☉ sets 7.19 P.M.
17	S	Cygnus S. 10.45 P.M.
18	☩	9 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
		☽ 3 Quarter 10.51 A.M.
19	M	Aquila S. 9.51 P.M.
20	T	Jupiter sets 11.49 P.M.
21	W	☽ greatest dstnce. from ⊕
22	T	Daybreak 2.41 A.M.
23	F	Twilight ends 9.19 P.M.
24	S	Draco in zenith 8.0 P.M.
25	☩	10 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
26	M	New ☽ 2.0 P.M.
27	T	Capricornus S. 9.47 P.M.
28	W	Mars rises 2.59 A.M.
29	T	☉ rises 5.10 A.M.
30	F	Clock before ☉ 0m. 23s.
31	S	☉ sets 6.47 P.M.



(After Laslett J. Pott.

By permission.)

PARIS IN 1793.

CARRICONNA:

A STORY MORE OR LESS IRISH

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE TWO SURPRISES.



SHE WAS DRAWN INTO THE PLOT, A COMPLACENT CONSPIRATOR.

ALL at once Dora heard a shot. She was, as far as she could judge, about half way through the wood, and at its thickest part. The shot, which seemed too loud for a pistol, had evidently been fired from some spot considerably in advance of where she was. If it had been fired by the men who had stopped the car, they must have moved from their hiding-place and gone farther up the road. Indeed, just before she heard the shot, it had entered Dora's mind that, unless the men were unusually brave or reckless, her mission might, after all, prove a fruitless one, since, having been surprised at their work, it was likely enough that they would not wait to finish it. The gunshot dispelled that fancy rudely. Instead of abandoning their work they had apparently hastened forward to complete it.

Dora stood still and listened fearfully. She

thought—she could not but think—of her own situation. Her first natural instinct whispered her to go no further. Suppose that shot had been fired at Trenchard? If it had been, she had already failed in her purpose of warning him. If she should fall amongst the men who had fired at him, her own life would doubtless be in danger.

These reflections seized and held her an instant, but she as quickly freed herself from them. What! turn back and leave Trenchard wounded, helpless perhaps, upon the road, with scarcely a chance of succour through all the night. The thought had no sooner presented itself to her than, blind to all self-danger, she made greater haste than ever to reach the high road at the spot whence the sound of the shot had come. The straight, smooth path she was on offered no hindrance to her feet, and from a quick walk she began to run. She had scarcely made a dozen paces when her still expectant ear caught the noise of hoofs upon the road. The hoofs were at the gallop, but the gallop diminished to a trot, and that almost immediately became a walk.

"That is he," thought Dora.

She stopped, thinking how quickest to emerge from the wood on to the road. Quitting the path, she struck in amongst the trees, and, feeling her way rapidly from stem to stem, got through the shallow depth of the wood and clambered the bank on to the road just as the horse came up. She could just distinguish the figure of the rider in a stooping attitude in the saddle. In the uncertainty of night the figure might be anyone's, but Dora felt sure it could be only his.

"Stop!" she cried out; "it is I—Dora!"

The sound of her voice and of her name made Trenchard reel in his saddle. He was in a half swoon, and the excitement of hearing her call to him—the more so that he could not be certain whether his dulled and failing senses deceived him—aided still more to dazzle and confound him.

"Yes," he answered, with a thickness in his voice—"yes, I am quite well. But what—what—" He swerved in his saddle, and only saved himself by clutching at his pommel. Then all at once he straightened and seemed to recover himself.

But for the shot that she had heard, one knows to what cause Dora would at once have attributed this extraordinary condition. And if, despite the shot, there had been a shadow of doubt on her mind, it vanished when, as she went forward and laid her hand upon the saddle, she felt it all wet with some warm, clammy fluid.

Trenchard had been wounded!

"Dora—Mrs. Lytton—what is this? How are you here?" and slowly, and somewhat uncertainly, he got down from his horse.

Thus close they could see each other's faces. Trenchard's was almost colourless, and he held his bridle-arm stiffly on a level with his chest.

"I have come too late, after all," was Dora's only answer.

"Too late! Do you mean that it is for me you came?"

"Those men stopped us on the car just now—Miss Nugent and me. I heard them say as we went through them that it was you they were waiting for. I came back to warn you."

"That was to risk your life for mine," said Trenchard.

"Your arm is wounded," said Dora.

"The bone is broken, I think," replied Trenchard. "There is not much that can be done."

"In that case, no," said Dora. "Oh, the pain must be terrible. But see, I can fix it so that it will jar less."

She untied, as she spoke, a long silken scarf from her throat, and, slipping it dexterously beneath his arm, knotted it round his neck, so that it formed a firm, soft sling for the injured wrist.

"Good!" said Trenchard, "good; such dear clever fingers. Did you say that you came to warn me? Say it again."

"You must not make me repeat such things," said Dora, smiling a little, through her concern, as she adjusted the knot on his shoulder.

"But say it again, Dora."

"Well, then, I do say it again. Does your poor wrist feel a little easier?"

"Do you let me say that I love you?" was Trenchard's only answer.

"Have I ever forbidden you?—But now, you see how we are; your wrist is broken, I fear; you are more than a mile from home, and every moment lost will make the doctor's task more painful."

At this moment voices and hasty steps, not far away from where they were, put a sudden stop to Dora's words, and filled her anew with fear.

"Can you not mount and ride home?" she whispered hurriedly to Trenchard; "I am quite safe, I can get back as I came—by the wood."

It may be imagined what answer Trenchard returned to this. Had he been even more severely crippled than he was, he would certainly not have ridden away from Dora; neither would he have shown his back to his pursuers, supposing that the voices and footsteps they had just heard were indeed those of the men who had been in ambush. The shot having taken effect on Trenchard's bridle arm, at a moment when his horse was going at a rapid trot, he had lost hold of the rein, and had only succeeded in checking the animal's pace when Dora stopped them both.

"Leave me at once," said Trenchard, "and hide yourself in the wood. It is very unlikely that—"

"Listen," exclaimed Dora; "that is Mr. Nugent's voice, I am sure."

"'Twas hereabouts the shot was fired, I'll go bail on that," said the voice which had impressed Dora.

"Hullo!" called out Trenchard.

"Hullo to you!" replied Anthony. "Who are ye?"

"'Tis Mr. Trenchard, sir, I think," replied another voice; and Anthony and Tom Feeney came up.

A babel of explanations followed. Dora had to tell Anthony how she and Miss Nugent had been stopped on the road directly after he left them; and then had to explain, with as much *sang froid*

as she could command, that she had returned to try and warn Trenchard of the danger, whilst Miss Nugent had driven on for help.

"I should have been in time," she added, "only the men changed their hiding-place."

"Now, now! did ye do all that? That's my brave astronomer. I declare I'd almost think ye were a Nugent yourself."

Quite convinced that she was, and in daily terror lest the fact should discover itself, Anthony could not help blurting this out.

If Dora changed countenance no one was the wiser in the darkness.

All this while Trenchard was suffering intense pain, and he had a mile of ground to cover before he could hope to be at ease. But more welcome assistance was happily at hand. Dr. Maguire, who had been to Carriconna to pay an evening visit to his patient, had heard from Miss Nugent of the encounter on the road, and, taking up John Maher beside him, had driven off to have a share in the sport.

It was his trap that now pulled up beside the party on the road. The plans were quickly arranged. The doctor must of course drive Trenchard home immediately; Tom Feeney could follow on the horse. Anthony and John Maher were a sufficient escort for Dora, Carriconna being no farther away than Moyrath, though in a different direction from the point where they were.

Trenchard just contrived to whisper to Dora for leave to write to her.

"Yes," she whispered in reply.

The pedestrians proceeded home without many words. Anthony every now and then burst out with some new expression of admiration of Dora's heroism, which John as enthusiastically echoed.

Dora had her own tumultuous reflections, which prevented her from being conscious of the fatigue she would otherwise have felt. She lived so much in an imaginative world of her own; and her imagination certainly had not suffered for lack of stimulus within the last few weeks. Latterly, indeed, excitements great and small had been piled one upon the other. These had culminated, during a period of ten minutes, in her answer to Trenchard's question. Had she sealed her future at last?

And did she doubt that future? As yet she did not ask herself this question. She was just then fuller of hope and of content than she had been for years.

When they reached home, Miss Nugent hurried out to receive them.

"Indeed, and indeed," said she to Dora, "I've not had a minute's peace since I left you. But you're looking quite yourself; so nothing happened, eh? Come in and tell me about it. I declare I never knew a girl like you. And what about the inspector?"

Then the story which Anthony had already listened to had to be told over again to Barbara.

"But where's Arthur?" asked Anthony, all at once. "Did he go up to bed?"

"He's not coming home at all to-night," said Barbara. "I've had a message from him."

Anthony noticed nothing unusual in the tone in which his sister made this statement; but Dora saw, or fancied that she saw, a look approaching anxiety on her aunt's face, and certainly there had been a shade of hesitation in her voice.

Anthony, however, was satisfied, and before going upstairs to prepare for dinner he told them that he had effected a temporary reconciliation at Feeney's, which he hoped to complete before long.

"I'll have Tom over here, I think," he said, "and let the old man feel what 'twill be like without him on the farm."

Anthony left them to go to his own room.

At once when he had gone, Dora asked Barbara whether anything was wrong with Arthur.

"I thought," she said, "that you looked and spoke a little anxiously just now."

"My dear Dora," said Miss Nugent, dropping her voice to an excited whisper, "I don't know what I said nor how I looked just now, and what's more I don't know what to think about it."

"About it? About what?" asked Dora, who was seldom unwilling to participate in anybody's excitement.

"I declare I don't know whether to be frightened or glad about it this minute. I don't know whether to laugh or to be in fits of fear. But come upstairs and I'll tell you, for dinner will be in directly. My dear," she added, breathlessly, whipping a note out of her pocket as she shut the door of Dora's room behind them, "Arthur and Kitty are married!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.—ARTHUR'S *COUP D'ETAT.*

WHILE Arthur had lain in bed during his convalescent period he had plotted desperately. No sooner was Kitty admitted to his presence than he drew her into the plot, a very complacent conspirator. What Arthur had resolved upon was neither more nor less than this, that as soon as he got up he would marry Kitty.

Kitty, on her part, thought this the most sensible conclusion that Arthur had ever arrived at, though I do not say that she expressed her thought in downright language.

"It is the best thing that can happen for all of us," said Arthur.

"It is the best thing that can happen for us, at all events," said Kitty.

"That goes without saying," replied Arthur; "but it is also the best thing for everybody else."

"I wonder if everybody else will think so, Arthur?"

"The only thing is," continued Arthur, "to have mamma on our side."

"*Of course*, we must have mamma with us, Arthur. I shouldn't dare to move a step otherwise; and, indeed, I don't think I should like to. But how are we going to win over mamma?"

"Why, she is three parts with us already," cried Arthur.

"So she is," assented Kitty; "but do you mean, Arthur, that we are to—to go and do it without saying anything to Mr. Nugent and Barbara?"

"You see, dearest," said Arthur, "there is no opposition to expect from Aunt Barbara, and I don't know that it matters very much whether we tell her or not. But with his worship it is quite a different affair."

"So it is," answered Kitty, with emphatic regret.

"Very well, then; I don't think we'll say anything about it to him until it is all over."

"But do you think that mamma will agree to that, Arthur?"

"I have carefully considered that," replied the astute young man. "You must talk her over, Kitty. You must represent to her that I am not in a state of health to be worried by his unreasonable crotchets. You see, if he were as poor as he used to be, I should not do this at all, for people might then have said that I was in love with the heiress of Doyne; but as it is, you know, I am twice as rich—prospectively, at all events—as you are ever likely to be."

"Of course," said Kitty, demurely, "and that's one reason why I'm so much in love with you, isn't it?"

"Of course," answered Arthur.

"But I didn't mean you to say 'Of course';" and that point had to be settled in the usual manner.

"Where were we?" said Arthur, when the point had been settled.

"We were talking about your father and his absurdities," replied Kitty.

"Yes, a large subject," said Arthur; "and now we will go on to your mamma and her—her reasonableness. You will explain to her how much more serviceable I should be as her son than as a sort of nondescript steward, with no definite authority and no proper control."

"Oh, mamma will see that easily enough, I am sure; but what I am fearful about, Arthur, is what your father will say to us if we really go and do this without so much as asking his permission."

"But, you see," said Arthur, "he has never forbidden us to marry; he has only—"

"He has only not said that we might," interrupted Kitty.

"What he really did say was 'Time enough,'" said Arthur.

"A ridiculous thing for anybody to say," rejoined Kitty.

"You see," said Arthur, "we are both exactly of the same opinion."

"And so we must be right," said Kitty.

"That's just how it strikes me," said Arthur.

"It's a great pity we have anybody else to think about," said Kitty.

"Go to mamma," said Arthur, who had grown impatient under his father's perverse indecision, "and get her on our side, and we won't think about anybody else."

So the plot was hatched. It had still, however, to be developed, and in the interest of developing it Arthur got well with surprising rapidity. But it was Kitty who, until Arthur was able to receive Lady Frayne, managed the delicate business of her mother's capitulation.

"Well, I must say," said her ladyship, at last, "I don't see a great deal against it; your father 's been a terrible stupid man about this matter, that's for sure. It's a great mistake for young people to get tired of love-making before they're married. I wasn't so foolish myself. We will manage it quietly, Arthur, but I shall tell your father the very next day, and tell him myself."

Lady Frayne privately enjoyed the plot scarcely less than the principals. She knew as well as the rest that Anthony had either transformed himself into a money-grubber, or had found some means of lavishing his wealth in which his family were not allowed to participate, and rebelled against the injustice of sacrificing these two to his outrageous whims. But she had little doubt that Arthur would still inherit such a fortune as she had never before dreamt of for Kitty, and she liked to cozen his father by one of those surreptitious devices that Anthony himself delighted in. She did not believe for a moment but that, when he saw Arthur and Kitty married, Anthony would see how foolish he had been in pretending to set a barrier between them, and would thereupon at once relent.

And her ladyship's willingness to bring this affair quickly to what she believed must be its ultimate end was strengthened by the circumstance of her own unpleasant position at home; Arthur once her son, other affairs would soon come right.

So it came about that Lady Frayne threw in her part with the secret society that had for its object the secret marriage of Arthur and Lady Kitty.

Thus much attained, the consummation of the plot was dependent only upon Arthur's complete recovery.

Why not admit Barbara?

Kitty was very anxious to do this, but Arthur overruled her.

"She would be ill with nervousness and worry," said he; "she would want to tell my father, and that would make her miserable with anxiety; and she would want to keep it from him, and that would make her more miserable. She will be nothing but delighted when she knows that it is done and cannot be undone."

Then arrived the eventful day on which Arthur was to lunch at Doyne. This luncheon at Doyne was a mere pitiful pretence. In Arthur's waistcoat pocket, as he and Kitty drove away from Carriconna, while Anthony and Barbara and Dora were trundling at the grey horse's best pace to Rathfarline, were a gold ring and a special license; and beneath Kitty's winter coat, which fortunately reached to her heels, was a gown of moss green silk and velvet, which had only arrived the night before from Dublin.

Luncheon was at Dublin that day and not at Doyne. It was a late luncheon, and Kitty sat down to it as Lady Kitty Nugent.

One should have said something about the bonnet with which Lady Frayne graced the ceremony that preceded the luncheon.

"I have but one daughter to marry," she had said in buying it an hour before.

After luncheon—it should really have been called a wedding breakfast—Arthur and Kitty started to go southwards by easy stages, along the coast; and Lady Frayne, with the new bonnet in a band-box, made the best of her way home again.

In addition to the new bonnet she carried with her the letter which Barbara had whipped from her pocket in Dora's bedroom.

"Married!" exclaimed Dora; "when were they married?"

"This very morning; the dear young scamps. I don't know what Anthony will say, but I hope he will try and remember that it's quite the way the Nugents used to do these things in the old time. You see, dear," she went on, "there isn't, in fact, a reason in the world against it; Anthony so rich as he is."

This gave Dora a twinge of compunction. She was on the very verge of discovering to Barbara what she herself had just discovered in the tower. It was not to be supposed that Anthony had in view the settlement of Arthur and Kitty in hoarding up his sovereigns in that subterranean chamber. But Barbara was obviously not fit to receive another shock; moreover, the one that it was in Dora's power to give her would probably be much more disturbing in its effects than that occasioned by Arthur's letter.

"But tell me," she said, "have they really run away and been married secretly?"

"Well, only as far as we are concerned," answered Barbara; "that's to say, Lady Frayne was with them. But wait, I'll read you his letter."

Putting on her glasses as she spoke, she carried the sheet of hotel note-paper to the candle.

"'My dearest of aunts,'—hasn't he a sweet way with him?—'you will think we have treated you with dreadful shabbiness, but we really did it for your own good';—you see he can think of me through it all—'we both wanted to tell you about it as soon as we had made up our minds,'—I declare I'd no notion what he was coming to at all—'but I knew better than my wife'—the hurry he's in to say 'my wife'; but the breath was out of me when I read it—'that it would be unfair on you, and I was selfish enough, besides, to think you would be better able to help us afterwards with father if you had done nothing to help us beforehand. The end is, that Kitty and I were married in Dublin this morning, with only Lady Frayne to support us. We are now going south for a week to give you time to recover yourselves and bring his worship to reason, and—mamma will tell you the rest to-morrow.' Mamma, too, if you please," said Barbara, with, for the first time, the least touch of jealousy in her voice.

But Dora was laughing at the letter, and failed in consolation on this point.

"And now," said Miss Nugent, as she folded up the letter, "you must be as secret as an owl till I've told my brother myself."

The dinner-bell rang, and Miss Nugent had to retreat, leaving Dora to count up the number of secrets which she must on no account divulge to anybody.

Dora herself retired early that evening, though she punished her curiosity in doing so, for she would greatly have liked to see what reception Anthony gave to the news which his sister had to impart. But as Barbara had begun to signal her from the moment when they entered the drawing-room, and as there was no mistaking the signals, Barbara's need of unbosoming herself increasing with the lapse of seconds, Dora said "Good night" after her first cup of tea.

Anthony had been quite taken up during dinner with the unpleasant adventure on the road, which, indeed, gave room for some disquieting reflections. He had now relapsed into the state of taciturnity which had become almost habitual with him in the evenings.

"Anthony," began his sister, "are ye listening to me?"

"I am," responded Anthony, somewhat remotely.

"I've something important—indeed, quite important, that I'd like to tell you at once. You're sure you're listening to me, Anthony?"

"Ah, don't you see that I am?"

"'Tis about Arthur, Anthony."

"He's no worse, is he?" said Anthony, forgetting for the moment that his son had "gone to lunch at Doyne."

"No, I think he's better than ever he was in his life. Isn't it a great thing to have him well again so quickly, Anthony?"

"'Tis indeed."

"And it's about Kitty as well as himself that I want to tell you."

"Ho! ho!"

Anthony did not utter that exclamation aloud, but it expressed itself in his change of countenance. He also shifted his attitude in his chair, and braced himself to try and furbish up some fresh argument for withholding his counsel a little longer.

"The truth is," said Barbara, mildly, "that Arthur and Kitty have thought it better to get married."

"They've time enough," said Anthony, imperturbably, not having yet fashioned his new argument.

"They're married this minute!" said his sister. "They were married this morning in Dublin."

A terrific and horrific guttural explosion on the part of Anthony began, and as suddenly subsided. It was a manifestation in the nature of a single clap of thunder, which bursts and is silent in the same instant of time.

Anthony had said nothing articulate, and he continued mute.

Miss Nugent, not without tremors, awaited a development of some sort. None following, she continued:

"'Twas a little hasty of them, to be sure; but—well, 'tis done now, and you'll not take it unkindly, Anthony, I hope."

"I'm thinking it's no great matter what way *I* take it!" said Anthony, with dramatic humility.

"Of course, it matters everything in the world," returned his sister, warmly. "Isn't it you that will be providing for them?"

"Oh, as for providing, if that's what you'd have me be at, there's room enough and food enough for them here."

"Now, Anthony, I declare 'tis absurd for you to be talking that way! Sure, how would they live here?"

"Isn't it good enough for them? Is that what ye mean? Well, then, there's Sarah's place—what's this 'tis called?" said the exasperating old man. "Doyne, I mean. Isn't that what she calls it? Wouldn't Doyne be a sweet place for them? Or they might be coming and going, maybe, between the two—a month here, and a month over there beyant. But will ye tell me what's Sarah herself going to say to this little frolic of theirs?"

"She was with them when they were married."

"Was she, now! 'Tis a great Sarah, and no mistake! Well, *she'll* not be hard on them, any way. She'll be building a new wing for them over there before we know what she's at."

"'Deed, and she won't; for ye know very well, Anthony, that she couldn't afford it. Now, there's Gravelmount, Anthony, which is everything in the world they want—"

"'Tis modest they are, the pair of them!"

"Now, Anthony, come, come! Be a good, reasonable man, and don't be shilly-shallying any more. Sure, you know you were meaning to get the place for them, and why don't you do it at once, in a nice, kind way? Isn't Arthur the only child you have, and you always so fond of Kitty, and always promising you'd be settling them both one of these days? What's hindering you that you can't do it now?"

"I never said a word about getting Gravelmount!"

"But you meant to do it, now, didn't you?"

"'Deed, I don't know that I'd say that either. I say what I said just now—that there's a power of room for them here. Let them come here if they like, and welcome. Kitty's a nice bright thing to have about a house. I wouldn't object to her at all—no, not a bit in the world."

This attitude, which Anthony had assumed on the impulse of the moment, chiefly because he did not know what other to take up, he resolutely maintained, both with Barbara and Lady Frayne.

He was very seldom at the trouble of excusing himself in his own eyes, but in this instance he satisfied himself that his own conduct was justified by that of the newly-married pair; and he was secretly delighted that they had married each other without his consent or knowledge, since it gave him an additional and more plausible pretext for adhering to his old policy.

Lady Frayne was less disturbed than Barbara, feeling sure that Anthony would be obliged soon to face the situation as it stood. Meanwhile she said they should both live at Doyne, and as long as they liked.

Arthur was kept somewhat in the dark for awhile as to the condition of affairs at home. Barbara, of course, had lost no time in covering two sheets of paper with her congratulations, but she was reticent in regard to Anthony.

Anthony's felicitations, however, followed his sister's in a day or two, and in a postscript he once more repeated the obnoxious formula that there was plenty of room, even for the pair of them, at home.

This postscript took Arthur rather aback.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—DORA'S DECISION.

IT will be guessed that Barbara lost no time in acquainting Dora with the poor result of her conversation with Anthony. She took an early opportunity after breakfast the next morning, when Anthony had gone out to make some inquiries amongst his own people in reference to the extraordinary affair of the previous evening.

"You know," said Barbara, "Arthur won't come home at all when he hears of this."

It must be confessed that Dora had to put some pressure upon herself in order to exhibit all the sympathy that Miss Nugent expected from her at this crisis.

There were two ways of considering Arthur's marriage, and Dora was not at all sure that she would not have shown some such front as Anthony had done in a similar situation. But she did not suggest this to Miss Nugent; and in any case she did not greatly trust her own judgment in anything that concerned Arthur, being quite conscious that the bias of her inclinations was not in his favour.

What she did long to tell Barbara was, that in dealing with Anthony they had a miser to deal with now, therein lying the secret of his otherwise unaccountable refusal to deal fairly by his son and heir. For it was no fault of Arthur's that he had dallied at home inactive; Anthony had kept him there, feeding him with false expectations.

But suppose Dora were to admit Miss Nugent to the secret of the tower. Anthony had behaved very mildly in the matter of the marriage, but Dora guessed that he would put on a very different face when that other matter were brought home to him; and as for herself, she did not doubt that he would send her packing when he knew that she had let out his secret.

But just now Dora had more need than ever to continue in the favour that she had always enjoyed from Anthony. She did not intend to make a runaway match herself; she had no desire that the history of her first marriage should repeat itself in any one particular. Anything but that; if she were really to marry again it should be with due *éclat*, and her bridegroom should take her from the hands of Anthony himself.

"What is it that's the matter with him—can you imagine?" said Miss Nugent.

"Mr. Nugent do you mean?" asked Dora.

"Yes. A year ago he had no notion in the world except that Arthur should settle down here, and take over everything by-and-by, just as the son of a Nugent of Carriconna should do. And even when Arthur came home his father was full of schemes for him, but now he seems positively jealous of the boy. I don't know what's come to him at all."

"But at the worst, you see, it can only be an affair of time," said Dora. "Mr. Arthur will inherit everything, of course."

Dora said this rather with a view to sounding Miss Nugent as to the manner and terms in which her father had bequeathed his fortune to his brother, for that was an important point upon which she had never learned any particulars.

"He will inherit Carriconna, certainly," replied Miss Nugent; "but as to his new fortune, Anthony may do as he pleases with that. Our brother in Australia left it to him without any conditions at all; but isn't it a strange thing what he can be doing with the money? He spends nothing here, at any rate; he never says a word about it to me; and I declare I know no more than his telescope where the money is, nor how he's using it, if he's using it at all."

It was, as may be imagined, terribly difficult for Dora to keep silent. The intimacy and kindness of her relations with Barbara made her long to tell everything; but, beyond the private reason she had for preserving her secret, she really did not suppose that it would add much to Barbara's comfort were she to put her in possession of it.

"If," she said to Barbara, "Mr. Arthur and Lady Kitty go to live at Doyne, Doyne being so close to this, Mr. Nugent won't like to leave them there very long without arranging something for both of them. I am sure he won't."

"He's a dreadfully obstinate man," said Miss Nugent; "and that's the worst of it."

"I don't think you need be afraid that he is spending his money on himself, at all events," said Dora; "he is preparing some great surprise, perhaps, and he'll drive us all over to Gravelmount one day," she added, laughing; "and it will be sumptuously arranged for the young couple."

"I hope he'll not furnish it on his own responsibility, though," said Miss Nugent, echoing Dora's laugh. "Here's the post, and there's only one letter."

The letter was handed to Dora, who, as this particular missive was not unexpected, received it with a great pretence of unconcern.

"It is from Mr. Trenchard," she said. "He told me that he would write a line in the evening."

"To be sure," said Miss Nugent, cordially; "no doubt he'd write. I hope Maguire set his arm nicely."

"We shall see," said Dora, opening the letter.

When she had got to the bottom of the page and turned it over she could not very well prevent Miss Nugent from seeing that the letter extended to the end of the third page. Dora read it as quickly as she could for decency's sake, and folded it in a manner which said plainly that the letter was not intended for general perusal.

"And how's the arm?" said Miss Nugent.

"The arm?" said Dora. She hesitated, glanced at the letter again, and laughed.

"He does not mention it," she said.

"I declare now, I thought it was broken," said Miss Nugent.

"So did I," said Dora: "and so it was, I am sure."

"And what's all that about, then?" asked Barbara, with blunt, friendly directness.

"He proposes to marry me," said Dora.

"I never had such a year in my life!" was Barbara's response. "There's Arthur home from Africa, and your coming here, and the fortune, and the telescope, and the boycotting at Doyne, and brain fevers, and elopements, and myself stopped on the road in my own car, and Trenchard wants to marry you. Was it because you went to meet him on the road last night?"

"Well, he said something about it before," said Dora, modestly; "and—"

"And so, of course, you wouldn't like him to be shot at. Well, now, though I never thought of it before—I've so many things on my mind these times—I'm not a bit surprised at you or at him. It isn't at all reasonable, dear, when one comes to think of it, that a girl like you should pass unnoticed in such a place as this; and Trenchard has just waited till he found the best wife he could have."

If Dora winced a little at this, it was without showing it.

"I tell you I am downright glad," added Miss Nugent.

"Am I to say 'yes,' then?"

"Sure, my dear, didn't you say 'yes' in going to warn him last night?"

"But," expostulated Dora. "I really think I should have done that for any person in whom—in whom I was interested."

"Well, I really believe you would, dear," said Miss Nugent, warmly. "But in an ordinary case, you know, it would really want a good deal of courage."

"Thank you, dear Miss Nugent, but I don't think I need mind telling you that it would have been harder to do for anybody else than for Mr. Trenchard."

"To be sure, dear," replied Miss Nugent, "to be sure. Then you'll marry him? If you're going away from here, I'd like to have you no farther off than Moyrath. And I think myself that he's a jewel of a man."

"Who's that is a jewel of a man?" inquired Anthony, breaking in upon the conversation.

"Mr. Trenchard," said Barbara. "Did you hear how he is, Anthony?"

"I did, and saw him. I went over there. He has his arm set, and he's about again this morning."

"And did you hear anything about those bold men?"

"Not a word; but there's no doubt the Caseys were in it. I'll be rid of them before the year's out."

"'Deed, I'd give them no grace," said Barbara, emphatically, who had generally been the peacemaker betwixt Anthony and his tenants on the rare occasions when they had fallen out.

"Mr. Trenchard's arm was not so badly broken, I hope?" said Dora.

"He put it off as nothing," replied Anthony, "and Maguire said it was a very clean affair, and will heal in no time. He'll have to go afoot for awhile, but that's the most he'll suffer."

"He's not so unfortunate at all," said Miss Nugent, with a little side look and a smile at Dora.

Dora read her letter again alone. Its three pages, closely written, were transferred by that second reading to the tablets of her heart. No love letters but the silly ones are amusing to the general. Trenchard's was grave amid its passion. A few sentences are enough to retranscribe.

"You know," he wrote, "who I am that offer myself to you. Is there one woman in the world but you whom such a man as I dare ask to share his life? But, caring for you as I do, I have now but little fear of myself. Love shall have the victory over all. . . But, Dora, do not leave me too long alone. If you will marry me, let us hazard it quickly; I fear to lose you."

"I will," said Dora.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—ARTHUR AND A FRIEND TALK CONFIDENTIALLY.

ARTHUR and his bride were back again in Dublin, where Kitty had begged for a day or two of sight-seeing and shopping. Their return had been delayed a little on Anthony's account; but that redoubtable man continued unmoved, and Lady Frayne had said she could no longer dispense with Arthur's assistance at Doyne. His father's obduracy, which Kitty treated as a joke, affected Arthur more seriously. It was not at all to his liking, neither had it been any part of his scheme to settle himself as a dependent upon Lady Frayne; but his present allowance from his father was insufficient for a comfortable married maintenance.

Arthur was galled in spirit and uneasy; he had withstood Anthony in nothing, and he had a right to expect an only son's portion from a wealthy father. The course he had taken had seemed to him a quite legitimate method of attempting to force his father's hand; its failure of success, so far, was the more annoying and disquieting that he knew for how long a period Anthony was capable of maintaining his ground; and disappointment had hung over Arthur like a little cloud in his serene.

Kitty's enjoyment was full and complete. She said twenty times a day that she did not care twopence where or how they lived, since, in whatever circumstances, they must at any rate live together —unimpeachable honeymoon sentiments, which of course were greatly sustaining to Arthur. Kitty had him all under her own control; took on little airs of authority, on the plea that Arthur was still an invalid, and must be dieted, and otherwise kept within bounds, which meant that he must never be allowed to go out without his wife. To all of which Arthur submitted with exemplary contentment.

A day or two after their arrival in Dublin, they met in Grafton Street an old school friend of Kitty's, who, hearing then for the first time of the change in her little ladyship's fortunes, insisted on taking her home there and then to afternoon tea, for a further and more detailed recital; Arthur being dismissed to return to the hotel alone. His way took him past his father's bank; and in sight of the bank he was startled at seeing his father leave it, staggering under the weight of the celebrated and mysterious portmanteau. He had a car in waiting for him, on to which, with the assistance of the carman, the bag was hoisted, and Anthony, taking his seat beside it, was driven off. Arthur, standing within the shelter of the shop-door, had watched the proceeding.

When the car had disappeared down the street an impulse seized him to enter the bank, the junior partner in which had been a college friend of his at Trinity.

The bank was just closing, and the junior partner on the point of leaving.

John Tresidder, the junior partner, was son to the principal, and the bank of Tresidder and Co. had transacted the Carriconna business for generations.

"Your father has just been here," said Arthur's friend to him.

"Has he?" said Arthur, who did not care to say that he had just watched his father's departure from the bank.

Perceiving from Tresidder's words that his father had evidently made no mention of his marriage, Arthur went on to communicate that piece of information, and to receive the rather astonished congratulations of the junior partner.

"Why, he never said a word about it," said Tresidder.

"He's hardly got over it himself yet," said Arthur. "So he's been here again to-day?"

"Yes; we've seen a great deal of him lately. But, I say, where are you going, Nugent—are you staying in town?"

"For a day or two," answered Arthur. "Look here, we are not five minutes from the hotel; come over and have a chat. Stay and dine if you will."

"Can't dine; but I've got an hour to spare, so let's go across."

As they went to the hotel, Arthur deliberated how he could best say what he had on his mind, without confessing the entire ignorance he was in as to his father's affairs. His friend, however, smoothed the way for him by remarking, suddenly,

"By the way, Arthur, I don't believe I've seen you since you came home, that's to say since the Carriconna balance went up so suddenly. Nice luck for you to get a wife like that, and a fortune, within six months."

"Well, I've got the wife any way," laughed Arthur; "and to a man of my tastes that's the better part of the two. But, between ourselves, up to the present I haven't seen a great deal of the fortune."

"Eh?" said his friend, "then what has your father been drawing at such a rate for?"

"I know a great deal less about it than you do, Jack," returned Arthur, not feeling too comfortable.

"But you know how he's been drawing on us, I suppose?"

"Not a bit," answered Arthur. And, having said this much, he was compelled to say more.

"The fact is, my dear fellow," confessed Arthur, "we none of us know what has come to the old gentleman lately. He spends no money on the place, and, as far as we can see, none on himself, and talks as if he were poorer than ever. He bought a telescope, and rigged up the tower as an observatory, and engaged a lady to teach him astronomy; but those have been his only visible expenses, and they can't have amounted to much."

"That's odd," says Tresidder, "for I may tell you in confidence—in strict confidence, of course—that your father has been reducing his balance steadily for a long while past. That venerable portmanteau has become a joke in the bank; but he has carried away thousands in it."

It was Arthur's turn now to express amazement.

"Thousands!" he cried; "you must be joking, Jack."

"It's a fact. My governor said the other day that your father must be gravelling Carriconna with gold."

"What in the name of wonder can he be doing with it?" asked Arthur.

"Our only idea has been that he is making secret investments," replied Tresidder. "It's a fascinating game when you begin it."

"Yes, and a precious risky one, I should think, for anyone as ignorant of it as the old gentleman must be. Why, he never had a shilling to invest until he got this money from my uncle. What does he know about investments?"

"Would you like me to say anything to my father?" asked Tresidder; "he might say a word to yours on the subject. Only, as you know," he added, "we, of course, cannot prevent him from doing just what he pleases with the balance he has at our place."

"No," replied Arthur, "and what is worse, I am afraid nobody can. But I don't see that any mischief would be done if your father were to say something. He knows him well enough to be able to do that."

"I'd better tell my father, I suppose, that I've seen you?" said Tresidder.

"Yes, you can tell him that; only don't let my father know that any suggestion came from me; he won't be in town again just yet, I expect."

"He has been to us every ten days or so for some months past," said Tresidder.

This was all they said upon that subject, and the conversation passed to Arthur's marriage, and his prospects therewith connected. Tresidder had left before Kitty returned. Arthur decided to say little to her in reference to what he had heard; he would talk it over first with Barbara.

CHAPTER XL.—A WEDDING AND A STORM.

DORA had not left herself much space for self-questionings or debatings as to whether she should or should not marr Trenchard. She had, in effect, given him her answer on the night when they met upon the road; but she did, of course, consider with herself once again, and long and deeply, before she sent an answer to his letter. True, she could not well have retreated at this moment; on the other hand, she had not, upon full and final consideration any desire to do so.

Neither had she much fear for the future as touching Trenchard. Her influence, added to his own moral strength, would aid him in his struggle. So, on the evening of the day that she received his letter she sat down and wrote that she would marry him.

Breakfast was scarcely over the next morning when she saw his tall lithe figure coming up the drive. He carried his arm in a sling and walked rather slowly, but there was animation in his face and cheer in his voice as he cried "Good morning!" to Anthony, who was just setting out from the house. Trenchard turned about with him, and they paced the drive together.

"Is he telling Uncle Anthony?" wondered Dora. Then she said to herself, "I have not yet told him that it is Uncle Anthony. I have not yet told him who I am. I must tell him that I have been an adventuress, it is true, but I shall tell him all about it; yes, I shall tell him why I came here from Paris. Uncle Anthony looks astonished; Edmund must certainly be proposing for me."

Dora was sitting in the window of the dining-room, following with her gaze Trenchard and Anthony as those two walked up and down the avenue. Trenchard was speaking with evident earnestness; Anthony's expression was mixed of astonishment and disquiet. The subtler facial expressions are not easily translated, even if the physiognomist be practised, but the common and elementary emotions discover themselves readily on a countenance the least mobile. It was easy to see that Anthony was surprised at the communication he was receiving from Trenchard, and also that it was partly displeasing to him.

Trenchard was, in fact, giving Anthony to know that he desired to marry Anthony's astronomer. So far Dora had guessed rightly.

When she saw that Anthony did not look quite satisfied, she flattered herself with the notion that he was unwilling to lose her as his helper, for, though the astronomical studies had become little more than nominal, it had grown into a habit with Anthony to ask Dora's opinion—which was his way of asking for her advice—on nearly everything that he did.

In truth, however, it was not the prospect of losing a good and sympathetic counsellor that made Anthony uncomfortable when Trenchard told him that he wished to take Dora from Carriconna.

"If she marries him," thought Anthony, "she'll never do it till she's told him who she is. The pair of them will be down upon me then for my money. 'Tis a dowry they'll be wanting."

It had become, as will be seen, a fixed idea with Anthony that Dora was his niece, though, beyond a single slip once mentioned, Dora had never, by look or word or act, betrayed her relationship to him. With Anthony, however, fancy soon passed

into belief, and belief crystallised into conviction; and he was as certain that Dora was his niece as that Barbara was his sister.

"Wasn't it a pity, now, that I couldn't marry her to Arthur?"

That project, however, he had perforce long since abandoned, it having been made abundantly clear to him that Arthur would not marry Dora, and that Dora would not marry Arthur.

But the dread lest others should learn what he was persuaded had been revealed to him, and he should be compelled to disgorge when Dora's identity was made known, haunted him perpetually. It was to secure himself against pillage that he had been diligently secreting his fortune in the tower vault, but, with the miser's greed upon him, he would not believe it safe even there.

Clearly, however, there was not the shadow of an objection that Anthony could set up against Trenchard's proposal of marriage with Dora. He heard it, and said that Dora would make a jewel of a wife, and that Trenchard would be "set up entirely" if he succeeded in getting her word. As for Trenchard, he of course could not possibly suspect any *arrière pensée* in Anthony's mind, and the old man's consenting nod which closed the colloquy sent him with a yet gayer heart into the presence of Dora. Barbara had dived into the kitchen when she saw Trenchard coming.

Trenchard did not speak for a moment, but stood looking into her eyes with both her hands clasped in his one.

"Are you not afraid, dearest?" he said, at last.

"No," she replied, simply, but with a depth of tone that carried full conviction to him. "You have been speaking to Mr. Nugent," she went on, with a smile.

"Yes. How did you know that?"

"Oh, I could read it in both your faces."

"I wanted to make it difficult for you to draw back," he said.

"Did you think, then, that I might want to draw back?"

"I shall not feel certain of you till I have you all for my own," answered Trenchard.

"But see," said Dora, with a little low laugh, "you do not know who I am yet. You have not asked me anything about myself. How do you know what sort of a person I may be? I might be a Fenian agent, or the emissary of some revolutionary society abroad, or sent over here to ferment disturbance; and you know there really has been a dreadful amount of disturbance since I came."

"But this would be capital," exclaimed Trenchard; "for you could betray all your secrets to me! Would you tell me all your secrets, Dora?"

"I would, and I will," she answered.

"Good. But then you have none to tell, I am sure."

"Do not be too confident, sir; but tell me what did Mr. Nugent say, and what are you going to give him in exchange for me?"

"He will still have the telescope, you know."

"I think he will want to send that after me; he is beginning to believe that it is the evil genius of the place."

"Then we will build our own observatory," said Trenchard, "and you shall teach the stars to me. But, Dora, tell me, when will you marry me?"

"When do you wish it?" she asked, in answer.

"I wish it now, at once," he said, earnestly, almost pleadingly. "I would wish it to-day or to-morrow, if it might be possible."

Dora was silent. It was no occasion for coquetry.

"Let it be as soon as you please," she said, after the briefest pause. "That is to say," she added, with the tender smile which she gave only to him, "let it be soon, if you desire it so. Only, you know, we must not shock the feelings of anybody. One runaway marriage will serve Carriconna for the present."

"Do not be afraid that I will bring any kind of reproach upon you," said Trenchard. "But I want you, Dora! I want your help every hour of the day. And if *you* are willing, what is there to hinder us? I had already arranged for leave of absence; I can be free at any time. Can we not utilise my leave?"

"Let us do that," assented Dora. "After all, what does a little time matter? Whom have we to consult but ourselves?"

Barbara's voice was heard in the hall, and Dora called to her. Barbara came in, and, if you will believe it, she had been upstairs and put on her Sunday dress that she might offer her congratulations in suitable attire.

"Well, to which of you shall I speak first?" inquired Barbara, with a wealth of good wishes for both beaming in her eyes.

"To me," said Trenchard, "for I am the most to be congratulated."

Miss Nugent gave her hand to each in turn, and said she would congratulate them both alike.

"And have you fixed when it's to be?" said she. "You're not for running off like that other pair, I suppose?"

"We are for running off as soon as we can, though," said Trenchard; "at least, if you will add your counsel to mine, Miss Nugent."

"Sure, what have I to say to it!" exclaimed Miss Nugent. "And you don't think, I hope, that I want to drive Mrs. Lytton out of the house?"

"I want my wife to spend Christmas with me," said Trenchard, demurely.

"Will you ever be ready by that time?" asked Barbara of Dora.

"Of course it will depend upon the style in which he wants me to marry him," replied Dora, serenely.

"You should marry me as you are," said Trenchard, "if you would. But come, will you say before Christmas. May I say that, Miss Nugent?"

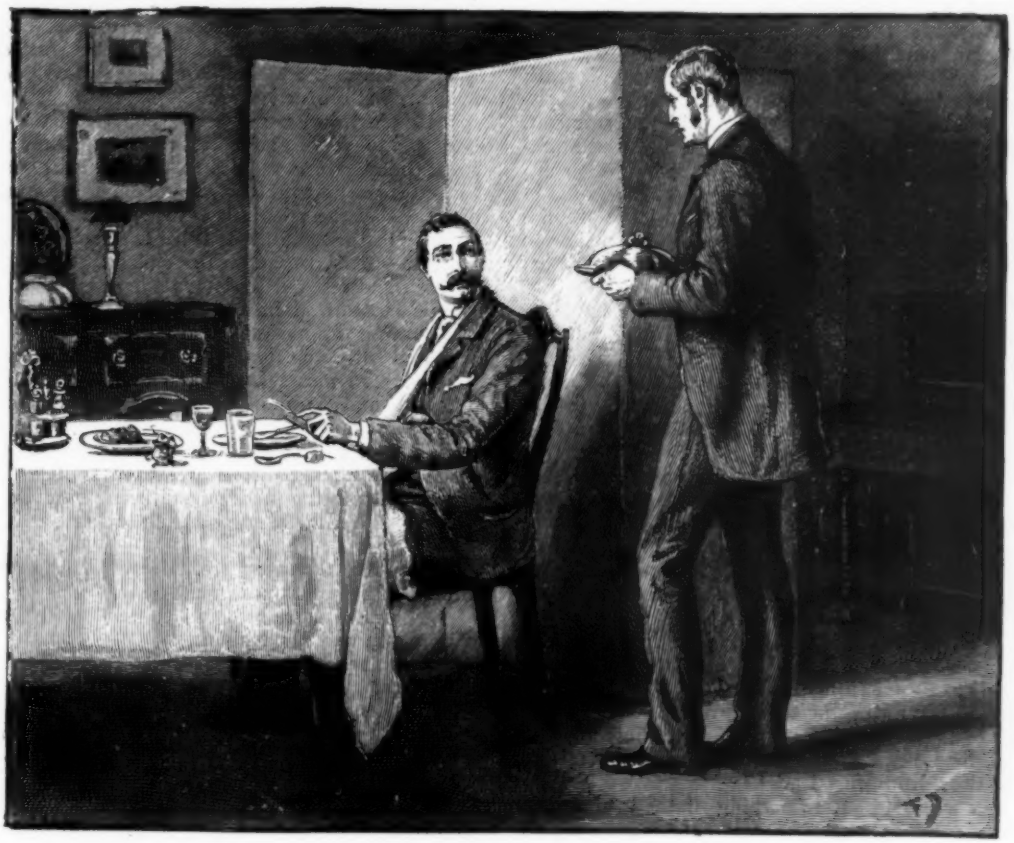
"'Twill be a lonely Christmas here without you, dear; but I suppose it would be lonelier for your—for Mr. Trenchard. I have a great receipt of my grandmother's for a wedding-cake somewhere. I haven't had to look for it these twenty years, and I wonder could I find it."

So Trenchard carried his point, and it was settled he and Dora should be married not later than Christmas.

Trenchard went home feeling as though everything was changed. For months past his life had been, on the whole, a wretched one; brief periods of happiness and health alternating with long periods of profound melancholy, and a condition of body which rendered difficult and irksome the discharge of the smallest and most ordinary duties of his official and private life. This is the opium-eater's state, so soon, at least, as he begins the effort to renounce the passion. Before he knew Dora he had half brought himself to believe that he was destined to pass the remainder of his life in this most miserable thraldom. Falling in love with her, a new vista had suddenly opened before him. The mere presence of Dora, who seemed to him the embodiment of womanly courage and self-reliance, inspired and had, as it were, an electrical effect upon him. Had Dora been merely soft and gentle, it is probable that Trenchard would never have allowed himself to think of her. But in Trenchard's eyes Dora had so much more than the merely feminine charm; the healthy vigour of her nature was no less attractive than her beauty; it opposed itself so splendidly and with such bracing effect to what was weak and morbid in himself.

And it appeared to him now that the fresh life just opening out before him held promise of the emancipation he had almost despaired of. He was prepared now to wrestle with his tempter as he had never done before; to have him under, to finish him.

The faithful sergeant observed the change in his master's countenance as he stood at Trenchard's side during luncheon and cut up his meat for him.



'WILLIAM, I AM GOING TO BE MARRIED.

"William," said Trenchard, presently, "I am going to be married."

"Indeed, sir!" answered the sergeant. 'Twas the least that any one could have said in the circumstances, but the inflection of the sergeant's voice conveyed a good deal more than his words. He even paused in handing a dish to Trenchard, and that action also spoke somewhat.

"Can you guess the lady's name, William?" pursued his master.

"Well, sir, yes, of course I can, with your leave, sir." The sergeant had by this time recovered his habitual *sang froid*.

"And what is your opinion, William?"

"Well, sir, if you'll pardon me, I think it's the best thing for—for all of us."

Trenchard smiled.

"Yes, sir; and if I might say a word more, I'm downright glad; and I take the liberty to offer my congratulations."

"Thank you, William, but you need not talk of liberty. You will tell Mrs. Jones. I think, William, we shall be married before Christmas."

"A happy Christmas, I'm sure, sir!"

"Thank you, William, thank you; indeed I have much to thank you for, William, both you and your wife. I trust that there are brighter days in store for all of us."

This was Trenchard's way of saying that the sergeant and his wife were not to consider the days of their service numbered because Moyrath was about to receive a mistress.

"The best of masters, sir," said the sergeant, with a little tremor in his voice, as he bowed himself out of the room.

When Dora had given Trenchard her promise to marry him before the end of the year, she too began to feel that life was opening anew for her; and a sense of happy restfulness, such as she had not known at any time before, softened all her being. This notwithstanding that she was not wholly at ease within herself. Her two secrets possessed and harassed her. Could she marry Trenchard leaving him in ignorance of herself? She was even bitter, a little, at the thought of his implicit belief in her.

"If he knew me for the adventuress I am!" she repeated to herself, over and over again; and always with added scorn of self.

One afternoon, when all was quiet at Carriconna, she stole down again to the vault where Anthony had stacked his gold, and stood there contemplating it.

"It was this that lured me here in a false character; I came to get this," nodding contemptuously at the swelling money-bags, "and—let me say once for all to myself—I did not care then by what means I was to get it;" and she added for the hundredth time, "If Edmund only knew me for the adventuress I am!"

As she said it, something flashed upon her mind; all at once she was revealed to herself another woman. A sort of wild delight shone upon her beautiful face.

"I am no adventuress!" she cried. "I have put all that behind me!"

It was true.

Standing there within sight and touch of the miserable wealth, she realised, as by an inspiration, that it had become as dust to her. She had renounced her worser self; and, as it seemed, by no effort of her own.

She stood purged of the wicked greed that had animated and controlled her. She stood then in a new attitude towards the man she loved; the man she had promised to marry. She was no longer the Dora she had been; that Dora had suddenly died within her.

Let the dead past bury its dead.

The name she bore was her own; she would go to Trenchard as Dora Lytton, the stranger widow, Anthony Nugent's paid assistant.

The winter days went by with frost and bitter wind, snow gusts, and now and then a storm that lashed the lake into waves and beat fiercely around the tower.

Anthony's face had grown more favourable, for Dora appeared to have maintained the discreetest silence, and the money-bags in consequence remained safe in the stone chamber.

The day of the wedding began disconsolately enough, as far as the skies were concerned; grey and sullen skies with not a light streak in them. All the morning the atmosphere betokened some imminent disturbance, and as the three at Carriconna were rising from breakfast, Anthony remarked that it was well they had settled to go to church at an early hour.

"It is just such a day," said he, "as I remember twenty years ago at this season, when the great thunderstorm took the top of the tower off. I think I'll run up to the observatory before we start, and see that the telescope is fast."

They had three miles to drive to the church, and were to start shortly after ten o'clock.

Dora had resisted Barbara's entreaties that she should be married in full bridal array; but in a close-fitting dress of soft dark grey cloth, heavily trimmed with blue fox-fur, she looked bewitching.

Trenchard met them at the church, and, with Barbara and Anthony for their only witnesses, they were married.

"It isn't a long good-bye, you know," said Dora to her aunt, whose eyes were a little dewy when the parting words were being said in the vestry. "We shall soon be back to settle at Moyrath."

"'Deed I hope you will, dear. I'll be quite lonely till I have you near me again."

"You have been so good to me," said Dora; "both you and Mr. Nugent."

"I declare we've had reason to be," cried Miss Nugent.

"We have, upon me word!" added Anthony, who, feeling that the money-bags were secure, could afford to let loose the genuine regret he felt at losing Dora.

Trenchard and Dora drove straight to the station.

The day still lowered, and grew hourly worse.

In the afternoon Anthony hovered uneasily round the tower, glancing up constantly at the frail wooden structure which held the telescope. The sky began to be packed with storm-clouds, the wind was rising, and at long intervals there were little flashes of lightning, followed immediately by a spluttering of distant thunder. The clouds had not yet actually broken into storm, but their aspect and movements grew more and more threatening as the afternoon wore on.

Anthony let himself into the tower, went down to his treasure-chamber, and looked over his bags, but without any sense of insecurity. "There's no danger to these—storm or not," said he.

A great burst and roaring of wind aroused him from contemplation of his hoard. He quitted the chamber and mounted the stone stairs to the ground-floor of the tower. It had suddenly grown

almost dark. Anthony was on the point of letting himself out, when he changed his mind, and began to climb up to the observatory. The wind, rising rapidly to a hurricane, shrieked through the slits in the walls, and the air seemed to darken at every step that Anthony took upwards. As he came out upon the floor of the observatory the blast smote him full, and, sturdy as the old man was, he was fain to lay hold of the iron rail which he had had placed breast high all round the observatory storey. Yet the storm had not yet fairly reached Carriconna. Through the gathering darkness Anthony could see it rushing forward from points not far distant where it had already broken, and was beating down with fearful force. The lake, one side of which lay all open to the quarter whence the storm was blowing, began to be in big waves, froth-crested. Anthony's fears were chiefly for the telescope, which, early in the day, he had made as fast as possible within its wooden housing; but, holding on by the rail, he peered over the edge of the tower to a spot a few feet below, where the masonry had been strengthened by stout metal clamps.

Having seen that he could do nothing more for the safety of the telescope, he began to creep along the rail towards the open trap in the floor.

All at once the storm burst in its might over and around Carriconna. A cloud of shingle swirled up, and was dashed to a height of fifty feet against the tower. The solid arched floor beneath Anthony's feet seemed to rise up at him, and the upper length of the tower quivered, throbbed, and swayed. A blinding rain blotted out the landscape, and in an instant the darkness was absolute. Then the darkness was dissipated by a flash of lightning that changed the black vault above into a white flame. It showed Anthony standing erect with his bare grey head uplifted and dauntless against the storm, of which, for the space of a second, he looked like the controlling spirit. But amid the double night that succeeded to that brief unearthly light, a crash was heard above the thunder, the wind, and the rain.

"Oh, may Heaven help us!" cried Barbara, rushing into the hall, where the terrified servants met her. "Don't you think that a thunderbolt has struck the tower; and I believe the master's in it!"

A Commonplace Couple.

We are not creatures of romance
Who heart and mind and soul entrance;
We were not born of high degree,
Nor yet in abject poverty.
I am a young man in the city,
And she is —Kitty.

No artist ever longed to trace
On canvas either form or face.
We are not wonderful to see,
Although I think, 'twixt you and me,
The girl I love is rather pretty;
But then she's—Kitty.

We never have appeared in print
(Though soon we shall, I dare to hint).
We neither write nor paint, nor sing,
We are not great at anything,
We are not brilliant nor witty;
But Kitty's—Kitty.

And as we pass by, arm in arm,
Perchance you mutter, "Where's the charm?"
But when *you* love you'll find, I trust,
You love, sir, just because—you must;
Though God has made—and more's the pity—
One only—Kitty.

IDA J. LEMON.

ACROSS GREENLAND ON FOOT.



A GREENLAND KAYAKER.

DR. NANSEN, whose recently delivered lecture upon his remarkable journey across Greenland has created a stir in the geographical world, has performed a feat which confers distinction upon himself, and one which is an honour to his country. It is no small matter nowadays to strike out an entirely new line in any department, and it is an exceedingly rare thing in travel to carry through an adventure with the mastery and thoroughness which has been exhibited in this instance. It is to Dr. Nansen's great credit that he conceived an idea of the most daring nature, and executed it with perfect success. Had he failed he might have been called foolhardy. His success proves that he was the right man for the enterprise, and the fact that he showed himself equal to every emergency as it arose is clear testimony that he did not overrate his powers, and that he had very carefully studied beforehand the possibilities of his journey.

Greenland, from north to south, is known to extend over at least fifteen hundred English miles, and at its broadest part it is not less than seven hundred miles across. Nothing in the whole world can be found more rugged and broken than its coastline. In some places inaccessible cliffs thousands of feet high rise abruptly from the water, and immense glaciers, equally impracticable to land upon, in other parts push their way into the sea. In the intervals, almost everywhere, inlets and fiords penetrate the coast, branching one into another with endless ramifications, broadening into majestic lakes or narrowing into defiles, through which the tides course with eddying currents running six or eight miles per hour. Myriads of islands and islets of all dimensions, from little rocks scarcely showing above the sea to splendid snow-clad peaks towering seven thousand feet high, fringe the coast, and effectually conceal the interior of the continent.

The discovery and delineation of this broken and complicated coastline, as it now appears in maps, is due to more than a hundred voyages of exploration which have been performed in the last three centuries. Although Greenland is believed to have been discovered nine hundred years ago,[1] it is only since the third voyage of John Davis, in 1587, and the memorable voyage of Baffin in 1616, that its great extent has been suspected, the trend of its coastline has been determined, and the topographical details have been amassed by the painful labours of explorers. At the present time the Western coastline has been almost completely surveyed from its most southern promontory (C. Farewell) to about 73° N. Lat., and here there is little left to discover; but from this point northwards it is only imperfectly known, and the same is the case with nearly the whole coast-

1 "The first colonisation of Greenland dates from the year 983, and is mentioned in our old chronicles as follows:—Towards the beginning of the tenth century, an Icelander, or Norwegian, named Gunbiörn, having been driven by a storm to a considerable distance west of Iceland, discovered some islands, to which he gave his name, and subsequently an extensive country, with intelligence of which he returned to Iceland. Some time afterwards one Erik Raude was sentenced to banishment for the crime of manslaughter. Fitting out a ship, he announced to his friends that he purposed going in quest of the land which Gunbiörn had discovered. He set sail from Iceland to the West, a course which brought him to the East coast of Greenland. He then proceeded to the south, along the shore, looking for some habitable spot, doubled and sailed to the west of a promontory and wintered there. He employed himself three years in exploring the coast, at the expiration of which time he returned to Iceland, and made so favourable a report of the newly-discovered land, which he called Greenland, that, on his return thither the year following, no fewer than twenty-five vessels freighted with colonists accompanied him, of which number but half eventually reached their destination, the rest either putting back or perishing in the ice."—*Narrative of an Expedition to the East Coast of Greenland, by Capt. W. A. Graah*, 1837.

line of East Greenland from C. Farewell to the most northern point which has been reached, in Lat. 77°.

The Greenlanders, or Greenlandic Eskimo,



GOING TO SCHOOL

always live on the coast, partly doing so because there are scarcely any sites fit for buildings except along the shore, and principally because nearly their entire sustenance is derived from the sea. Even upon the West coast, where the natives are brought into contact with civilisation through the Danes, and *might* subsist upon food imported from Europe, they still almost entirely rely upon local resources. In this section of Greenland (that is, the West coast from C. Farewell to Lat. 73° N.) there are at the principal settlements schools, churches, and "general shops." The natives take eagerly to anything hot or piquant which can be obtained at them, but have no taste for nutritious things of foreign origin. Though they smoke farthing cigars with avidity, and even drink lavender-water, they cannot be induced to take Revalenta Arabica, or things which are said to be a blessing to every family. The seal yields their staple diet, and supplies them also with clothing and coverings for their boats; and if the "general shops" were to be abolished, and the Danes were to withdraw, the West coast Greenlanders could yet live as did their forefathers, and as their brethren still do upon the East coast—that is to say, they could pass their lives in chronic destitution or starvation, which seems to be the normal condition of the entire race.

The Greenlander, though perforce a waterman, is very little of a seaman. In his seal-covered kayak he ventures out a few miles from the land amongst giant icebergs in quest of seals, which he tries to harpoon, or of sea-birds, which he will endeavour to shoot or to kill with his dart. A very light breeze will drive him to land, or prevent him from launching his craft, and it often happens that a continuance of bad weather brings a settlement to the verge of ruin. Neither his kayak, nor the larger boat, termed an umiak (which is also without a keel), is fit to battle with stormy seas, or to be forced through heavy ice. He cannot, even if he has the disposition, perform a voyage of any length with moderate celerity, for he has to wait upon wind and weather, and to deviate incessantly from a direct course in quest of food. Hence it happens that almost all Greenlanders, although familiarly acquainted with every nook and cranny in the coast-line in the immediate neighbourhood of their settlements, seldom know anything about places some distance away; and of the interior of their country they know nothing, save that it is mostly buried under snow and ice, and they think it is tenanted by a fabulous wild beast, called the amarok. Even if they had the will, they have not the ability to penetrate it. Their sledges, drawn by dogs, are made for running over smooth surfaces, and quickly break down upon rough ground; and they could neither carry with them, nor find on the way, food for themselves and their animals.

The earliest information of any kind about the interior was obtained in 1728, and was derived through an attempt to reach the East coast by starting from the side of Davis Strait. Interest in the East coast had been aroused in Denmark by the labours of the missionary, Hans Egede; and



FOREIGN TASTES.

for several years the ships which were sent to the colonies in Davis Strait were ordered to attempt a landing upon the East coast. "As none of them, however, succeeded in accomplishing this object, or even in approaching the shore but within a

very considerable distance, a new plan was devised for attaining it. A Major Paars and a Captain Landorf, who were sent (from Denmark) to Greenland in 1728, the former in quality of governor, the latter of commandant of a fort to be erected there, were ordered to ride across the country on horse back from the West coast to the East. As the country was found, however, to be covered with ice (glaciers), intersected with chasms and precipices (crevasses and seracs), they made, as may be supposed, but little progress."[1] This expedition was a dead failure, and so, too, was an equally ridiculous project which was conceived in the present century for carrying the electric telegraph on posts across the southern parts of the interior.



AN UMIAK, OR WOMAN'S BOAT.

Although it had long been suspected that the interior of Greenland was enjoying a glacial period, it was not known how completely the country was buried up until Mr. Edward Whymper made a journey of exploration on the West coast in 1867.[2] He has given the following accounts of what he saw in that year, and in 1872:

"The great ice-covered interior plateau of Greenland can be seen a long way off if the weather is clear. Its summit is almost a dead level from north to south. But when one comes nearer to the coast it is concealed by the hills which are on its outskirts. The whole of the (outer) land on the West Greenland coast is mountainous; and, although the hills scarcely ever, if ever, exceed a height of 8,000 or 9,000 feet, they effectually conceal the inner, or glacier-covered land. This latter is at a distance from the coast varying from ten to sixty or more miles, and, when it is reached, there is an end to land; all is ice, as far as the eye can see."[3]

"I had never conjectured that it would be possible to meet with such an absolutely complete effacement, so to speak, of all the land-features of a continent, unlike anything known elsewhere. There were undulations, but no declivities; and there were slopes, but not a single peak, nor, excepting at the very margin (where there were small boulders from the contiguous rocks), was there even a stray rock upon the surface. The ice-sheet rose steadily towards the east, at a very slight angle, and obviously rose to a great height above our station. The summit, or horizon-line, in the far east ran north and south without a break, and without the slightest depression at any part. It appeared to be a dead level over an immense distance."[1] "The height of this straight, unbroken crest of snow was now the object of attention—the principal object for which the ascent was made. On bringing the theodolite to bear upon it, I found that it *appeared* to be slightly depressed below my station (the summit of Kelertingouit, 6,800 feet); but, as it was distant more than one hundred miles, it was only lower *in appearance*, and not in reality. On the assumption that it was no more than one hundred miles distant, after making allowance for refraction and curvature of the earth, its height was found to be *considerably in excess of* 10,000 *feet*."[2]

In subsequent years, Professor Nordenskiold, the celebrated discoverer of the north-east passage, twice attempted to penetrate the interior of Greenland; but, although he succeeded in proceeding a considerable distance towards the east, he did not on either occasion reach the summit, or divide, and found, of course, what Mr. Whymper had previously seen, namely, that the whole of the interior was completely covered by snow or ice. Still later, others have also tried to penetrate the interior, and with even less success than Nordenskiold. All of these attempts were made from the West coast, and each explorer had to keep in mind that he would have to return by the way he came, for neither ships, food, nor assistance can be procured on the sterile, inhospitable, and ice-bound Eastern side of the Greenland continent.

1 Graah, p. 12.

2 "Mr. Whymper has conceived the bold project of penetrating along the surface of some of its glaciers into the interior of the snow-clad continent. I am happy to say that our traveller is determined to make a preliminary trip to Greenland next spring, and afterwards to endeavour to accomplish what no one before has ever thought of."—*Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society, delivered by Sir Roderick Murchison, May* 28, 1866.

3 "The Alpine Journal," 1870.

1 "Good Words," 1884, p. 43.

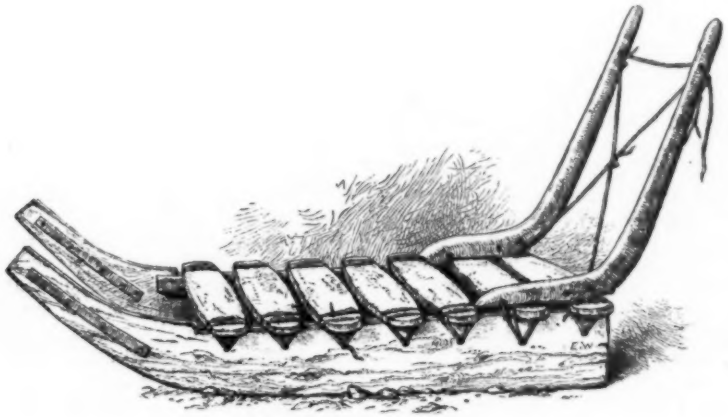
2 *Id.*, pp. 183-4. This was in 70° N. Lat., about 400 miles to the north of the part of Greenland which was crossed by Dr. Nansen.

It has long been known that a stream of heavy ice permanently drifts along this Eastern side from north to south, forming a barrier which is frequently impenetrable, and is always difficult to pass through. No one has ever reached the east coast with ease. Among the more memorable voyages to it may be mentioned that by Henry Hudson, the celebrated English navigator, who saw it in 72°—73° N. Lat. in 1607, and said of it that "it was a mayne highland, nothing at all covered with snow,[1] and the north part of that mayne highland was very high mountaynes;" two voyages by Captain Danell, a Dane, in 1652—3, who saw more or less of the coast from 65° 30′ N. Lat. down to C. Farewell, but was unable to get on shore at any point, though he succeeded in sailing within three or four miles of the land; and three voyages by Captain Lowenorn and Lieutenant Egede (Danes) in 1786—7, whose express object was *to land* upon the East coast, and could not get within many miles of it owing to the closely-packed ice. More successful than these was the voyage by Scoresby, the whalefisher, in 1822. He saw, and roughly surveyed, some of the most prominent features of the East coast between 69°—75° N. Lat., and he says that his father traced the coast, *at a distance*, from 71° or 72° down to 67° or 68°. He was experienced in ice-navigation, and was more fortunate than his predecessors in pushing his way through the ice-pack, which he estimated was 100 to 150 miles in width.

In the very next year (August, 1823) Captain Clavering in the *Griper* forced a passage through the ice off the East coast in Lat. 74°, in order to land Captain Sabine (afterwards President Royal Society) to carry on his pendulum experiments, and he proceeded northwards in the open channel between the coast and the ice "until he had passed the 75th parallel, when his progress was checked by ice closely packed against the land, and sustaining, apparently, a very heavy pressure from without, so as to be impassable."

. . . . "It is probable," said Captain Sabine, "that the East coast of Greenland is rarely, if ever, accessible directly from the westward in a higher latitude than that in which the barrier of ice was crossed by the Griper, namely, a few miles to the northward of 74°; it was Captain Clavering's wish to have crossed it higher if possible, and he accordingly entered the ice in 77° 30′ on the 28th of July, its eastern boundary being found in that parallel, in 2° W. Long.; his western progress was, however, almost immediately impeded by an unbroken field, the eastern and continuous side of which was coasted for sixty miles. . . . . In Lat. 76° the boundary of the ice receded considerably to the westward, and on August 2nd Captain Clavering again entered it in 75° 30′, and in 8° W. Long., and proceeded through sailing ice in a south-west direction, along the margin of fields in which no lane was visible, to the Latitude of 74° 5′ and 15° W. Long., where the first practicable beach of continuity presented itself, by which a passage to the land was ultimately effected. . . . . The barrier of fields, which in 77° must have been about two hundred miles across, was reduced to sixty miles in 74° N. Lat., and required five days of much exertion to cross."

In 1829 an attempt was made to discover the East coast by different means. Lieutenant Graah (of the Danish navy) was despatched to Davis Strait in 1828, and, after wintering in the vicinity of C. Farewell, started on March 21st, 1829, with three umiaks, rowed by Greenlanders, to coast the shores northwards. The farthest point he reached was in 64° 9′ N. Lat., after severe labours, and encountering infinite hindrances and much peril from the floating ice. And, finally, there is the recent voyage made by the second German Arctic Expedition with the two ships the *Germania* and the *Hansa*, which sailed from Bremen on June 15th, 1869, with instructions to make the East Greenland coast in Lat. 75°. After experiencing great difficulty in getting through the ice, the *Germania* (a steamer) succeeded in arriving at the island where Captain Sabine made



A GREENLAND DOG-SLEDGE.

[1] He spoke, of course, only of the mountains near the coast.

his pendulum experiments in 1823 (74° 40′ N. Lat.), and the crew of this vessel subsequently carried exploration as high as 77°. The *Hansa* (a sailing ship) was less fortunate—did not make the coast at all, and was crushed in the ice on October 19th, 1869. Her crew had to take to the ice-floes, *and drifted on them for seven weary months*,—sometimes being borne quite near to the land, and then were drifted away from it for fifty or sixty miles.

It is obvious from the foregoing recapitulation of facts that it is no easy task to make, still less to set foot on, the Eastern coast of Greenland, and it was therefore with feelings somewhat akin to wonder and amazement it was heard, at the beginning of 1888, that a young Norwegian gentleman, curator of the museum at Bergen, intended to land upon the East coast, and then to walk right across the continent. Even if favoured by good fortune the chances were greatly against him, and the risks were very considerable. No one, perhaps, for a moment believed that the journey would be successfully performed. Dr. Nansen has himself said that his friends either deemed him mad or tired of life; and this is not wonderful, for, besides the chances of not landing on the coast, of being caught in the drift ice, the loss of boats, and with that all hopes of getting to land, besides the risk of someone breaking down and involving the whole party in ruin, and the possibility of starvation through exhaustion of provisions, there was the chance, which was not a slight one, of failure to hit off the particular Danish settlement on the West coast which might be steered for. Dr. Nansen intended to start from Cape Dan, and to make for the Colony of Christianshaab on the West coast. Christianshaab, like most other of the Danish settlements, contains a mere handful of people, and is indistinguishable at a short distance, being principally composed of Eskimo houses of the ordinary Greenland type, built of a mixture of clods of turf and rough stones. Such houses are so like the natural soil that they are scarcely perceptible a mile or two away. In order to hit off Christianshaab or any other place that he might make for on the West coast, it was necessary, firstly, for the position of that place to be well determined and known, and secondly, that Dr. Nansen should be able, most accurately, to determine his own geographical position. The compass would be of little use to him in this matter. It would be necessary to know his latitude from observation of the heavenly bodies, and, if the heavenly bodies had been obscured at the critical moment, Dr. Nansen and his comrades would scarcely have reached a Danish settlement.

He sailed in May, 1888, on board the sealer *Jason*, having selected for his expedition five persons only, namely, Otto Sverdrup, shipmaster; Olaf Dietrichsen, lieutenant in the Norwegian army; Kristian Kristiansen, peasant; and two Laplanders, Samuel Balto and Ole Ravna. The

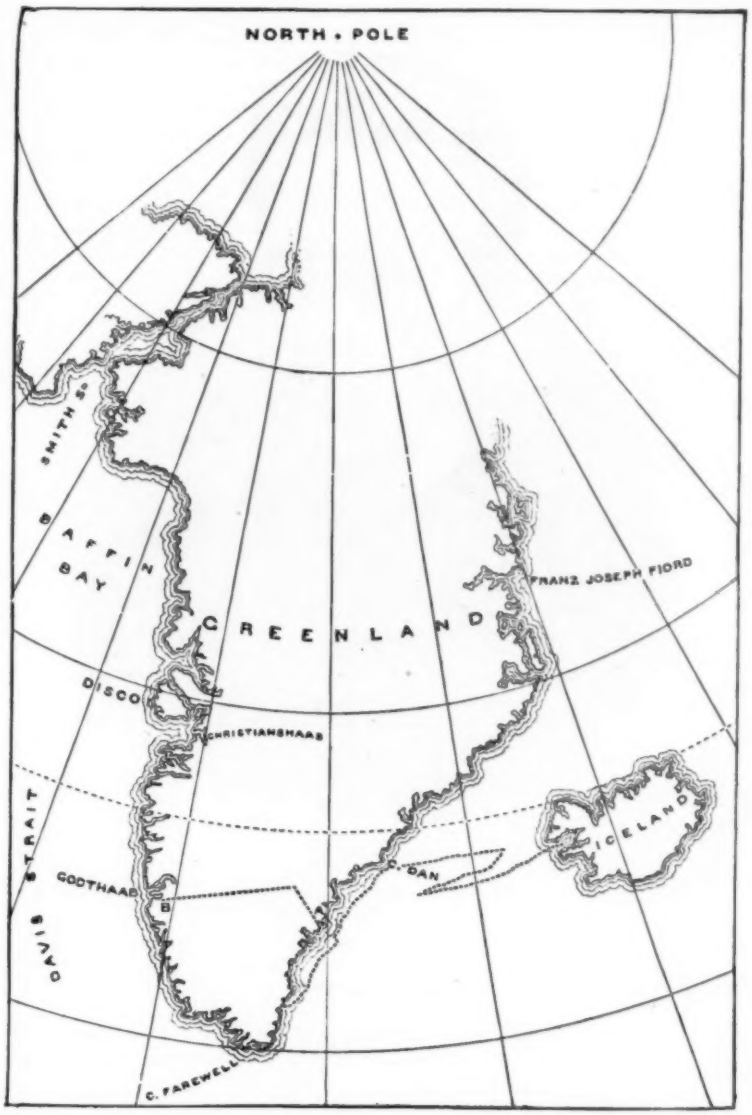


AN ORDINARY GREENLAND HOUSE.

ship steered for Iceland, and thence made for the desired point on the East coast, but did not get near it without a tussle. The first news which reached Europe was that on July 17th, at 7 p.m., the *Jason* dropped the party into two boats, about ten miles from shore in Lat. 65° 2′, which was considerably to the south of the place where Dr. Nansen had intended to land. The captain of the *Jason* said that open ice separated his vessel from the shore, and that the expedition was seen to make good progress, rowing in their boats through the open "leads," or walking over the ice-floes where there was no open water. The expedition was in sight until midnight, when a fog came on and hid it from view. It was thought the members would reach the shore next day, though at six a.m., when the fog lifted, they were nowhere to be seen, and the reason why was learnt by the end of last year.

Nansen and his comrades had all but reached the land when movements in the ice fixed the boats inextricably, and in a short time they were drifted out to sea. One boat was stove in, and the party experienced the exciting perils which the crew of the *Hansa* had undergone whilst being borne, in a similar manner, along this very same

coast. Sometimes they fancied they would be able to get to land, and then their hopes were dashed and they drifted out to sea again. So it continued until July 29, when they at last succeeded in getting ashore in Lat. 61° 30′, not very far from the most southern point of the continent.



More than half the season was already gone, and it is probable that if, instead of voyaging per *Jason*, they had gone out to South Greenland in the earliest of the Danish ships for the southern settlements on the West coast, they might have reached Lat. 61° 30′ much earlier in the year, without encountering the perils of their drift.

It is easy to say this afterwards. The question for them was, "Shall we, having drifted all this way out of our course, make tracks for home, and steer for the nearest Danish settlement (in the neighbourhood of C. Farewell); or shall we row northwards again, between the shore and the drifting sea-ice?" The Laps, says Dr. Nansen, would very willingly have taken the tamer course. They were easily frightened, and did not foresee that their names might be immortalised in the columns of this magazine. The Norwegians, three to two, settled the question, without instructions, by turning the boats' heads northwards. At this stage the heroic part of the journey commences. Each mile they rowed to the north took them further from succour, and rendered their position more perilous; and they rowed on until August 10th, and then landed in Lat. 64° 30′, which was still considerably to the south of the point at which it was intended to commence a journey across the inland ice. The place where they landed is marked A upon the accompanying map.

The boats were now abandoned, and sledge

work was begun. Little information has been given about the trouble of transporting the sledges and baggage over the land intervening between the sea and the country which was enveloped by the ice-sheet, and across the fissures and chasms which are almost always at the mar-

upon p. 595. The runners, or side-pieces, were much broader, and so did not sink so much in the snow, and they were framed instead of being solid, and thus were both lighter and stronger. All the party were furnished with Norwegian snow-shoes, wooden affairs, seven or eight feet long and



Yours sincerely
Fridtjof Nansen.

gins of glaciers. Five or six days seem to have been consumed in the operation. Toilsome days these, for the weight of the baggage, irrespective of that of the sledges, was about 1,200 lbs. On the 15th of August they commenced their march over the inland ice, that is to say, the part of Greenland which is completely covered up by glacier, and steered, at first, directly towards Christianshaab. They had five sledges, four of which had loads of 200 lbs. apiece, and were dragged by single men; whilst the fifth, with a double load, was hauled by Nansen and the ship-master. The sledges were unlike that represented

three or four inches broad, very unmanageable things to those who are not accustomed to them.

Thus provided they started over the inland ice, Captain Sverdrup and Dr. Nansen taking the lead and the four others following, each pulling a sledge. After two days they were stopped by a gale from the north, with heavy rain, and were forced to encamp for three days. The snow at this time was soft, as the temperature was above the freezing-point—too soft, indeed, for travelling by day, and they therefore slept by day and travelled by night. Notwithstanding their Norwegian snow-shoes, they occasionally broke through

the snow-bridges, which are so commonly found on the upper parts of glaciers, but they fortunately escaped without any serious accidents, from which it may be inferred that the crevasses were not wide ones.

Presently the snow became very deep and bad for pulling, and, a heavy gale from the north causing it to drift, they advanced very slowly. It was evident that they could not reach their destination in time to return to Europe in 1888, and Nansen determined to abandon the attempt to reach Christianshaab, and directed his course upon Godthaab, the principal Danish settlement of the southern inspectorate on the West coast. This was resolved upon on August 27th, by which time they had got only about forty miles away from the East coast, and were at a height of about seven thousand feet. By the change of direction the northerly gales became good sailing winds, and they hoisted sails upon their sledges. This good fortune lasted for three days, and then the wind died away.

About the time that this happened—that is to say, at the beginning of September—they seemed to have reached the summit of the inland ice in this latitude. It is described as a quite flat and extensive plateau, eight or nine thousand feet high, and seeming still loftier towards the north.[1] They travelled more than two weeks across this plateau, and while upon it experienced very severe cold. Their thermometers were not graduated sufficiently low to let them say what was the minimum temperature, and it is suggested that it was 80° to 90° below freezing-point (Fahr.). They found no water for a month, and to get enough for drinking they were obliged to "melt snow either in their cooking apparatus or by their own warmth in iron bottles, which were carried inside their clothes against their chests." They used pea-soup at night, and took chocolate in the morning; and as it was impossible to afford the luxury of washing their cooking utensils, the remains of the pea-soup froze up, and was united with the next make of chocolate. It was equally out of the question to think of ablutions for themselves, and the whole party did not wash for two months. Their appetites were excellent. Nansen says that the pea-soup was overturned one night on the tent floor, but they were so hungry that this made no difference, and none of it was lost.

How these adventurous people managed to escape frost-bite whilst dragging sledges and handling metal utensils, when the temperature was 80° to 90° below freezing-point, is not explained. It is equally remarkable that no case of snow-blindness occurred. Upon the whole, during the period of greatest cold the air was still, and this is generally the case everywhere when temperature is very low. On one day only (September 8th) they were stopped by a snowstorm whilst on the plateau, and this almost buried the tent. On the 19th they got a fair sailing wind, and advanced very rapidly over a descending grade. This day, too, they caught their first glimpse of the mountains on the West coast—a pleasure which was somewhat marred by their arriving the same evening at fissured glacier, and nearly losing several men and sledges by their tumbling into crevasses. Progress naturally became retarded again, and it must have been exceedingly slow, for five days more passed before they got to the edge of the inland ice and reached *terra firma*. This place is marked B upon the map. At a small lake on the outskirts they enjoyed for the first time in sixty days the pleasures of washing and of having sufficient water for cooking and drinking. The distance passed over on the ice is said to have been 260 miles.

They were still some distance from the sea and two days more elapsed before they reached it at the eastern end of the Ameralik fiord.[1] This is one of the most clever points in the whole journey. It is easy enough to get to the end of the fiord from Godthaab, but it is a very different thing to hit off and identify the end of the fiord in descending from the interior of the continent. "We had now," says Dr. Nansen, "only one thing left to do, and this was to get into communication with other human beings. This it was desirable to do as soon as possible, for we had not much food left, but Godthaab, the nearest place where people lived, was still fifty miles away. As I saw that it would be no easy task to reach this place by land, the mountains being too difficult to pass, I determined to make a boat. The next day three of us made one out of the canvas which formed the tent floor, of the bamboo rods used in the sledges, and drift wood found near the shore.

"The next day, September 26th, Captain Sverdrup and I started in this boat for Godthaab. During some days we had a contrary wind, and the boat was very heavy to pull against wind and sea, being too broad as well as too short. On October 3rd we reached Godthaab, and were heartily welcomed. Two boats were sent to fetch the other members of the expedition, and on October 12th they arrived, and we were all gathered together."

News of the happy termination of this adventurous expedition reached Europe last November, but the party was obliged to winter in Greenland, being just too late to catch the last ship which returned that year to Denmark.

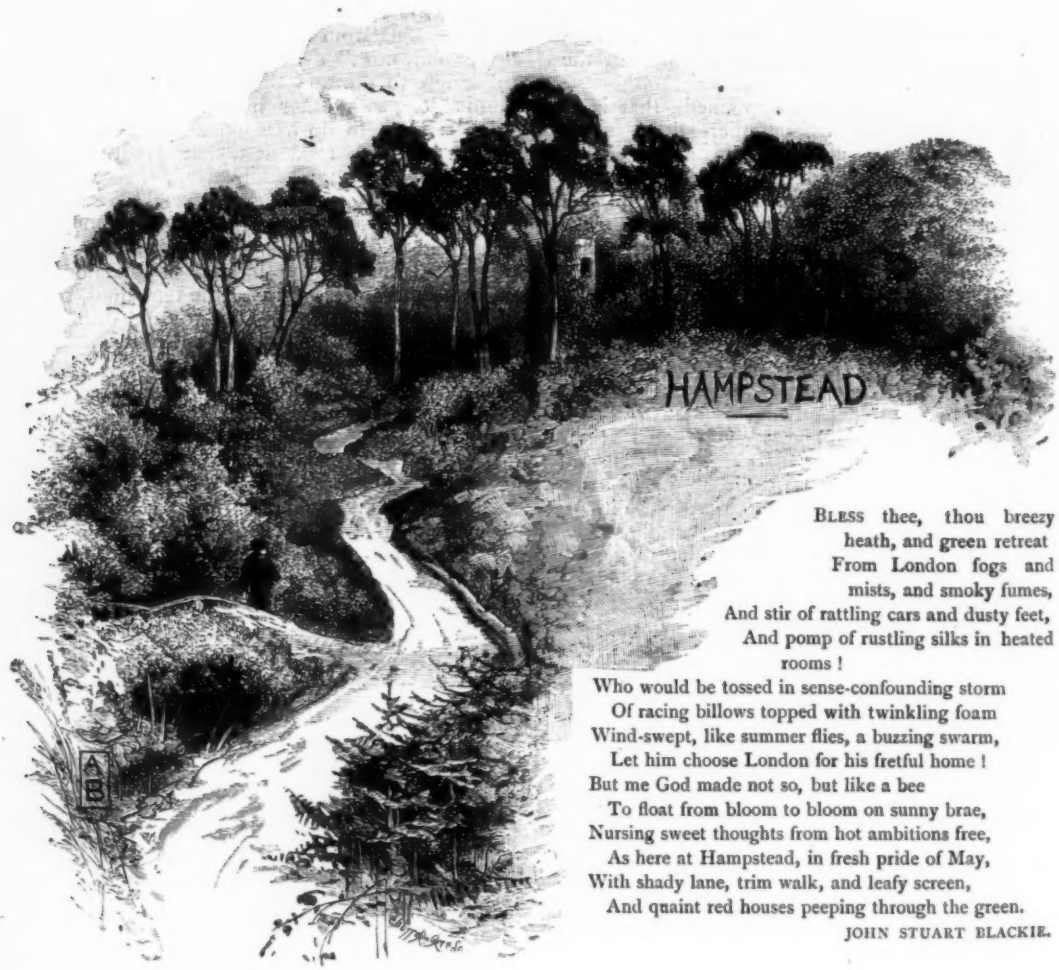
Even from this bare outline of the journey it must be apparent that Dr. Nansen is a traveller of very exceptional capacity. In penetrating to the East coast he accomplished a task which has baffled numerous experienced ice-navigators; in boating northwards to Lat. 64° 30′ in twelve days he traversed a greater distance than was covered in an entire season by Lieut. Graah, who had several years' acquaintance with Greenland and the Greenlanders; in mounting on to the great glaciers of the inland ice he performed a feat which would have tasked the energies of accomplished mountaineers; in his prompt recognition of the impossibility of carrying out his original programme he changed defeat into victory; in traversing the continent from one side to the other

[1] This, it will be seen, agrees with the observations by others, already quoted.

[1] This was one of the earliest explored of the great fiords on the West coast. It is laid down on Crantz's map of Greenland, published more than a century and a half ago.

without casualties, there is evidence of his hardihood, sagacity, and prudence; and in the clever way in which he descended upon Godthaab he demonstrated his ability as an astronomical observer. The great merit of this journey lies less in its daring nature, or in the results which may directly ensue from it, than in the admirable use of available means to the end in view; and if the same originality should again be united with the same courage and foresight, other secrets of the yet unknown may be revealed through his instrumentality.

Dr. Nansen is aged twenty-seven years, and appears scarcely so old. He is powerfully built, stands six feet high, and being well proportioned does not look his height; and, although there is considerable force in his manner, one would hardly credit this blonde young man with the iron determination which was necessary for the execution of his remarkable journey. He says that the idea of it occurred to him in 1882, and that he pondered over it six years. No parallel with it can be quoted from any other region. It is a journey which is unique. Great things may be expected in the future from this hardy young Norseman.

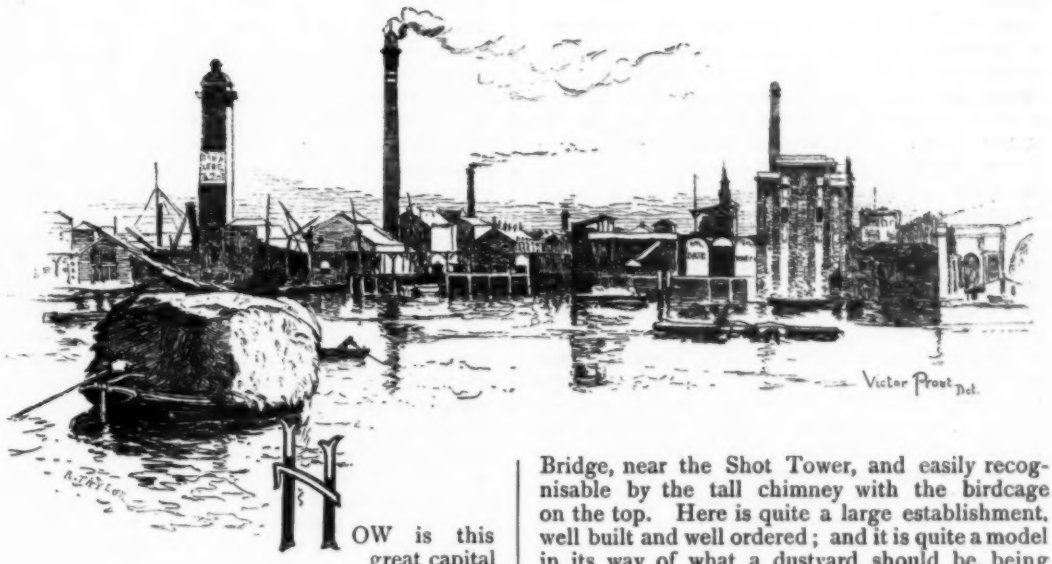


BLESS thee, thou breezy heath, and green retreat
From London fogs and mists, and smoky fumes,
And stir of rattling cars and dusty feet,
And pomp of rustling silks in heated rooms!
Who would be tossed in sense-confounding storm
Of racing billows topped with twinkling foam
Wind-swept, like summer flies, a buzzing swarm,
Let him choose London for his fretful home!
But me God made not so, but like a bee
To float from bloom to bloom on sunny brae,
Nursing sweet thoughts from hot ambitions free,
As here at Hampstead, in fresh pride of May,
With shady lane, trim walk, and leafy screen,
And quaint red houses peeping through the green.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE CLEANSING OF LONDON.

PART I.



HOW is this great capital saved from burial beneath its own refuse, and kept passably clean, as it undoubtedly is?

In London there are some 800,000 houses, and to each house there are on the average forty-four square yards of street surface. These 35,200,000 square yards of streets are paved with wood and asphalte, and the granite in the form of pitching and macadam which half a million pairs of wheels and a no less number of iron-shod horses are constantly grinding to powder. With this detritus of the "metal" is daily mixed a cartload of horse-waste for every mile of roadway besides the sooty deposit of a million chimneys; and in wet weather this mixture is churned into the peculiar gruel known as London mud, of which the watery and gaseous parts are evaporated into the air we breathe, while the solid particles dry into the dust which forms the sweepings of the streets. Add to these sweepings the house refuse from the dust-holes, and we have an accumulation of matter in the wrong place unexampled in the world's history.

How do we deal with this mighty mass of dirt? How is it collected? What becomes of it? An interesting theme assuredly, and one of increasing importance in these philo-sanitary days. Let us attack the problem in detail, and let our first example be from the heart of London.

The cleansing of "the city" is part of the work of the Honourable the Commissioners of Sewers; and the headquarters are beyond the city boundary, on the southern bank of the Thames at Lett's Wharf, just east of Waterloo Bridge, near the Shot Tower, and easily recognisable by the tall chimney with the birdcage on the top. Here is quite a large establishment, well built and well ordered; and it is quite a model in its way of what a dustyard should be, being fully furnished with approved appliances for dealing with the dust and refuse of the busiest network of streets in the world. Gathered here, or controlled from here, are some five hundred men and boys and women, over eighty horses, seventy vans, seventeen water-carts, carts for diseased meat and other horrors, and a stock of brooms, hand and mechanical, of scrapers and squeegees, and other tools needed in every variety of weather on every variety of road and footway.

The cleansing of the city is in the department of the city surveyor, but it is on the superintendent at the wharf that the responsibility really falls. Everything is under his control. He is "the man that cleans the city." His work never ends. There is no break in the weary round of scavenging.

At eight o'clock in the evening the night brigade starts on the work which cannot be done in the daytime; at two o'clock in the morning the advance guard of the day staff appears in the twelve miles of main thoroughfares, and begins to sweep or wash them. At five o'clock in the morning the regular work opens, in the course of which the whole of the carriage-ways of the city have to be swept at least once, and many of them to be strewn with sand and gravel.

At six o'clock the carts in a long procession leave the wharf to start on the removal of the sweepings and house refuse. At half-past seven the light brigade of boys leaves Stoney Lane, at the back of Houndsditch, and swarms out over the four districts of the city in so many companies each under the command of an inspector.

In the next three hours the whole army is busily employed. The main attack has been delivered, and the effort is gradually decreased. By four o'clock the men and carts are home after their day's work; by five o'clock the boys are all back in Houndsditch; by eight o'clock the day men are all in and the night men are out again to continue the never-ending struggle with waste.

All night long and all day long the barometer is watched and the weather reports are being telephoned to Lett's Wharf. The weather is not always the same in all parts of the city, and the weather in the city may not be the same as that at the wharf. Every kind of weather needs different tools and different placing of labour. Should a snowfall come—and that is the worst disaster London can experience—the most energetic efforts are made. Extra cartage is required and extra hand labour, and shovels and brooms and ploughs have all to be ready in an hour or or two. The tools are in stock. The cartage deficiencies are supplied from a list of contractors ready for such emergencies. The labourers come in swarms to headquarters, and the only difficulty is in dealing with those disappointed of employment. The cost of a snowfall is a serious matter. In the great storm of 1881 the city spent £5,000 to clear the snow away, and gave employment to more than 1,700 extra men.

But this is the worst phase of the scavenging problem. The ordinary experience of summer and winter, the normal changes from wet to fair, require much method to meet them. Sunshine means dust that must be swept; a shower may turn the dust to slop requiring the squeegee, or into greasy mud requiring the scraper and the road-brush; and rain on asphalte or wood requires very different treatment to rain on granite or macadam. It is thus of importance that the state of the weather, as affecting the state of the roadway, should be forecast, if possible, and at least known at headquarters without delay.

That the city is so clean—and it is by far the cleanest part of the huge territory of London—is in a large measure due to the "street-orderlies," officially so called—the "city collectors" of the commercial humorists. The horse-waste is by them cleared off at once; were it allowed to remain the enormous traffic would squeeze it into "grease," which it would almost take scrubbing with soap and water to get off. A more seemingly dangerous occupation than that of a street-orderly boy it would be difficult to find. With his hand-brush and peculiar scoop—invented by Mr. Swale, the superintendent—in which the handle bends forwards instead of backwards, so as to bring the weight when full or empty always under the centre of the hand, the boy glides about under the horses' heads and among the crowding wheels in a way that is nothing less than miraculous to the timid on the footway. From his "bin" by the kerb as his centre, he works right and left and across the street, his object being to remove every atom of dirt within the area assigned to him before it has been run over by a wheel. That is his object, but in the throng of London vehicles he is lucky if he manages to clean the road before the dirt has been run over twice or thrice.

Every morning these boys, about a hundred and fifty in number, muster at Stoney Lane for breakfast. The yard is not a large one. On the left is the office; on the right is what looks like a school-room; on the outer walls of each range in the central yard the numbered racks on which the boys keep their tools. After breakfast the boys file off to work, armed generally with brush and scoop, but sometimes with scraper or squeegee; and from the main thoroughfares they break off into the crossing roads, and thence into the minor streets and courts, each boy with a definite task allotted to him, and most of them anxious to have done with the task as early as possible, and return to the risky work on the main thoroughfares. To control all these boys, scattered off in all ways like rabbits in a warren, is not an easy task, but it is rarely that they give trouble, and a good worker is sure of recognition. The best boy is the one who needs least looking after, and the inspector, very naturally, soon discovers him, and puts him on the list for increased wages. He begins with six shillings a week; he soon gets seven shillings and sixpence a week; he may pass through the hobbledyhoyhood into manhood, and thence into old age, by turns handling scraper and broom, and sorting in the yard, and driving a van, and making himself useful about the wharf, and in some few cases may work through to the end, and retire on a pension of fifteen shillings a week. For there is a "career" open even in the city dustyard, nearly all in the service having entered it as boys, and worked up to fair wages step by step. It is not a career in which refinement or high educational qualifications are in demand, and of this the boys are well aware, to judge by the ill-success which has attended every effort to school them after hours. The day is long, the work requires constant alertness, and when evening comes the street-orderlies are only too glad to hurry home and get to bed.

Scavengers do not belong so often to a class by themselves as formerly. Not so very long ago scavenging and sorting in the dustyards was a hereditary occupation, whose secrets were transmitted from father to son and from mother to daughter. But now that the municipalities are withdrawing their work from contractors and doing it themselves, they take their labourers from a wider area. One result of this is that woman's work is discouraged, and the woman on the dust-heap is yearly becoming rarer.

The boys then grow into manhood in the service, and in time leave the scoop and hand-brush for the broom, the long scraper, and the squeegee. A wonderfully useful tool the last, "as good as a towel" for many purposes—a mere slip of india-rubber clipped in a slide and fitted with a handle, and lasting for a year in good wear, clearing away slop and mud so effectually as often to leave but a smooth dry track behind. In washing the city asphalte late in the evening, the squeegee is invaluable. This is often done, particularly in the winter, when a good deal of judgment is required

not only in using just enough water for the purpose, and no more, but also in applying that water so as to cheat the frost, for a film of ice on asphalte is simply disastrous. Besides the washing of the streets, there is a washing of certain courts every night; and twice a week many of the courts and alleys receive a thorough sluicing. And the quantity of water used runs into large figures, the city washing bill for the year exceeding two and three-quarter millions of gallons. Not only are the roadways cleaned with the squeegees, but in wet weather the footways are also taken in hand, notwithstanding that by Act of Parliament every occupier is required to keep clean the footway in front of his premises—an obligation which the occupiers generally agree to ignore.

In time the boy becomes the driver of a van, and journeys round to collect the street sweepings, the slop, the contents of the street-orderly bins, or the house-to-house refuse, and the last is the worst and most thankless of his duties. The difficulty of dealing with the refuse is greater in the city than elsewhere, owing to there being such a traffic and such a number of premises occupied as offices during the day and deserted at night. The permission given to the occupiers of placing their dust and refuse on the edge of the footways renders it more and more difficult to keep the streets clean. They are often made dirty by the reckless way in which the refuse is thrown or placed upon the public ways soon after they have been cleaned by the scavengers. By the Act of Parliament the dust so placed in the streets should be removed by eight o'clock in the morning. But many of the houses are not in private occupation, and the housekeepers are not at all particular, and in the case of the nine o'clock and ten o'clock shops and offices it is indeed a little unreasonable to expect the porters to be at work an hour or two earlier in order to clean out and get the rubbish on the pavement within the statutory time. And so the spectacle is not infrequent of an irregular row of pails and packing cases overflowing with office rubbish appearing on the kerb after the regular cart has passed, and requiring a special cart to clear them away. And then there is the ever-recurring dispute as to what is house refuse removable free, and what is trade refuse for which cartage should be paid, which is often a very nice point to settle, and generally ends in the tenant looking on the dustman as his natural enemy. Somehow or other, the rubbish both from the streets and the houses finds its way to the wharf. A considerable pile it makes. The seventy vans make on an average three and a half loads of about two yards each a day, and the year's total shows about 38,000 loads taken from premises, and 27,000 loads of sweepings from the streets. Averaging, then, 65,000 loads at a ton apiece, we have 65,000 tons of rubbish from within the city boundaries to be dealt with in a year. How is it disposed of?

Let us go to the wharf and see.

The chief object is the destructor—a furnace, or rather a set of ten furnaces—in which the rubbish is cremated after everything worth picking out has been removed. To look at, it is a range of very dirty boiler-fires, which are fed with fuel from the front, and with rubbish from the top. The "cells" are back to back, over a dust-chamber, 10 ft. 4 in. wide and 6 ft. high, the flue from which leads to a 30 horse-power boiler, and to a chimney shaft of 150 ft.

Night and day the fire is kept up, from Sunday midnight to Saturday at half-past eight in the evening. During the year over 19,000 loads of refuse are shot into it, and these produce a residuum of some 4,000 loads of ashes and cinders more or less hard, not only valueless, but for the removal of which money has to be paid—of which difficulty we shall have more to say presently. The men work the destructor in three shifts of eight hours, there being three men on the top to feed the furnaces, and three below firing and removing the clinkers and ashes.

We mount to the top of the furnaces with the superintendent, and stepping gingerly behind him on a very warm layer of odds and ends, and carefully avoiding sundry small sloping gullies leading down to the fires, we stand in safety on an iron platform. Overhead runs a travelling crane; behind us is the engine-house; in front of us is the space on which men loaded with big baskets are throwing down one after another in constant succession almost every variety of dry unsaleable refuse. As the heaps fall they are attacked by the three men with long pokers or peels, and pushed down the sloping gullies into the fire. They are dealing with the refuse in retail; we are to see it treated in wholesale.

A van drives in to our right, and takes up its position under the crane. Its contents are known—nothing worth troubling about in that lot. The claws of the crane sink threateningly on to it. There is a loosening of bolts and springs in the body of the van. Down go the crane claws and clutch hold of it. The chains tighten. Slowly and resistlessly the body of the van is lifted up from the framework, and hung in the air. Higher, higher it comes until it is above our heads. Then the vertical movement becomes a horizontal one. Slowly along the double rails the crane and its burden travel towards the gullies of the fire. It stops. There is a clanking of chains, a rattle, a jingle, and a roar, and the stuff is shot in an avalanche before the men, and rammed out of sight to pass through the furnace. The empty van body slips back to its level, glides horizontally to the rail end, sinks on to the framework, with a slide and a click the whole thing is a dust-cart again, and away it drives for another load to bring to destruction in the same way. Every morning there comes a van from a hospital into whose contents no man pries; it is brought under the crane, and lifted aloft, and run over the fire; but its doors fall open only as it touches the gully, and no one sees what it has brought to be destroyed. Often a less horrible cartload comes with diseased meat or other condemned food to be lifted by the crane, and similarly converted into ashes or clinker.

The dividing of the body of the van from the framework has many advantages. There is no

advantage in an excessive stock of wheels. The frames do double duty. The van bodies are replaceable by water-tanks. Slide off the body, and slip on the tank, and there is a water-cart complete—a capital arrangement, for when there is most need of dust-vans there is no need for water-carts.

The load we have seen dealt with was one of hopeless rubbish; let us inquire into the fate of a more mixed accumulation now entering the yard. Along the yard-side is a row of heaps over each of which a gang of pickers are busy. In one place the centre heap has disappeared, sorted out into smaller heaps, or carried off to the destructor opposite. The van is backed into the vacant space, and the contents deposited on the ground. A gang sets to work on it, consisting of three women and a man, for the women, though surely disappearing, have not yet died out even in the city yard. The "leading woman" is in charge; next to her is the man who is known as "the filler." The woman works by contract at so much a load, and the members of the gang earn from twelve to seventeen shillings a week apiece. The fuel is here their perquisite. They sort out the paper, the string, the bones, the tins, the oyster shells; and, speaking generally, their performances are more curious than pleasant, and one is not very sorrowful to hear that the profit on what they do is so near extinction that in a few years their trade will be unknown. Women smoking short pipes and wearing strawboard gaiters and torn bonnet-boxes for pinafores, are perhaps worth seeing by students of so-called "life," but the fewer we have of them the better. A strange notion this of hereditary pickers; mother to daughter, mother to daughter, going on the heap, generation after generation—a caste or class by themselves, a profession indeed quite exclusive, and a special inheritance of the spindle side.

The paper and pasteboard, bundled up into trusses about as large as a bolting of straw, are loaded into barges and sent to Germany to be made into such paper as no English manufacturer can make a profit out of. The string goes to the mat-makers; the bones to the glue-makers; the tins and cans and old buckets and rusty saucepans are taken—when some one can be beguiled into taking them—to be melted down for the sake of the solder, which is the most valuable thing they have about them. The oyster shells go to the three mortar mills worked from the destructor's boiler, and are ground up into manure. That "nothing is wasted" may be true, but unfortunately the utilisation of such waste as this has an arch enemy in sanitary science, and the dustheap is no longer the gold mine it used to be.

The amount of organisation necessary to gather the rubbish to one centre is apparent as we visit the pleasanter portions of the yard. The stables for the horses—splendid animals these horses, costing £80 a piece, and having a life expectation of only eight years; the shops for the farriers and wheelwrights who do all the repairs on the premises; the fodder-loft, with its mixing elevator; the stores with the spare tools; the park of vehicles ready for emergencies—all witness to the work required behind the scenes to make matters move smoothly. And among other excellent arrangements there is a large room with a kitchen attached for the men's use. In this room the men assemble in the morning to have hot coffee before they start on their rounds, the coffee being found at the city's expense, though the men are encouraged to contribute sixpence a week towards a sick and self-help fund as a trifle of acknowledgment, the fund being administered without deductions. And in this room every man has a locker, in which we suppose he keeps his "plated harness" ready for his "going into black" in the morning.

At the river front is a fleet of barges which come to the neighbouring wharves loaded with bricks, and return from here with the bulk of the refuse, bound mostly for the Medway. The street sweepings go away direct, and with them such of the wet stuff—the "soft core," so called—as is available for manure. Some barges will load up entirely with this; others will load with "dry core," half ashes for the bricks and half "breeze" to burn them by. Seven barges at a time can be loaded, and three barges a day can be despatched full from each berth, so that as a barge-load averages seventy tons, the facilities for getting rid of the rubbish are equal to any pressure.

The difficulty is to make sufficient profit out of it to pay for the removal. Year by year the prices fall; and what at one time the contractor was glad to buy he has now to be paid to take away. It costs over £30,000 a year to keep the city clean, and not a tenth of this comes back by the sale of the sweepings and refuse.

W. J. GORDON.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. CANON CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

STAFFORD.



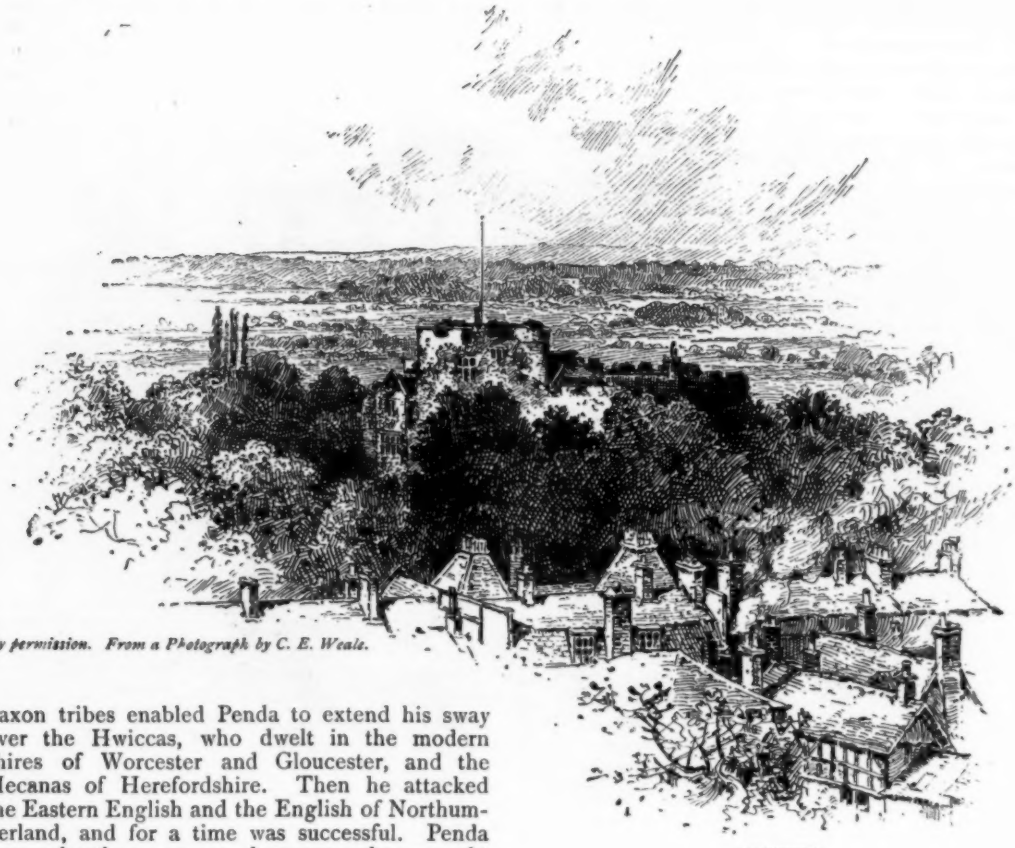
IN NEEDWOOD FOREST.

THE district contained within the county of Stafford, like that which forms the neighbouring counties of Warwick and Worcester, was, in old times, little known and scantily peopled. On the north, the moorlands of the Peak made way for a fringe of woodland, which broadened into the forest of Needwood, reaching to the valley of the Trent. Westward of this rose a bleak upland, known later as Cannock Chase, which stretched almost to the Forest of Arden. There was little in such a district to attract the Roman colonists, though the Roman road from Leicester to Chester skirted the forest of Needwood, and was held by a station at Uttoxeter; while another Roman road made its way between Cannock Chase and the Forest of Arden. It is not here, however, that we need stop to gather together traces of the Roman occupation of Britain. The real history of the district begins with the coming of the English, who followed the basin of the Trent, and made their settlements along its course. One band of adventurers penetrated to its junction with the Tame, and spread along the open country by its banks. There, where the ground rises by the spot where the Tame receives the waters of the Anker, they made their first settlement, and called it Tamworth. They next made themselves masters of the country which lay below the moorland of Cannock Chase; and the name of Lichfield, "the field of corpses," is said to mark the site of the battle in which they overcame the Britons who gathered to resist the inroads of the invader. After this battle those English of the West skirted the bleak tract of Cannock Chase by following the Roman road of Watling Street, and then passing the valley of the Penk; while others went northwards and struck the valley of the Sow. Near the junction of the Penk and the Sow they made another settlement at Stafford, or the ford over the broadening stream, which could be crossed by the help of a staff. Further northwards they did not penetrate for two centuries, but were content with guarding against the Welsh the territory which they had gained, and so were known by the name of the Mercians or Men of the March.

At first these Marchmen were scattered tribes inhabiting the basin of the Trent. They seem,

however, soon to have drawn together into a kingdom, and under their king, Penda (526—655), began a career of conquest at the expense of their neighbours. Discord amongst the West Saxon tribes enabled Penda to extend his sway over the Hwiccas, who dwelt in the modern shires of Worcester and Gloucester, and the Hecanas of Herefordshire. Then he attacked the Eastern English and the English of Northumberland, and for a time was successful. Penda was a heathen, stern and savage, who wrought much havoc wherever he went on his plundering raids; but at the last he fell in battle against the Northumbrians, and on his fall the Mercian power was broken. Penda's son, Peada, became a Christian, and was in subjection to the Northumbrian king. This subjection did not last long; for, under Wulfhere in 659, Mercia again was free and began a new career of conquest. We need not follow the ups and downs of its successes as the great military power in England. Its people were still fierce and rugged, for Christianity had made little progress amongst them. It was left for the archbishop, who was sent from Rome, Theodore of Tarsus, to organise the work of the church in England; and nowhere did it need more organisation than in Mercia. There, in 669, Theodore set up a bishop at Lichfield, and chose for that office Ceadda or Chad, a monk of Lastingham, who, in Wilfrid's long absence on the Continent, had been made Bishop of York in his stead. Chad's simple piety so impressed those that saw him that they held him in great honour, and after his death, in 672, men took him for a saint, so that the church of St. Chad still marks the spot where he lived and laboured.

Soon after his death Archbishop Theodore carried further the organisation of the Mercian church by setting up bishops at Worcester, Hereford, and Leicester; so that the see of Lichfield contained the district of the Mercians proper, and their annexations by conquest received the recognition of ecclesiastical independence. The district contained within the modern county of Stafford was the heart of the original Mercian kingdom. Its king dwelt at Tamworth; its bishop at Lichfield. The district began to increase in importance. The settlement of Wolverhampton, in the middle of the forest, tells by its name of the ravages made by the wild wolves on the flocks of its first inhabitants. Along the valley of the Trent a monastery was planted at Burton, which became a centre of agricultural life.



By permission. From a Photograph by C. E. Weale.

TAMWORTH.

The eighth century saw Mercia, under its king Ethelbald, supreme over Britain south of the Humber; but at the battle of Burford, in 754, the West Saxons won a victory which secured their independence, and they never lost it again. For a time it seemed that England was to be permanently divided into three kingdoms—Northumberland, Mercia, and Wessex. The Mercian king, Offa, sought to extend his dominions by warring against the Welsh, and carried his arms to the Wye, where

he fixed his frontier by the earthwork, Offa's Dyke, which joined the Wye and the Dee. Offa designed to make his kingdom as important as were Northumberland and Wessex, and for this purpose obtained the Pope's permission, in 786, to raise the see of Lichfield to an archbishopric. Northumberland had raised the see of York to an archbishopric, and Offa desired a like dignity for Mercia. So for a time there was an archbishop of Lichfield, with the bishops of Mercia and East Anglia for his suffragans. But this project, which would have had a strong influence in keeping England divided, scarcely survived its designer. Offa's successor, beset by difficulties, gained an ally in the Archbishop of Canterbury, by suppressing the Mercian archbishopric in 803. Soon after that Mercia was distracted by civil war. Its glory passed rapidly away, and in 828 it submitted to the West Saxon Egbert. Indeed, the power of Mercia rested solely on the sword, and depended upon the character of its kings. It had no organisation, and no great centre of its national life. Tamworth was only the residence of its king, and Lichfield of its bishop. It showed no intellectual activity, and had no strongly marked characteristics. It was a loose confederacy rather than a regulated kingdom. When once it had fallen there was no point round which patriotism could gather.

When the Danes invaded Mercia in 874, they met with little resistance. It was left to the West Saxon King Alfred to check their ravages, and when he made peace with them, in 878, Mercia was divided, and the western part only was left in English hands. Thus, it came about that there is a strong Danish element in the neighbouring counties of Derby and Leicester, while Staffordshire shows little trace of their presence. This division completed the destruction of the national feeling of Mercia. Over the part that remained English Alfred set a Mercian ruler, Ethelred, and gave him his sister Ethelfled to wife. Ethelred died in 912, and Ethelfled, "the lady of the Mercians" as she was called, began a work for the protection of her frontier which was of great importance in the future. She fortified the line of the Roman Road of Watling Street, and erected a mound crowned by a fortress at Tamworth, and another at Stafford. By this means she occupied the strongest positions in Central England, and was able in a few years to drive out the Danes from the entire valley of the Trent. King Athelstan oftimes held his court at Tamworth; and before 930 the power of the Danes had been broken, and England was united under the West Saxon king. The old kingdom of Mercia had entirely passed away, and its domains were portioned out into shires for the convenience of government. Even the central part kept no trace of its old name, but was grouped round the fortress of Stafford, and took the name of Staffordshire.

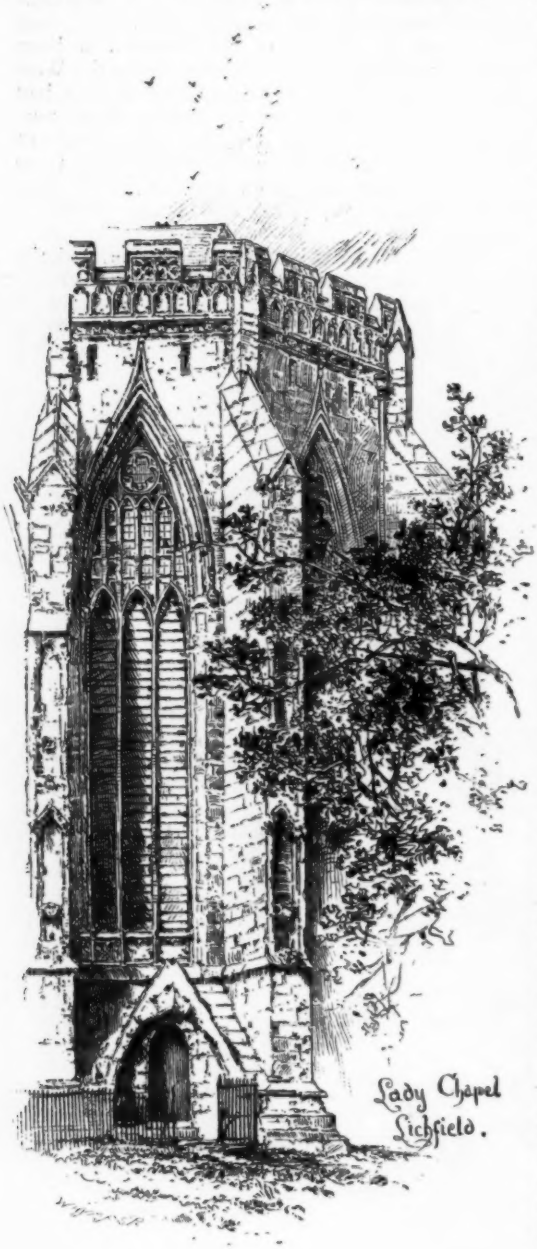
This union of England was premature, and the central power was not able to hold the country together. A separate ruler for Mercia was soon needed, and in the years before the Norman Conquest the Mercian earl was an important person. But when William the Norman claimed to sit upon the English throne, those who had done nothing to prevent his conquest were foremost to rebel against him. In 1069 Staffordshire rose in revolt,



By permission. [*From a Photograph by C. E. Weale.*

TAMWORTH CASTLE.

and was visited by William with the punishment which he never failed to mete out to resistance. The lands of the shire were laid waste; the



English owners were driven out; Normans were set in their stead, and a castle was built at Stafford to keep rebellious spirits in awe. Further, Staffordshire seemed likely to lose its ecclesiastical position; for Lichfield did not seem to the Norman love of organisation a fit place for a bishop's church. The English sees had been founded for tribes, and sometimes had their seats in villages. The Normans were accustomed to the sight of a cathedral rising in stately grandeur over a populous town. Lichfield was merely a village which gathered round a church; so William I ordered that the see should be transferred to Chester. The next Norman bishop, however, looked with longing eyes on the minster of Coventry, and took that as the chief church of his diocese. But the fame of St. Chad could not be entirely forgotten, and the see was known as the diocese of Coventry and Lichfield, by which title it existed till the dissolution of the monasteries swept away the monastery of Coventry, and restored Lichfield to its original dignity.

The county of Stafford was not a very attractive place of residence, and William the Conqueror granted much of its western part to Hugh of Montgomery, Earl of Arundel, whose main possessions lay elsewhere. The rest was chiefly held by the lords of the castles of Stafford, Tamworth, and Tutbury. The only important monastery was Burton, though there were collegiate churches at Stafford and Tamworth. Other castles were built and monasteries were founded as time went on. But the mediæval history of Staffordshire is not important. Its bishop, elected by the monks of Lichfield and Coventry together, passed from one place to another, and the disputes concerning his election between the rival bodies of electors fill a large part of the annals of the see. We do not even know from any records the history of the building of the graceful cathedral, whose three fair spires, rising behind the Minster pool, are now the chief architectural glory of the country. We can only say that the church was built gradually between the years 1200 and 1350, and that the elegant disposition of the west front shows that it was the work of men who had no niggard spirit. History has most to say of wars and tumults; and we have no written trace of the gradual process by which the limits of the forest were gradually diminished and the plough of the husbandman pressed on into the waste. For the most part Staffordshire was left in tolerable peace. Its castles were not in very strong positions, and their lords either held other castles elsewhere or were not men of great importance. Even the Barons' war against Henry III did not much affect Staffordshire, though it led to the forfeiture of the estates of Henry Ferrars, Earl of Derby, after which the Castle of Tutbury was conferred on Edward the king's son, and became a part of the possessions of the great earldom of Lancaster. Edmund's son, Thomas, headed the baronial opposition against the feeble Edward II, and fortified his castle of Tutbury. In 1322 Edward marched against him, and gathered his forces at Lichfield. Earl Thomas manned the bridge of Burton to prevent the king's passage, but his attempt was vain. He dared not defend Tutbury, but fled into Yorkshire, where he was defeated and put to death. In this war the abbey of Burton suffered great loss, and the town was laid waste. Tutbury Castle followed the fortunes of the house of Lancaster, and on the accession of Henry IV was joined to the Crown, and now forms part of the possessions of the Duchy of Lancaster.

In 1459 the Wars of the Roses disturbed the peace of Staffordshire, and a battle was fought upon the western border of the county. It was during a period of hollow reconciliation between the two parties when Queen Margaret was in Chester endeavouring to gather troops from Wales. She had enrolled a body of 10,000 men, who were put under the command of Lord Audley, when news was brought that the Earl of Salisbury was marching with 5,000 men to join the Duke of York at Ludlow. Lord Audley was sent to cut him off, and the two forces met on Blore-heath. Salisbury took up a position on the bank of a little stream, which was not broad but deep, and with steep banks. When the evening advanced he pretended to be struck with panic, and withdrew. This encouraged the royalists to press on into the stream, abandoning their military order. As soon as they were confused by scrambling up the bank, Salisbury returned and fell upon them. A desperate fight ensued, in which Salisbury was victor, despite the disadvantage of numbers. Audley was slain, and 2,400 of his soldiers were left corpses on the field. Queen Margaret fled to Eccleshall Castle, and Salisbury joined the Duke of York at Ludlow, where he was soon afterwards defeated by Henry VI, and driven to flee to Calais.

There is not much to tell that is specially characteristic of the history of Staffordshire in the period that followed. Its monasteries disappeared, and have left few traces. Its towns were not important, and its manufactories were insignificant. The chief industry carried on was the making of woollen caps, and even that began to fail in the middle of the sixteenth century when greater habits of luxury began to prevail. The trade of England passed to the east and south, and the western and midland shires declined in importance. In 1575 Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to Stafford, which tried to do honour to its royal visitor. "Each man's house was new painted, and the streets were gravelled." The mayor presented the Queen with a gold cup; but Elizabeth saw at a glance the signs of unmistakable poverty. "Alas, poor souls," she said, "other towns give us of their plenty, but you give us of your want." She attempted to revive the decaying industry of the West by an Act of Parliament, which imposed a fine on any one under a certain rank who presumed to wear a felt hat instead of the old-fashioned woollen cap—an Act which was no more successful than other like attempts to stem the tide of fashion.

During the reign of Elizabeth the Castle of Tutbury was a place of some importance as the



By permission. *[From a Photograph by R. Keene, Derby.*

TUTBURY CASTLE.

prison, at several periods of her captivity, of the luckless Mary Queen of Scots. Elizabeth knew how to make her nobles useful, and she saddled the Earl of Shrewsbury with the duty of acting as gaoler to the Scottish Queen. Shrewsbury was chosen for this purpose because his houses were many, and all were situated in secure and unfrequented parts of the middle of England, so as to be safe from all attempts at a surprise. The dilapidated Castle of Tutbury was held by Shrewsbury on lease from the Crown, and was the strongest but the most uncomfortable of his dwellings. It was damp, gloomy, and difficult of access; more like a prison than a house. Thither Mary was taken for security from the rising of the North in 1569—70; thither again she was removed in 1584, and thence was transferred to the neighbouring manor house of Chartley, which belonged to the Earl of Essex, in order that evidence of her plots might more easily be obtained. Already the ale of Burton was celebrated, and a brewer of Burton, who supplied Mary with ale, devised a means of carrying out her letters in the empty casks. This brewer, however, was a spy of Walsingham's, and Mary's letters were all copied before they were delivered. The correspondence was allowed to go on till enough evidence was obtained to justify a charge against Mary of plotting against Elizabeth's life. Then Chartley Manor had served its purpose of a trap, and Mary was removed to Tixhall, while her rooms at Chartley were diligently searched.

When the great Civil War broke out the gentry of Staffordshire ranged themselves on the king's side, and Tamworth, Lichfield, and Stafford were garrisoned by the royal troops. In 1643, Lord Brook, the owner of Warwick Castle, was sent by Parliament to break up this line of fortresses which secured to Charles I free communications with the north. He marched against Lichfield, a place of not more than a thousand inhabitants, where the royalists turned the cathedral and the close into a fortress. Standing on high ground, surrounded by water, it was a strong position, and Lord Brook gave orders to open fire against the cathedral buildings. As he stood in the street watching the gunner who was aiming his cannon, a shot was fired from the cathedral battlements which entered his eye and penetrated his brain, so that he fell dead. The siege, however, was contined, and the garrison of the close were soon compelled to surrender on March 4th. The Parliamentary forces were in some measure excusable for treating the cathedral as a captured fortress: they manned the close, plundered the cathedral, and wrought great havoc of its monuments and ornaments; but on April 10th, Prince Rupert appeared before Lichfield, and, after another siege which lasted ten days, the cathedral was recovered by the loyalists, who held it till 1646. It is probable that the soldiers of both sides had a share in the havoc which was made of the sacred building. After the Restoration, when Bishop Hacket went to take possession of the See of Lichfield, he found his cathedral encumbered with rubbish, battered by cannon balls, its western tower in ruins. On the morning after his arrival he roused his servants at daybreak, and set them to work with all his horses to begin the restoration, which he assiduously continued for eight years. The great architect, Christopher Wren, repaired the fallen spires, and in 1669 Bishop Hacket could celebrate its restoration for public worship. Nor was Lichfield the only place that was the seat of war in Staffordshire. On March 19th, 1642, the Earl of Northampton, who was marching to the recovery of Lichfield, was met at Hopton Heath, near Stafford, by the Parliamentary forces, and fell in an indecisive battle. At the end of 1643 Parliament ordered the Castle of Stafford to be demolished, and before the war was ended all the strongholds in the county had been destroyed.

Staffordshire was the scene of the beginning of Charles II's romantic adventures after the battle of Worcester in 1651. He fled from Worcester in company with the Earl of Derby, who advised him to seek refuge in the house of Boscobel, on the borders of Staffordshire, which had been adopted as a hiding place for Roman priests. In the woods between Boscobel and Whiteladies, Charles, disguised as a woodcutter, was concealed by the devotion of four labourers of the name of Pendrell. There, when the pursuit was hottest, Charles was hidden in an old oak, whose top had been polled and sent forth a dense covert of young branches. Thence he escaped by night to the house of another friend at Morley, and thence to Burtley Hall, near Walsall. Its owner, Colonel Lane, had obtained a pass for his sister and a servant to go to Bristol on a visit to a relative. Charles took the servant's place, and rode before Miss Lane on her journey. The story is one which gives a high sense of the sturdy resoluteness and uprightness of the Staffordshire folk.

The end of the seventeenth century saw Staffordshire a poor county, with a diminished population, and scanty resources. Its revival came not from its old historic centres, but from the cold and clayey district which lay almost neglected in the north of the Shire. There from early times a small manufacture of pottery had been carried on, but it was not till the beginning of the eighteenth century that it became of any importance. Then the growth of comfort created a demand for something better than wooden or pewter trenches, and the importation of pottery from Holland and from the East gave a model for native workmen. Two Germans, of the name of Elers, settled near Burslem about 1690, because they found that the red clay of the neighbourhood was well suited to produce imitations of the red-ware of Japan. They introduced the process of glazing with salt, and kept their methods a profound secret, till a clever mechanic, John Astbury, by feigning himself an idiot, contrived to get admission to their works and discover their operations. The accidental observation of an ostler's remedy for sore eyes in a horse, by burning a flint and blowing its powdered ashes into the eye, led Astbury to discover the use of calcined flint as a material for mixing with clay in the manufacture of pottery. When inventiveness was once stimulated it rapidly progressed,

and little by little the material was made harder and finer, its colour was improved, and, above all, new methods of glazing were discovered. It was reserved for Josiah Wedgewood, sprung from a family of Staffordshire potters, to give an artistic value to the products of English pottery. By a series of laborious experiments he succeeded in carrying the manufacture to a pitch of perfection in which it could compete with the produce of any other country. The Potteries rapidly became one of the busiest parts of England, and all that was needed for its growth was better means of conveying the ware to the great markets. The success of Brindley's canal between Manchester and Liverpool suggested the extension of a system of water carriage to Staffordshire, and a canal which should join the Mersey with the Trent was projected in 1765. This Grand Trunk Canal was a great work, and the tunnel through which it entered Staffordshire at Harecastle was a memorable step in English engineering. It was 2,880 yards long, but was made so low and narrow that barges had to be propelled through it by men pushing with their legs against the roof. The traffic was so great that this had to be amended, and a second tunnel, broad enough for horses, was afterwards constructed by Telford.

While the north of the county was thus progressing in industry, the southern part was sharing in the activity which centred in Birmingham. The district which contains Walsall, Wednesbury, Dudley, and Wolverhampton forms part of the "black country," and is now busied with manufactories of many kinds. But between the potteries and the "black country" lies the moorland and forest region of central Staffordshire, which still pursues purely agricultural pursuits. Nowhere in England is greater peace than on the uplands of Needwood Forest or of Cannock Chase. If Staffordshire in early days was neglected by its landowners, who preferred more cultivated spots, modern times have redressed the grievance, and few parts of England are more attractive for the enjoyment of country life. The great houses of Trentham, Alton Towers, and Beaudesert are only foremost in the list of mansions which are scattered through the woodland; while the trim villages which gather in their neighbourhood possess the charm which English villages alone can claim.

OUR HORSES.

BY THE LATE REV. J. G. WOOD.

IV.—THE TAIL.

HAVING done with the Head, we proceed to the Tail.

Here, again, the vagaries of fashion have not only disfigured the horse but permanently injured it. People cannot be content to leave a horse alone, but must needs employ their knives and scissors upon it until they have entirely altered its appearance. The mane is too often hogged under the mistaken idea that it gives the animal a sprightly aspect, whereas its real result is to make it resemble the donkey as closely as possible. The tail of the horse was intended by Nature to be long and flowing, and in consequence fashion deprives the horse not only of one of its chief ornaments, but of a most useful implement. When allowed to grow as designed by the Creator, the tail can be switched against almost every portion of the body, and forms an effectual defence against the flies with which the horse is so much annoyed in hot weather. Fashion, however, is quite insensible to suffering, and as long as we find ourselves enduring agonies through tight boots and corsets, we must not be surprised if we subject our horses to similar discomforts.

Within the last twenty years the tails of horses have been progressively shortened, until they have been rendered quite useless for the task which they were intended to perform. Had the disfigurement stopped at that stage little real harm would have been done to the animal, as hair will grow again, and a few years would restore the tail to its normal condition. But the demands of fashion continued to increase, and the result which I had foretold more than twenty years ago—being ridiculed for my Cassandra-like pessimism—occurred, and "docking" again came into fashion.

Now, docking consists in cutting off several of the vertebræ of the tail itself, so that if the horse were to live for fifty years no more hair could grow. The mischief is irremediable. There is now before me a portrait of a highly-bred pony. The animal has not only been so ruthlessly docked that scarcely any of the tail is left, but the hair which still remains upon the mutilated stump is clipped so short that if the animal were drawn in profile it would appear to be as if its hind-quarters terminated in a sharp wedge with the point outwards. Compare with so mutilated an animal the Arab horse as it appears in its own country, and the disfigurement will be apparent to every unprejudiced eye.

The late Charles Waterton mentions in his autobiography that many years ago, when he allowed the tails of his horses to remain as Nature made them, he was hooted and pelted with mud as he drove along, and for the sake of his servants was forced to cut the tails of his horses so as to avoid offending popular prejudice. But he never docked them, nor if his life had been at stake would he have done so.

Not long ago the force of prejudice was rather unexpectedly exhibited. I was staying with a friend who is a lover of horses, and always has a number of the young animals at liberty in his park. Having been from their birth accustomed to kind treatment, they have no fear of man, and as soon as they see one of the household, or even a guest whom they have learned to know, walking through the park, they come galloping up, and are quite importunate in their demands for notice. The bolder spirits among them will even ascend the stone stairs leading to the hall, and crowd them so thickly that it is difficult to force a passage through them.

One day I was at a window watching the horses at play. The young ones had beguiled their elders into joining their sports, and they were all careering about and displaying the most beautiful series of outlines in their sport. I was pointing out this grace of movement to a visitor—a "horsey" man—and was rather horrified at his remark that the horses were well enough, but if they were his he would very soon have those tails off—those very tails carrying on the line of grace which begins at the ears and is continued backwards along the whole of the spine.

The cruelty of such an operation is too obvious to need argument, but, as I have already stated, fashion ignores the question of cruelty altogether. The sufferings of a sensitive animal like the horse, when several vertebræ of its tail are cut off and a red-hot iron applied to the raw wound, may be imagined. The suffering is so severe that many horses have succumbed to the operation, lock-jaw having set in, and the horse died in torments so frightful that I will not harrow the minds of my readers by a detailed description. We should not dare to treat a dog as we treat our horses, for the yells of the tortured animal would draw attention to the agony which it was suffering. But the horse suffers in silence, and, except when a groan is occasionally wrung from it, gives no indication of its feelings.

A feeble attempt at defence of the operation was lately made, under pretence that docking was "conducive to human safety," which very comprehensive and vague statement resolves itself when investigated into a theory that when horses are docked they cannot get their tails over the reins, and so imperil the safety of the driver and passengers! Here is a theory, indeed! What kind of driver must he be who allows the horse to throw its tail over the rein? The fault lies with the driver, and not with the horse, and it is more than absurd to subject a horse to a painful and acknowledgedly dangerous operation because a few foolhardy people who have never learned to drive have allowed themselves to be deprived of the use of the rein by their own negligence.

V.—THE HOOF.

Our rapidly waning space warns me that we must now proceed to our last and most important division of the subject—namely, the Hoof, or, as it is more popularly called, the Foot. Here man's invention has fairly run riot in devising—and always with the best intentions towards the animal—every mode by which the foot can be weakened and its natural efficiency destroyed. Again judging the horse by ourselves, and knowing that if we were to run barefooted over rough stones the soles of our feet would be cut to pieces, we assume that the same injury would be inflicted on an unshod horse. Now, to the mind of anyone who has even a superficial knowledge of anthropology, such a comparison carries no weight at all. In the first place, it is restricted to the shoe-wearing portions of civilised nations, and ignores the fact that the larger part of the world's population are in the habit of traversing barefoot ground which would soon cut our best boots to pieces, and which is, moreover, heated like the floor of an oven by the rays of the sun. A regiment of Kaffir warriors will travel at a sort of dog-trot for many consecutive hours over roadless and rocky country, and be ready to fight at the end of a continuous march of sixty miles. Yet not a man of them has worn a shoe in his life. Even within the compass of the British islands there are thousands of human beings who never wear shoes, and are only inconvenienced and temporarily lamed when forced to encase their feet in shoes or boots.

In the next place, the comparison between the foot of man and that of the horse is anatomically incorrect, man walking upon the entire sole of the foot, and the horse, as has already been explained, on the tips of the toes. The comparison might have held good if made with the bear, but not with the horse. Then, the popular ideas of the hoof, including those of the ordinary farrier, are vague in the extreme. People think—or rather they assume without thinking—that the hoof is composed of horn which is too soft to withstand travel upon artificial roads, and which must be guarded by means of a flat iron "shoe" affixed by nails, whereas the hoof of the horse is one of the most complicated and delicate pieces of machinery in the animal kingdom, composed of three distinct materials, and each of these materials assisting and being assisted by both the others. Let us begin with the "wall," or "crust," as it is indifferently termed.

Instead of being a piece of solid horn into which iron nails can be driven without injury, it is formed from six or seven hundred distinct horny plates, each shaped much like an ordinary knife blade, and fastened together with their backs outwards and their edges inwards. The backs are extremely hard, but the horny blade becomes softer and softer until at the interior edge it can be crushed to pieces between the finger and thumb. It will be seen, therefore, that a slight space exists between these horny flakes, or "laminæ," as they are scientifically termed.

Why should these spaces exist, and why are the laminæ separated towards their edges?

As we proceed farther into the interior of the hoof, we shall see that upon the "coffin" bone there are set a corresponding series of "sensitive" or vascular laminæ, each being furnished with arteries, veins, and nerves. These sensitive laminæ occupy the spaces between the horny laminæ just

as the teeth of two combs might do if interlaced. It is evident, therefore, that even the wall of the hoof is not composed of solid horn, but is a most complex structure, capable of a certain amount of expansion and contraction.

Now we will pass to the centre of the hoof. This is occupied by a peculiar structure popularly called the "frog," because, when unmutilated by the farrier's knife, it bears no small resemblance to a crouching frog with its limbs drawn closely to its body. It is not hard, like the wall, but soft, highly elastic, very much resembling vulcanised indiarubber, and, when perfect, projecting a little farther than the edge of the wall.

Lastly comes the so-called "sole," which connects the frog with the wall, and forms a slightly arched dome. It is very thick, hard, and is made of successive flakes of horny matter, one superimposed upon the other so as to give great strength with the least possible expenditure of material. Each of these structures has its own object. They all work harmoniously together, and if one of them be injured so that it cannot perform its share of the common duty, its companions share the injury, and the horse which they were meant to serve suffers in proportion to the damage done to it. The several duties of the three portions of the external hoof are as follows.

The frog takes the weight of the animal as it puts the foot to the ground, and by its great elasticity plays an important part in obviating the jar which would otherwise be caused by the tread of so heavy an animal. Thence the weight is transferred to the "bars," which are a continuation of the crust, and are bent inwards in the form of a capital letter V.



HOOF "IMPROVED" BY THE FARRIER.

The frog has also another office. It acts as a tenacious pad, enabling the animal to retain its hold on smooth and slippery surfaces. An unshod horse, providing that its foot be in its natural state, can gallop over ice without slipping, and is perfectly sure-footed even on smooth and wet stone. The indiarubber safety pads, which are so useful in frosty weather, are nothing but imitations of the natural frog, which the farrier has pared away.

Next, the weight comes on the edge of the wall itself, which in an unmutilated hoof is so sharp that if the horse were to strike an enemy with the hoof, the edge would cut like a knife.

The object of this sharpness of edge is to enable the horse to retain its foot-hold upon steep or rocky ground. Wild horses are as sure-footed as the chamois itself, and will dash at full speed up and down precipitous ravines, which a man cannot climb except by going on his hands and knees. Our own Exmoor ponies afford excellent examples of this sureness of foot as they gallop at full speed up and down the stone-strewn "combs" of their native district.

Lastly, the sole, which acts as a connecting link between the frog and the wall, causes a slight expansion of the hoof when the weight of the animal bears upon it, followed by a corresponding contraction when it is taken off. This alternate expansion and contraction is greatest at the heel, becoming gradually less towards the toe, where it ceases altogether. As the horse is naturally always on the move as long as it is awake, all these three kinds of horn are incessantly worn away, and must be renewed as fast as they are worn.

Each is removed in a different manner. The wall, or crust, is simply rubbed down by friction against the ground. The sole scales off in successive flakes, while the frog falls away in little flaps. In order to supply the continual waste of horn, a vast amount of blood is pumped into the foot at every beat of the heart, and, as all must know who possess but a smattering of physiology, must either do its rightful work or do mischief.

One more point in the structure of the horse's foot is to be found in the fact that it is as light as is possible consistent with strength, so that the animal has not to lift one ounce more weight than is absolutely necessary. This is especially shewn in the structure of the "coffin" bone, or last joint of the toe. As it has to carry the hoof, it must be of large size, and, if it were solid, like most of the other bones of the body, it would be of considerable weight. But in order to ensure lightness, it is a mere sponge of bony matter, with a very thin exterior of hard bone, which affords attachment for the wonderful series of tendons by which the joints are moved. There is now before me a coffin bone taken from a rather large horse. From wing to wing it measures four inches, and eight inches when measured round the toe. Its depth in front is rather more than two inches and a half; and yet it weighs well under four ounces.

Bearing in mind these different qualities of the hoof, let us see how it is treated by our system of shoeing. With the best intentions in the world, we abrogate every one of the conditions which the Creator has established with such elaborate care.

Assuming that because the frog is soft it must be injured if it should come to the ground, the farrier thoughtfully pares it down until he has reduced it according to his ideas on the subject. Sometimes his ideas are of the heroic order. There is now before me the entire frog of a horse cut off by one sweep of the farrier's knife, and sent to me direct from the forge. The weight of the horse is therefore taken off the elastic frog and thrown upon the edge of the wall.

Then, knowing that the wall must be worn away by friction against the hard ground, we nail upon it an iron contrivance which we are pleased to call

a "shoe," and which has the great merit of rendering nugatory at least four of the attributes which are essential to a perfect hoof. In the first place the shoe is a dead weight hung exactly where it is least wanted, and where it requires a ruinous expenditure of muscular power in raising it. The old racing adage that "an ounce on the foot is equal to a pound on the back" has been proverbial for many generations, and yet we persist in hanging on each foot of a horse a piece of iron varying in weight from three-quarters of a pound to four pounds, or even more. This may seem an exaggerated statement, but I have before me some shoes exceeding four pounds in weight, which I purchased at the forge where they were made. I have also shoes of similar dimensions, which I bought as they were removed from the horses which had worn them. It is of little use to have the coffin bone so carefully lightened, when heavy weights are thus hung at the end of the limb. The attribute of lightness is thus nullified.

Then, as the shoe is nailed to the wall round its entire edge, the expansion and contraction which ought to accompany every step cannot take place, and the attribute of elasticity is destroyed.

Again. Another needful attribute of the wall of the hoof is its great strength. Now in fastening the shoe to the hoof eight nails are generally used, each nail being about one-eighth of an inch in thickness at the base. Therefore, when the shoe has been fixed, no less than an inch of iron has been driven among the horny laminæ, tearing them apart so forcibly that the farrier, when he is required to shoe a horse, has often much difficulty in finding a sufficiency of sound horn which will retain a nail. Strength is therefore sacrificed by the shoe.

It has been mentioned that the edge of the wall is naturally sharp; whereupon man cuts away the natural edge and substitutes a flat plate of smooth iron, seldom less than half an inch in width, and often far exceeding that measurement. By dint of constant friction the iron becomes so polished that it slides over any slippery surface. This smooth shoe is the chief cause of the accidents which occur when the road is rendered slippery by any cause, especially by frost. Had the soft and clinging frog and the sharp-edged wall been left in their natural condition, the horses could have traversed the smoothest pavements with ease and security.

Then the sole is intended not only to connect the frog and the wall, but to defend the sensitive tissues within the hoof. Therefore the farrier must needs pare the sole away until it yields to the pressure of the thumb. He never asks himself why it should be thinned, but simply pares the sole because such is the custom. The natural result is that when a stone is picked up between the thinned sole and the shoe, down drops the horse as if he had been shot as soon as his weight bears on the stone. Now, an unshod horse cannot pick up a stone, for the simple reason that the frog and bars so fill up the hoof that there is no space in which a stone can lodge. For the same reason snow cannot "ball" in it.

Even if an unshod horse should tread on broken stones, it cares nothing for them, but traverses them with ease and safety. I knew for some years a little mare which had been driven without shoes for more than eight years. So far from objecting to newly-made roads, she always became excited by them, and more than once ran away to a considerable distance before she could be stopped.

Anear.

If for one dead I ever seem to place
Thee 'neath that rank of love thou know'st is thine,
The cause is but that loves beyond outshine
The loves anear, and he is first whose face
Looks Godward, whose still brow now wears the grace
Of that great secret solved, whereof the sign
Made all his earthly days a thing divine,
Though marred by many a sorrow's human trace.
O love, not less beloved, though less revered,
My living love by one that's dead endeared,
To make life's purest bonds at once complete!
By this I learn loss leads to greater gain:—
Death could but take from thee life's shallow stain
To paint my dreams of thee more fair and sweet!

LILY HAYNES.

PERSONALIA OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

I.

IN a revolution certain persons become prominent because they are peculiarly intense examples of the types of character which are in the ascendant at each successive stage in its course. Thus, in the French Revolution, each of its leaders will be found a microcosm of a certain influence prevailing for a time, an influence which, seizing upon the peculiar personality best adapted to be its expression, pushed it to the fore, dominating and enlarging it.

Mounier, Mirabeau, Rabaut St. Etienne have all been referred to in a former article. Here, in touching on the spirit that initiated the Revolution, we may say a passing word about them and some others. No one doubts the anarchy, religious, legal, social, of the old *régime*, and no one in the eighteenth century had more reason to know how complete it was than the vast body of magistrates and lawyers, who were perhaps the only set of men who had any chance of seeing public affairs on an extended scale. From the humblest village attorneys to the presidents of parliaments there were, all the eighteenth century through, great legists who, filled with an intense desire to replace injustice by equity, anarchy and confusion by order, barbarous cruelty by humanity, felt themselves and France degraded by a system which, however, there was no power strong enough to reform. If France has come now to have the clearest, most simple, most harmonious code in the world, it is due mainly to the lawyers of the eighteenth century, educated experimentally in the thirteen parliaments of France, and by the spirit of Jansenism. Of this, two of the great men in the National Assembly were notable examples—Target, the leading barrister in Paris, and Camus, the great ecclesiastical lawyer.

But among lawyers at the opening of the States-General the most honoured was Mounier, judge royal at Grenoble. Deeply interested in the English Constitution and the 1689 Declaration of Rights, he aroused the Dauphinois to assert their right to convoke their provincial States, long in abeyance. His high character, the purity of his aims, affected all classes. The clergy high and low, the noblesse, the Tiers-État, appear to have been animated by the same spirit of liberty and equity. Under Mounier they braved the letter of the law, convoked their States, and gave them a new constitution in which the Tiers-État overwhelmingly predominated; the clergy taking the lowest position, exchanging places in fact with the people. This action of Dauphiny had great influence on the States-General, convoked at Versailles in the ensuing spring, and Mounier led the way in the resistance to voting by orders; it was he who proposed the famous oath in the tennis-court. Mounier's ideal was the English Constitution; but notwithstanding their respect for him, and admiration for Necker, who as minister urged similar ideas on the king, the Assembly did not care for such a solution; and so after the conquest of king and Assembly by the people of Paris in October, 1789, Mounier withdrew from the National Assembly, and was not again heard of in public life.

His first marvellous successes were due to the support of men more used to discouragement, or with fewer scruples, and more in harmony with the country. Rabaut Saint-Etienne was a type of the first, Mirabeau of the second. Both were orators of the first order, both came from the south, and possessed its gift of enthusiasm for all that was just and right, and both represented intolerable wrongs which they had felt very closely. The leading men of the National Assembly, who, with rare exceptions, were men of the moral standard of Rabaut and Mounier, shrank from Mirabeau, and only grudgingly acknowledged his gifts of practical insight and power of expression. Mirabeau himself was a living witness of all the evils of the old *régime*, and that was perhaps why he hated it so heartily.

Mirabeau, like Rousseau and Marat, owed half his power to bitter wounds which circumstances had made in his soul. It was not so with the man who most completely set forth the character of those who inaugurated the Revolution. Intended for a painter by his father, keeper of the royal pictures, Jean Sylvain Bailly dreamt rather of being a poet of the order of Racine and Corneille. But having been assured by a faithful friend—an actor—that he had no dramatic talent, he gave up trying to portray the infinite in man, and sought to study the infinite in nature. He became an astronomer, publishing two important astronomical works in a style luminous as the subject. For, with that desire to be useful to his generation so characteristic of the time, he wrote in plain language free from all scientific jargon. In 1784 he was made a member of the French Academy, and a year after his reception he wrote his "History of Indian and Oriental Astronomy." Proud of his high position, as member of the three first Academies in Europe, Bailly declined letters of nobility and other honours offered him, and lived in simplicity at Chaillot.

But suddenly the whole world was agitated at the great prospect of the regeneration of France, and Bailly, like all other Frenchmen, found it the most absorbing thought of his life. He forgot the stars, and began to interest himself in the deputies to be returned to the National Assembly by Paris. He was himself chosen as an Elector, then Secretary of the Electors, then Deputy of the Paris Third Estate. His name was the first announced. He was so filled with emotion that his eyes filled with tears, and he could only stammer out a few words, "and another effect," he

says, "of my stupidity was that I accepted the burden laid upon me." Whence this access of popular honour? All the world, including the king, said "Bailly is an honest man." This great reputation for honesty followed him to Versailles, and the Third Estate, which had been sitting a fortnight or more before he arrived among them, immediately made him their leader, an office he again accepted, apparently this time with his eyes open. The part he played is well known, and how in effect he had the honour of being the first general in the revolutionary contest, and winning the most decided victories over the Court and the noblesse, and compelling them at last completely to accept the programme of the Third Estate. No one in the ancient or modern political world ever was more universally respected and honoured than Bailly in 1789. He was chosen by acclamation Mayor of Paris, and his position confirmed by the National Assembly, and sanctioned by the king.



BAILLY.

But Bailly soon found that power was about the most dreadful form of punishment that could befall a man, especially one whose whole nature and education and experience unfitted him for it. Bailly had two qualifications for office: great confidence in himself and a most sincere determination to spend and be spent in the great work of regenerating France. But he did not, could not, understand the people he had undertaken to govern, so that when there were signs that they were getting entirely discontented with him and those who thought with him, he, instead of wisely resigning his position since its only true basis was gone, fell back into the old methods and called the old Roman gods "Terror and Pallor" to his aid. Bailly doubtless well knew the adage, "To thyself be true," but when the moment came to put it in practice, led away by that secret vanity which makes us fancy ourselves competent for any position into which circumstances appear to call us, Bailly, the most humane of men, undertook to struggle with popular wraths he could not comprehend, and became the instrument of a great stretch of authority, which resulted in what is known in revolutionary history as the Massacre of the Champ de Mars on July 17th, 1791. Four hundred persons, many of whom were women and children, were shot dead, and Bailly's reputation died with them. Not the least good in the world was done, but a spirit of vengeance engendered, which was never satisfied until all who could be made responsible themselves suffered according to the *lex talionis*. When it was too late Bailly saw that he must resign. Although pursued by Marat, his relentless enemy, he bravely remained in the neighbourhood answering every charge, especially showing that, so far from benefiting from his office, he had half ruined himself pecuniarily. Forced at last to hide himself, he wandered to Nantes, tried to read and think, but was too agitated to read anything but romances. Offered again and again the opportunity of flying, he refused; his destiny, he said, was tied to that of France; he would never leave the country at the moment it was in danger. At last he was arrested, brought to Paris, thrown into prison. Then he regained his equanimity, and behaved like the noble Christian philosopher he was. He had never been a courtier, but when called to witness against Marie Antoinette, he treated her with more respect than he ever would have done had he seen her in the palace at Versailles. Shut up in the Conciergerie, he consoled himself by reading Plato and "The Imitation." However, he was far from gloomy, and when on his first appearance at the bar he returned uncondemned, he met his fellow prisoners with the well-known phrase, "*Le petit bonhomme vit encore!*" Found guilty of conspiring to help Louis XVI to fly from Paris, and also of having fired on the people, he was condemned to die near the spot, the red flag he carried on the occasion to be taken with him and burnt. He was cruelly treated on the scaffold, being compelled to go up and down three times. Shivering in the raw cold morning, someone said, "Bailly, you tremble." "If I tremble," he replied, "it is from cold."

The companion of Bailly in the opening stages of the Revolution was Lafayette. Equally honest, equally magnanimous, his fate was happier, for, though he shared the odium of Bailly's attempt to rule by steel and lead, he was truer to himself, being before all things a soldier. A man of high birth, of great wealth, with every honour that the Court could give within his reach, Lafayette loved supremely the ideas of justice and liberty. Thus he was drawn to America, and took part in the

war of Independence, and became the intimate friend of Washington and other great Americans. He returned to France, crowned with laurels, and as Mounier represented the influence of the English Constitution in bringing about the Revolution in France, Lafayette represented that of the American. A Republican in spirit, his nature and circumstances compelled him to become the defender of the Monarchy. After his nomination as commander of the National Guard, he was its true support. Never did any man more honestly try to maintain order, or under such difficult circumstances do so much with so little violence.



LAFAYETTE.

Everything we know about him is noble, chivalrous, splendid. No ideal knight of the round table ever made more gallant efforts to defend those overwhelmed by superior force. On all sides it is admitted that by his courage and address he saved many victims of popular fury. In the sad day of the Champ de Mars, when many of the National Guard were burning to make a holocaust of the people, he saw an artilleryman about to fire a cannon. In a moment he backed his horse on the cannon's mouth and saved hundreds of lives. This confidence in himself and others, product of a very upright nature, led Lafayette into audacities out of which no other man could have escaped. On October 5th, 1789, feared and hated by the Court, to the great dismay of his soldiers, who tried hard to prevent him, he went absolutely by himself into the Palace. "Here comes Cromwell," cried a courtier. "Cromwell," he replied, "would not have come alone," and he went straight to the king and his brothers to tell him what he believed would set all right. Next day the king did as he had asked, and it was Lafayette, by his disinterested gallantry, who effected an entire reconciliation between royalty and the people. But the power and responsibility thrown upon him very nearly turned his head; there were moments when he was almost ready to make himself a dictator. He lectured the Assembly both by letter and in person, even when a general in command of an army on the frontier. Finally, at the fall of the Monarchy, he thought for a moment of marching on Paris. He left the country, fell into the hands of the Austrians, who kept him in prison for five years, treating him very cruelly. His freedom he owed to Hoche, another chivalrous soul. Under the Directory Lafayette returned to France, and, though the first Consul sought to enlist his services, he gave himself up to agriculture, only appearing in moments of danger, as in the Hundred Days and in the Revolution of 1830.

A totally different character to either Bailly or Lafayette had much influence in the first stages of the Revolution. Sieyès was the thinker of the Revolution. He believed profoundly in the power of ideas. An idea true, nothing in the world could resist it; an idea true, there could be no wrong in acting upon it. Although a priest and called to the high places of the church, he was emphatically a rationalist, rejecting all tradition and authority—Locke and Condillac being his favourite authors. Successively canon, vicar-general, and chancellor of the diocese of Chartres, he was elected to represent the clergy in the States of Brittany, and the diocese of Chartres sent him as the commissioner to the upper chamber of the clergy of France. Thus he took part in the government of the church, and became a practical politician and administrator. He began to meditate on the organisation and mechanism of government, and, having already accepted the idea of political equality, he was led to conclude that the best form of government was a representative democracy. Rousseau had taught that to promote the good of society was the one great duty of the individual; Sieyès, on the contrary, maintained that the end of society was the full development of the individual man.

1789 drew near. The paralysis of the whole body politic of France was so complete that to resuscitate its vital energy the States-General, in abeyance since 1614, were convoked. Among the innumerable pamphlets which were published none made greater noise than Sieyès' "Essay on Privileges," "Practical Measures which the Representatives of France may take in 1789;" and a third, the most famous of all, entitled, "What is the Third Estate?" "Everything," he replied. What has it hitherto been in the political sphere? Nothing. What does it ask to be? Something. In this pamphlet, he precursed the great ideas

struggled for in 1789. The Tiers-État is, he said, a complete nation in itself; and being composed of twenty-five millions of people ought at least to have a preponderance equal to the other two orders. It ought to surrender all its own privileges and to ask for the rights that belong to all. It was in this surrender of all peculiar privileges—individual, local, or class—the claiming of common rights for all, that Sieyès saw the uniting power that would weld individuals, classes, and separate localities into one nation.

Those who know the condition of old France know that he had almost virgin soil on which to try the power of his new ideas. He was elected the twentieth deputy of the Paris Tiers-État, Bailly being the first, and soon took the real lead in the National Assembly, causing it at certain moments to take momentous resolutions. For, according to Madame de Stael, Sieyès was regarded as an almost inspired lawgiver, and all he said accepted as a kind of revelation. He was no orator; what he said seems to have been couched in the brief incisive style of his pamphlets.



SIEYÈS.

After the Third Estate had been struggling for more than five weeks over the question of the Union of Three Orders, and it became evident that the noblesse and the Court would never of their free will agree to it, he said, "The time is come to cut the cable; let us summon the clergy and the noblesse to join us in the Common Hall, and if they refuse to come within an hour, let us proceed to business without them." It was he who proposed the title National Assembly; he who wrote the famous Oath of the Tennis Court. He who, after the royal sitting in which all their actions were treated as nullities, said, "We are to-day what we were yesterday, let us deliberate."

With all his faith in the power of an idea, if one Sieyès had advocated was finally rejected, he relapsed into gloomy silence; he could not pardon such flat rebeilion against the light of truth. But this was the fate more and more of his ideas. At last he refused to utter a word. "The silence of Sieyès is a public calamity," cried Mirabeau, striving by mingled flattery and invective to force him once more to take his part. But Sieyès wrapped his cloak round his shoulders and sat impenetrable. This talent for silence, combined with the remains of his early reputation, served him well during all the turbulent years that followed. He was elected deputy to the National Convention for three departments, and was named president at its opening. Asked in later years what he did in the Reign of Terror, he replied, "I have lived." In that simple phrase you have the man and the time.

The great political philosopher of individualism lived, but his moral fibre had gone. After the death of Robespierre, he came out of his hiding place, entered the Committee of Public Safety, became president of the National Convention. He threw himself again into politics, and in 1799 was again in the very highest position in France. "I want," he said, "a Sword." The sword or swordsman he was thinking of was Joubert, but Joubert was soon slain. Then Sieyès turned to Bonaparte. The pair worked together for the eighteenth Brumaire. Sieyès took all philosophically. "You will see," said he, "to where Bonaparte will lead us, but it must be. We have a master; he can do all; he knows all; and he wills all." The apostle of individualism saw the crown of his work. He had helped to set up the Colossus whose career said: "I am a man apart; above all human law. I will crush you all and make you take the law from me."

Sieyès had his reward. He lived to the age of eighty-eight, a count and a wealthy landowner, determined not to lose his glory when all else had to be resigned. Asked by Henri Martin whether he was not the principal author of the division of France into departments, he replied, "The principal! more than that—the sole author."

The great fact of the French Revolution was the rise of the middle classes to power. From their midst step forth on to the stage of history men and women whose names will be as undying as those of Sylla and Marius, Cæsar and Cataline.

The story of Camille Desmoulins in the Palais-Royal on Sunday afternoon, the 12th of June, 1789, crying, "To arms! citizens, to arms!" is well known. It made him famous. "If," he writes to his father, a modest, laborious, provincial lawyer, "if you hear anything bad of me, console yourself with the witness that MM. Mirabeau, Target, de Robespierre, Glazal, and more than 200 deputies have rendered to me. Think that a great part of the capital names me among the principal authors of the Revolution. Many even go so far as to say that I am *the* author."

The man who wrote this was already twenty-nine, and though he was a scholar and had taken his degrees as student-in-law, he had not yet made any position. The great outburst in July, 1789, opened his way, but not as an orator, for Camille Desmoulins could never get over his stutter. "Monsieur Hon - - -" his wife nicknamed him, because in attempting to speak he repeated that syllable so many times before he was fairly launched. The pen was his great

weapon; he was the typical journalist, exemplifying in the most striking manner all the perils of that profession. The book he had written before the Bastille fell no publisher would take; now, of course, it was readily accepted. "France free" had the honour of being burnt by the Parliament at Toulouse. Delighted as a boy with the noise he was making, he set himself to sustain and increase this sudden popularity. His reckless, malicious "Discours de la Lanterne" surrounded the terrible acts of vengeance then perpetrated with an atmosphere of merriment. We must not suppose, however, it was all pure heartlessness.



CAMILLE DESMOULINS.

Camille Desmoulins only expressed with revolting gaiety, what graver, more prudent men thought. He told his readers of a certain cobbler in Messina, who, having an extraordinary love of order and justice, and being indignant at the monopolies, commercial rings, public thefts, and general immunity of great criminals, took upon himself the duty of acting as judge and executioner, killing those he condemned as he would wolves or mad dogs.

Camille's genius was essentially French, but his sympathy with the Republics of Greece and Rome, and his thorough knowledge of the ancient satirists gave a classic flavour to his drolleries. "Lucian and Aristophanes," says one who has made a study of his writings, "could not have invented raillery more cutting." He named his child Horace.

His marriage with Lucile Duplessis is the idyll of the Revolution, a gleam of human love in the midst of a dark storm of long pent-up hatred and woful vengeance. She was a young girl of sixteen, full of those tender melancholies which in former times had filled the cloisters. She fled from society; she accused herself of misanthropy and a cold heart; she was only happy when alone and in reverie, praying, noting her reflections, writing verses, or, perhaps, reading with her candle on her bed. Pensive, retired, this fair-haired sensitive maiden had a wonderful attraction for such a light, superficial, saucy nature as that of Camille. He was madly in love, and, what made it worse, M. Duplessis would not accept him. With Camille every difficulty intensified his ardour; as for Lucile this one affection swallowed up every other thought. Her mother was on the lovers' side, thus the father's consent was at last given. But, according to French usage, that of Camille's own father had also to be obtained. But Camille had forgotten even to tell him the name of his future bride. This lost the anxious bridegroom a week and Advent had come. They were in full revolutionary times, Camille already one of the most advanced Republicans, and civil marriage with a new formula allowed, yet Camille must be married in a church. He went to the Vicar-General to get a dispensation, but that dignitary absolutely refused to oblige the man who he said had caused his château to be burnt. The disappointed lover went to his old schoolmaster, the Abbé Béraudier, who obtained the necessary dispensation. Then the curé of the church at which the ceremony was to take place started a fresh difficulty. Was Camille a Catholic? Why that question? Because a non-Catholic could not be admitted to the rites of the Church. Well! he was a Catholic. Would he prove it by retracting in his journal and would he confess? Oh! yes, he would retract (which, by the way, he never did), and as to confession—now, if the curé liked. The curé could not suggest any further difficulties; it was evident Desmoulins would swallow any pill, however bitter.

Camille idolised his wife, but, so far from Lucile influencing his public career, she became his mere reflection. He still pursued fame in the way most easy to his peculiar talent for satire. He was truly cruel to the king, attacked Bailly, Lafayette, Chapelier—even the Assembly itself. But his popularity was flagging; Père Duchesne—Hébert—had come on the scene. Brissot, his quandom friend, a leader of the Girondists, and almost the representative man of that party, now became the object of invective. Camille Desmoulins published a venomous pamphlet, "Brissot Unveiled."

In his "Fragment of the Secret History of the Revolution" he attacked the Girondists with ferocity, proposing to vomit them out of the bosom of the Convention, and to deliver them over to the Revolutionary tribunal. These virulent works were more successful than he really wished. When on the 30th of October, 1794, the Girondists were brought up to hear their sentence, Camille, who was seated on a form in front of the jurors, felt the sting of remorse. He cried out, striking his breast, "Oh, my God! It is I—it is my 'Histoire des Brissotins' that has killed them!" When they were condemned to death he was almost suffocated with emotion. "I am going! I am going! I wish to go away!" but he could not get out for the crowd. He had to look at his victims to note how Brissot's head dropped sadly, the pallor that came over Gensonné, the excitement of Boileau, and to hear the indignant cry, "We are innocent!"

One summer's evening in 1793, Danton and Camille Desmoulins were walking along the Quai des Lunettes, when Danton attracted his attention to the river, which, under the rays of a very peculiar sunset, appeared quite red. "Look!" said Danton, his eyes filled with tears; "see what blood! The Seine runs with blood! Ah, too much blood has been shed! Write up 'Clemency'; I will stand by you!"

It was too late; the Nemesis was already at at hand. He did not attempt to fly or to lessen his efforts in the new direction, misunderstood as they were, and exposing him to the suspicion of treason. To those who warned him he replied, "Have you forgotten the words of Scripture, 'Edamus et bibemus cras enim moriemur'?" The fatal day soon came. In the very hour that he received a letter announcing the death of his mother he was arrested. Lucile felt her reason reel. Camille, more calm, dressed himself, kissed his child, and, going to his bookcase, took out 'Young's Night Thoughts" and "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs," and with these two lugubrious consolers went to prison. After a stormy trial, in company with Danton and Hérault de Séchelles, he was utterly broken down. He could not make up his mind to die, and when they proceeded to tie his hands and cut off his shirt-collar he struggled vainly; then he asked Danton to put a lock of Lucile's hair between his hands, and held it tight until the fatal moment, begging then that it might be given to his mother-in-law. Looking at the guillotine, he said, "Yes, thus ought to die the first apostle of Liberty!" "Oh, my poor wife!" he exclaimed as they pushed him beneath the fatal knife, and his head fell.

Lucile quickly followed. Her exaltation was wonderful. "O, joy!" she cried, when she heard her sentence, "in a few hours I shall rejoin my Camille." With her was condemned the widow of her husband's great enemy, Hébert, the notorious Père Duchesne. "You are happy," said she to Lucile, "no one says anything against you; there is no shade in your conduct; you will go out of life by the great staircase." Thus the guillotine was, at least, in one instance, a reconciler. Lucile dressed herself as for a wedding. "Do I look," said she, "like a woman who needs consolation?" No mediæval ballad ever imagined such an euthanasy of love.

Madame Roland was the first woman of the middle classes who, by force of conviction, by strength of will, by clearness of mind, by willingness to enter the lists and struggle with the strongest and most unscrupulous, took a leading place in politics. Daughters of ruined tradesmen, and even women of still more plebeian origin, had occupied lofty positions in the State, and directed its policy. But it was only at the price of their own degradation and as the favourites of arbitrary will. *She* rose to be the soul of a great party. As in life, so in history, about Madame Roland's force of character there is no dispute; all agree that she is worthy a place in any modern Plutarch. Possessing the noblest virile qualities, she was above all things a woman—physically, mentally, morally; no better impersonation of the idea of Republican virtue.

Born on the 17th of March, 1754, Jeanne Marie Phlipon was the daughter of an engraver who preferred money-making to art. Surrounded by a commonplace atmosphere, the prey of commonplace vices, and with no prospect of anything more elevating to her soul, her strong religious nature tended for some time to a conventual life. Then, feeling the influences of her time, and especially of Rousseau, she, like a famous heroine of George Eliot, ended by marrying a husband twenty years her senior, but whose enlightenment and virtue contrasted strongly with that of her father. A man of good family, and with influential friends, Roland de la Platière, indefatigably industrious and high principled, had every prospect of rising to an influential position; but he was austere and disinterested, in appearance a *quaker endimanché;* such was the phrase.

When he became Minister he went to Court in a round hat and shoestrings, to the horror of the Master of the Ceremonies. Nor was he more agreeable to the engraver Phlipon, who rudely rejected his offer to marry his daughter. Mdlle. Phlipon bowed to her father's decision, but, surrendering all her claims to everything but a small income of about £20 a year, she went to carve out a career for herself, meanwhile living in a garret on a vegetarian diet. Roland finally prevailed on



MADAME ROLAND.

her to marry him, and she became his devoted friend and secretary—proving in the truest sense his better half. When he became Minister all the Government met in her *salon* every Friday. She did not take the lead in her conversations, but when they got into argument, then with a graceful cleverness she would interpose. Woman-like, she was strongly sympathetic or antipathetic. She could not endure Danton, who was a constant visitor; his great, coarse face and his rough, cynical speeches disgusted her. Besides, he interfered with her husband, whose scrupulous integrity could never have admitted that it was necessary to commit crimes to save France

When the Girondists ceased to be in harmony with the course of the Revolution they declined day by day in popularity, and at last fell—and in those agonising times a political fall meant the scaffold. On the 31st of October, 1793, a great part of them died beneath the guillotine, and Roland would have been among them had he not escaped in time. Madame Roland was arrested instead, and while awaiting her trial she wrote her "Memoirs," one of those autobiographies which can never die. In prison, royalists, much prejudiced against her, felt her moral grandeur. Riouffe, who was her fellow-prisoner, describes the astonishment and admiration with which all listened when she spoke, her language being so correct and harmonious that it sounded like some music, of which they could never have enough. Her conversation, he says, "serious, but not cold, though it came from the mouth, was frank and courageous as that of a great man." Yet alone she often pressed her forehead against the window and wept for hours together. Her time came, and she died the bravest of the brave. To her companion Lamarche she said, "Go first, you have not courage to see me die!" Then, apostrophising the statue of Liberty, she exclaimed, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" She had said her husband would not survive her. He left a safe retreat in Normandy, wandered back to the neighbourhood of Paris. On the 16th of November, in an avenue of apple-trees, he was found lying, having killed himself with a sword-stick.

Jean Paul Marat was a sufferer from childhood. He bore a name which by a strange coincidence is the Hebrew word for "bitter." Mara was the family name, and the one under which he was baptized. His ancestors were Spanish; his father a resident in Sardinia, who, becoming a Protestant, had to leave the island, and going to Geneva, married a Swiss. They lived at Boudry, in Neuchâtel, where on the 24th of May, 1743, their famous son was born. A sickly child, caring nothing for play, quick in learning, and always good, he wished at five years to be a schoolmaster; at fifteen, a professor; at eighteen, an author; at twenty, a creative genius. He studied for his father's profession—medicine, came to England, and practised many years in London as an oculist, was a whole year in Dublin, then in Edinburgh; finally he received the degree of Doctor in Medicine from the University of St. Andrews. He was ardent in his scientific researches; he wrote books upon books on Diseases of the Eyes, on Optics, on Light, on Fire, on Electricity. He burnt to make himself famous; attacked Newton, and tried to force all the principal academies in Europe to recognise the value of his discoveries. They would not do so; Marat spent endless time seeking to convince them, but all to no purpose. He had, however, his learned friends, especially in England. Lord Lyttleton spoke so well of him to the Russian Ambassador that he was offered a post in the St. Petersburg Academy, but, fearing the climate, he declined. He was on the eve of being appointed Director of the Academy of Science at Madrid, when the various enemies he had made prevented it.

He was as deeply interested in politics as science, and threw himself with extraordinary ardour into those of the country in which he was so long a resident. He wrote a remarkable book, published in London in 1774, entitled, "The Chains of Slavery." This handsome quarto volume is in English, and in a style that recalls "Bacon's Essays." What Marat's real place was in science we do not pretend to say, but that he was a powerful political thinker none would deny on reading this book. It was much welcomed, by English Liberals at the time, and certain societies in the north, sent him votes of membership in gold boxes. That of Newcastle insisted on defraying the expense he had been at in giving away copies of his book gratuitously.



MARAT.

But the spur of ambition drove him to Paris; perhaps he longed to struggle with the great materialist philosophy, for he had written a book, published in London in 1773, in two volumes, on the reciprocal influence of soul and body. To oppose Voltaire and the Encyclopædists was a fitting adventure for a man who dared to attack Newton and the Academies. The Ishmaelite character of his career could not, however, have been very remunerative, and he accepted the office of medical attendant to the bodyguard in the household of the Comte d'Artois.

The approach of 1789, with its promises of political regeneration for France, filled him with hope. He wrote an "Offering to the Country," in which, with every one else, he tendered his advice to the nation. But who expected such developments?—not even Marat, who prided himself on his astonishing foresight. The tumultuous times brought out every character to the full. Marat constituted himself detective-in-chief and accuser-general on behalf of the people. "I am the 'Eye of the People,'" he told the authorities at the Hôtel de Ville, "and you are only its 'Little Finger.'" With the instinct of the calling he had embraced, he cultivated suspicion. He

welcomed denunciations and every form of secret information, until the atmosphere of his soul must have been as stifling as that of Fouché's den under the Empire. What an experience! and Marat gave himself up to it with passionate ardour. Every one whose politics appeared reactionary became in his eyes more and more a scoundrel.

Guadet accused Robespierre of inspiring Marat. The "Friend of the People," which was the title Marat gave himself, indignantly repudiated the notion. "I never received," he said, "a single note from Robespierre. I have never seen him but once, and then he manifested sentiments diametrically opposed to those Guadet attributes to him. The first word Robespierre said was to reproach me with having destroyed the influence of my paper by dipping my pen in the blood of the enemies of liberty and talking about ropes, daggers, etc.; no doubt he would fain believe against my heart." And after telling Robespierre in how frightful a manner *he* would have avenged the massacre of the Champ de Mars, he concluded, "Robespierre listened to me with horror, turned pale, and was silent."

In September, 1792, Marat was a member of the Committee of Public Safety, sitting at the Mairie. On the 3rd of that month he joined in issuing an address to the French public, in which he called the massacres in the prisons of Paris "acts of justice which appeared indispensable to keep down by terror the legions of traitors within the walls of the city." And he plainly suggested that the same means should be adopted by the entire nation.

Individualism was the basis of Marat's principles, self-assertion the leading feature in his character. As a light upon it, here is a portrait sketched by Fabre d'Églantine, a contemporary who perished on the same scaffold as Danton:—"Marat was short, being scarcely five feet high. The upper part of his body was powerful, his chest and shoulders being broad, his legs short and somewhat bandy, his arms strong and their action not ungraceful. Set on a short neck, his head was remarkable, a large and bony face, an aquiline nose, somewhat flattened and crushed, his mouth of a moderate size and often contracted at one corner, thin lips, a great forehead; his eyes, of a yellow-grey, were intelligent, lively, piercing, serene, naturally kind, even gracious, and full of confidence; his eyebrows slightly traced; a leaden faded complexion, black beard, brown hair worn *negligé*. His head thrown back and erect, he walked rapidly, keeping time, his hips swaying to and fro. When he spoke he crossed his arms; talking in society he shook with vehemence, and generally ended by stepping forward, stamping on the ground, and then rising on the point of the advancing foot. His voice was sonorous and strong, a little thick and piercing; a defect of the tongue prevented him pronouncing *c* and *l*, to which he gave the sound of *g*. In the Tribune, if not opposed, he stood up proud and confident, his right hand on his hip, his left extended, his head a little to the side of his right shoulder. If he was in the midst of a storm of opposition, he waited, his arms crossed, his whole attitude and expression sardonic."

"Are you asleep, Marat, or is your watchfulness at fault?" cried a reproachful voice. "I do not sleep," he replied; "I am in my bed the prey of a cruel disease." His blood, ever at boiling point, had ended in the inflammation of all the organs of life. In order still to work, he wrapped his head in linen rags steeped in vinegar, and sat all day in his bath. Behind all his fury and selfhood he intensely wished the good of men: and perhaps this was why the greatest of all earthly consolations was given him—the love and pity of a woman's heart. Simonne Evrard came to his rescue when he was reduced to poverty, and gave him all she possessed, devoting her life to his service and sharing its perils. It was to her, in the moment of his assassination, he uttered his last piercing cry, "À moi, ma chère, à moi!"

RICHARD HEATH.

Achievement.

At eve, through fierce white seas, our straining bark
Neared the desirèd haven, and all eyes
Between the wave-ridge and the lowering skies
Looked forth, the cliffs of happy rest to mark.
But he, the master, knew the outer dark
Was safer than the starry beacon light
For which we yearned, and back into the night
We stood, while faded slow the welcome spark.

And some strong souls come thus o'er life's wide main,
Clad with high purpose, resolute not less
Because loud strife and bitter deeps of pain
Divide them from the goal toward which they press;
Then doth the Higher Will their course restrain,
Teaching an end more prosperous than Success.

HORACE G. GROSER.

BILLY BOY.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY LAD.

BY EMILY H. HICKEY.

CHAPTER V.

"I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing that she waking looks upon,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love."

IT was two years before Aunt Jane paid Ballyard another visit, and found Billy Boy much grown and the possessor of a certain dog called Slump.

There was no denying it, Slump was a wretched cur. In breed he was a mongrel of the mongrels, with a sinister-looking yellow patch over one eye and the rest of him dirty white. His tail was stumpy and bare, and his walk was rather a wriggle than anything else. Billy Boy had rescued him from the death by drowning to which he had been doomed by his master, and the rector had allowed him to be kept on condition that Billy Boy should not ask to have another dog, So Slump had become Billy Boy's faithful follower.

When Slump had been in the child's possession for some months, Mr. Jeffares, the parish schoolmaster, said to him one day,

"Master Billy Boy, I'll have an elegant little dog for you in a few days, sir. Sir Henry Corbet's steward told me the other day the colley had three pups, and he'd get me one, and you shall have it, if you'll please to accept it."

Billy Boy's face brightened and then sobered again.

"No, thank you, Mr. Jeffares; father said when he let me keep Slump I wasn't to have another. Besides, I shouldn't like to have any doggy beside Slump. I'm to keep Slump always."

"Why so, sir? He's the ugliest brute in creation, if you'll excuse my saying so."

"Do you think people only like dogs for being handsome?" said Billy Boy. "I like my Slump, Mr. Jeffares, and I wish you'd like him, too."

"Well, sir, I'll try for your sake. There isn't much I wouldn't do for that."

"Do you like me, Mr. Jeffares?"

"Like you, sir? I love you!"

"Thank you very much," said Billy Boy, "But you know you don't like me just 'cause I'm pretty. And 'Love me, love my dog,' you know. So you must try to love my Slump, too."

"Ay, sir; ay, I will."

But Aunt Jane took a strong dislike to Slump, and it was far more persistent than Mr. Jeffares's. She would not allow the dog to come within a good measurable distance of her, and she never let slip an opportunity of making some disparaging remark upon him. She said he was ugly; this was true. She said he was cross; this was not true. She said he was sulky; this was only partly true; he knew she hated him, and he evinced that knowledge in some small ways.

"I wish I could make her like you, Slump, I do!" said Billy Boy.

That day, as he was walking with the rector, he said,

"Father, do you know any way of making people like other people when they don't like them?"

"Eh, my Billykins? Well, some people set about it by praising them to each other, and trying to make them see each other's good points. And sometimes that makes them dislike each other all the more. It's unfortunate, but people are sometimes like Mary in the old rhyme, 'quite contrary.'"

"Do you know any other way, father?"

"I can't say I do. The fact is, Billy Boy, people must arrange these things for themselves. We cannot make people like each other, and some people can never be so happy together as others. Who are your people, laddie?"

"They're not people, exactly," said Billy Boy; "at least, one is people and the other isn't. It's Aunt Jane and Slump. Do you think I could make Aunt Jane like Slump, father? I'm sure he'd like her if she'd like him."

"I'm afraid not," said the rector, gravely. "I fear it is a case of great antipathy, Billy Boy. We must give auntie privileges, because she's our guest and an auntie, too, and keep Slump as much out of her way as we can."

Billy Boy mused.

Among the rector's "fads" which, according to some folk, were very numerous, was the early introducing of his children to master William Shakespeare. Already Billy Boy knew many passages by heart, as well as the fable of several of his plays. Before he could speak plainly he used to delight in spouting out, as he marched beside his father:

"We are two lions littered in one day—"

rushing on till the words of the next line ran into one another, and sounded something like this—

"An' I be eldy ammy dazery."

To Shakespeare Billy Boy owed the suggestion of the plan he hit upon for bringing about a league of perpetual amity between Aunt Jane and Slump.

It was Aunt Jane's "custom always of an afternoon" to have a little doze, though the doze was always taken under protest. "Well, it has been a

very hot morning," or, "I feel unaccountably tired to-day. Perhaps if I lie down a bit I shall be better;" or, "Early dinner is a very sleepy institution."

This day Billy Boy watched carefully till slumber sealed his aunt's eyelids. The wind last night, she had told them, had sadly broken her rest. (She probably had lain awake a quarter of an hour.) As soon as she was asleep Billy Boy went into the garden and picked the largest pansy he could find; then, calling Slump, he went softly into the room where Aunt Jane was snoring the snore of the just.

"Quiet, boy! Down, Slump! Lie down, sir!"

Obediently Slump lay down in the place which Billy Boy indicated to him, about half a yard from the sleeper's nose. Then the child took the pansy and squeezed it very hard just above Aunt Jane's eyelids. "I don't think a pansy has got much juice," said Oberon to himself. "I can't see any fall on her eyelids; but I 'spose it's all right."



A SHAKESPEARIAN SPELL.

Very softly he repeated the spell:

"What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take,
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when—"
Ugly Slump "is near."

Softly, then, he retired, leaving Slump behind him. But, alas! when Aunt Jane awoke and caught sight of Slump, she gave a shriek and rushed out of the room, followed by Slump barking wildly.

Presently Billy Boy heard his father call him. There was no chance, not the slightest, of the rector's misjudging his boy. He asked Billy Boy why Slump had been left with Aunt Jane, and even shut up with her, and the boy told his story.

"Do you think Aunt Jane was very frightened?" he asked.

"I think she will recover," said the rector. "But, my dear Oberon, I fear your charm has failed."

"I don't think there was juice enough, father. It didn't come bang out; it only greased my fingers a little."

The rector had some talk with Billy Boy about spells. He told him how people found out that in Nature lay great power, and how some herbs had healing and grace in them, and others had qualities harder to understand and dominate; and how people had gone wrong from want of true knowledge and that which brings it—careful, patient study and experiment. And he spoke of the right use of the powers that lie all round us, open to our eyes if we only knew them. And he quoted from "Romeo and Juliet":

"O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that in the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse."

So a big field of thought was opened out for Billy Boy, and his father would roam in it with him by-and-by.

Aunt Jane forgave Billy Boy, but she never took Slump into favour.

CHAPTER VI

"Do not forget the Past, for in the Past
The Future's hope doth lie."

"MUDDIN, tell me about mother!"

Lucy would respond as she sat by his bedside on Sunday nights, by telling him about a tall, fair lady, with dark hair and lovely white hands, that were always of a delicate warmth, in winter and summer alike. She would tell how softly mother seemed to go about the house, and how things seemed to get done if mother just came by. She had little memories of mother's giving her medicine when she was ill; she remembered waking in the night to see mother standing by in her long white gown, holding a cup in her hand, and bending to Lucy with the sweetest smile, and saying, as she gave the cup into her hand, "God bless it to you, beloved!"

And she told him how mother sang slow, sweet hymns, that seemed to melt into the air. And many, many other things Lucy told Billy Boy, which he pondered in his little heart. One thing he was never tired of hearing: it was how a poor sick woman had said that mother had made her well by just coming to see her, and how she had got up and gone about her work as usual.

"Is it a fairy tale, Muddin?"

"No, darling; it's quite, quite true."

"I should like to make people well, too."

"I don't think anybody could cure people in that way unless they were full of love," said Lucy.

"Why can't I remember mother?"

"Because you were only just born when she died. You were only a little, weeny baby, and people don't remember things that happened while they were little babies."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, deary. People are made so."

"What makes them made so? Oh, I know, it's God. But I wish He'd let me remember mother. I shall remember father always, *always!*"

On Saturday afternoons in summer all the children of the rector's small flock came up to the rectory—the boys to play cricket with Billy Boy, and the girls to have some less robust exercise under Lucy's care.

Aunt Jane at first thought it shocking that her brother should allow his boy to play with Toms and Dicks and Jemmies, who had no "Master" before their names; but the rector went his own way. It was pleasant to watch him overseeing the game; the grey-haired man, with great, kind eyes, in whose presence mirth, though unchecked, was never unworthy. The mothers would sometimes, one or two of them, look in at the "sports" for a few moments, and go away gladdened, and all the nearer to the rest of Sunday.

In the longer winter evenings the three had music together. Billy Boy played the violin, and the rector the 'cello, while Lucy accompanied on the piano. Sometimes the cottagers, with their wives and elder children, would be asked to come up to tea, and hear a little music or some reading; and these evenings were always a delight to entertainers and entertained.

CHAPTER VII.

"On his noble red-roan steed."

EARLY in life Billy Boy had begun to get astride whatever animal came handy. Jack would put him on one of the cows when they were driven into the fields, and he had enjoyed it, until he found he must not make the milch-cow gallop, and that she would not if he might. Then there was the donkey which he rode bare-backed, and the horse which served for the rector's marketing, ploughing, and going to clerical meetings.

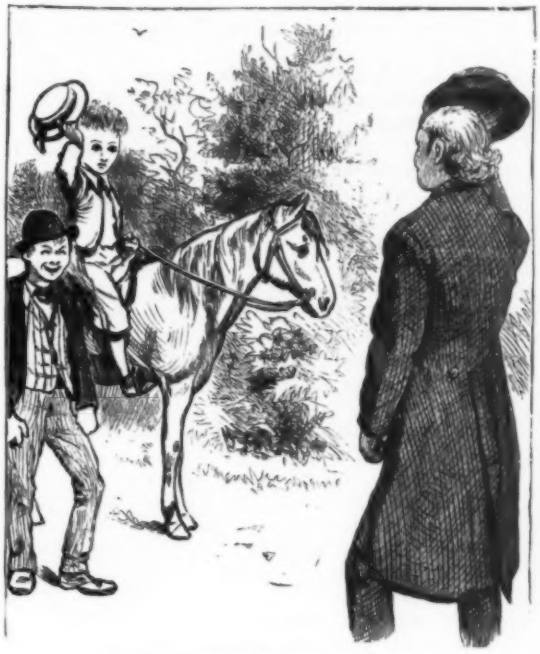
But Billy Boy always wanted to go faster than the sobriety of the cow's gait or disposition, or the inclination of the donkey, or the age of the horse would allow.

When Billy Boy was about ten, Jack came one morning to the rector with a face of great importance.

"Plaze yer riverence, there's a gintleman coming up the avenue, an' he wants a word or two wid ye."

So the rector stood on the door-steps, and saw his son trotting up at a brisk pace, on a beautiful little pony.

He took off his cap as he reined up. "Good morning, yer riverence! Will I show you my horse's paces?" And before his father could



"A GINTLEMAN COMING UP THE AVENUE."

reply, he was cantering down the avenue and along the road. He soon came back again, sprang off, and stood beside the rector, flushed with exercise and pleasure, while Jack stood near, grinning with all his might, having refused to forestall Billy Boy in his explanation to his father.

"Whose pony is that, Billy Boy?"

"Mine, father. Isn't he a beauty?"

"He *is!* How came he to be yours?"

"Jack's father bred him, and gave him to him; and he's been broken in on purpose for me; and his brother's ridden him, and Jack has tried him himself, and he goes beautifully! Oh, father, isn't it nice! His name is Dan."

"It's very nice, Billykin, but we shall have to think. We must have a talk about it, you and I. In the meanwhile, have you thanked our good Jack for his kindness? For, whether we keep the pony or not, it has been very, very kind of him."

Billy Boy's countenance fell. "May I not keep him, father? I have thanked Jack—I have hugged him."

"Oh, yer riverence, won't you let him keep him? He was made just to go under him, sir."

"We must talk about it, Jack. I see two difficulties; one is that I don't think you can quite afford to give Master Billy Boy such a handsome gift. Another is that I have to consider the cost of keeping him."

"Oh, sir, he didn't cost me a penny. We've been meanin' him for Master Billy Boy ever since

he was foaled, an' we've been lookin' forrard to seein' him across him. An' we'd be awful disappointed if he didn't have him. I'll ate nothing but a two-eyed beefsteak, sir, every blessed day o' my life an' nothin' at all on Fridays, if ye'll let Dan stay."

Jack hid his emotions in Dan's mane.

"And what may a two-eyed beefsteak be, Jack?" asked the rector.

"It's nothin' on earth but a salt herrin', yer riverence, only the other sounds better."

"Oh, Jack, Jack, has euphemism crept to the stronghold of your speech?"

"What, plase sir?"

The rector laughed. "I only expressed my regret that you too want to talk fine. Never mind, my good Jack; you are very, very kind. Take the pony to the stable for the present, and Billy Boy and I will have a talk. But I think you shall not be asked to eat two-eyed beefsteaks yet a bit."

Billy Boy waited till Jack had gone round the side of the house.

"Won't you begin the talk, father?"

"Yes, sir, I will," said the rector, sitting down on the stone balustrade, and putting his arm round the boy. "See here, laddie. Do you know how much it costs to keep a horse?"

"No, father."

"It costs more than twenty pounds a year."

"Haven't you got twenty pounds a year, father?"

"Yes, dear, I have, and something over. But if I spend it on Dan I shall not have so much when expenses increase. Look here, Billykins, you can understand this. When you are old and have to go to school and college, I must spend more money for you than I do now, and I shall feel that to be quite right, for, so hope I, it will help you to prepare for leading a good and useful life And if I felt that a pony would help you very much—would help you to grow stronger, for instance, by giving you more exercise—I should think you might keep Dan. Do you think you are weak, boy?"

The rector felt the hard muscle in his son's arm and looked into his clear healthy face.

"No indeed, father."

There was a little silence, during which the rector and Billy Boy communed with their own hearts.

"Well," said the rector, "shall we talk it over with Muddin?"

"Oh, yes."

It was talked over with Lucy, and she felt about it much as the rector did.

"You shall decide, Billy Boy," said his father.

And the boy said, "Dan must go back."

But after all Dan did not go back, for Aunt Jane, who was at Ballyard for what had now settled into an annual visit, got wind of the affair through old Polly first, then through Jack, and finally learned all she wanted to know from Billy Boy himself.

Aunt Jane would take no refusal to her offer to pay for Dan's keep. "My dear William, I'm a lonely old maid, and your boy will by-and-by have most of what I possess. Twenty-five or thirty pounds a year is little to me. It would have been little to you, you dear, romantic old goose if you had not pitched your patrimony into your disestablished Church."

When the Irish Church was disestablished the rector had given a very considerable sum to the Sustentation Fund.

"Well, my good Jane," said the rector, "I have at any rate escaped one of the troubles of the rich. When you are well off, other people (especially if they are poor) always think they could spend your money so much better than you do. But about this animal. I really don't know what to say."

"Then don't say it!" said his sister. "And if you think that ridiculous Jack has suffered pecuniarily from the transaction, why, we'll make it up to him. I'll put him down in my will for fifty pounds."

"Billy Bo-o-o-y!" called Aunt Jane.

Billy Boy was thinking very hard when he heard his aunt call him—not about Dan, but about the advisability or non-advisability of asking Aunt Jane to let him put a nice soft green ear of barley up her sleeve. It is a delightful amusement, for the result is that the ear goes creeping up your sleeve and down your victim's undermost clothing, scattering a lavish wealth of awns, which prick and plague him until he retires and undresses.

Billy Boy had just magnanimously decided not to do it when he heard himself called, and went to hear the blissful news that Dan was to be his for ever and a day.

It was not long after this that a great trouble came to Billy Boy's life. His father had a fever, and his life was despaired of. Billy Boy's agony was something terrible, though he kept himself bravely under control in the presence of others. Once Lucy heard him praying in tones deep and full with passion, "O God, let me die instead of father!"

It was in his love for the rector that the depth of passion in Billy Boy was sounded. It was a great love—one of those supreme attachments which we find now and then, perfect and mutual.

When the doctor told him his father would live, he fainted from the stress of the great joy coming after the great anguish.

CHAPTER VIII

"I have considered . . .
. . . how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutored in the world.'

BILLY BOY knew the habits and conditions of every tree and plant round the country-side. He knew the clouds and the shiftings of the wind, and the sound of abundance of rain, and the fish in the streams, and all the birds; and he knew a good deal about the earth and her wonders. He loved, too, to examine the structure of things, and to find out use where Lucy had been content to see beauty only. And, besides, he could construe Virgil and Horace, and had begun Greek. And

he had come to the time of leaving home and beginning school life.

Although Lucy knew the appointed time had drawn near, it startled her when the rector told her Billy Boy was to go after Christmas.

"Oh, father!"

"It must be, little Muddin. He has got a good deal from his free country life, but there is something more. He ought to have contact with boys of his own age, and I think his principles are firm enough for the kind of risk he must run. Well, daughter, what are you thinking of?"

"Father, how would it do for you to have a few boys here to teach with him?"

"I am too old, Lucy, if I even felt I could do it. And I have never cared that the clergyman in charge of a parish should take up work which is enough in itself. Besides, the place is too quiet for the lad to continue in. Two generations of the peace of the country-side might spoil the breed, my dear."

So Billy Boy went to school, and his holidays grew to be the best time of the year for the household at Ballyard.

"I've got a beauty of a waps's nest agin the holidays," Jack would say; or, "Dan isn't getting half exercise enough under Miss Lucy; he wants the hand iv a male."

And many things were thought of "agin" that home-coming. Regardless of school terms the strawberries and gooseberries would ripen at their proper season, but they were made into jam for Billy Boy.

Sometimes he would spend his vacation with a school friend, and sometimes one or two boys would come home with him for the summer holidays; and they boated and bathed, and rode Dan, and had a good time generally, and were not less happy when the rector and Lucy were with them than when they were alone or accompanied by Jack.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

SOME people are inclined to hope that the accounts given to the public of cruelty to children are exaggerated. Let such sceptics go to Harpur Street, Theobald's Road, and see for themselves. Here the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has its head office and shelter, and hither are brought every day of the week the young victims of brutal savagery or neglect. In less than five years the work, begun in a small room by four philanthropists, has developed so as to occupy two houses. The windows of one of them are duly grated and barred, because the juvenile vagrants therein are Queen's prisoners, and must give an account of themselves before the magistrate; the other is not so defended, for the children within are not runaways of their own free will, but are rescued by others from intolerable cruelty and persecution. They will have to appear against their oppressors.

It matters not at what hour of the day or night you visit this temporary shelter, you will always find it tenanted. The word "temporary" is used advisedly, because it is not a home, but merely a refuge pending inquiries into the various causes of the starvation, bruises, wounds, nakedness, and other unspeakable horrors to which childhood is subjected by the so-called *human* brutes of this our Christian England. The society does not deal with London alone, but "attends to and bears costs of all cases all over the kingdom"; and, to use its own words, "differs in its aim from all other societies seeking the welfare of unhappy children, in that while others seek to provide for the wanderer, homeless, or destitute, it seeks to punish those worthless parents who make children wanderers, homeless, and destitute, and to render other provision than their own home less necessary."

But, as we have already premised, it may be as well to see for ourselves before going into further details. We will enter haphazard and ask the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, who is the mainspring of this great work, to introduce us to the children. It is evident, however, that we need no introduction, for they tell their own tale. At the moment there are about a dozen little girls in the room appropriated to them. They soon surround us, and we realise how forgiving, tender, and elastic is childhood. One little babe of three years clings to us whose unnatural mother bruised her, bit her on the cheek, and held her up by the ears. The wounds are healing, though the traces still remain, especially in the poor torn ears. Mr. Waugh takes her up in his arms and kisses her, and says, "They scarcely know what kissing means." This is but too true, and although the care and kindness of the good matron is telling on the outer aspect of the little girls, their spirits are often oppressed by fear. "I would rather stay here, and not go home again," pleads one of ten years, who weeps as she tells how she has been beaten. "Hullo, dadda!" are the only words uttered by another, driven into idiotcy by ill-treatment. We are surprised to find a young lady amongst them, placed here until she is called to give evidence against a brutal father who has ill-treated his wife and children, and is in hiding for other crimes. Here are two timid children of about six and eight years old brought to the shelter in a sadly emaciated condition. They were mendicants, and kept in a half-skeleton state to attract compassion. They sometimes took home as much as ten shillings a day, and the "benevolent public" is warned and entreated not to give a premium to vice by bestowing alms on children, however pitiable their appearance. Awful

stories are now brought to light of parents who drag their offspring about even until they drop down dead, to excite the pity of the unwary—so awful that it harrows the soul to read them. Yet they must be told, if the great world's heart is to be effectually moved. The pair now before us were dragged about the streets all day, and frequently kept out until two o'clock in the morning. During their brief holiday they have developed into pretty children, and will, it is to be hoped, be protected by the law from further parental wrong-doing. It is astonishing how soon children recover looks and spirits when kindly treated.

For spirits, however, we must look in upon the boys. They are for the most part under lock and key, for are they not Queen's prisoners? And is not the society answerable for their appearance in a court of justice when called to give evidence against their persecutors? To judge from their voluble readiness to detail their grievances, they will not be afraid to give it. Of these "grievances," who can tell? The words of the sufferers themselves speak the most forcibly. They are most of them in the shelter until their parents are called up for trial.

"My father flogged me with a long whip. He went out and bought it for half-a-crown," says one lad with an honest, open countenance. "He began in the shop, and because the neighbours complained of my cries he took me down to the cellar, and beat me till I was covered with wounds. It was because I was late from school; I hadn't done anything bad."

"I had forty-three bruises on my back when I come here," volunteers another, with a sort of pride. "It was my stepfather as beat me."

"And I had twenty-two," put in a third. "They wrote an account in the papers. Mother had been three days on the drink, and was recovering, when she beat me with a poker."

"And my stepfather and mother beat me with a poker and shovel, and when I hid under the bed they dug a knife into my leg," gravely explains a fourth.

"I run away from 'em!" eagerly cries a little fellow. "A toff give me tuppence, and I bought match-boxes and sold 'em, and bought more, and earned a whole tanner!"

These are but a few of the horrors poured into our ears. Of the thirty-nine who slept in the shelter last night, none is without a similar history; and out of the eleven hundred cases dealt with by the society nearly a thousand have been found to be cruelties practised by callous people, who were not, happily, always parents, but misdemeanants of "all sorts and conditions of men." Nearly two hundred have been brought to trial and variously punished. Some have been imprisoned for periods of from one month to fifteen years, others fined and bound over. Last year only, nearly three hundred cases of assault, starvation, dangerous neglect, desertion, exposure for begging, and cruel immoralities were dealt with, and the decrease of crime in this direction proves that the work bears fruit on more trees than one.

But we must not stray from the boys around us to their unnatural elders just now, for they suddenly make a show of boots, or what were once boots. Some of them have no soles, some no upper leathers, and the matron says, appealingly, "If only kind people would send us boots, old or new! I took off mine the other day and put them upon feet much too small for them."

"And I want boxes of tools," says Mr. Waugh.

"Then you will soon have no tables," returns the matron, "for they chip up everything; and one imitates the other."

Then, *sotto voce*, she recounts an incident that happened a Sunday or two ago. Sunday is a difficult day, for they soon tire of books and pictures. They work or play on other days. She tries to interest them in Bible or missionary stories, and was telling them of how the Red Indians lived. She was suddenly called away, and, returning, found a room full of naked boys, shouting and capering.

"We are all Red Indians!" they cried, and imitation could no further go.

On another occasion she said they should be "soldiers of Jesus." "Yes; and you shall be our colonel!" was the prompt reply.

None more shrewd and ready than the London *gamin*, and when rescued from the streets he usually turns out well. Those who have been brought to the shelter have been cared for in different ways when their cases have been fully investigated. They have been sent back to their parents when possible, with a warning to the said parents seldom without effect, for they recognise instinctively that the law is for "the punishment of evil-doers," and fear of consequences works where love is silent. Some are kept in the shelter while their offending parents undergo short terms of imprisonment; others are placed in permanent Homes when their natural—or unnatural—home is not available. The Village Homes at Addlestone, Dr. Barnardo's many institutions, Dr. Stevenson's admirable Homes, the Church of England Waifs and Strays, have all contributed in receiving these little outcasts, as well as other establishments of different creeds. As the society is professedly unsectarian, great pains is taken to discover in what faith the child has been baptized; and that faith is respected, whether he be Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant.

It cannot be too much insisted upon or too thoroughly understood that this is, of necessity, but a temporary shelter. To quote from a letter to the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, written by Mr. Waugh, "The society will be willing to receive the children pending inquiries. The reason of these proposals is that the cases of children are so peculiar as to require much thought, time, and aptitude to prepare them for a just presentation at court."

In reply to this and other communications, a new and satisfactory regulation was made. The police were authorised to acquaint the society with such cases of cruelty to children as came within their knowledge, as well as with those occurring under the Vagrancy Act. This notification enables the society either to prosecute or bail out of custody.

The enormous expense of such proceedings will be understood by the densest capacity. Law is a costly alternative, and if the society has spent over £7,000 during the past year, it must spend double that sum in the current one, owing to increased powers and responsibilities. It is becoming a terror to the evil-doer. An instance of this occurred lately. A man—himself a policeman—went to see his child, whom he had terribly ill-treated, in hospital. He took to weeping as if he were the most affectionate father. "You will be prosecuted for this," said an unsympathetic attendant. "By whom?" asked the man. "By the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children," was the reply. "Then it is all over with me!" he exclaimed, knowing experimentally with whom he had to deal.

Would that it were "all over" with the cruelty! But this cannot be expected, since the savage is not readily turned into the saint, either by Acts of Parliament, though they be rigorously amended, or by societies however earnest. But he can be terrified into decency. He—or she, for the so-called *softer* sex is as hard as the hardest—can no longer expose or starve children to obtain the pittance for which they have insured them. And this is not confined to the lower class. Instances have occurred of barbarism in the educated. A stepmother resorts to every species of cruelty to obtain £2,000 and some insurance money, to revert to her on the death of her stepchildren; an unnatural father leaves his two children to the care of bad women till they draw near death, from filth and emaciation, to obtain their dead mother's dowry to revert to him in case of their decease before they were twenty-one. Let us be thankful that the society has successfully carried its way in Chancery, and saved these children, five in all, at an expense of some £600.

Time would fail us, as well as space, were we to quote largely from a pamphlet, published this year, entitled, "Five Years with Cruelty to Children: A Review and a Statement," but it can be obtained from the head office.[1] It is impossible to give all the details in one article—if, indeed, it were wise or profitable to write them. Still, everyone should know something of the dark places of this our Christian country, and learn that the little ones whom Christ loves, and "whose angels do behold the face of His Father," are too often treated worse than dogs. Indeed, the laws for the protection of animals are more stringent than those for the protection of children, forty-seven of whom have been found to have been done to death during the existence of the society in London alone.

It must be understood, however, that, as child murder is a national crime, so its prevention must be a national duty. Aid committees are in process of formation all over the kingdom, and brutalities are brought to light in country districts quite as harrowing as those unveiled in the metropolis. Anyone discovering such has only to write to the society and it will speedily be dealt with "according to law established." The "rural Bench," as well as the rural population, needs awakening from lifelong indifference. Lord Shaftesbury, who toiled day and night to ameliorate the condition of the oppressed little ones, has gone from amongst us—may this, our National Society, supply his place wisely and well!

Although this is no *charity* in the ordinary sense, it calls for help from every right-thinking person. We cannot see the two score of children in the shelter at the moment of our visit without being convinced of this; and when we think of the perpetual ebb and flow of child-life welling through these narrow boundaries, we pray our Father in Heaven to incline the hearts of all His people to help to make that life happier and better.

Even the temporary sojourn in the shelter has effected something. Terror has gone out of the eyes of the children, for they know they are safe from the kicks of heavy boots or the blows of the weapons nearest to hand. Some of them, as they crowd round, boast that they have scrubbed the floor, or been otherwise actively engaged, and all hold out palms of various sizes to shake hands. Boys are fond of shaking hands, and not one of them will let us escape—not even the Jewish lad who appears with bucket and scrubbing-brush.

Neither may we escape without viewing the small playground, with its rocking-horse, or the kitchen in which the good matron strives to make two ends meet. She has often sat up till midnight to wash the clothes for the next day, the said "clothes" being—well, we leave that to the imagination. She would "thankfully receive contributions in kind."

We stand a few minutes outside in the street, with the self-sacrificing, all-enduring director of this Christ-like work. Thanks to generous friends, he has now two houses, but he laughingly says he would like to possess all Harpur Street, and arch it from side to side with glass for a playground for the children.

Whether this be accomplished or not, we are sure that God will bless the efforts made to arrest the crimes of child-murder and child-persecution, hitherto perpetrated with comparative impunity.

ANNE BEALE.

[1] Communications may be addressed to the Rev. B. Waugh, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Harpur Street, Theobald's Road, Bloomsbury, W.C.

THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

OLIVER AND RICHARD CROMWELL.

THE following letter from Oliver Cromwell, written to his wife from Edinburgh on the 12th of April, 1651, though not of political importance, gives us an insight to the Protector's domestic style. The pious ejaculations with which it abounds are certainly characteristic of the man who wrote it. Cromwell married in 1620 a daughter of Sir James Bourchier, a gentleman who owned considerable landed property in Essex. "Bettie," alluded to in the letter, was his favourite daughter Elizabeth Claypole:

Holograph. Original at British Museum. Egerton MS. 2620, f. 9. See facsimile A, opposite.

My Deerest,

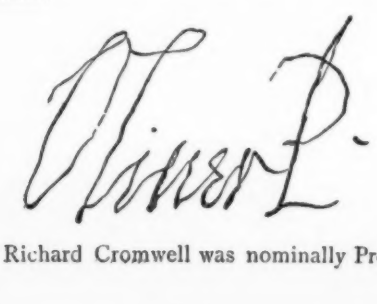
I praise the Lord I am encreased in strength in my outward man, but that will not satisfie mee except I gett a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better, and gett more of the light of his countenance wch is better then life, and more power over my corruptions, in theise hopes I waite, and am not without expectation of a graicious returne. Pray for mee, truly I doe daylie for thee, and the deere family and God Almighty blesse you all with his spirituall blessinges, minde poore Bettie, of the Lords late great mercye oh I desire her not only to seeke the Lord in her necessitye, but indeed and in truth to turne to the Lord, and to keepe closse to him, and to take heede of a departinge heart and of beinge consu[m]ed with worldly vanityes, and worldly cumpanie, wch I doubt shee is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her, and him, truly they are deere to me, very deere, and I am in feare least Sathan should deceave them, knowing how weake our hearts are, and how subtill the adversarie is, and what way the deceiptfullnesse of our heartes, and the vaine world make for his tentations; the Lord give them truth of heart to him, lett them seekè him in truth and they shall finde him.. My love to the deere little ones. I pray for grace for them. I thanke them for their letters, lett me have them often, beware of my Lord Harbert his resort to your house (if hee doe soe) may occasion scandall as if I were bargainnge with him, indeed bee wise, you know my meaninge, minde Sr Hen. Wane of the businesse of my estate wch indeed is very tickle as Mr. Floyde can informe you, I know hee beares a friendes minde, Mr. Floyde knowes my whole minde in this matter. If Dick Cromwell and his wife bee with you, my deere love to them, I pray for them, they shall (God willinge) shortly heere from mee, I love them very deerly, truly I am not able as yett to write much, I am wearye, and rest.

Thine O. CROMWELL.

Aprill the 12th 1651.

[Addressed] For my beloved Wife Elizabeth Cromwell att the Cockpitt these.

We give also below a specimen of his bolder signature:



As Richard Cromwell was nominally Protector for a few months after the death of his father, a specimen of his writing ought perhaps to appear in this paper. The following letter, which bears his signature, addressed to his former friend General Monck, is in many ways an interesting one, since we gather from it an accurate picture of the straitened circumstances in which he was placed within a month of this declaration of Breda:

Original at British Museum. Egerton MS. 2618, f. 67.

My Lord,

Allthough I cannot suppose you altogether unacquainted with my present condition nor insensible of what my friends have represented to you concerning it, yet being urged by my present exigencies & necessitated for some time of late to retire into hiding-places to avoid arrests for debts contracted upon the publiq account, I have been incouraged from the perswasion I have had of yor affection to mee and the opportunitie you now have to show mee kindnesse, to add this request to the former solicitations of my friends that when the Parliament shall bee met you would make use of yor interest on my behalfe that I bee not left liable to debts which I am confident neither God nor conscience can ever reckon mine. I cannot but promise myselfe that when it shall bee seasonable I shall not want a faithfull friend in you to take effectuall care of my concernements: having this perswasion of you that as I cannot but thinke myselfe unworthy of great things so you will not thinke mee worthy of utter ruine.

My Lord, I am

Your affectionate friend to serve you



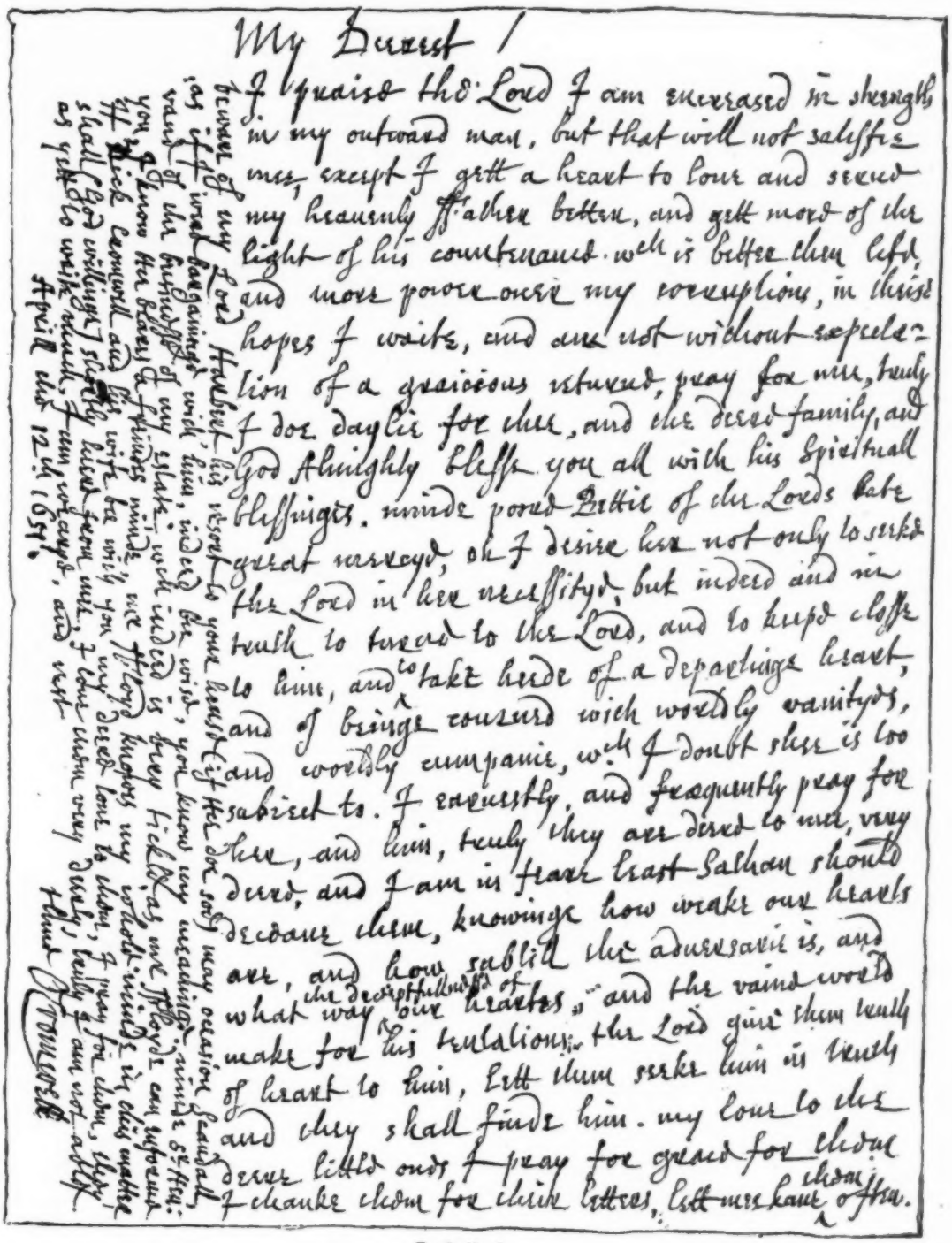
Aprill 18, 1660.

[Addressed] For his Excellencie the Lord Generall Monck these.

[Endorsed] — Apr. 1660.
Lord Rich. Cromwell for security from debts.

CHARLES II AND CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA.

There can be no doubt that Charles II never liked the triple alliance which England, Holland, and Sweden entered into in 1668. By it, these three countries compelled France to yield to their demands; and as it was to France that Charles chiefly looked for aid in casting off the tiresomely constitutional yoke of Parliament, he took the earliest opportunity of concluding a secret treaty with France which nullified the effects of the distasteful alliance. The secret treaty was signed at Dover in 1670. The next



Facsimile A.

move was, of course, to pick a quarrel with Holland, and the best means of doing this was to replace Temple, a popular ambassador at the Hague, by Sir George Downing, a particularly odious one to the Dutch. However, the following very interesting letter shows us that even Downing did not act sufficiently promptly in bringing matters to a crisis. The want of proper respect to the British flag was, we see, to be the avowed basis of the quarrel:

Holograph. Original at British Museum. Stow MS. 458. (*See facsimile B below, showing concluding paragraph of the letter.*)

Whithall, Jan. 16, O. S. 167½.

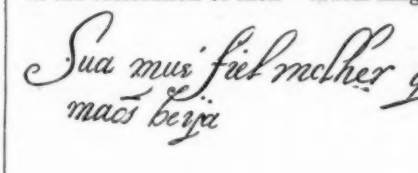
Sr George Downing, I have seene all your letters to my Ld Arlington since your arrivall in Holland, and because I finde you sometimes devided in your opinion betwixt what seemes good to you for my affaires in the various emergencyes and appearances there, and what my instructions direct you, that you my not erre in the future, I have thoughte fitt to send you my last minde upon the hinge of your whole negotiation, and in my owne hand, that you may likewise know it is your part to obey punctually my orders, instead of putting yourself to the trouble of finding reasons why you do not do so, as I find in your last of the 12th currant. And first you must know I am entierly secure that France will joine with me against Holland, and not seperate from me for any offers Holland can make to them. Next I do allow of your transmitting to me the States' answer to your memoriall concerning the flag, and that you stay there expecting my last resolution upon it declaring that you cannot proceede to any new matter till you receave it; but upon the whole matter you must always knowe my minde and resolution is not only to insist upon the haveing my flag saluted even on there very shoare (as it was alwaies practised) but in haveing my dominion of these seas asserted, and Wan Guert exemplarily punished. Notwithstanding all this I would have you use your skill so to amuse them, that they may not finally dispaire of me and ther by give me time to make myselfe more ready and leave them more remisse in these preparations.

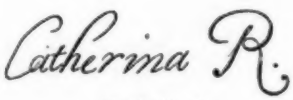
In the last place I must againe injoine you to spare no cost in informing yourselfe exactly how ready there ships of warre are in all there ports, how soone they are like to put to sea, and to send what you learne of this kinde hether with all speede. I am

Your loveing frend,
CHARLES R.

The whole letter is thoroughly typical of Charles II's character, and it is only lack of space that prevents a full facsimile being given. Two months later, on the 17th March, 1672, England and France declared war upon Holland, during which some of De Ruyter's greatest sea-battles were fought.

I have not met with a specimen of the handwriting of Charles II's Queen, Catherine of Braganza, in English; there are, however, some interesting letters in Portuguese written from Lisbon before the future Queen's arrival in England. The signature below is appended to one, written to Charles, in which she prays God to send "your Majesty's servant, the fleet," to her with speed and safety, that she may the sooner accomplish her journey to England. She speaks of the happiness which "those kingdoms of yours, which your Majesty is pleased should also be mine," must feel at the restoration of their "lawful king."[1]



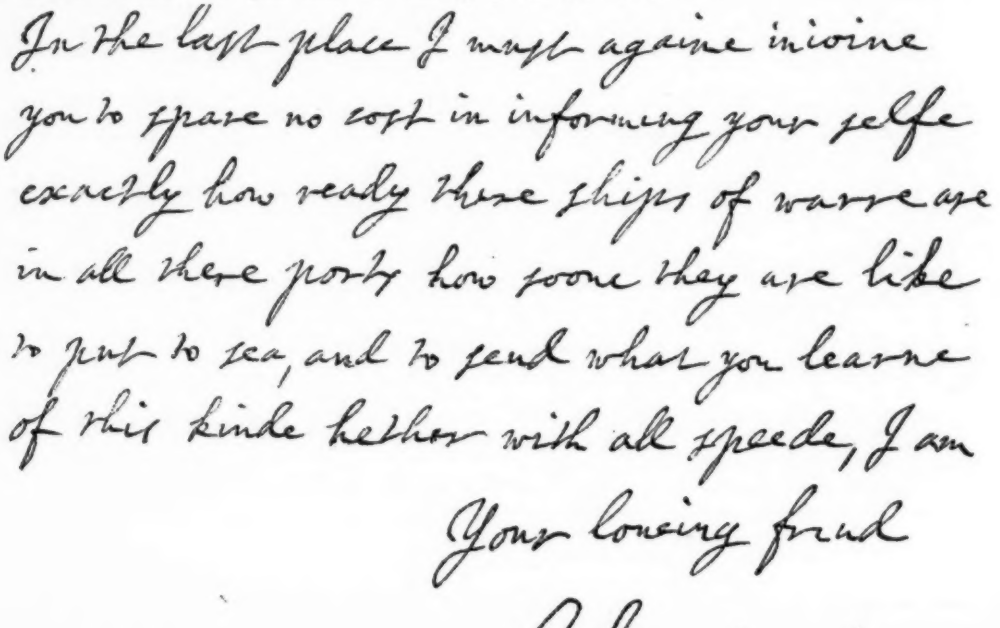


Facsimile C.

[In translation]

"Your Majesty's most faithful wife,
who kisses your hands,
CATHERINA R."

1 Original at Public Record Office. State Papers. Portugal. Sept. 3, 1661. (*Facsimile C.*)



Facsimile B.

ON MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

III.—PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS AND OPPOSITE RESULTS.

"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip."—*Old Proverb.*

IT is very amusing to glance round one's own social circle, and recall to mind the very decided "I will nots" that have been uttered by members of it, and which have subsequently changed into "I wills."

Almost all unmarried people say at some period of bachelor or spinster life, "When I marry, I will not have this or the other kind of person."

They severally express aversion to certain colours of hair, shades of complexion, size, stature, trade, profession, position in life, and other incidental circumstances too numerous to mention.

"I will never marry into a large family," says one. "I do not want to have my house continually full of brothers and sisters-in-law, to say nothing of the maternal relative who is supposed to be the *bête noire* of husbands."

Another declares against union with an only son or daughter, because such will have probably been rendered selfish by too great indulgence.

Perhaps the "only one in a family" declares in favour of marrying into another household where there is a full quiver, and inveighs, and not without reason, against the unhappy lot of the son or daughter who has not been blessed with the companionship of other girls and boys under the parents' roof.

It is amazing how very soon the young folk begin to express their opinions on this all-important subject of marriage.

A lady, well known to me, was accustomed to spend a little time every night when at home by the bedsides of her children, after the light in each room was extinguished. It was the time for mutual confidences, and these talks were reckoned on both by the mother and the youngsters.

On one occasion the youngest of the lot, a boy of nine, startled his mother by asking her what sort of a wife she thought Jessie —— would make.

The mother gravely replied that she thought Jessie a very nice child, but it was rather difficult to say what she would be when she became a woman.

"I was not asking for myself," returned the boy; "Jessie and I are good friends, that is all. I never thought of her in any other way. Indeed, mamma, you may be surprised to hear it," he added, "but I have never been seriously attached to a girl in my life."

The mother was surprised into a hearty laugh on hearing this candid confession—a thing she greatly regretted, for she was accustomed to treat every communication from her children with perfect seriousness and never to make game of it, however ludicrous it might sound in the ears of a grown-up person.

The boy hastily withdrew his hands, between which one of his mother's was lovingly held, and asked quickly, "Why do you laugh at me, mamma? Of course, I know it will be years and years before I am old enough to get married; but there is no harm in thinking about it, is there? I like to look at the girls I know, and try to fancy what they will be when they are grown up."

The mother apologised for the involuntary laugh, and assured her son that she had not intended to make game, only it had sounded so funny for a boy of nine to talk gravely on such a subject. Also, that she would be very sorry indeed if they could not talk confidentially on that, as on other matters.

Hands were clasped again, and they had a good deal more talk on the same subject, which would, I doubt not, influence the boy's future cogitations in a right direction.

A lady told me one day that, as a girl, she held very decided opinions as to her future partner in life.

"When I marry, my husband must be taller than myself. I am above the middle height, and nothing looks so horrid as to see a man shorter than his wife. He must have large black whiskers" (beards had not then become fashionable), "and he must be very musical. I am so fond of music that I should be wretched with any one who could not sympathise fully with my taste in this direction."

In after days, as the middle-aged wife and a mother of grown-up children, she used to say, "You know what I always declared my husband must have and be. Well, I got nothing but the whiskers, and they were the wrong colour."

True enough, her husband was neither tall, musical, nor black-a-vised, but he was one of the best all-round men I ever knew; and it was only needful to see the glances interchanged between him and his wife to understand that they were an extremely well-matched couple, and enjoyed a more than ordinary share of connubial felicity.

There were two young and very attractive girls sitting at our table, one day, who were vehement in their objection to widowers. "Be a second wife! Never!" said they, severally and in unison. "Not if the widowers were the last men on the face of the earth would we marry them under such circumstances."

And they told sad tales of the way in which second wives were made miserable by the relatives of the former partners, of the ingratitude stepmothers had to put up with, though they were more indulgent than own mothers, and of the way

in which they were certain to be disadvantageously compared with the dear departed by the husbands themselves, that any person would have been sure these girls would keep their word.

It is an absolute fact that, within twelve months, both those girls married widowers; and, in the case of the elder, a man whom she had previously refused in as decided terms as a negative could be worded.

Another lady received a proposal of marriage from a man, well born, well educated, and her equal in position, though not in means. She was surrounded by comforts and luxuries which she was little inclined to relinquish, and beside, she had never thought of the gentleman in question, except as an acquaintance.

Her "No thank you" came promptly enough. The suitor saw that she meant it and withdrew, bitterly disappointed, for his affection was sincere.

She told me what followed, or I could not know it. "After he left me, I remained alone sitting quietly and thinking over what had passed. And in a little while I said aloud 'I believe I shall be that man's wife some day.'"

Time passed on. The gentleman, a clergyman, took the first opportunity of removing to another sphere of duty, and after a considerable interval became engaged to a young lady in the new neighbourhood. But poverty forbade an early marriage, and it happened that the engagement went on for several years, at the end of which it was terminated by mutual consent, and with little regret on either side.

The gentleman had all the while only been a few miles away from his first love's home, and, as the friendship between the family and himself had continued, they met occasionally during the whole time. After his engagement was broken off, his visits to the house became more frequent.

There is a pithy proverb which alludes to "renewal of love" in these terms, "Old broth is sooner warmed than new broth made," and it was exemplified in the case of the couple aforesaid. The suitor renewed his offer, the father gave the needed help to enable them to marry, and after a very short engagement the lady found that her involuntary exclamation had been prophetic, for she was the happy wife of the man to whom she had said "No" in the first instance.

The story of Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, is an amusing instance of an "I will not" that ended in "I will."

When the giant Norman duke first went wooing, he was scornfully rebuffed, but he was not the man to sit down quietly under a fair lady's "no." He, however, took very singular means to conquer her objections to his suit. He waylaid her when she was out riding one day, and not only let her feel the weight of his arm, but dragged her off her horse and rolled her in the mud.

It was afterwards quaintly said that Matilda probably reflected that the arm which was so strong to chastise would be equally prompt and able to defend in those troublous times. At any rate, she became his wife, and their conjugal felicity is matter of history.

It is said that men adhere more steadily to their preconceived notions on matrimonial subjects than do women. Perhaps this arises from the fact that they have greater opportunities of carrying them out, seeing that they have a wider range of choice. A man can ask whom he likes. A woman can only choose from amongst the suitors who offer, or reject them all, though it has been said that, "given time and opportunity of meeting, a woman can marry whom she will."

But, as time and favourable opportunity may be wanting, the weaker sex are placed at a disadvantage in this respect, and are more likely to yield some of their previously formed resolutions.

This fact was in one instance brought before a lady by her spiritual adviser, and had the effect of changing her "I will not" into "I will."

Three years previously a gentleman had made her an offer, which she declined, greatly to his regret and that of her family, who believed that such an union would have proved satisfactory in every respect. The suitor returned to his home, which was at a considerable distance, and there seemed little prospect of a future meeting between the two.

By a curious combination of circumstances, the gentleman was thrown much into the society of a wealthy widow. The lady was three years his senior, but still young, with charming manners and great personal attractions. She was looked on as the great matrimonial prize of the neighbourhood, and had suitors in proportion to her varied recommendations.

These, however, were not left in doubt as to their fate, for, like a true-hearted woman, she gave them no encouragement. There was one man who held aloof, and this was the rejected suitor aforesaid.

Was it because he held aloof, or because the widow gave him credit for qualities not possessed by any amongst her other acquaintances, that she thought fit to single him out in order to bestow on him marks of esteem and confidence?

Certain it is that, in a business matter, which required most delicate handling and laid bare her position and circumstances, she sought his aid. He gave it cheerfully, rendering her essential service in so doing, and again retired into the background. The very knowledge of her wealth was just the thing to deter him from seeking her hand, even had he wished to do so. Besides our bachelor was modest in his self-estimate, and a rebuff in another quarter had tended to increase this feeling. He failed to note, or at any rate to take advantage of, a partiality which was patent to everyone else.

Again an old Lincolnshire proverb aptly illustrates such a state of affairs: "When the cart comes to the horse, it is time to yoke."

The cart did not exactly come to the horse in this case, but a relative of the widow's, who dreaded that she would become the prey of some mercenary suitor, spoke a word in season. At length our bachelor was brought to think that.

since he could not get the girl he first loved, he might as well devote himself to making happy a charming woman whom he truly esteemed, and whose confidence had greatly touched him. Only he insisted that the widow's property should be strictly settled on herself. This was done, but, unknown to him, the lady had a will ready for signing immediately after her marriage, in which she bequeathed all to her husband.

The pair were really happy, but before the year was ended, the husband stood by a grave in which lay his wife and their new-born babe. In spite of the wealth which came to him, he felt that he had lost a greater treasure in the loving-hearted woman who bequeathed it.

Another year passed, and again our hero found himself quite unexpectedly, under the same roof with his first love, who was looking more attractive than ever. It must be remembered that I am reciting facts and not now discussing the philosophy of marriage. She met him with the greatest frankness of manner—in fact more than he liked, for it seemed to her that, by his marriage, all the old feeling for herself must have been obliterated. But a day came when its strength was revealed. Again he addressed her.

But he was now very rich. The girl knew this, and said to herself, "Were I to accept him now people would say I was taking the man for his wealth, whom I would not take for his own sake." So first she hesitated, then refused him a second time.

The suitor was in despair, her friends angry, and she a little in doubt as to whether she had really followed the dictates of heart or head. There was so much to admire in his character, and everyone spoke in his favour. She could not doubt his affection for herself. He had pocketed pride, renewed his offer, and only valued his wealth from a wish that she should share it with him. Moreover, she liked no one better, perhaps none so well, but this clause of the sentence was not put into words. It was a thought only.

Backed by the whole family, our suitor did not leave the house. The lady had said she esteemed him as a friend. As such he would stay, and try to induce her to reverse her decision.

With so many to combat it, no wonder the girl began to waver. At last she said, "I will tell Mr. Thistleton all about it, and abide by his advice only; no one else must interfere by a word."

Mr. Thistleton was the old clergyman who had married her parents, to whom she had gone with her joys and sorrows ever since she could remember anything, and she would go now for guidance in her new difficulty.

The old man listened with fatherly sympathy, and then quietly asked the girl if she had determined against matrimony altogether and meant to lead a single life.

The girl was not quite prepared to go so far, and owned that she had always meant to marry some day.

"And you are, let me see, twenty-six now. You have refused several of the most likely young men hereabouts. You must count on having many more and better to choose from."

"No, indeed," was the answer, "I am not so vain." And the speaker reflected that for more than a year, until the return of her old suitor, she had received no offer, whilst most of her former admirers had found consolation elsewhere.

"Then, my dear," replied her friend, "I would have you think before you send this worthy gentleman to the rightabout. This gentleman is highly esteemed, he has the sanction of your parents, you own that you respect him, and are convinced of his true love for yourself. What more do you want or expect? If you cared for another I would not advise you to think a second time, but to make your 'No' more emphatic than ever. The Mr. Somebody who *may* woo in the future need not be thought of for a moment. People may say, 'There are as good fish in the sea as any that have been taken out of it.' No doubt they are right, but a fresh herring, ready for eating when dinner time comes, is worth more to the hungry man than the biggest salmon which is still disporting itself in the river. You have your herring, my dear; you may never land your salmon."

"But I do not look on Mr. —— as a herring."

"I thought so, my dear child. Then, if you have landed your salmon, do not throw him back into the water again."

"Oh, Mr. Thistleton! you are like all the rest."

"Then, no doubt, in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom."

"But he is so rich now, and people might say I was taking him for his wealth."

"Well, my dear, if he is rich, I don't know a girl who will help him to turn his money to better account than you. Go your way, my child, and thank God for giving you the chance of making a good man happy. You will let me know when the wedding day is fixed."

And she did as the old parson advised, whereat all at home rejoiced greatly, and wished she had gone before to ask Mr. Thistleton's advice.

She said "I will" at the right time, and without any qualms of conscience, for she had in the meanwhile learned the value of her fish, and had no hankering for any that might still be left in the water.

This happened long ago, but the parson's prophesy was fulfilled, and our heroine played the part of Lady Bountiful in a wide sphere of usefulness for many an after year.

There are, however, "I wills" said to a wooer which from untoward circumstances or mistaken feelings turn into "I will nots" later on.

A short time since this happened in the case of a couple who were on the verge of matrimony. The day was fixed, the house taken, and the gentleman was proudly conducting his affianced through the dwelling which was intended for their future home.

He was wealthy, and had furnished it with care and taste, as well as with an unusual amount of thoughtfulness in the matter of little things.

Until they reached the kitchen all met with the lady's approval, but in it she caught sight of a coffee-mill, and objected to its presence there.

Surely her evil genius prompted what followed, for she not only condemned the article as useless and unnecessary, but declared she would not have it in any home of which she was the mistress.

The gentleman, thinking that there must be some special cause for this persistency, at first treated the matter as a joke, but, finding the lady's temper was rising, he too became determined, and declared that no house of which he was master should be without a coffee-mill.

Ridiculous as it may appear, this disagreement ended an engagement the result of which ought to have been a happy marriage.

The girl was poor, but chose rather to go out as a governess than to yield in this small matter. The young man probably congratulated himself that she had thought proper to display her obstinacy before marriage instead of after.

When staying in a large seaside hotel a number of years ago, I met a lady with whom were several daughters. One among these I thought particularly charming, and her manners were essentially feminine and gentle.

"Look at that girl," said an old lady, who was also staying in the house. "There is to be a dress concert this evening, and she is going to it. Is not her gown beautiful?"

"Yes. It is fit for a bride," I replied, as I noticed more particularly the exquisite combination of white satin and lace, in which the girl looked like a gracious young queen.

"That is what the gown was made for. See, the other sisters are coming in. They are all dressed alike, in soft silks and Indian muslins. They have on what should have been bridesmaids' dresses. Shall I tell you why they were not used as such?"

I assented, for I was naturally curious to have an explanation.

"That girl has no heart," said the old lady. "She was engaged for two years to a young man who was far too good for her. She treated him abominably during the engagement, and harassed him by all sorts of petty tests and tricks unworthy of a true-hearted woman. Everything was prepared for their marriage, and on the very day before it was to have taken place, she deliberately threw him over.

"His distress was terrible to witness, and all those who would have been glad to find an excuse for her conduct, if possible, were either silent or condemned her, whilst they pitied the victim of her heartlessness, and none denounced her more strongly than did her own parents.

"'You have deliberately wrecked that man's life,' they said. 'He is almost broken-hearted. I do not think we shall see him again.'

"'Nothing of the kind,' she answered. 'Hearts seldom break. As to seeing him in the future! No fear. He will be at my feet again in three months,' and she gave a smile of triumph.

"Then it flashed across the minds of the parents that the girl had deliberately planned this outrage, in order to give a last proof of her ascendency over the young man.

"Not in three months, but in less than six, he was again by her side, professing more than his old affection, and pleading for hers. There was a wonderful change in him which the girl could not understand. He was so devoted, yet so manly, in his second wooing that she soon cared more for him than she had thought she could care for any human being.

"Once more the wedding-day was fixed, and this time the tables were spread and the bride ready to step into the carriage which was to take her to church, when a note was put into her hand.

"The contents may be guessed. Some one had told the young man of her boast that he would be back in three months, and he answered with a meaning smile that it would be a pity to disappoint her. There was no wedding. The intended bridegroom was on his voyage to the Antipodes when the note was handed to the girl and the drive to church prevented.

"The family live a long way from this place. No doubt they came here to stay until this last affair had blown over. They would not expect to meet me, for I have been long absent from home, and alighted here to rest, after a continental tour. Mutual friends sent me in writing the particulars I have related to you. I fancy the party will not stay now they have seen me."

"How can the girl wear that bridal gown and smile, and look as she does in it?" I asked, as I glanced again at her graceful beauty, with a feeling of utter amazement and contempt.

"I gave you the reason to begin with when I said, 'She has no heart,'" was the old lady's answer; and I am convinced it was the correct one.

The facts related above occurred a number of years ago, but I have pleasure in adding something to the story from my own knowledge. The girl without a heart has not caused that of another worthy man to ache on her account. She is single still, and likely to remain so. But her old love has found more than consolation in the affection of an excellent wife, and is valued as he deserves to be, though on the other side of the globe.



A Ballad for the People.

BY TOM BROWN.

CHEATING THE PARISH.

"I'LL send for the baby to-morrow at three,"
Said the man from the Union; "I can't send to-day."
"Theer's no hurry at all; say yo' lettin' it be
Till the end o' the week.—Missis, what do yo' say?"

"Oh! that'll be sune enough; we've got so used
To mindin' the child, we shall miss him a deal.
If the nail trade was good, well, he wouldn't be loosed,
I can tell yer; but now we've to watch every meal."

And so, with a sigh, Bessie Bunn turned indoor,
Followed close by her husband—"Ode Clasp," he was called.
He'd worked on clasp nails forty years or more,
Till, like an old nail, rusty, twisted, and bald.

The old man, in his faded black suit, ill at ease,
Looked dolefully sad, of employment bereft.
"I'd a mind, Bess," said he, "I would go an' change these,
An' work up that hundred o' iron we got left."

"I never would, Job"—'twas his baptismal name—
"We don't have a buryin' every day;
"An' if yo' can't rest yer for once, it's a shame—
An', look yer, the youngster's got summat to say."

From the settle went flying a sock and a shawl,
And four dimpled limbs fought as if for dear life,
Till the struggle seemed likely to end in a fall,
When Job, much amused, took the child to his wife.

'Twas surprising the things that young rogue had to say,
As translated by Bess, as he crowed in her lap.
He was flatt'ring to her, while, in bantering play,
He ridiculed Job as an "ugly ode chap."

He asked, notwithstanding—at least so Bess said—
That the nailer should give him a ride on his knee.
And 'tis likely she truly his meaning had read,
For, when mounted, he chuckled and screamed in high glee.

"How odd sounds the little 'un's laugh!" said the dame,
"Who'd think as his mother's been buried to-day!"
"It does, Bess, sound queer, but I'm glad, all the same,
As he don't feel the miss o' what's taken away.

"He'll know sune enough what an orphan's lot is,
For, on foot or by coach, trouble never comes late.
But hark! Who's that comin'? It sounds like our Liz."
Said Bess, "No, it can't be; her won't come till eight."

A hurried step pattered across the paved yard,
The latch clicked, and breathless rushed in, towards the child,
A young woman, who kissed him, and hugged him so hard,
You'd have thought he'd have screamed; but he chuckled and smiled.

"Why, Liz! Whate'er brings yer back home here so soon?
Theer's nothin' the matter, I hope, at The Farm?
Why, yo' wouldn't get theer not till very near noon!
An' yer hurryin' back I can see's done yer harm."

"There's nothing amiss, mother dear," said the girl;
"At least there ain't *now*, though I almost went wild;
For all of a sudden my brain gave a whirl,
As it struck me 'the Parish' might send for the child.

"I was quietly sewing, and telling Miss Jane
All about her that's gone, and the fun'ral to-day,
When the thought, I might ne'er see this darling again,
So upset me, they let me come home right away.

"I'm all right now. Bless him!" She hugged him again,
To hide the big tears that welled up in her eyes,
While "Ode Clasp" coughed and frowned, like the sternest of men,
And Bess made a raid on the sugar for flies.

* * * *

On a midsummer eve, nearly two years before,
"Ode Clasp" was at work in his shop at the back.
It was near the week end, and he needs must work o'er,
To finish some orders, or else have "the sack."

Through one little window, afar in the west,
The Wrekin lay bathed in the sunset's rich hue,
While the wide open casement in front showed the crest
Of Dudley's grey castle, quite closely in view.

His wife to the Methodist meeting had gone;
His daughter, out sewing, had not yet returned;
So he whistled and hummed, as he deftly worked on,
And still, as by magic, the iron to nails turned.

Good hand as he was, yet his earnings were small,
For prices were low, and he worked all alone,
While other men's wives worked all day at "the stall,"
And by wee boys, and girls too, their bellows were blown.

He was sadly contrasting the present and past
Position and pay of a nailer, when he,
Looking up, as a shadow was o'er his hearth cast,
Met the eyes of a girl fixed in mute, earnest plea.

She'd a very young baby wrapped up in a shawl,
And a bundle of clothing she carried beside.
Hot, weary, and weak, seeming ready to fall,
Job asked her to rest for a minute inside.

With nail-bags for cushion, he made her a seat
On a hearth that lay idle, and then, between whiles,
He got her the tale of her woes to repeat.
She'd walked now from Belper, some thirty-eight miles!

Her husband had left her some few months before,
His mates were on strike, and to Dudley he went.
He wrote to her once, but she'd heard nothing more,
And never a penny of wage had he sent.

Then her baby was born; and though neighbours were kind,
Her few household treasures for food had to go.
Till at last, in despair, she determined to find
Her husband, or know of him what she could know.

Alas! she but learned he had sailed for the West:
So, friendless and faint, towards the workhouse she sped,
But, hearing Job's hammer, while pausing to rest,
The sound drew her on, and she went where it led.

She had finished her story ere Bessie returned,
But as both she and Liz wished to hear it retold,
They had supper, and then the sad incidents learned,
While Liz to relieve her the baby would hold.

Time sped as they talked, and lo! now 'twas too late
To enter the workhouse: so Liz, gentle heart,
Offered share of her bed to the girl whose sad fate
Surely gave her a claim to a true sister's part.

Next morning the woman lay helplessly weak,
Exhausted by hunger, fatigue, and despair.
And these poor simple people, for over a week,
Nursed her and her baby with tenderest care.

When at length she was strong enough safely to leave,
It was doubtful which grieved most to part, she or they.
They had proved 'twas much "better to give than receive,"
And she'd known a kindness she ne'er could repay.

So the day was deferred. She'd learned how to "nail"
At Belper, and Job had a spare hearth and block.
So she said that, as long as her strength would avail,
She'd at least keep herself, if not add to their stock.

So she and Job cheerfully forged every day;
He "clasp" nails, as usual; she small "sprigs" or "brads."
While Liz, unless called to do sewing away,
Tried to ruin the baby, most roguish of lads.

Little Will, from the first, took a fancy to her;
He ruled all the others, but she was his slave.
From the earliest hour he thought proper to stir,
He claimed her, till sleep left him nothing to crave.

Liz sometimes half feared lest the child might forget,
And give *her* the love that his mother should gain;
So she set herself daily to teach her young pet
To call for his "mammie," but taught him in vain.

His mother toiled bravely, and, when she was well,
Earned enough for their needs; but she'd never been strong,
And, ere spring came again, it was easy to tell,
The struggle for life could not last very long.

They lovingly nursed her. The blessing alone
Of the "ready to perish" she had to bestow.
Yet they grieved, when at length the tired spirit had flown,
That "the Parish" the last mournful kindness must show.

The night of the fun'ral Liz scarcely once slept.
As he lay in the moonlight, she gazed on the child;
And, hungrily fondling him, silently wept,
For the thought of their parting was driving her wild.

She never had realised fully till now
The depth of the child-love new stirred in her heart;
And she prayed that they two might—she couldn't guess how—
Escape the hard fate that would drive them apart.

Two days passed, and then came the one they had named
For the parish official to come for the lad.
Liz went for a walk—she could hardly be blamed
For shunning a parting so painfully sad.

The child, all unconscious of evil in store,
Slept in peace on the settle, and Bess, sad and glum,
Talked with Job in his shop, till a knock at the door
Announced that the Union official had come.

Then she, sad and trembling, and he, stern severe,
Went together to hand o'er their charge to the law.
But the settle was empty! No baby was there!
They sought, but no sign of the baby they saw!

They groped down the cellar, they searched up the stair,
  They looked in the coal-bin, where once the rogue hid;
They turned up the settle, and Job's heavy chair;
  But were nothing the wiser, whatever they did.

The neighbours in turn searched their cottages o'er;
  The man from the Union cudgelled his brain;
But, in spite of his shrewdness, could do nothing more
  Than return and report why his errand was vain.

The news of the child's disappearance soon spread.
  Job had been to the station, the toll-gate, the inn,
And returned, his mind full of foreboding and dread,
  In time to see Liz with the youngster walk in.

"Why, wheer did yer find him? Who'd took him away?
  The dear little feller! Let's gie him a squeeze."
"*I* took him!" said Liz. "Let me first have my say,
  And then you can blame me or not, as you please.

"I meant to be out of the way, as I'd said,
  When the darling was taken, but, try as I would,
His image I couldn't get out of my head;
  So at last I gave up, and turned homewards for good.

"I found him alone, on the settle asleep,
  And I kissed him—a little too hard, I dare say,
For he woke, and my heart gave a terrible leap,
  As he plainly said, 'Mammy!' and wooed me to stay

"That word seemed to claim me in place of the dead;
  I couldn't resist such an evident call;
So I hurriedly dressed him, and silently fled,
  And kept out of sight with him, spite of you all."

Said Job, "Well, yo've gied us a rare scare, it's true,
  But I'm only half sorry we've got the lad still;
An', though I can't see how we'm goin' to do,
  We'll try to support him." Said Bess, "So we will.

"Oh, bless him! Remember, he's *my* child from now;
  I've cheated 'the Parish' to save him," said Liz,
"And as long as God spares us together, I vow,
  My interests shall never be sep'rate from his."

She kept her word nobly: she toiled and she schemed,
  And the child proved no burden at all, strange to say,
For, wherever the story got known, people seemed
  Only eager to place the best work in her way.

She has a fine shop now, the best in the town;
  Little Will is the head of his school for the year;
Job and Bess, in a neat little home settled down,
  Often laugh as they tell how love triumphed o'er fear.

PORTRAITS OF THE POET COWPER.

THERE are three portraits of Cowper, by three distinguished painters: Abbot, Romney, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. These were all taken within a short time. That by Abbot, an oil painting, was taken in July, 1792, at Weston; that by Romney, in crayons, in August and September of the same year, when the poet was on a visit to Hayley, at Eartham; and that by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at Weston, in October, 1793. The portrait which is most familiarly known, having been often engraved, and appearing in various editions of the poems, was painted after his death, from the portraits of Abbot and Lawrence, by Jackson, R.A., and is now in the possession of Earl Cowper, at Penshanger, Hertfordshire. The artist has very successfully combined the characteristic points of the portraits taken from life, and gives an excellent idea of the poet, when a little over sixty years of age.

Mr. Jackson, in his picture, retained the well-known cap, which the poet was accustomed to wear in a morning, when at work, either in parlour or garden. When in consultation with Dean Stanley as to the portrait to be chosen for the stained glass memorial window in Westminster Abbey (the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia), the Dean said, "We must have the cap at all events, for everyone knows him in that better than in the wig." It is a curious head-dress, but it was comfortable, not unbecoming, and it was not the poet's own choosing; it was the gift of his cousin, Lady Hesketh. The fact is immortalised in the lines entitled "Gratitude":

The cap that so stately appears,
  With ribbon-bound tassel on high,
Which seems by the crest that it rears
  Ambitious of brushing the sky;
This cap to my cousin I owe—
  She gave it, and gave me beside,
Wreathed into an elegant bow,
  The ribbon with which it is tied.

So we see that Cowper, along with his grateful feeling for the comfortable head-dress, was quite aware of the odd appearance of what he thus humorously describes. Romney and Lawrence both painted him in this cap, and Jackson very wisely adopted it in the posthumous portrait.

Abbot's oil painting represents the poet in his out-door dress, a dark green coat, yellow waistcoat, breeches, and periwig of the period. He is sitting, cross-legged, facing the painter, with a pen in the right hand, and the right arm leaning on an open book, lying upon a desk. The loose-lapelled, large-buttoned coat, and ruffled shirt, show the costume of a gentleman of that time, and we can fancy Cowper looking every inch "the squire," as he was usually styled by the villagers of Olney and Weston. The desk, which he no doubt arranged to be included in the picture, was one of the valued gifts sent by his

cousin, Theodora Cowper, the loved one of his young days. In a letter to his sister, Lady Hesketh, December 7th, 1785, he speaks of "my desk, the most elegant, the compactest, the most commodious desk in the world, and of all the desks that ever were or ever shall be, the desk that I love the most." The wig is also historical. It is probably the identical article concerning which he wrote to "Mrs. Frog" (Lady Throckmorton) in March, 1790: "My periwig is arrived, and is the very perfection of all periwigs, having only one fault; which is, that my head will only go into the first half of it, the other half, or the upper part of it, continuing still unoccupied. My artist in this way at Olney has, however, undertaken to make the whole of it tenantable, and then I shall be twenty years younger than you have ever seen me."

With regard to Abbot's picture as a portrait, the general testimony of those who knew Cowper is, that it was a better likeness than either Romney's or Lawrence's. The Rev. John Johnson ("Norfolk Johnnie"), Lady Throckmorton, and other friends agreed as to this, and Cowper himself said that this likeness was "the closest imaginable." In a letter to Hayley (July 15), 1792, he writes—

> Abbot is painting me so true
> That (trust me) you would stare,
> And hardly know, at the first view,
> If I were here or there.

And a few days later he said to the same correspondent, "Well! this picture is at last finished, and well finished, I can assure you. Every creature that has seen it has been astonished at the resemblance. Sam's boy bowed to it, and Beau walked up to it, wagging his tail as he went, and evidently showing that he acknowledged its likeness to his master. It is half-length, as it is technically, but absurdly, called, in that it gives all but foot and ankle."

Romney was contemporary of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and by many his portraits were preferred to those of the President of the Academy. Hayley regarded this picture of Cowper as "one of the most masterly and faithful resemblances he ever beheld." Romney himself considered it as "the nearest approach he had ever made to a perfect representation of life and character." The poet's own opinion appears in the graceful sonnet, "To George Romney on his picture of me in crayons."

> Romney, expert infallibly to trace
> On chart or canvas, not the form alone
> And semblance, but however faintly shown
> The mind's impression too on every face—
> With strokes that time ought never to erase,
> Thou hast so pencill'd mine, that though I own
> The subject worthless, I have never known
> The artist shining with superior grace.
> But this I mark, that symptoms none of woe
> In thy incomparable work appear;
> Well—I am satisfied it should be so,
> Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear;
> For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see
> When I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee?

Of these various portraits an account is given in a delightful volume, entitled "The Town of Cowper," a history of Olney and its historical and biographical associations, by Thomas Wright, master of the Cowper's School in that town. (S. Low, Son, & Co.) The book is embellished with wood engravings and photographs. The frontispiece presents small photographs of Newton, Scott, Sutcliffe, and Carey, with five portraits of Cowper, four of which we have described. The fifth is a profile, taken in earlier years, by a local artist, James Andrews, who taught Cowper drawing, and whom he playfully called "my Michael Angelo." "I now draw mountains," says the poet, "valleys, woods, and streams, and ducks and dabchicks. I admire them myself, and Mrs. Unwin admires them, and her praises and my praise put together are fame enough for me." In a letter to Newton he says, "James Andrews pays me many compliments on my success in the art of drawing, but I have not yet the vanity to think myself qualified to furnish your apartment." On the mural tablet in Olney Church, and on some of the tombstones, may still be seen specimens of the skill and taste of James Andrews. His profile of Cowper was done for the poet's useful attendant and faithful friend, William Wilson, the barber of Olney, a very worthy man, who is described by him as "one of the men of best intelligence in the town." On the back of the picture is an inscription as follows: "Profile of Cowper the poet taken from life, by old James Andrews, of Olney. It was done for Mr. Wilson, who well knew the poet, all the years he resided at Olney. Sarah Wilson, 1858." Mrs. Wilson, who was thirty-two years younger than her husband, wrote these words a few years before her death, which occurred in 1869.

Of James Andrews, and of William Wilson, and other Olney characters, Mr. Thomas Wright has recorded many interesting anecdotes and traditions in his pleasant volume. The older history of Olney includes important events in ages long before Cowper's poems made it famous in literature. Many distinguished names are associated with its annals, and the neighbouring estates of Gayhurst and Weston recall romantic incidents in the history of the Digbys, Wrights, Throckmortons, and other old English families.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

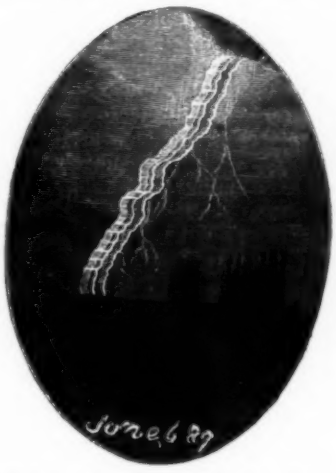
NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

THE REVOLUTION IN STORM STUDIES: THE DURATION OF A LIGHTNING FLASH.

THE storm in London on the evening of June 6th was specially rich in opportunities for observation, the "cracks in the ether" (to use Sir William Thomson's expression) being exceptionally numerous and brilliant without being dangerous. Fortunately the observations made and the photographs taken were sent in large numbers to the Royal Meteorological Society, where some forty photographs were exhibited and some valuable eye observations were reported and discussed. Among the more casual but yet valuable observations made were the following: The frequency of the lightning was very remarkable, one spectator recording as many as 130 flashes in one minute. Mr. A. W. Clayden measured a flash and found it 1,300 yards long and 100 yards wide, and the height of the clouds about 1,000 yards. Another observer, who watched the storm for two hours, noticed that fully four-fifths of the lightning flashes in the south-east were "earth strokes," *i.e.*, ascended from the earth to the clouds, a fact which confirms many former observations, and shows how largely the earth must have been charged with electricity.

One of the most important observations was the following: in many cases the same flash was repeated instantaneously several times, taking exactly the same form and direction. Mr. Cowper Ranyard, F.R.A.S., makes the suggestive remark that apparently the first flash would heat the air and slightly rarefy it, leaving a path of least resistance, along which subsequent discharges would flow as certainly as water follows the twists and turns of a pipe.

The accompanying woodcut is a copy of a



photograph taken in London during the storm of June 6. Similar parallel flashes are now familiar to collectors of storm photographs; and the explanation given by experts is that the simultaneous appearance of the flashes is purely photographic, and is, in fact, owing to a shift of the camera between a succession of flashes along the same path, as already described. Inquiries into a number of other such cases have shown that in each instance the camera was held in the hand, and would thus be liable to the shock (involuntary, it may be) which the hardiest photographer of lightning flashes is liable to. Of course other objects in the landscape should share in the displacement, and by examining the negatives of the photograph, such has been found to be the case.

All the observers were struck with the comparatively slow passage of the lightning. The flashes lasted an appreciable time, so that their actual form was easily traceable by the unaided eye. With regard to Wheatstone's well-known determination of the time of a flash, as being about the millionth part of a second, it was pointed out that the laboratory conditions of producing a spark are widely different from those of the atmosphere, there being no such special conductors in the clouds as are used in the laboratory. There can now be no doubt that the former estimate of the infinitesimal duration of a flash of lightning will have to be given up. In future the duration will probably be measured by tenths of a second, and in some cases by a much less period.

Finally, all the observers agreed that the forms of the flashes as they shot forth from the clouds were easily visible by the naked eye, and that they confirm the testimony of the photographic plate. The unaided eye now sees that the flashes are entirely different in form from the zigzag course familiar to us in pictures ("nature's lightning" being quite dissimilar from "painters' lightning"[1]). The sinuous and meandering form shown by photography can now be easily seen by any ordinary observer The fact illustrates afresh a familiar truism in astronomical and microscopical studies, objects formerly quite invisible becoming easily visible when the eye knows what to look for.

GARDEN STUDIES: THE FORMS OF FLOWERS AS AFFECTED BY INSECT LANDING-PLACES.

A newer study than that of the fertilisation of plants by insects, which was popularised by Darwin, is now challenging the attention of botanists. The subject of the shapes of flowers, as probably determined in many cases by insect visitants, is now attracting observation, and whatever may be the conclusions arrived at, many new and interesting facts are being brought together

[1] For woodcut illustration see "Leisure Hour" for 1888, page 777.

which cannot fail to increase the general interest in floral structure and flower-frequenting insects. In England, Professor G. Henslow, a well-known botanist, has taken the lead of late years in working out the effect which is produced on flowers by the mere mechanical influence of the weight and pressure of bees and other insect visitors alighting on them. Indeed, the interesting dynamics of floral specialisation have seldom received such recognition from English botanists as they have from Professor Henslow. After numberless observations, conducted through many years, Professor Henslow has been led to the conclusion that the weight and pressure of the insect on a given petal or other part of the flower sets up an irritation in that part of the plant, and that the protoplasm of the cells responds so as to give rise to tissues, which are thrown out to withstand the strains due to the extraneous pressure of the insect. The flower thus learns—if the expression is allowable—to prepare itself to maintain an equilibrium under the newer tensions imposed upon it; and irregular developments of floral form in one direction, with a suppression or atrophy of parts on the other, are the result. Such examples occur in the calyces of furze and *salvia*, in the many forms of "lips," or labella; in enlarged anterior petals, as in pelargonium; and in numerous other plants which are mentioned by Professor Henslow.

The different ways in which bees and other insects approach flowers will have been noticed by the most casual of observers, whether the place of observation be a mere window-ledge of common cottage plants, a large garden, or the open fields and commons. "Regular" flowers, when borne singly, are almost always terminal; and when they are arranged in erect racemes or bunches, as in the wallflower, they stand out, so that they are easily approachable at any point of their circumference. But it is quite different when the flower is situate laterally on the stalk, and projects horizontally; in this case the insect is compelled to alight upon it on one side only when approaching it directly from the front. It thus throws all its weight upon one side of the flower the lower or anterior side, such as the "lip" of the labiates, or the "keel petal" of the sweet pea or other butterfly-shaped flowers. If there is no such petal present to serve as a landing-place, its weight is sustained by the stamens or the style, or by both together.

The pelargoniums are familiar flowers instanced by Professor Henslow, as cases in which the constant use of the same part of the flower as a landing-place for insects has had conspicuous results. This is seen in the form of the flower being mostly very irregular; the front or lower petals are much the larger. When the bee or other insect goes to the flower it must rest upon it, and as a rule it alights on the lower petals; and whenever it does that—it does not matter what the flower is—the petals thus used as a landing-place invariably become enlarged. Supposing there is no petal underneath, the insect visitor stands on the stamens, and in this case the lower petal either retains its normal size, or is pushed to one side, or atrophies, or disappears altogether.

Insect "landing-places" would thus, according to the theory, acquire considerable importance in affecting the structure of the flower, the result being in course of time to convert "regular" into "irregular" flowers. The whole question is, of course, a matter of evidence, and it is certainly in favour of the new view that—as Professor Henslow points out—there are plants which apparently show stages in the process of specialisation in question. For instance, the terminal flower of a "thyrse" of the horse-chestnut, like the terminal flower of a truss of pelargoniums, is often regular, with its petals equal, for it has offered no special landing-place to the insect visitor; and yet, on the same spike, the laterally-borne blossoms show the specialisation of form and enlargement of the petals which would result from the latter being used by insects as their landing-place. "Regular" terminal flowers may also be found on the foxglove, and these, as might be expected by analogy, are in remarkable contrast with the slipper-like form of the flowers lower down the spike which are most frequented by insects.

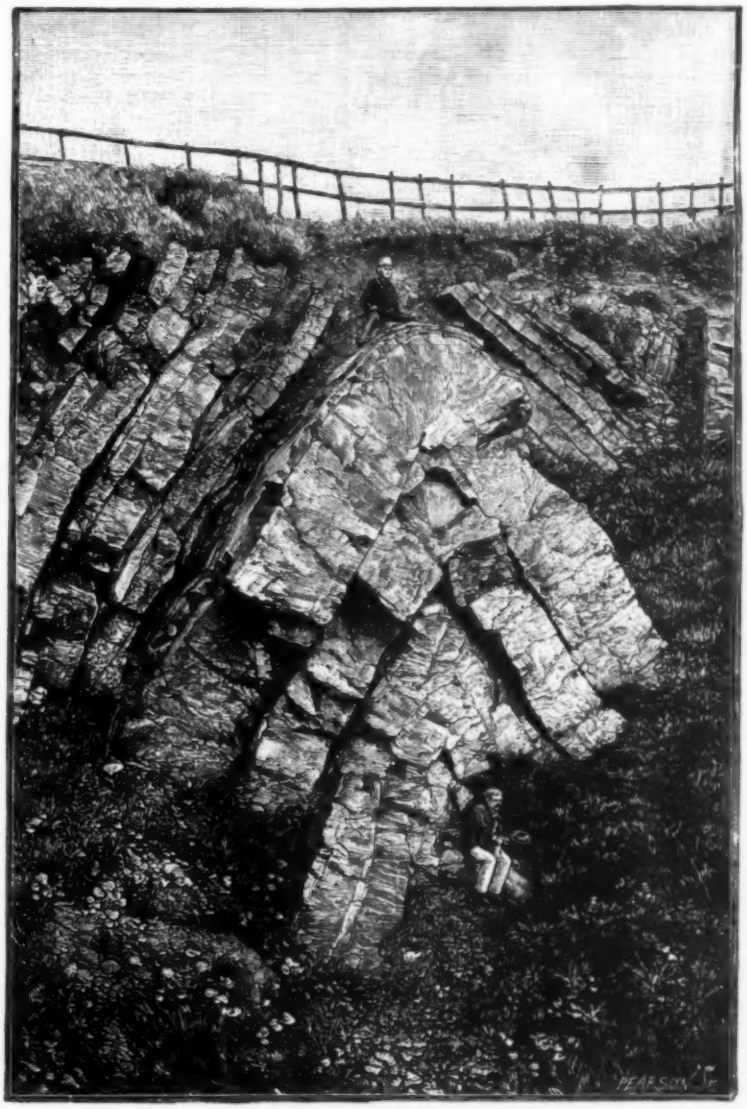
Professor Henslow's view is that all these beautiful correlations of flowers and insects are immediately due to the responsive power of protoplasm to external irritation from the insects themselves. The weight of the insects on the particular part of the flower brings about a responsive action in the protoplasm, thus determining a flow of nutriment to the parts demanding it, which now grow into the forms required. As to the general question of strains upon structures in the vegetable world, researches into the anatomy of stems have proved the existence of this responsive power. Thus a tree will develop wood in a particular direction if it be compelled to meet special strains imposed upon it. Mr. H. Spencer has described how cactuses, if submitted to particular strains, will develop wood to meet them. In flowers, good illustrations of the occurrence of great thickenings just where the strain of insect weight will be most felt may be seen in the slipper-shaped flowers of the calceolaria, coryanthes, and cypripedium.

It must be admitted that such observations, especially when made by trained and critical botanists, are extremely valuable. Even as a collection of data, and quite apart from the immediate inferences made from them, they awaken a new interest in the commoner plants, which are within everybody's reach, and are, therefore, like most other familiar objects, comparatively neglected. Happier examples for common observation than the familiar pelargonium, foxglove, and horse-chestnut could hardly have been chosen; and doubtless the attention now drawn to these and other plants with petals of unequal size or form will much enlarge the class of non-scientific observers, if not of humble window gardeners, who desire to know more of the natural history of their favourites. It is to such observations that we are indebted for our greatly increased knowledge of the beautiful and beneficent adaptations in nature which in recent years have specially marked the progress of natural science in recent years

PHOTOGRAPHS OF GEOLOGICAL SCENERY: WORK FOR THE FIELD CLUBS.

The many charms of the study of landscape geology, and even of railway geology (as revealed in a well-stratified "cutting,"), were a favourite theme of the late Charles Kingsley, whose descriptive essays abound with evidences of a vigilant geological eye. Readers of Mr. Ruskin's fourth volume of "Modern Painters" (The Mountain Glory), and of Dr. Archibald Geikie's "Scenery of Scotland in connection with its Physical Geology," will have no difficulty in recognising the many geological features of a landscape which lend themselves admirably to delineation by means of photography. Ice-worn rocks and perched boulders, curious rain-eroded earth pillars, like those of Glenaber, by the Spey; grand inland cliffs, like those of the carboniferous limestone at Cheddar; wonderful natural terraces in basalt, like those of Skye, Eigg, Mull, and Marven, or, coming south to more modern rocks, the terraced escarpments of the Chalk, as at Chalgrave; curvatures and folds of highly-contorted rocks, such as may sometimes be well seen in quarries and railway cuttings, are among the more obvious features which should catch the eye of the photographic members of our county field-clubs, and result in valuable portfolio collections, and more especially in permanent illustration of the club's annual volume of transactions. Dwellers by the seashore need hardly be reminded of the wonderfully interesting features which the coastlines of our islands offer for the same purpose. Picturesque stratification at every angle, "stacks" and "needles," natural arches and caverns, will be found of the highest pictorial interest as well as of scientific value. Indeed, as to the feast of good things which awaits the photographer of our coastlines, we need only refer to the late Mr. Beete Jukes's little volume entitled, "Popular Physical Geology."

The action of the British Association in stimulating the natural history and other field-clubs of Britain to take photographs of interesting geological scenery in their respective counties is already producing good results. It will be remembered that at the meeting of the Association held last year at Bath, a proposal was made to appoint a committee to collect and register photographs of features of geological interest in every county in the kingdom. Isolated attempts have been made in several counties by accomplished amateurs in connection with the local field-clubs, but at the meeting at Bath the need was felt of securing a common understanding and uniformity of action among all the local societies. The proposal was referred to the committee of delegates of the corresponding societies, and a circular containing useful suggestions to the amateur geological photographer has been issued. The subject will be brought up again this year at the Newcastle meeting of the Association, when some encouraging reports may be expected. Among the societies



CURVED STRATA NEAR DAUGHTON, IN YORKSHIRE.

which have already done good field-work with the camera are the Geological Society of Yorkshire, Chester Society of Natural Science, Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society, Croydon Microscopical and Natural History Society, East Kent Natural History Society, and others.

It will be apparent that what is specially wanted is a series of photographs of the temporary geological sections of interest in each county, such as are revealed in newly-excavated railway cuttings where the embankments are not yet grassed over. In many cases geological features which are as yet only known by drawings might with advantage be photographed as well, especially when the scene is full of details.

The photograph which is the subject of our engraving was taken by Dr. E. W. Reid, who has been eminently successful both in the point of view chosen for the picture and in the aristotype printing, which is so admirably adapted for work of the kind here selected. We are here shown one of the best inland examples of the curved strata known as "anticlinal folds" in the carboniferous limestone. It gives an excellent idea of the action of the lateral forces which have disturbed the original horizontality of the rocks. On the right-hand side there would be seen in a larger picture a reverse condition of the rocks—a "synclinal," in which the rocks are curved into a trough. Draughton, where the quarry is situate, is between Skipton and Bolton Abbey, in Yorkshire. We are indebted to Mr. Arthur S. Reid, of Trinity College, Glenalmond, Perth, and Dr. E. W. Reid, for the use of the photograph.

Varieties.

Social Evenings in a Scottish Village.

Evening entertainments of a popular kind have become a common "institution," both in town and country. Having begun with the humble "penny reading," or conventional "lecture" with or without the magic lantern, the attractions have been gradually increased by music and recitations and "services of song," till these evening "pops" have reached their present proportions. The following notes of our experience in a Scottish village may supply some useful hints, and help to the introduction of similar meetings in other places.

A word may be said at the outset as to the place where the entertainment is held. Of course where there is a Town Hall, or a public room of common resort, it is best to make that the place of gathering. Where the charge for the hall is large, the use of a schoolroom may save expense, but this is not advisable where there may happen to be rivalries of church schools and chapel schools, and other "denominational" divisions. In a small rural community it is desirable to have neutrality and union in a social evening for general enjoyment. I may venture to observe that National Schoolrooms and Board Schoolrooms everywhere might be occasionally turned to use in the evenings, as well as in the canonical hours of "teaching." The only other remark as to the place of meeting is that it should never be in a "public-house."

The place being fixed, the next thing is to get the audience. In our village the parish bellman is sent round, who soon sets afloat the tidings of the meeting, and in our case the minister is good enough to give notice from the pulpit, as he rightly deems such evenings to have a good influence among his people. But it is also necessary to publish the programme of the entertainment, in order to secure the attendance of those who are to pay for their treat. Our usual charge is threepence, which meets the costs of lighting, heating when necessary, printing, and incidental expenses. If there is any surplus, it goes to the sick or the poor. The approved way of advertisement is to "stick up bills" (a professional phrase) in all public places; at the nearest railway stations, on palings, and on trees by the roadsides, the last being the most certain method of securing perusal. So we find "tongues in the trees."

Our usual price for admission we have said is threepence, but sometimes we have two prices; either reserved places when there is very special attraction, or twopenny seats on ordinary evenings. Whether there are different prices or not, the classes seem always to differentiate and to group themselves. The "mill hands," when they come from a neighbouring village, and the labourers, or "hinds," usually keep by themselves. Others, whether lads and lasses, Darbys and Joans, or family groups, naturally assort themselves.

Our chairman is usually the minister, or one of the church office-bearers, or someone of position in the place, if such is present. The parish policeman attends, but his official interference is hardly ever needed, and he seems to enjoy the proceedings as much as any one. The behaviour of the audience is on the whole exemplary, the performances being duly appreciated, and the approval (or disapproval) being signified with delightful candour. There is sometimes genuine humour in these demonstrations. For instance, a gentleman who once sang, with unpleasant voice and dreadfully out of tune, was vigorously encored. A titled lady, who very kindly volunteered a song, in which she sadly broke down, received a burst of applause, in which irony, as in the former case, was mingled with hearty recognition of her goodwill and her attempt to do her best. If our chairman speaks flatteringly of any piece of which the audience has an adverse opinion, the tone of the "Hear, hears" is abundantly significant.

The most practical point remains to be referred to—namely, the staple of our entertainments. Well, it is music, decidedly; lectures and addresses are not generally attractive enough to fill our room. Of music there is endless variety. The so-called "popular" songs are most in request. We have glees, quartettes, duets, as well as solos. Of the latter the pathetic and the patriotic are the most welcome, especially when Scottish national feeling is touched. Songs with choruses are always liked. They help to keep the audience free from stiffness, and best compete with the "free-and-easy" proceedings at public-house and music-hall concerts.

Besides vocal we have instrumental music—the piano, violin, 'cello, banjo, guitar, concertina, bones—nay, even the bagpipes have been brought into requisition.

While music is the chief attraction, readings and recitations are allotted their due place, care being taken not to make these too didactic, remembering that amusement of a harmless, wholesome kind is mainly the object. Ventriloquism, legerdemain, and other occasional attractions have been appreciated. Where an address or "lecture" presents personal narrative or adventure, or abounds in anecdote, it is well appreciated, especially when brightened by pictures, diagrams, or other form of illustration.

The preparation of a season's programme is a matter of no little labour and invention. Sometimes one of the committee undertakes, with the assistance of friends, to provide a whole evening's entertainment. In the country the weather is a variable quantity of more consequence than in

towns. Our evenings are fixed as far as possible according to the moonlight, for some of the audience have to come from far, some in vehicles, by road, and others on foot, through field paths, or hill-side sheep-tracks. A moonlight night increases the chance of good attendance, and diminishes the risk of performers not making their appearance. This has occasionally happened, and a reserve of volunteer service is always kept for such emergencies.

If what I have written may not seem to give much practical help as to conducting these evening entertainments, it is at least a strong and hearty testimony to their advantage in many ways, both moral and social. I am sure that not only the clergy, but all who desire the welfare and happiness of the people, would find this agency most useful, and worth strenuous efforts to establish and extend, whether in town or country. J. M. F.

Dr. Livingstone on Portuguese Claims to Sovereignty in East Africa.

The words of Dr. Livingstone, spoken at the Bath meeting of the British Association in 1864, and repeated in his book on the "Zambesi Expedition" published in 1865, are worthy of attention at the present time. He says in that work: "It is the unwarranted assumption of power over more than a thousand miles of coast, where the Portuguese have, in fact, little real authority beyond the guns of their forts, which perpetuate the barbarism of the inhabitants. They interdict all foreign commerce, except at a very few points where they have established custom houses, and even at these, by an exaggerated and obstructive tariff and differential duties, they completely shut out the natives from any trade except that in slaves."

"This Portuguese pretence to dominion is the curse of the negro race on the East Coast of Africa, and it would soon fall to the ground were it not for the moral support it derives from the respect paid to it by our own flag. England would perform a noble service to Portugal itself, as well as to humanity, by ignoring those pretences to dominion on the East Coast, by which, for the sake of mere swagger in Europe, she secures for herself the worst name in Christendom.

"On the West Coast of Africa sixteen missionary societies, of which six are British, seven American, and the others Continental, have abolished the slave trade, and introduced civilising and humanising influences. Here on the East Coast, wherever Portuguese power, or rather intrigue, extends, we have that accursed traffic in full force which may be said to reverse every law of Christ; while not a native is taught to read, and not one branch of trade has been developed. That part of East Africa does not belong to the Portuguese any more than China belongs to them because they possess Macao."—*Livingstone's Zambesi Expedition.*

Antiquity of Man.—The Ightham discoveries, alluded to in our May number (p. 353), have merely opened to our view another story, as it were, a deeper one than we thought, in the building of the earth which we occupy. They render it necessary to ante-date the time when men took possession of south-eastern England, and, add, perhaps, a thousand years to our previous notions of the beginning of our history. But they effect no other change, certainly no revolution. By discarding solar time the geologists mean that their science has no record of years, but only of events. They still regard "all estimates of time as doubtful speculations on imperfect data so far as their science is concerned." These are the words of Mr. Prestwich, in the "Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society," 1889, p. 290.

British Association Meeting for 1889.—The preliminary programme for the British Association, which is to be held at Newcastle-on-Tyne this year, commencing on September 11th, has been published. The first general meeting will be held in the evening of September 11th, when Sir F. J. Bramwell, the late President, will resign the chair, and Professor W. H. Flower, Director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, the President-elect, will assume the presidency. On Thursday evening, September 12th, a soirée will be held, and on Monday evening, 16th, a discourse on "How Plants maintain themselves in the struggle for existence," will be given by Mr. Walter Gardiner. On Tuesday evening, September 17th, there will be a second soirée, and the concluding general meeting will be held on Wednesday afternoon. In the Mathematical and Physical Science Section Captain Abney will be president; in the Chemical Science Section Sir Isaac Lothian Bell will be president; in the Geological Section Professor Geikie will preside; in the Geographical Section Sir Francis de Winton; and in the Economic Science, Mechanical Science, and Anthropological Departments Professor Edgeworth, Mr. W. Anderson, and Professor Sir W. Turner will fill the presidential chairs. It is expected that Lord Armstrong will contribute some interesting facts as to the recent development in naval gunnery and armaments. Mr. Benjamin Baker will address the meeting of the working class in a large hall on the Forth banks on Saturday evening. Amongst the Vice-Presidents are the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Durham, the Earl of Ravensworth, the Bishop of Newcastle, Lord Armstrong, the Warden of the University of Durham, Sir C. Mark Palmer, M.P., and the Right Hon. J. Morley, M.P.

State-aided Colonisation.—The difficulties attending State-aided emigration are greater than those of colonisation. The people and the governments in the colonies are not now clamorous for new emigrants, except in thinly populated regions like Western Australia and North Queensland. In other Australian colonies the working classes dread increase of competing operatives. It is only in agricultural districts, where colonies can be established, that State aid is largely possible. In 1886 Lord Sandhurst made a proposal for settling military pensioners in New Zealand on allotments not exceeding fifty acres. The Treasury approved the scheme, and consented to commute pensions over sixpence per day to enable military pensioners to take advantage of it. If the Government of New Zealand will not entertain the proposal, some private companies might consider the offer.

Postal Orders.—During the past year forty millions of postal orders were issued to the public, and the total amount so remitted was above £16,000,000. The great and rapidly increasing use of these postal-orders renders the issue of one-pound notes in England, as some have advocated, quite unnecessary at present. Their transmission is less safe than that of post-office money-orders, but the loss of letters is very rare, and for business men a vast amount of time and trouble can be saved by using postal-orders. They have also the advantage over money-orders to those charitable persons who send gifts, either to institutions or individuals requiring help, and who do not desire their names to be known.

Lightning Conductors for Buildings.—The spire of the parish church of Cowden, Kent, was struck by lightning in the early summer of this year. The shock, passing downwards, carried away a large portion of the steeple on the west side, and a corner of the east side. The roofing shingles were scattered far and wide over the village. These accidents are so frequent that it is strange to find many churches and other buildings without the protection of lightning conductors.

R.S.P.C.A.—The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals obtained nearly 5,000 convictions during the year 1887 for a great variety of forms of inhumanity to dumb animals, and in almost every town throughout the kingdom, as well as in the metropolitan districts. It is hardly credible, but we learn from the last report of the Society that there are only about 2,000 members of an institution so merciful towards animals, and so wholesome in its moral and educational influences. The committee make appeal for larger support, without which they must, instead of enlarging the sphere of usefulness, have to abridge their existing operations.

Making a Start in Canada.—What are our sons to do? This is an anxious question in many an English home. All the professions are overstocked, and in literary, scientific, or even in commercial pursuits, the competition is keen, and there is room for only a few of the crowds seeking for a livelihood. The struggle is far greater among the middle classes

than among the working classes. It is very seldom that industrious, sober, competent working men cannot find employment. But the pressure is among those who are not trained to any manual labour, and who could not, under existing social arrangements, make their living in that way. Emigration is the best and the only hope for many young men. Where the will and the strength admit of hard work this will be undertaken in new countries where it could not at home. Professor Church, of University College, London, and author of well-known Stories from the Classics, has edited and published letters from two young emigrants, his own sons, about making a start in Canada. A pound of experience is worth a ton of talk about emigration, and this little book, published by Seeley and Co., Essex Street, Strand, shows in a very clear and straightforward way much of the work and trial that a Canadian settler must expect in making a start. The reader will find many useful hints as to the preparation and training needful or useful for a young emigrant.

Provident Medical Association —At the annual meeting of the subscribers and friends of the Metropolitan Provident Medical Association, the Dean of Westminster presiding, it was reported that the Association has now in active operation fourteen branches, to which there are seventy-one medical men attached. The number of persons entitled to medical treatment exceeds 20,000, and the members' payments amounted in 1888 to £3,000. Seven branches of the fourteen are now independent of any financial aid from the Council; of the other seven, two have just been established, at a cost of £170, while advances to the amount of £90 were made in the year 1888 to assist the remaining five branches, as compared with £135 in 1887.

Locust-catching in Cyprus.—An account was given in a recent number of the "Leisure Hour" of the plague of locusts in the French colonies of Algiers and Tunis. Reference was then made to the successful efforts made in Cyprus to lessen the devastation caused by these troublesome invaders. In the Colonial and Indian Exhibition at South Kensington, in 1886, a model was shown of the contrivance by which the destruction of locusts on a large scale was first effected after the English occupation of the island. Parts of the country where crops were endangered were surrounded with continuous lines of canvas fencing. To the upper edge of the canvas strips of smooth Italian cloth were fixed. It is the habits of the locusts to march in vast hosts right forward like an army, surmounting every obstacle without being turned aside. When the swarms on their march came to the canvas they climbed up, not using their wings, and on reaching the smooth strip, which afforded no foothold, back they fell into deep trenches, which had been dug at the base of the fences. Many millions of locusts were thus trapped, and the peasants quickly destroyed them by covering the pits with earth and burying them there. Other methods have been employed in different quarters, for there is now a regular department for this warfare; but the scourge was first abated by the simple and ingenious plan above described.

A Patriotic Englishman.—Alderman Henry Wootton, of High Wycombe, died recently, at the age of eighty-seven, after having served for sixty-eight years in the Bucks Yeomanry. He is said to have never missed a single training muster during this long period of service.

Olive Oil Adulteration.—Over two million gallons of cotton-seed oil are exported from the United States to Marseilles every year, and more than half of this is used for adulterating olive oil, a large part of which is exported to the United States with a 30 per cent. import duty.—*Consular Reports.*

Automaton Chairs.—The most recent development of the self-acting machines for supplying value on deposit of a penny in the slit is an automatic seat. This is folded up till the machinery, set in motion by a penny, opens the chair. This would certainly be occassionally a boon, as one may walk miles in London without being able to sit down, except in the parks. These seats might be placed in suburban roads, near the local postal pillar-boxes, within sight of which a policemen is supposed usually to be posted. The pillars supplying postcards, cigarettes, chocolate, and such requirements are at railway stations and other places of public resort; the seats are wanted in less frequented localities. It is an ingenious idea, and worth testing as to the demand for such seats. The penny fee would limit the seats to those willing to pay for the accommodation. Another curious sort of automatic chair is what we have seen in the choir of Hereford Cathedral, where the seat moves on hinges, and the sitter requires to keep "attention" in order to remain upright. If the unhappy sitter dozes during the sermon, down goes the seat and its occupant.

Public Companies.—The official report of Mr. J. E. Purcell, Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, shows that since 1862 the number of companies registered has been 30,372, with total nominal capital of £3,442,804,000. It is impossible to give approximately the shares issued to vendors and others, subscribed or fully paid. In April, 1889, the capital paid up of surviving companies was estimated at over £500,000,000. Of companies voluntarily wound up about 7,700 are reported, and above 2,000 by order of the Bankruptcy Court.

Siberian Sea Route.—Captain Wiggins has established the feasibility of a regular route for commerce to the interior of Siberia by the River Yenessei, which is capable of being navigated by vessels over 400 tons. His statement to the Society of Arts will be found in the "Journal of Proceedings."

The Latest French Explorer in Africa.—M. Crampel has recently completed a journey through a part of the "Dark Continent" not previously visited by any white man. From the head waters of the Ogowe he travelled in a northerly direction along the coast-range behind Gaboon and Bonita, coming out to the sea at Bata. The country through which he passed was everywhere covered with dense jungle. The people were numerous, and apparently all cannibals. They did not molest the travellers until tidings came of the slaughter of many of their countrymen by the fire of a French gun-boat on the Muni river. M. Crampel's party was then attacked, two being killed and the leader severely wounded. He was the guest of the Governor of Gaboon when the news of his journey came to Europe.

Kansas Sugar Industry.—The success of sugar-cane growing in Kansas will affect the political economy of the United States. By improved machinery far greater results are already attained than by the cheap labour of Louisiana or the coolies of Cuba and the West Indies. The industry is likely to extend to States similar to Kansas in soil and climate, and it is believed that the bulk of the sugar supply for the whole Republic will soon come from the great South-West. Till now the United States have had to import most of the sugar required for the vast and rapidly increasing population.

Advantage to Masters of Profit-sharing with Workmen.—M. Lectaire estimated that the increase of labour among a body of three hundred workmen would be at least one hour—say half a franc for each, according to the scale of pay in the Forest of Arden. A quarter of a franc was also saved by avoiding waste of material and injury to tools when the workmen knew that they were to share profits. For many years £3,000 was estimated to be thus saved, or added to profits, and M. Lectaire died worth nearly £50,000. This example has been recommended for English workshops.

Bancroft the Historian.—An American friend of the late Dr. S. Irenæus Prime has recorded a remarkable interview with Mr. Bancroft in January, 1875. The historian had taken much interest in a memorial on behalf of religious liberty drawn up by the Evangelical Alliance after the International meeting at New York in 1873. A memorial was prepared in the following year with special reference to the Ottoman Empire. Mr. Bancroft personally urged the statements of this memorial on the attention of the Turkish minister. Shortly afterwards Dr. Prime and his friend visited the veteran historian to talk over this subject. Before separating, Mr. Bancroft asked his visitors an unexpected question, saying, "Can you tell me how the Old and New School Presbyterians have come to unite again?" It should be

observed that in youth Mr. Bancroft had entertained what are called liberal views, but his study of the writings of the Dutch, English, and American Evangelical leaders, had led him to new convictions. The reply was, "Doubtless because the two sides of every vital truth, and especially the relation of the nature and ground of duty, have been recently viewed without prejudice." With earnestness Mr. Bancroft asked, "To what do you specially refer?" The reply was, "To Paul's coupled statements, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,' which is strong New School doctrine; to which, however, is added, and as the ground of the duty, 'For it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure,' which is the very essence of Old School doctrine." "Why?" exclaimed Mr. Bancroft, "Did Paul write that? Pray tell me where Paul wrote that?" The text (Phil. ii., 12, 13) was cited, and an animated conversation of half an hour followed. The explanation that two distinct but not contradictory groups of truth had been unduly emphasised by controversialists seemed to satisfy him, as it certainly solved an enigma in ecclesiastical history.

Lord Palmerston's Opinion of the Prince of Wales.—Lord Palmerston, the year before his death, speaking to Lord Derby, father of the present Earl, said: "I have the greatest confidence in the Prince of Wales. He has all the qualities necessary for the position he has to fill, and up to this time I have never known him in his speeches and addresses leave unsaid what he should say, nor ever has he said the wrong thing." This is quoted in a French review of the published Speeches of the Prince of Wales, by Madame B. de Bury in the "Correspondent," who says: "It is not only to read the hundred speeches here collected that we commend this volume to politicians and public men in other countries, it is that they may see in detail of what public life consists in England. Not a phase of that life is omitted; it is the history of twenty-five years of a reign wonderfully crowded with events, and of a period of vast development in every way. Without any attempt to exaggerate the merit or the talent of the Prince, it is a book of obvious utility to show, in other countries, what has been the education of the future chief of the State, so that during a quarter of a century this heir to the throne has spoken on every occasion that which was most fitting without failing in a single instance. For this the praise is largely due to the parents who directed his education and training. At all events, it is an example to follow."

Medical Charities of London.—An important "Memorandum on the Medical Charities of London" has been issued by the Charity Organisation Society. From this statistical record it appears that there are 11 general hospitals, with medical schools attached to them, providing altogether 4,525 beds, of which 3,398 were occupied at the time of the report. During one year, 1887, these 11 hospitals had 44,364 in-patients, and gave assistance to 551,663 out-patients. There are besides these 11 with schools, 8 general hospitals, and 67 special hospitals, dealing with 32,500 in-patients, and 505,150 out-patients. There are also 39 voluntary or part-pay dispensaries, with about 265,000 patients; 31 provident dispensaries, with 117,500; and 44 rate-supported Poor Law dispensaries, with 114,983 patients annually. Altogether there are 238 hospitals and other institutions for medical relief, with nearly 1,700,000 patients of whom 122,047 are treated in the hospitals. Five of the great hospitals are nominally free, St, Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Guy's, Royal Free, Gray's Inn Road, and Great Northern Central in Holloway Road. But it is not always possible to have room for applicants, except in cases requiring instant attention. In most hospitals, under ordinary circumstances, a letter of a subscriber is necessary. The increase of provident dispensaries is greatly to be desired for many of the working classes can afford small weekly or monthly payments to secure medical aid for their families, even when their personal ailments are seen to by workshop clubs and funds. The statistics show a vast amount of purely charitable labour by the medical profession.

Washington's First Battle, in 1753, against the French.—In 1753, Duquesne, Governor of Canada, sent an expedition to occupy the Ohio Valley in the name of the French Government. They built Fort Bœuf, near the present site of the town of Erie. On December 11, 1753, a messenger arrived from Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia Colony, to inform the French Governor that he was building forts on British territory, and that he would do well to depart peacefully. That messenger had been sent upon this mission at his own request. When he arrived, Legardeur de St. Pierre was in command, and the young man, unabashed by the martial display, made the firm demand for removal of the French troops from British soil. St. Pierre refused, and the messenger returned to Williamsburg with his reply. Governor Dinwiddie then drafted two hundred men from the Virginia militia—and the other colonies refusing to unite with him—despatched them under the command of this same young man, who asked that he might lead them. They were ordered to the forks of the Ohio river, now Pittsburgh. A body of French troops under Jumonville were marching towards the locality of the present city of Cumberland, Md., in anticipation of this movement. This young commander surprised them, and in the engagement Jumonville was killed, and all his troops were either killed or captured with a single exception. This was the first battle fought on American soil between the French and English. That young messenger to St. Pierre, and the commander in the fight, was George Washington, and this was his first battle.

Salmon of 61 lbs.—A Severn salmon brought to Groves fish shop in Bond Street was weighed and measured by Mr. Ffennell. It weighed 61 lbs., and measured 53 inches from snout to middle of tail, and 29 inches round the middle. A salmon of this size is generally cut up for sale after being smoked, and fetches thus larger prices than when sold fresh.

Rainfalls Extraordinary.—A rain storm in Hong Kong last May seems to have been of unprecedented severity. From 7 a.m. on May 29, to 7 a.m. on May 30, the rainfall was 24 inches, although the total average for that month is only 11½ inches. It is estimated that five and a-half millions of tons of water fell during the twenty-four hours upon the three square miles of the colony. Not a few lives were lost by the floods in the houses, and immense damage done. In England, on the 13th of July this year, 3½ inches of rain fell in one hour, during a thunderstorm, at Henley-in-Arden, as reported by Mr. J. Newton, Fellow of the Meteorological Society. This is said to be the greatest rainfall recorded as falling in one day for the last twenty-five years in the British Isles.

Cost of an American President's Election.—It has been estimated that a Presidential campaign costs the United States above twenty thousand dollars, or £4,000,000 sterling. If we add to this the disturbance of business and trade for a large portion of the year, the expense is incalculable. After the last election there was a general feeling in Wall Street that a prolongation of the term of Presidency would be a national benefit, so costly is the process that has to be gone through every four years. This fact ought to be remembered by those who complain of the costliness of our constitutional monarchy.

Father Damien's Leper Institute.—A letter from Augusta de Veuster, brother of Joseph Damien de Veuster, the leper martyr of Molokai, thus concludes:—"Committees have already been formed here in Louvain, and in other places, to collect funds for a 'Damien Institute,' the object of which will be to insure a continuation of my brother's work at Molokai itself. Bursaries are to be founded in a college that shall be called by my brother's name, and the utmost care exercised in the choice of proper subjects for the glorious but most difficult task of ministering to and nursing the lepers. We naturally hope that the country which sent out Joseph Damien de Veuster to his leper apostolate will continue to provide not unworthy successors of his labours, who, like him, will address their stricken charges, not with the formal 'My brethren,' but as he always loved to say, 'Nous autres lepreux'—'We lepers.' Long before he contracted the malady, he wrote to me, 'That it is a title I jealously claim for myself and I am proud to bear.'

"I thank God that the generous heart of the great English people has been moved to found such a noble and practical memorial of my brother's life work, and I humbly pray that success may crown the efforts of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Permit me, at the same time, to call the

attention of my co-religionists and of others who feel no conscientious difficulty on the point, to the Damien Memorial, in which I am personally interested, and which, so far as I can interpret the wishes and feelings of my departed brother, is the one that was nearest to his heart. I trust that science may yet achieve much in relief of actual suffering from leprosy, and still more in prevention of the disease. Still, when science has had its last word, the main comfort and hope of the leper must be found in the sympathy of an ever-present friend, and the promise of an immortal and untainted life beyond the grave."

[The interest taken in all countries and among all religious denominations, in the work of Father Damien, is very gratifying, but it should be remembered that Protestant missionaries, male and female, are labouring at Molokai with equal zeal and devotion to as large a number of lepers. Moravian brethren, and other Christian benefactors, have spent their lives, and have died at their posts, in tending leper outcasts in various parts of the world, though their services have not become famous like those of the good Father Damien.]

M. Naville's Egyptian Discoveries.—M. Naville gave a full account of his latest Egyptian discoveries at the Victoria Institute, which, under its president, Sir George Stokes, entertained him at a special meeting of its members, who crowded the hall of the Society of Arts. The business of the evening was commenced by the receipt of a communication from the Emperor of Brazil, expressing his Majesty's wish to be enrolled a member of the Institute, a wish unanimously carried out. M. Naville, after describing the discovery of monuments and inscriptions from the time of the fourth Dynasty to the 22nd, which were found at Bubastis, including those of the Pharaoh of Joseph, and of the Exodus, spoke of the monuments of the Hyksos, which he said must be regarded as a people of high cultivation, who came from Mesopotamia. Major Conder expressed himself much gratified at the discoveries of M. Naville, supporting the views he had expressed in his paper read before the Institute last May. As this has been the first time M. Naville had been in England since he began his excavations at Bubastis, the photographs he had taken on the spot were shown by limelight and described by him.

Trade of Liverpool.—A statement has been prepared by Mr. W. H. Livesey, chief accountant to the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, showing the number and tonnage of vessels which have paid rates to the Board for the last two years, together with the amount of rates and dues received on both ships and goods in the respective periods. The total number of vessels using the port in the past year was 22,662, with an aggregate of 9,291,964 tons, which shows an increase of 421 in the number of vessels and 274,029 in the amount of tonnage. The figures quoted show that the trade of the Mersey continues to develop. In the first year of this century the tonnage of the port was less than half a million, and the duties derived therefrom £23,379. Fifty years ago (in 1839) the tonnage was 2,158,691 and the duties £156,555. Twenty years later the tonnage was 4,511,969 and the receipts £506,067. The tonnage of the past year (9,291,964) is the largest on record.

Pantheon Honour Declined.—Among the events proposed during the celebration of the centenary of the French Revolution, was the removal of the remains of General Hoche, along with those of Carnot (Napoleon's war minister), General Marceau, and others to the Pantheon, now used as a "temple of glory for great men." An unexpected obstacle arose in the case of Hoche from objections raised by the Marquis des Roys, son of Hoche's daughter. The Marquis objected—1, because the Pantheon, once a consecrated church, had been secularised—in fact, desecrated by removal of the cross and altars as well as by the deposit of the ashes of notorious infidels; 2, because Hoche, the conqueror of La Vendée, was imprisoned in 1794 by the Committee of Public Safety, of which Carnot, the grandfather of the present President, was a member; 3, because of the liability of the Pantheon to irruptions and tumults of the mobs of Paris. The name of Diderot was suggested in place of that of Hoche. This is a curious and significant incident, as revealing the strong feeling in many French families against the Republic, and as a protest against the anti-clerical, if not the anti-Christian tendencies of the time. Hoche was one of the greatest military names of the early period of the Republic, before the rise of Napoleon. He was of humble origin, son of an inn-keeper at Montreuil, and was only a corporal at the outbreak of the Revolution. He rose to be a general; distinguished himself in the Revolutionary wars; was victor at Quiberon, and commanded the unsuccessful expedition to Bantry Bay, in Ireland, where part of the fleet arrived, but not Hoche's army of 25,000 men. Hoche, born in 1768, died in 1797, soon after he had completed the pacification of La Vendée.

Crofter Commission.—This Commission in North Uist, the property of Sir John Campbell Orde, issued decisions by which they granted 158 of Sir John's tenants an average reduction of 24½ per cent. on their rents and cancelled 60 per cent. of their arrears of rent. The arrears in many cases were heavy, and the total amounted to £2,783, of which the Commissioners wiped off £1,660. In other parts of the Scottish Highlands and islands, equal deductions have been made and many besides "Home Rulers," think that arrears in Ireland ought to be similarly dealt with. Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird) in her notes of an Irish tour, published last year in Murray's magazine, has very strongly expressed her opinion about Irish arrears of rent.

Crown Lands.—In the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Woods and Forest Department, one of the Commissioners stated that soon after the accession of the Queen the gross income derived from these Crown lands had been £21,784,000; the expenditure £6,656,000, and the net payment into the Exchequer practically £15,000,000. In 1859 the income was £280,000, in 1869 £360,000, in 1879 £410,000, and in 1889 £430,000. There had been a gradual growth in the net income during the last 40 years. The property was in as good earning condition as it was at any time during those 50 years, and better. The *corpus* of the property had not been diminished, and the income had increased. For 30 years they had not cost a sixpence. Mr. Lascelles, Deputy Surveyor of the New Forest, in the course of examination by Sir W. Harcourt, stated that the Crown had rights over 62,000 acres. The Crown freehold was 2,100 acres, of which 1,100 was plantation. The principal planting of the New Forest was in the reign of William III to grow timber for the Navy. The principal yield now was from fir plantations planted since 1850, from thinnings, and from the bark. The object of Parliament, however, was not so much the management of the forest for profit as for ornament.

Society of French Authors.—Fifty years ago a few young French *litterateurs*, of whom the most active was M. Desnoyers, founded an association for mutual benefit, "La Societé des Gens de Lettres." Its progress was slow for a time, but it was joined by eminent authors, including Victor Hugo, De Balzac, the elder Dumas, Theophile Gautier, and Georges Sand. Success was the result, which was not so with the similar attempt in England, inaugurated by Dickens, Forster, and their friends, who tried in vain to establish a "Guild of Literature" for mutual insurance and help. The only institution that really flourishes in this country is the Royal Literary Fund, a society for charitable donations only to poor authors and authoresses. An account of the French Society of Authors has been lately prepared by Mr. Sprigge, secretary of the "Incorporated Society of Authors."

Astronomical Almanack for September.

1	S	11 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	17	T	☽ 3 Quarter 4.49 A.M.
2	M	☽ 1 Quarter 7.35 P.M.	18	W	☽ greatest dstnce. from ♁
3	T	☉ rises 5.18 A.M.	19	T	Pegasus S 11.3 P.M.
4	W	Clock after ☉ 1m. 12s.	20	F	Daybreak 3.46 A.M.
5	T	☉ sets 6.36 P.M.	21	S	Twilight ends 7.55 P.M.
6	F	☽ least distance from ♁	22	S	14 SUN. AFTER TRINITY [Autumn Quar. begins
7	S	Venus the morning star			
8	S	12 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	23	M	Aquarius S. 9.48 P.M.
9	M	Full ☽ 1.53 P.M.	24	T	Saturn rises 2.40 A.M.
10	T	Venus rises 1.52 A.M.	25	W	New ☽ 2.42 A.M.
11	W	Jupiter sets 10.24 P.M.	26	T	Mars rises 2.50 A.M.
12	T	Aquila S. 8.17 P.M.	27	F	Clock after ☉ 8m. 28s.
13	F	Capricornus S. 8.40 P.M.	28	S	☉ rises 5.58 A.M.
14	S	☉ rises 5.35 A.M.	29	S	15 SUN. AFTER TRINITY [Michaelmas Day
15	S	13 SUN. AFTER TRINITY			
16	M	☉ sets 6.11 P.M.	30	M	☉ sets 5.39 P.M.



GOOD-BYE

CARRICONNA

A STORY MORE OR LESS IRISH.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XLI.—WHERE IS ANTHONY?



THE NAME RECORDED IN THE FAMILY BIBLE.

ALMOST as Barbara spoke, the storm subsided; and as suddenly as it had descended it drifted away. Rain continued to fall, but with greatly diminished violence; the air grew clearer, and though it was now nearly dusk, there was light for seeing. When Barbara and the servants got the hall-door open and emerged upon the terrace, cries broke from them. The work of the thunderbolt was visible enough in the twilight. The two upper storeys of the tower were gone.

Where was the observatory? Where was the telescope? Where was Anthony?

Barbara, pale and shaking, was beside herself with sickening anxiety.

"Anthony!" she called; "Anthony!" and continued calling on her brother. Then, wringing her

hands, as she appealed to the servants, "Where had he been seen last? Was anyone with him when he went out?"

No Anthony responded to the bewailing cries of Barbara, and the servants, scarcely less distracted than Miss Nugent, had little comfort to give her.

"Come down to the tower," said Barbara, and, huddling a shawl over her head, she hurried down the garden, heading the servants, amongst whom John Maher and Kate Quinn kept close at her skirts.

Close under the tower, on the side next the lake, were some of the peasants of the estate, whom the crash had brought hurriedly to the spot, and who were clamouring around one man that appeared to be attempting some sort of explanation.

"What is it you're saying?" demanded Barbara. "Did any of you see the master?"

"Oh, Miss Barbara, I saw him, indade I did!" said the man in the centre of the group; "and I'd rather my own eyes had been blinded than I had looked on such a sight! I was beyant there, crouching under the hill, miss, and when the terrible shthreak o' lightnin' came just now I seen the masther up on the tower there houldin' by the rail. That's all I seen, miss; 'twas the blackness o' night the next moment."

"Oh, wirra, wirra!" wailed the people. "Where's the poor masther now, at all?"

Great blocks of stone cumbered all the ground beneath the tower, and amongst them were strewn the fragments of the luckless telescope. But the wreckage that covered the torn and sodden grass seemed less in quantity than it should have been, having regard to the extent of the tower's ruin. It must have been that much of the riven and dislodged masonry had fallen inside the tower, of which about two-thirds were still standing, solid and unhurt.

Not a sign of Anthony. The tension of the situation became less endurable every moment.

"Try the door of the tower," said Barbara, who had hard work to preserve her composure amid the excited and conflicting counsels and suggestions of the little crowd.

John Maher put his shoulder to the door, but it withstood all his efforts. Two other men went to his assistance, but there was evidently some stout opposing force on the other side.

"Take some of those stones and break it in," said Miss Nugent.

By this time the rain had ceased, and the storm had quite blown over. A quarter-moon shone in the sky, dismantled of clouds, and lanterns fetched from the house eked out the moonlight.

The door when driven in was found to have been blocked on the inside with stones which had fallen from above, and which, so far as could be seen, extended in a compact mass from the floor up to what was now the top storey of the tower. There was still no appearance of Anthony, and some hours must elapse before a passage could be forced upwards—a dangerous as well as a difficult task, for stones began to shower down from above as soon as the workers commenced to move those that encumbered the first steps of the staircase.

Barbara saw that she could be of no help here, but as she went wearily back to the house with Kate she bethought her of one whose aid might perhaps be needed before long. If the peasant's story were true that he had seen Anthony on the tower at the moment when the storm was at its height, what conclusion remained to be drawn but that he had been borne down with the rush of loosened stones which now choked the whole interior of the tower?

Barbara sent an urgent message to Dr. Maguire imploring him to come to her directly, and a telegram to Arthur, which said simply, "Come home at once."

Then she sat down to wait.

Poor Barbara's situation at this turn of affairs was pitiable in the extreme.

Arthur and Kitty, with Lady Frayne, were still in Dublin, where they had decided to remain until the new year. Trenchard and his bride were to leave Dublin that night, and their whereabouts for some weeks to come would be known only to themselves. For the moment, therefore, Barbara was left with no near help beyond that of her own household

CHAPTER XLII.—ANTHONY IS FOUND.

THOUGH Barbara began by sitting down to wait, she did not sit long. Consumed by a feverish anxiety, she went to and fro between the tower and the house—a figure to evoke sympathy, carelessly covered up in wraps of various sorts, through which a pale, distracted face glimmered sadly and wistfully.

The work of removing the *débris* went on slowly, so difficult was it to avoid injury when once the shattered masonry began to be loosened. At the end of two tedious and painful hours the workers came upon cruel traces; there were drops of fresh blood upon the stones. At a distance of a few feet above this spot was found the inanimate form of Anthony himself. His fall had been arrested by a wooden beam which had formed a support of one of the floors, but he had struck the beam with his head, and his escape from immediate death had been purchased at the cost of a fractured skull. He had bled profusely, and the rigid and colourless face had the air of death. Indeed, they thought him dead at first, and it was as one dead that they carried him to the house. But the doctor, who had that minute arrived, just touched him, and admonished the men who supported the head to hold it differently.

Barbara, who bore herself with the fortitude that some women have better at command than most men in these crises, was for having him into the dining-room, but Dr. Maguire said, briefly, "Take him to his own room."

Anthony was laid upon his bed, and his sister and the doctor were alone with him.

Barbara stood silent with compressed lips, and would not trouble the doctor with a question.

Maguire made his examination silently, then turned to Barbara and said, "We have him with us still, anyhow."

"Thank God for that!" whispered Barbara. "But how is he? Tell me just how he is. It's very bad with him, isn't it?"

"'Tis so," said Maguire; "I couldn't say different. How long did he lie in the tower there?"

"Two hours and more."

During this brief talk, which had been in a whisper on Barbara's part and in the normal tone on the doctor's, the doctor had been busy with sponge and towel, bandage and cordial.

"Now give me five minutes," said he, "and I'll get him into bed. Have you sent for Arthur?"

"I have," said Miss Nugent. "They're in Dublin still, but I hope I'll have Arthur to-morrow morning."

"Go down now, like a good woman, and I'll call for you directly. Send John to me."

In a few minutes Dr. Maguire went down to Barbara in the drawing-room.

"I'll put the night up with you," he said. "Let my man come up, and I'll send him home with a message."

"Do you find him worse than you expected?" asked Miss Nugent, anxiously, as she rang the bell.

"My dear Miss Nugent," answered the doctor, "I won't keep from you that Anthony is in a very dangerous way. That's a terrible wound he has in the head, and the loss of blood—he has bled greatly."

"What can you do, doctor? Is there anything to be got? You know I trust him to you entirely, but will you consult with anybody?"

"I will do that to-morrow," said the doctor; "we'll telegraph to Dublin the first thing in the morning."

"To-night we can do nothing, I suppose?"

"I've done the utmost I can for him to-night, but I'll sit up with him myself. And now, my dear friend, do you go to bed; I'll have you called if I want you."

Barbara in due time retired to her room, but midnight and the small hours of the morning found her still wakeful. She flitted restlessly between her own room and Anthony's, listening at the door for any sound of him, peeping in and beckoning for the doctor if she heard a rustle of the bed-clothes. Between her rounds she had snatches of troubled sleep, and at six in the morning she insisted on taking the doctor's place, sending him to get a few hours' rest, for he had his rounds to go at breakfast-time.

Anthony continued lethargic, only muttering a little at times. In this condition he remained, with little change, throughout the day.

Arthur was at home before lunch-time, and deeply shocked on learning his father's state. He had not seen his aunt since his marriage, and what he had heard from his friend at the bank was still sorely on his mind. He would, however, have kept it from her at this time had she not unwittingly led him up to the very point.

"I never," said Barbara, "thought so much of it as just now. But do you know, Arthur, I am as ignorant as the wall what state your father's in with his money. There must be plenty, of course; but I declare I haven't the least idea how much there is, nor where it is, nor how it's to be got at if it's wanted."

Arthur hesitated, and then began to tell what he knew. "The question is," said he, "whether there's plenty at all."

Barbara sat amazed while he talked. "What has he done with the money at all?" said she, at length.

"What, indeed!" returned Arthur; "that is just the question."

To tell the truth, a miserable suspicion had been growing up in Arthur's mind which had Dora for its object. Dora's inexplicable antipathy to Arthur was only matched by Arthur's inexplicable antipathy to Dora. These two had nothing against each other, but she had always dreaded him, as he had always distrusted her. Arthur had persuaded himself, against all ostensible reason, that Dora must be looked to for an explanation of the drain upon Anthony's resources. Looking back, he remembered that it was since Dora's coming that his father had begun to be mysterious in his money matters. He scarcely knew how to hint this to his aunt; he scarcely liked to hint it. With Lady Frayne he had talked it openly, and as she was at one with him in his general opinion of Dora, their suspicions had harmonised on this point also. But he knew that his aunt was wholly on Dora's side, that the kindliness which had been between them from the first had deepened into affection—at all events, upon Barbara's part.

But now he was brought right up to the matter. He began by a remote suggestion, thrown out in the form of a query.

"What was Mrs. Lytton—Mrs. Trenchard, I should say—taking from my father, Aunt Barbara?"

"Your father paid her a hundred a year," said Miss Nugent. "Why do you ask that?"

"Because," answered Arthur, "I am inclined to think that Mrs. Trenchard might be able to tell us something as to the way in which my father has been getting rid of his money."

"What do you mean by that, Arthur?"

"My dear aunt, it is since Mrs. Trenchard came here that there has been all this mystery about the money. You told me yourself that just before I came home my father talked only of spending. He was going to re-create the place—to rebuild, to refurnish, to buy Gravelmount; I don't know what he was not going to do. All this stopped in a moment. Whose counsel has he taken all these months but Mrs. Trenchard's?"

"Arthur," said Miss Nugent, earnestly, "I don't quite know what you are thinking of, but I am certain you are wrong. Mrs. Trenchard is—"

"Well now, my dear aunt, who is Mrs. Trenchard?"

"What matters that?" replied Miss Nugent, energetically; "she has been the best woman in the world since she came to us."

"We know nothing of her," said Arthur, "except that she has behaved herself properly here—and managed a good marriage for herself."

"Arthur," said his aunt, "I don't like to hear you talking this way; you've some prejudice

against Mrs. Trenchard. 'Tis not like you to judge people whom you've no knowledge of. I know Mrs. Trenchard a great deal better than you do, and it hurts me that you should talk of her in this manner."

Arthur, with his kindly smile, shrugged his shoulders, and said no more.

In the afternoon of that day Anthony's condition began to undergo a change; from that of passive lethargy he passed into one of high fever. The doctor, who had anticipated this change, had left instructions with Barbara for its treatment, and as soon as the alteration commenced in him she at once took up her place beside him. Anthony's speech began to be more frequent and distinct, though only the wild wanderings of fever. Barbara paid little heed to the words that dropped from him, addressed, as they almost always were, to an invisible, imaginary audience.

Towards morning, when the delirium took on its most extravagant character, Barbara, whose efforts at wakefulness had been weakening, was roused all at once by some singular disjointed utterances like these:

"Mrs. Lytton—she'll have the money—Kedagh's daughter, sure enough—take it from me—" Barbara looked at her brother in blank bewilderment; his face peered out from amidst the close bandages with a strained and agitated expression. She laid her hand upon his arm endeavouring to calm him, but still, and in spite of herself, listening intently for some further word from him. He paused when he felt her touch; then turning to her, with a half gleam of consciousness in his wild eyes, he said, imploringly, "You'll not let her take the money!"

"No one shall touch the money," said Barbara, soothingly; but she longed to add, "Where is it?"

Anthony lay still for some time, then all at once,

"She's got it; she's running away with it. 'Tis Kedagh's daughter. Kedagh gave it all to me."

He tried to spring from the bed, struggled for a few moments in Barbara's arms, then lay back exhausted and became perfectly quiet again.

When the doctor saw his patient the next day, he looked graver than ever. He inquired anxiously how he had passed the night, and promised to call again in the afternoon.

Barbara was sorely troubled and perplexed by the extraordinary words that had fallen from Anthony in the night. As she thought over them, they seemed to chime so strangely with the suspicions to which Arthur had given expression only a few hours earlier.

Ought she to tell Arthur?

She could not persuade herself to do so—her heart still clung to Dora. After all, what had she heard but the vague distorted utterance of a brain diseased?

Anthony's mind had been fixed upon his money for weeks past; Dora had been a stranger under their roof. What more likely than that in his delirium the phantom of his money should be associated with dread of a phantom Dora? Convinced that no true or substantial reason could be attached to her brother's words, doggedly refusing to let herself think ill of Dora, she resolved to say nothing to Arthur. But she had not foreseen what was likely enough to happen, and what, indeed, did happen on that same day.

Barbara was in the sick room in the afternoon; Anthony had been comparatively quiet since the morning. They were expecting the doctor, and that he would be able to pronounce his patient to be in a more hopeful condition.

Arthur came noiselessly into the room, to beg his aunt to let him take her place for a little.

As they were speaking in whispered tones at the bedside, Anthony suddenly broke out with the very words he had before used in Barbara's hearing.

"Mrs. Lytton—she'll have the money—Kedagh's daughter, sure enough—take it from me—" a pause, and then, "'Tis Kedagh's daughter; she's got it. Kedagh gave it all to me."

Barbara laid her hand on Arthur's arm, half beseechingly and half in fright, as Anthony flung the words out in his big voice.

But for his love for his aunt Arthur would not have been able to keep back a look of triumph at what he heard, and at once took to be a confirmation, in part, of his suspicions against Dora.

At that moment Dr. Maguire entered the room. Anthony's words, which the doctor had only heard in part, had no significance for him, who was concerned only at finding his patient in such an excited condition. Arthur, however, could not but return to the subject with his aunt at the first opportunity that presented itself.

"Well, Aunt Barbara," said he, "what do you think now?"

"Oh, Arthur, my dear, 'tis nonsense, just nonsense," answered his aunt. "Why, didn't you hear? He fancies that she's your Uncle Kedagh's daughter, as if that could be and we never to have known it. I'm pretty certain that your Cousin Bessie died long ago. Is it likely your Uncle Kedagh would have left all his money to us if she'd been alive. And if such an impossible notion as that could have come into your poor father's head, what should prevent him from imagining anything else?"

"Was Bessie my cousin's name?" said Arthur, still pressing that point.

"Yes, Bessie was the name your father always used when he spoke of her in his letters."

Arthur got up and walked across the drawing-room to the place where the old family Bible always lay, and began to turn over its leaves.

"Arthur, you are very obstinate," said his aunt, observing what he was at.

"But see here, Aunt Barbara," said he; "Cousin Bessie's first name is Theodora, so you see there is a Dora after all."

Barbara went over and looked for herself at the name recorded in full in the family Bible: "Theodora Elizabeth."

"And," said Arthur, "the sight of Cousin 'Dora's' name reminds me of something else. Don't you remember, Aunt Barbara, telling me when I came home from Africa, that Mrs. Lytton's

voice reminded you at times, of Uncle Kedagh's?"

In fact, Dora's voice had at first put Barbara very strongly in mind of the voice of her brother in Australia, a voice very different in tone and quality from Anthony's, though when she had begun to grow familiar with Dora's voice she thought about it no more.

She was puzzled, vexed, disquieted, but she would not give in.

"There's nothing in the world in it," she insisted; "it's a wrong and absurd notion that you've got hold of, Arthur."

"Where is Mrs. Trenchard now?" pursued Arthur, quietly.

"I don't know exactly where they are," replied his aunt.

"When are they to be back?"

"I don't know that either; but it's not likely they will be long."

"Did Mrs. Trenchard leave no address with you?"

"No," replied Barbara; "they are to be moving about all the time they are away, and won't be able to receive any letters."

"I must say," said Arthur, "all this looks to me like rather clever management."

Poor Barbara by this time was almost in tears, and she was positively relieved to hear Dr. Maguire's voice calling her again to the sick chamber.

Scarcely had Barbara gone upstairs when Lady Frayne and Kitty arrived to make their inquiries. They had followed Arthur from Dublin that morning on receiving a letter from him respecting the desperate condition of his father.

When their first questions as to Anthony's immediate state had been answered, Arthur had to give them the whole history of the storm and its consequences.

The door of the drawing-room stood open; they heard Barbara come out on to the landing above and give whispered instructions to somebody. Kitty, with her quick though gentle sympathy, rose up quietly and went out of the room and up the stairs.

Lady Frayne bent towards Arthur and said, "Did you tell your aunt what you heard from Tresidder?"

"Yes," answered Arthur; "I have told her everything."

"Well?" continued Lady Frayne.

"She knows no more than I do," said Arthur.

Lady Frayne sighed. "I'm terribly sorry for your poor father," said she; "but one can't help feeling that this other is a serious matter too."

"Yes," answered Arthur; "one has to admit that, though of course at the moment one thinks as little about it as possible."

"To be sure," assented Lady Frayne, "to be sure; and yet 'tis not a thing to be overlooked."

Arthur was silent. He could talk freely with his aunt, who was as a mother to him; but he did not like discussing with Lady Frayne the money matters of his father immediately beneath the room in which his father lay within sight of death.

Within himself, however, he could not but admit that this aspect of the situation was grave in the extreme. He was so hopelessly in the dark about it all. He would not say to himself that his father had treated him unfairly, but—well, was it not strange, the only son never to have had one generous word from the father who had been suddenly enriched—never to have been taken into confidence about those riches—never to have had sight of them—never to have had the littlest share in them?

For this was precisely the footing on which Arthur stood with his father in regard to Kedagh's fortune. In all that concerned his money, Anthony had held his son at arm's length ever since his return home. He had made half-promises and promises, he had held out hopes, not one of which had been realised. Since his father had grown to wealth Arthur had been made to feel himself a stranger in the house.

And while it had been thus with him he had seen, or fancied he had seen, that the place which might have been the son's had little by little been usurped by the stranger Dora. At any rate, it had not, and could not, have failed of notice how greatly Dora had been in the confidence of Anthony—as far, at least, as could be judged by one who had not been in the confidence of Anthony himself.

Touching that vital affair of the money, Dora, of course, had never been in Anthony's confidence at all; but it seemed to Arthur that facts pointed quite in the opposite direction.

Kitty had run upstairs to whisper an inquiry if she could help Barbara.

"What does Maguire say of your father?" asked Lady Frayne.

"He gives scarcely any hope," answered Arthur.

Lady Frayne sighed again; she was touched on her old friend's behalf, and desperately puzzled about his money.

"How did you find things at home?" said Arthur.

"Quiet enough, but not too comfortable," answered her ladyship. "We'll be a little while settling down. Ah, doctor! how is he now?"

The doctor shook his head without speaking.

"Dear, dear!" said Lady Frayne; "is it so bad as that?"

"Have you given up all hope, doctor?" asked Arthur.

"You see," said the doctor, "there's no strength left in him. He bled so long before they found him. He can't stand against the fever."

"Does he still lose strength?" said Lady Frayne.

"Every minute," answered the doctor. "I suppose you know that we had Fitzgerald over yesterday from Dublin? but he said we could do only what I am doing—fight the fever step by step as we can. His mind is wandering in the strangest way; he has a notion that somebody is taking his money from him."

"Oh," said Lady Frayne, "that's a queer idea for him to have."

"It is," said the doctor; "but there's no idea too queer for delirium."

CHAPTER XLIII.—THERE IS MUCH TO CLEAR UP.

ANTHONY lay a-dying in his chamber. The end of the death-struggle had become now only a question of hours; the doctor had said that his utmost was done, and that it would avail nothing.

Arthur, tired out with watching, had strolled down to the ruined tower. It was the first time that he had taken a fair survey of the wreck that the storm had wrought. Nothing had been touched there since the night when Anthony was carried in to his death bed. The wintry sun glimmered on the desolate scene, a scene familiar to Arthur from his boyish days. The destruction of the tower seemed like the destruction of all the old life at Carriconna. He called to mind the legend that when the tower fell the head of the old house should fall with it; and there he was standing under the wreck of it, and every moment expecting the summons to close his father's eyes.

He climbed the broken stairs to the second floor of the tower which was now its highest, and the wintry panorama lay bare and bleak before him. There was ice at the edges of the lake; he remembered rowing there with Kitty in the summer. Come what might, he had Kitty now, and the thought of her was his best comfort. Then the image of the future assailed him, and a vague dread rose up in and filled his mind. Those broad acres he looked out upon—would he be able to maintain them? Still the same haunting fear about the fortune that had so mysteriously vanished—and all the while he was standing right above it! He descended to the ground floor, stepping over the fallen stones that hid the trap-door which led to the treasure chamber of the old man, who would never count his gold in it again. And poor Arthur thinking that all the gold had gone, and that by-and-by he would have to tell his wife that she had a beggar for a husband! For of late Anthony had been spending on the estate even less than he had done in the days of his poverty; and it had seemed as though he had scattered the old and the new fortune both.

Arthur went out, merely swinging behind him the door that his father had so jealously locked. Amongst the stones he had stepped over there were some that had the marks of his father's blood; and strewn here and there, in the midst of them, were fragments of the pretty nick-nacks with which Dora had set her own stamp upon the toy observatory, whose *débris* heaped the turf at the tower's base.

Arthur noted a little wicker basket, the fragments of an ornamental fan, some pieces of a Japanese vase, and bits of the brasswork of the unlucky telescope.

He heard himself called from the house, and went hot-foot up the sloping lawn; but before he had gained the darkened room his father was dead.

"He never spoke," whispered Barbara, her tears kept back as yet by the first dread sight of death. "He just gave a little gasp, and his arms went to his sides, and he was gone."

Arthur looked silent and dry eyed upon the rigid figure in the bed, the head and temples swathed in bandages that looked dusky against the whiteness of the face.

The servants came stealthily into the room and stood at the foot of the bed. Barbara, overcome at length, sank down, and broke into tears. At this moment Kitty appeared in the doorway, stepping softly, the folds of her riding-habit gathered closely in one hand. She grew a little white as her glance fell on the mute figure upon the bed, and the group of servants at its foot, then she crossed the room swiftly, and, passing her arm round Barbara, she whispered:

"Come with me, dear Aunt Barbara; you are overtired," and led her gently from the room.

It was a very puzzled group which, a few days later, sat in the dining-room at Carriconna. Anthony had been laid along with his hero, Buck, in the old family vault, and the servants had dropped back into the routine familiar to them for years past, only that Arthur was now "the master." But a master with an anxious inheritance, for no trace could be found of the large fortune Anthony had recently inherited, and, beyond a few hundreds lying in the bank at Dublin, the Carriconna estate was no richer than it had been before Kedagh's legacy arrived.

"We shall, I suppose, learn something from the father's will," Arthur had said to Barbara on the day of his father's funeral.

"If he made one," his aunt replied, "I never heard him speak about it since the one he made after your mother died, Arthur."

"Oh, he must have made one; he would never have left so much money undisposed of. He did not talk much of late, you know, Aunt Barbara."

"He did not indeed, 'tis true," assented Barbara; "and he was plenty of times in Dublin, and may have instructed Mr. Bucknall. *He* will know."

But Mr. Bucknall proved to be as ignorant of Anthony's affairs as everyone else, and he and Arthur and Barbara sat and looked at each other in blank amazement.

"It's the most extraordinary case I ever knew," said the old lawyer. "Your brother, ma'am, seems to have taken no one into his confidence. I have only the old will, dated four-and-twenty years ago, which leaves Carriconna and all his personal possessions to Arthur, his only child, and names you, Miss Barbara, sole guardian until Arthur is of age To tell you the truth, I have been so puzzled myself that I have made inquiries in Dublin, but I cannot hear that Anthony had dealings with any other solicitor. If he had left a will with anyone we should have heard of it as soon as Anthony's death was known, and that, as you are aware, was in all the Irish papers last week."

"To be sure it was," said Barbara, "to be sure."

Arthur's face grew graver and more grave as the conference proceeded. Mr. Bucknall had been his last hope. If the lawyer knew nothing, of whom could he seek information? His thoughts reverted obstinately to Dora, although, out of con-

sideration for Aunt Barbara, he had not mentioned her to the lawyer, nor his suspicions about her, nor Anthony's strange wanderings. But he would not feel satisfied until Dora had been asked if she could throw any light on this great mystery, which involved so much for him and for Kitty.

He had met Sergeant Jones on the road the day before, and had asked him casually where his master was spending his honeymoon, but the sergeant's answer was like Barbara's.

"The master left no address, sir; the mistress wanted him to have a real good rest and change, and not to be worried with letters. They started north, sir, but whether they're still in Ireland, or have crossed the Channel, I don't know. The master said we was to get on with the renovating the rooms, and he would give us fair notice of their home-coming."

"They may be in America by this," said Arthur to himself as he walked moodily home.

They had been consulting the better part of the afternoon, that mystified trio, and the lawyer had risen to prepare for his journey back to Dublin, when the evening post arrived.

There had been a good many letters at Carriconna during the last week—letters of sympathy and letters of business—but to-night there was only one, and John looked uncertain to whom he should hand it, but finally presented it to Arthur with an apologetic bow. It was addressed to "Anthony Nugent, Esq.," and bore the Australian postmark.

"It is for my father," said Arthur, in a tone of surprise, "and from Australia. From Cleaver and Sons, solicitors," he added, after scrutinising the seal.

"Your uncle's lawyers," explained Miss Nugent. "Open it, Arthur; perhaps they know about the money."

Arthur broke the seal, and read aloud the following short note:

"Dear Sir,—Since our former letter to you in reference to the daughter of our late client, Mr. Kedagh Nugent, we have learned accidentally that Mrs. Lytton is a widow. Her husband died in Paris, where he was, we believe, practising as a physician. Thinking this information may be of interest, and possibly of use, to you, we transmit it at once, and remain, dear Sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"Cleaver and Sons.

"Anthony Nugent, Esq."

"Then she *is* Kedagh's daughter!" exclaimed Barbara, with something very like a gasp. "I always felt she was not like a stranger!"

"And my father knew of it!" exclaimed Arthur. "This accounts for his delirious words."

"Arthur," said his aunt, solemnly, "you may depend on it he has given her back her own; 'twould be just like him. That's where the money is."

"But why not tell us?" said Arthur. "*We* should not have baulked his generosity, Aunt Barbara. Why should she come here as a stranger? Why should he keep the secret from us—why return her the money in such a mysterious manner?"

"But," said the lawyer, "that question apart, you're not meaning to suggest that Anthony gave up the whole of his fortune to his niece?"

"He'd not do that, I suppose," said Barbara.

"She seemed always to have a great deal of influence over him," said Arthur.

"She would never use her influence unfairly, I am sure of that," said his aunt, emphatically.

"My dear aunt, we really do not know in what way she used it."

"Upon my word," exclaimed the lawyer, a little testily, "we don't know anything at all! All this is the merest conjecture. We are no nearer, or but very little nearer, to facts than we were before. Where is this niece? I never heard of her till now."

Barbara in a few words told the lawyer the story of Dora's coming to them from Paris, of her sojourn at Carriconna, and of her marriage with Trenchard.

"A very singular business, indeed," said the lawyer—"a sort of romance, I suppose, you might call it. Do you say that her father left nothing whatever to her?"

"Nothing whatever, as far as we have known," replied Miss Nugent; "indeed, we all thought that she was no longer living."

"I wonder whether she knew, when she came over from Paris," said Mr. Bucknall, "that it was to her uncle she was engaging herself, and that her father's fortune had been left to him!"

"That would have provided her with a motive, at all events," said Arthur.

"To be sure it would," answered the lawyer. "And where do you say the lady is now?"

"They're on their honeymoon," said Barbara.

"Of course, of course! Honeymoon after marriage; that's proper enough. But you have some address, I suppose?"

"No; I don't think they had a settled plan themselves."

"Ah, wanted to have the world to themselves Well, that's natural and proper enough, too. But you expect them back soon, no doubt?"

Arthur smiled, but Aunt Barbara was ready with a prompt assurance, when the roll of wheels upon the gravel interrupted her.

She was sitting in the window-seat looking out upon the avenue.

She glanced up. "It is they!" she cried, joyously.

"What!" exclaimed Arthur and the lawyer together.

"'Tis Mrs. Trenchard and her husband! I knew well enough that Dora wouldn't be long in coming if only she knew what had happened."

It was Dora and her husband, indeed. They were on a station-car, and had evidently driven straight from the train. Dora wore the grey travelling dress in which she had started on her honeymoon; she had added to it some black ribbons, and her bonnet was of the same colour.

Arthur was just in time to see Trenchard handing her down from the car, whence she was received into the open arms of Miss Nugent.

CHAPTER XLIV.—EXPLANATIONS.

WHAT had brought Dora back with such dramatic suddenness?

She and Trenchard had been spending the first days of their honeymoon in a far-off quiet spot on the coast, intending to wander thence with no set plans, whithersoever their fancy might impel them. Dora told her husband that she wanted to explore the less known portions of the Irish and Scottish coasts, and this sufficed for him. In making her marriage, Dora had not shrunk from the future. She had been prepared unflinchingly to face all possible issues of her position as Trenchard's wife; and it had been a deliberate purpose with her that their honeymoon should be spent amid scenes where temptation would be least likely to assail him. What had looked to Arthur in his suspicious mood like the clever management of a treacherous and perhaps guilty woman was in reality the clever management of a wife, who desired and had resolved to be, for a period, her husband's physician without appearing such. She would prevent rather than cure the evil. She had not entered again upon married life with a romantic notion that she was to know nothing thenceforward but love and happiness. She saw clearly that the cloud which had dimmed her husband's past would not quickly shrink; that, at the best, it must be, for a long while to come, a spot more or less dark on their horizon.

Dora had found her scheme entirely successful during the first week of their honeymoon, and, for almost the first time in his life, Trenchard was entirely happy. Spite of the wintry weather, they spent the greater part of the day in the open air—sometimes on the sea, sometimes riding, sometimes driving, taking whatever accommodation they chanced upon and enjoying the entire novelty of their surroundings to the full.

Then at a little wayside place, half farm, half inn, where they had stopped for whatever they could get in the way of luncheon, Dora chanced to take up a soiled copy of an Irish paper that lay upon the kitchen table. The familiar word "Carriconna" caught her eye at once, and in a paragraph headed "Great storm at Carriconna," she read of the destruction of the tower and the death of Anthony.

This intelligence, so utterly unexpected, was a rude shock to Dora.

"Oh, Edmund," she said, "look at this!"

A hundred thoughts and anxious questionings rushed across her mind, whilst Trenchard was reading the paragraph. Had her uncle died without revealing the secret in the tower? From the description which the newspaper gave of his illness, she thought it more than probable that he had carried his secret to the grave.

If that were so, then Dora was its sole living depository.

"Most extraordinary and sad," said Trenchard, laying down the newspaper. "Dearest, you must write to Miss Nugent at once—we must both write."

But Dora could not be satisfied with writing. How could her pen tell all that she had to say—all that she must say to her aunt?

She glanced again at the newspaper; it gave few details concerning Anthony's brief illness, but spoke of him as having lain unconscious during the two days that preceded his death. Yes, Dora felt certain that her uncle's secret was now hers, and hers only.

"Edmund, dear," she said, "I think I must go back to Carriconna."

Trenchard, of course, was little prepared for such an interruption of their honeymoon.

"My darling," he said, "why go back? Mr. Nugent is dead, and doubtless buried by now. Who would expect you in the circumstances, and what could you possibly do?"

"You don't understand anything about it, dear," replied Dora, coaxingly. "There is a story to tell, and I must tell it to you, and then you will see why I think that I ought to go back to Carriconna for a day or two. First of all, Edmund, you must know that Mr. Nugent was my uncle, that Miss Nugent is my aunt, and Arthur my cousin."

Trenchard sat down in the chair nearest to him and stared at Dora as if he began to doubt her sanity, but Dora only laughed at his startled face.

"Here comes lunch," she said; "actually a fowl, killed and cooked within the hour. Eat, Edmund; I have several more mines to spring upon you."

"But, Dora," said Trenchard, gravely, as he began his lunch, "are you serious?"

"Quite serious," replied Dora. "You know you would never let me tell you anything of my former life, and I grew too content with the present to trouble you with the past. It seemed no longer of consequence, so I let it alone. Briefly, Edmund, I am the only child of Kedagh Nugent: I disobeyed my father's wishes and married Herbert Lytton. From that time my father ignored my existence, and at his death he left all his fortune to Uncle Anthony. Then, by the merest accident, after I had lost my husband, I saw Uncle Anthony's advertisement for someone to help him in the study of astronomy. Curiosity urged me to go and see what the uncle was like who had inherited all my father's money. I think I felt rather wicked and revengeful, too," added Dora, laughing a little nervously. "I had wild and romantic ideas of regaining my lost patrimony. Any way, I had my living to make, and it was an easy and comfortable way of making it. Then I met you, Edmund," she continued, tenderly, "and I ceased to think about the money; you lifted me out of my bad sordid self."

Trenchard rose from his seat and bent down and kissed her.

"And you, my darling," he said, earnestly, "have lifted me from darkness into light. What would my life have been if you had never gone to Carriconna, my brave, true wife?"

"I knew you were my fate, Edmund, that night we pulled your horse out of the bog! From that time my interest in my lost inheritance began to be as nothing. No one heart can hold both love and money, either the one or the other must be

driven out. So I left the money, though nearly the whole fortune was in my hands."

Then Dora proceeded to amaze her husband with an account of Anthony's mysterious conduct, his secret visits to the tower, her own overpowering curiosity to know what it was that he carried there in the old portmanteau; and, lastly, the extraordinary discovery that had rewarded her investigations.

"I shall be glad to tell them, if they do not already know, Edmund. This secret has weighed on me like a nightmare. I did not feel that I had any right to speak whilst Uncle Anthony lived, and yet I had to listen to all dear Aunt Barbara's troubles about that miserable money, and about Arthur's position, and I don't know what more. And besides," she added, "I was really a little ashamed to tell anyone that I had been prying about after Uncle Anthony's treasure, though I never imagined for one moment what that treasure was."

"Of course you did not, dear!" exclaimed Trenchard, heartily; "it was a most natural curiosity, and they will have great reason to rejoice that your curiosity was aroused if Anthony died without telling them anything. And now, Dora," he added, rising from the table, "we must go back and collect our belongings, and take the first train to-morrow for Carriconna."

"But only for a day or two, Edmund," said Dora, coaxingly; "we shall come back again. You will not let this spoil our honeymoon?"

"Nothing in the world could do that! No; we will go to Carriconna, and as soon as you have seen Aunt Barbara we will come back and begin this honeymoon all over again."

"Dear Aunt Barbara!" said Dora. "I am so glad she is my aunt!"

And Barbara was equally glad to claim and welcome Dora as her niece. Her beaming look of satisfaction as she led Mr. and Mrs. Trenchard into the house said plainly to Arthur, "I told you so!"

"I knew you would come as soon as you had word of it," said Aunt Barbara, as she carried Dora off upstairs, leaving Arthur to start Mr. Bucknall for his train, and to entertain Trenchard. "But tell me, how did you hear? You know I couldn't send for you, for I had no address; and even if I had had one, I don't think I would have brought you back, though you may guess how much I have missed you these dreadful days."

"Dear Aunt Barbara," exclaimed Dora, "I wish I had been with you!"

The name Dora gave her fell strangely upon Barbara's ears.

"Does she know it, then?" thought Barbara. She put her hands up on Dora's shoulders—Dora was much the taller of the pair—and looked her in the face.

"I am your aunt," said she, "and you are my dear niece; but how long have you known that?"

As her aunt said this, however, it was Dora's turn for astonishment.

"Why, how long have you known it?" she said.

"Only just," answered Miss Nugent, smiling.

"But how?" said Dora, more bewildered than ever. "I thought it had been my secret only."

"Your uncle must have known it this long time. A letter has just come for him from your father's lawyers in Australia; 'twas from that I learned it. Anthony talked about it while he was delirious—about that and the money—he talked about nothing else."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dora, "he talked only about me and the money. Now I know why he hid the money."

"Hid the money?" queried Barbara in her turn. "What do you mean, dear—what money did he hide, and why did he hide it?"

"So you know nothing about the money, Aunt Barbara?"

"Nothing in the world, dear. It seems to me that nobody knows. Mr. Bucknall—that's the solicitor—doesn't know; and the bankers know nothing except about the small balance with them; and Arthur knows no more than the rest."

"Nobody has explored the tower, then, Aunt Barbara?"

"The tower, Dora! No; what has the tower to do with it? I declare I haven't borne to think of that terrible tower since the night of the storm."

"I shall show you what is in the tower, Aunt Barbara," said Dora, "Oh, how glad I am that I came!"

"But tell me, dear; tell me at once," pleaded Barbara. "And then I want to know about yourself. Dear, dear, the mystery and the trouble we've had these days—and I not knowing what to think of poor dear Anthony leaving us in such a plight as this!"

"Aunt Barbara," said Dora, "the tower is full of money, *full* of it. I found it accidentally, at least almost accidentally, for I never knew what I was looking for. There is an underground room in the tower, and I don't know how much money stowed away there in bags. I did not dare to tell whilst Uncle Anthony lived, for I knew how secret he was about it; and, as I had found it without his knowledge, I thought I had no right to betray his secret. This is why I have come back, for I thought, from what the newspapers said, poor Uncle Anthony had most likely died without telling anybody."

"Hid it in the tower—a room full of gold—I declare I don't know what to make of it," said Barbara, hopeless surmise written on her features.

Then, turning the conversation, as if for relief she went on to tell Dora in detail the short sad tale of Anthony's accident, illness, and death; of the wretched anxiety with which she had waited while the ruins were being searched; of the carrying in of Anthony; of the doctor's coming; of the long delirium; then of the death and the funeral. "And how sorely I wanted you through it all!" she ended.

"Poor Aunt Barbara! And I knowing nothing, selfishly happy in my honeymoon!"

"No, my dear; no, not selfishly, for you came quickly enough—as soon as you knew—and in the middle of the honeymoon, too! And the honeymoon—but I needn't ask if that has been a happy one; your face tells me that."

Dora smiled.

"And I am going to send you back to finish it

—depend upon that!" added Barbara. "Oh, but this money, this money! And you have really seen it down there, down in the tower? I never heard of any underground place in it at all."

"You shall see it to-morrow, Aunt Barbara."

"Yes, yes; to-morrow will be time enough. Now that I have you with me, I am not troubled about anything; but we must tell Arthur. But, my dear, tell me first, why did you come to us as a stranger, and why did you keep yourself unknown to us all those months?"

"Ah, I came here in a bad spirit. I was envious and angry because my father had deserted me, and left everything away from me. I—"

"Well, dear," said her aunt, soothingly, "I can't wonder that you took it to heart, and I can't approve of your father treating you so, for I cannot think that you did anything bad enough to deserve it."

"I married against my father's will," answered Dora; "I know now that his wishes were the right ones, but I had my punishment."

"Did your father leave nothing at all to you, Dora?"

"Nothing. From the day that I left home I never heard from him."

"Arthur will not treat you that way," said Barbara with kind decision. "He will set everything right."

"No," said Dora, emphatically, "there is nothing wrong, and nothing shall be altered now. And," she added, with a look of absolute, almost rapturous contentment, "what is there that I want now? I have a husband who loves me, and who has more than enough for both of us."



THE TIGHTLY-STUFFED CANVAS BAGS WERE THERE.

Barbara kissed her affectionately.

"I don't think Arthur will be satisfied to leave it in that way," she said; "but we will say no more about it at present. Now, my dear, you just rest a little before dinner; you must be fairly tired out, and I will give Arthur a hint about this wonderful Aladdin's Cave.

CHAPTER XLV.—A WEDDING PRESENT.

DORA and her husband remained at Carriconna that night, for they had sent no intimation to Moyrath of their return.

"We need only stay a couple of nights, dear," Dora had said, entreatingly; "and Aunt Barbara will like to have us. If we once go home, we

may not want to leave again directly, and that would so shorten our holiday."

"Just as you like, pet," replied Trenchard equably. "So long as Aunt Barbara will keep both of us, Carriconna and Moyrath are the same to me."

"Of course she will keep both of us," said Dora, laughing; "the idea!"

"I can stroll down and surprise William in the morning," said her husband. "The sergeant's face will be a study if I turn up alone and unannounced."

But the next morning was fully taken up with operations in the tower. Even Barbara was excited about it.

It had been arranged overnight that the matter of the hidden money was to be kept strictly to themselves. No one outside the family circle was to hear a whisper of Anthony's strange freak. To preserve this secrecy involved some labour for Arthur and Trenchard. When they, with Barbara and Dora, entered the tower on the following morning, they found it would be no easy matter to reach the spot where Dora said that the trap-door would be found. The great loose stones from the ruined tower lay piled about in heaps, and it was no short task to remove them one by one. But they all worked with zeal, Barbara lending her help, her hands protected by her thick gardening gloves. The *débris* once cleared away, the rest was easy. Arthur made slight trouble about raising the heavy trap-door, and then he stood aside for Dora to lead the way down the short flight of steps. When she reached the foot of the steps, she stopped and lighted a candle with which she had provided herself, and led the way, followed closely by the others, along the passage and into the chamber.

"Supposing Uncle Anthony should have suspected anything and moved his treasure!" she thought, as she entered the dark vault. She crossed at once to the recess and stretched out her hand. It was all right. The old wooden pigeon-house was there, and the tightly-stuffed canvas bags were there. She could feel them, wedged in the pigeon-holes.

"Now, Cousin Arthur, look in there," she said, as she shaded the candle with her hand, and held it beside the pigeon-house.

"What is that?" said Arthur, breathlessly, running his hand over the surface of one of the bags.

"Take it out and open it," answered Dora.

He took the bag, and carried it, as Dora had done once before, to the grating in the wall that served for window.

"Gold!" he cried, unfastening the bag, and taking out one of the pieces. "Gold—it is full of gold!"

He crossed the chamber to the pigeon-house again.

"Why, it is stuffed with bags, and some of them are twice as big as this one!"

"Yes," said Dora, "and that is not all; here is a box crammed with notes." And she pulled off the lid of the tin box that stood on the floor in the recess. The others looked on in silent amazement.

What was the ghost of Anthony about, that it did not rise up to trouble these intruders? But there was no such uncanny interruption of the scene, which proceeded amid the increasing wonderment of Dora's guests, as the vast extent of the treasure was slowly revealed to them.

The tin box, when examined, was found to contain more than bank notes; there were memoranda of various securities, amongst them one relating to an investment of ten thousand pounds. In short, what with the gold, the notes, and the memoranda, they had the whole fortune of Anthony under their eyes.

"There is no trace of a will here, however," said Arthur.

"It is not wanted," said Trenchard; "the old one that you have is sufficient."

"And what in the world are we going to do with all this gold?" asked Barbara.

"Well, I think it has lain here long enough, at any rate," said Arthur.

As he spoke, Kitty's voice was heard calling to him from above.

"What has become of you all? Where are you?" called Kitty, who was wandering round and about the tower in search of them.

"Come down here!" cried Arthur, and went up to the trap-door to meet her.

Kitty looked scared at the sight of him.

"Has anything else happened?" she asked.

"Yes," said Arthur; "but you need not look so scared. Come down here and see."

She took his hand and followed him down the dark passage.

"It is nothing dreadful, is it?" whispered Kitty, whom the darkness of the place made timid.

"Nothing more dreadful than the vanished fortune; it is all hidden away down here."

And Kitty looked, as the others had done, with scarce believing eyes, at the heaped-up bullion in Anthony's strange treasure chamber, and felt the bags and lifted one, and said she supposed there must be at least two or three hundred pounds altogether, at which the others laughed. And then they all went up again, and the trap-door was made fast, and covered over as before.

Next day Dora and Trenchard returned to complete their honeymoon. But before they started Barbara had a little interview with Dora, when she said that Arthur was very anxious, with Dora's leave, to offer her the ten thousand pounds' investment as a wedding present.

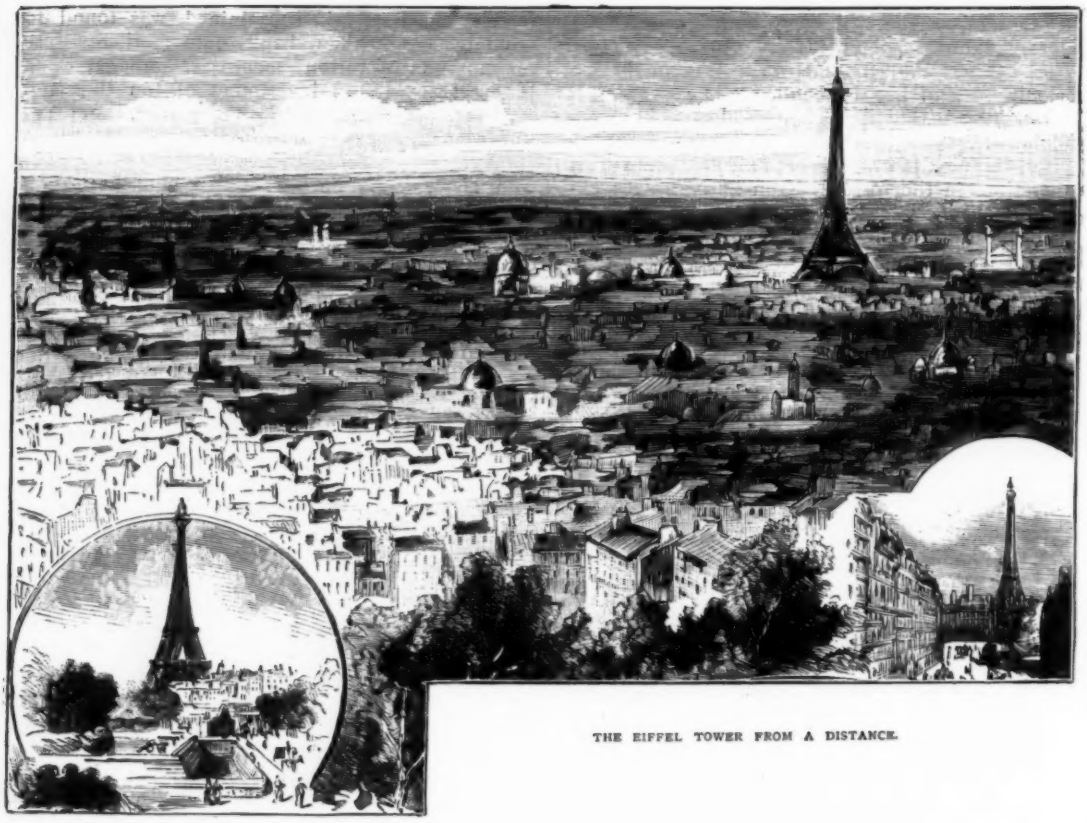
Dora, though touched, could not at first be brought to yield. Arthur was called in to add his entreaties to Barbara's.

"I could not possibly enjoy my share," said he "unless you will take this small one."

Then Dora beat down what false pride remained in her, and gave a gracious assent.

Trenchard was not to be told until they were settled together again, so she and her bridegroom went off, and, as a memento of Anthony, Dora took with her in her pocket the hand-book of astronomy, with the help of which the old man had made such diligent efforts to get some understanding of the distance of Jupiter.

THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



THE EIFFEL TOWER FROM A DISTANCE.

THIS is not intended to be a descriptive article of the Paris International Exhibition of 1889. If description were attempted, instead of devoting three or four pages to the subject as is our present scheme, scores of pages would be needed, and even then many things worthy of notice would probably be overlooked. It would be far too pretentious to say that we have winnowed the wheat from the chaff; all that we can hope is that we—now that the period usually allotted to such displays is drawing to its close—have selected from the vast granary some noteworthy samples of grain; so that when the exhibitors belonging to the nations who are now keeping guard over their property on the Champ de Mars, the Esplanade des Invalides and the Quai d'Orsay shall have returned to their homes over continents and seas, and the implements of demolition shall have undone what was set up at the cost of an enormous expenditure of labour and money, these impressions may serve as a record of some of the more remarkable features and aspects of the great show.

No one who has visited Paris this summer can doubt that the French nation has organised the greatest Exhibition ever thrown open to the world for its instruction and entertainment. On the score of magnitude it far surpasses any one previously held. It may be said to have reached the limit beyond which it would be undesirable to extend an International Exhibition, for even the faculty of sightseeing is finite. A dinner may be of so many courses that even a Gargantuan appetite would be unequal to the task of tasting every dish; and a show of no matter what kind may contain so much that is curious or novel or beautiful that a visitor endowed with the utmost diversity of taste and the greediest curiosity would be obliged to make a selection of those things which pleased him most and leave the rest unnoticed or barely seen. People are rarely appreciative when more is given to them for their money than they know what to do with. Of all the millions who have gone to Paris this summer to see the Exhibition, we believe a very small proportion have tried after the first day to go through their programme resolutely. When the jaded mind will no longer answer with alacrity to the spur of curiosity, there is not much pleasure or profit in adding to one's burden of fresh impres-

sions. We are not therefore disposed to consider the magnitude of this Exhibition as constituting in itself a claim to pre-eminence over its predecessors. To the serious observer the question at once presents itself as the test of any exhibition's superiority, What does it do to widen the knowledge, to benefit mankind intellectually and materially?

The Paris Exhibition must be separated into two great divisions. We have, on the one hand, an immense fair wherein the instructive and the useful are subordinated—not necessarily sacrificed—to the picturesque and the amusing. On the other hand, we have an immense museum of all that the world can be said to produce in these days that is useful, ornamental, artistic, scientificially instructive, or merely curious from the light which it throws upon the possibilities of human endeavour. On the side of the fair belong the Arabian slipper-makers and weavers, the dancing dervishes and beautiful Fatmas, the donkeys and donkey drivers from Egypt, the Syrian and Moorish cafés, all the African and Asiatic vendors of sweetmeats and nick-nacks, the novel theatres and exotic concert and dancing rooms, the little Annamite soldiers whom the Government has been to the pains of bringing over to Europe, the Polynesians, North American Indians, the Singalese and other barbarous or semi-barbarous races living in their tents or huts. This fair, with all its superficial frivolity, offers opportunities never before concentrated within a few acres of studying ethnology from the living book. It cannot therefore be called useless.

The other, the ostensibly serious side of the Exhibition, is not to be treated in this summary fashion. The eighth decade of the nineteenth century is here—the microcosm of the contemporary sciences and industries. The world can look upon the work on which it is now engaged, and whether it admires or deplores its present tendencies, there they lie fully revealed. The actual progress of the arts and sciences realised since the Exhibition of 1878 is not very apparent, but the picture is more complete in detail, and on a vaster scale. If the last ten years have added little to the theoretic knowledge of mankind, they have witnessed a remarkable development in the application of theory to practical uses. This is notably the case with regard to electricity as a lighting and a motor power, and as a means of setting distance at naught, whenever the rapid inter-communication of thought is desired; it is even more apparent by what this Exhibition has called forth in connection with iron as a building material. The subject of the Eiffel Tower has already been fully dealt with in this magazine; but it cannot be passed by with a mere reference in any general article on the Exhibition. It is the great feature of the great show. It opens up a prospect of startling possibilities in connection with iron architecture. There is no reason, beyond the financial one, why a tower very much higher than M. Eiffel's should not be constructed on the same principles. It would be merely a question of increasing the strength of the supports in proportion to the extra weight they would have to bear.

With the Eiffel Tower must be bracketed the Machine Hall, or Palais des Machines, as it is officially termed. This is another prodigy of iron architecture. It is the highest covered building in the world. The Vêndome Column with the statue on the top, could be set up within it; but its great length—over 1,277 feet—produces a complete illusion upon the eye with regard to altitude. The principles upon which this building is constructed are eminently scientific as well as ingenious, but the subject is of too technical a character to be entered into here. The hall is more remarkable as an advance in mechanical science than the machinery which it contains. The show of machines is quite bewildering by its immensity and variety; but, viewed collectively, it offers very little to surprise those who have been closely watching the development of science, applied to mechanics through a course of years. In the opinion of some competent judges, the Glasgow Exhibition, although it did not claim to be international and universal, contained a collection of machinery better for all practical and useful purposes than that in the Champ de Mars. Nevertheless, this vast Palais des Machines, with its contents, is marvellously calculated to impress the mind with that evolution in the field of labour, charged with problematic issues, of which machinery is the active and visible agent.

There are two ways of looking at all these wonderful contrivances for obtaining the maximum of production in every department of human industry with the minimum amount of manual work. From the point of view of theoretic progress, the gain is enormous; but from the philosophic standpoint, which allows no progress to be real but that which favours the happiness and contentment of the greatest number, the development of artificial labour may seem to be identified with much of the *malaise* from which society is now suffering. If production is made easier at the cost of increasing the ranks of the unemployed, or the insufficiently employed, is not the apparent gain an actual loss to the community? These thoughts are suggested by the Exhibition. We are not arguing the cause of manual labour against machine labour. It would be absolutely useless to do so; for the inventive genius of man is an irresistible force that will go on exercising its influence upon the physical and moral conditions of life either for good or for evil, and the human race must accept the consequences of those indestuctible principles which direct its movements.

The year 1889 has brought together the most remarkable collection of modern paintings that has been seen under the same roof. The collection of modern sculpture is likewise superb. On the score of Fine Art, no one, we imagine, will question that this Exhibition triumphs signally over those of the past. France has taken care of herself, for she has 2,820 metres of canvas on the line, whereas all other countries united do not

occupy more than 2,123 metres. Foreign nations have, nevertheless, received the fullest encouragement to send the works of their representative artists, and all the space that they have needed has been liberally allotted to them. It was but natural that the French should endeavour to make their superiority over all other modern schools evident in the Palace of Fine Arts on the Champs de Mars, and they have certainly done so. Their collection includes most of the masterpieces which their best artists have produced since the year 1789. Although we may disapprove of this or that picture on the score of taste or method of treatment, it is impossible to leave the building without being deeply impressed by the amazing power of the artists whom France has produced, especially during the second half of the present century. The English contemporary school, with all its merits, conspicuous among which is the charm of pure and elevating sentiment, cannot compare to that of France in vigour. The British section, however, is not a just and adequate reflection of British Art. It is remarkable for technical qualities, such as careful drawing and delicate manipulation, but not for strength of conception in the higher regions of Art. Judging from what is shown in Paris, the continental visitor would be justified in supposing English artists almost incapable of historical painting. On the other hand the high merit of the landscapes has received general recognition. Mr. Leader's "In the evening there shall be light," is a work of rare power and beauty. The United States section leaves a better general impression than that of the United Kingdom, doubtless because of the very active interest which American artists have themselves taken in it.

But of all the foreign sections in the department of Fine Arts, that of Austria and Hungary is the one that has obtained the largest measure of public admiration. Munkacsy's two great pictures, "The Crucifixion" and "Christ in the Prætorium," are the main cause of this. We record the fact without criticism. It needs special cultivation to appreciate the various shades of artistic talent, but the originality and power of genius strike wonder and admiration into minds which have never been trained to discriminate in matters æsthetic. The crowd before Munkacsy's pictures knows, without reading the name, that they are the work of no ordinary man. We must pass over the other foreign sections with this remark, that the Scandinavian nationalties are making rapid progress in Art, and that the northern painters, while they lack the vigour which generally marks those of southern Europe in the treatment of the passions and the human form, have a more poetic sense of beauty in Nature.

Much has been done in the Exhibition to popularise science—vulgarise it, as the French say, with their strict regard for the meaning of Latin roots. The wish to instruct has, however, been somewhat sacrificed to the desire to produce picturesque and striking effects such as excite the curiosity and fix the attention of the crowd. In the Palace of Liberal Arts there is a "History of Labour," illustrated from prehistoric times by a series of figures, single, or in groups, engaged upon some characteristic work corresponding with the epoch which they represent. We see what we are expected to believe were our ancestors of the Stone Age sharpening flints. The spectacle of these savages is depressingly hideous. The figures have been "reconstituted" from such indications as flint implements and bones found in caves have afforded. There is a good deal of the fanciful mixed up with this anthropological science. Such inferential reconstruction of the past is too hypothetical to be really instructive. It belongs, moreover, to that order of ideas which tends to degrade the origin of humanity, and under the appearance of a purely scientific aim, there is the motive of the philosophical controversialist which must be taken into account.

This tendency to the fanciful where it is out of place is even more observable in M. Charles Garnier's architectural "History of Human Habitations." If the architect of the Grand Opera had been content to give us a series of typical buildings illustrating the habitations of men commencing with the ages which have left the student of archæology some reliable data to work upon, his contribution to the Exhibition would not have been marred as it is now by fantastic structures, partly or wholly supposititious and scientifically worthless. He assumes the Dolmen or Cromlech to be the type of the ancient Celtic dwelling, although the bones that have been found in many of them point rather to the conclusion that they were Druidical sepulchres; he shows us what an Egyptian house was like thirteen or fourteen centuries before Christ, although no houses of that age have come down to us and no documents exist than can be relied upon for a description of their architecture. His Assyrian, Phœnician, and ancient Hebrew houses are equally mythical. The Oriental nations of old have left us some ruins of their palatial, sepulchral, and religious structures, but scarcely a vestige of their ordinary domestic architecture. If the enlightened New Zealander, two thousand years hence, wishing to show the public at some International Exhibition in the Antipodes what an English dwelling-house of the nineteenth century was like, should take the ruins of St. Paul's for his guide, he would be leading his credulous countrymen into the most curious of errors. M. Garnier has gone to work exactly after the manner of this imaginary New Zealander. His performance is artistic trifling until he gets upon tolerably safe ground, and this is not until he reaches the advanced Greek and Roman periods. We can look at his Roman villa with interest, because we know that the data have been furnished in no doubtful manner by the ruins of Pompeii. This "History of Human Habitations" is to be studied in the open air.

Besides the "History of Labour," the Palace of Liberal Arts contains a great deal that brings the scientific achievements and tendencies of the age vividly before the mind. The collections of optical, meteorological, astronomical, and sur-

gical instruments are most complete. Among the last-named are the very latest inventions and improvements for correcting physical malformations; and in this surgical department may also be studied graphic illustrations of the processes by which a nose, an ear, etc., may be artificially made and grafted upon the human body so as to look almost as neat as Nature's handycraft. The collection of musical instruments is most comprehensive, and the models illustrating the gradual development of sculpture and painting are valuable contributions to popular education.

The Gobelins and Beauvais tapestry and Sèvres porcelain shown by the French Government offer their peculiar argument in favour of the system of giving State support and protection to certain manufactures which, if left to private enterprise, would run great risk of falling into decay and being eventually lost. France pays £40,000 a year to maintain the three manufactures just named and that of mosaics. The specimens of Gobelins high-warp, and Beauvais low-warp tapestry exhibited in the Palace of Various Industries represent what the spectator feels to be the utmost excellence to which this art can attain. There can be little doubt that it would have disappeared from France had not each successive *régime* during the last hundred years made it a point of honour to continue the protection afforded to it by its predecessor. Several generations of artists —they fully deserve the name—may be said to have worked upon the newest piece of tapestry exhibited by the French Government, for each generation of workers has learnt the craft from the one that went immediately before it. How much there is to learn may be gathered from the fact that an aprenticeship at the Gobelins lasts from ten to fifteen years. The Sèvres collection of porcelain is composed of four hundred and forty pieces, illustrating the history of the art since the establishment of the manufactory. The French have every reason to be proud of their tapestry and their porcelain. Although the money spent in this way does not return, it is not wasted, for it goes on adding to the artistic wealth of the nation.

The hygienic section organised by the French Government is satisfactory evidence of the growing tendency in France to cultivate sanitary science and extend its application. All the latest ideas concerning the healthiness of dwellings—in relation to lighting, ventilation, drainage, etc.—are fully recognised in the various models and plans exhibited in this building. In the Palace of Liberal Arts great importance is attached to the sanitary conditions of schools, which in France still leave so much to be desired. The evils, however, resulting from overcrowded, ill-ventilated schoolrooms, and still more from overcrowded dormitories, are now understood, and all the new schools and *lycées* are being built on far more rational principles than were those of former days. A model dormitory of a girls' *lycée* is shown, wherein not only is the sleeping space scientifically calculated with a view to the physical need of each individual, but by an arrangement of curtains every inmate may be said to possess a room in privacy. This is a marked improvement upon the sleeping arrangements of those French boarding-schools where girls are packed together like soldiers in their *dortoirs*, with only a few inches of space between each bed. Still more importance is given to the subject of schoolrooms for young children. There is a model of an *école maternelle*, showing all the improvements realised of late years. The benches, which were found dangerous to very young children, have been done away with, and an inclined floor has been substituted. The ventilation, moreover, is so managed that, although the air is constantly being renewed, draughts are impossible. Statistics compiled with the utmost care have proved that great evils arise from the old system followed in most of the Communal schools of seating children of various ages and sizes upon forms all of uniform height, and in front of flat boards likewise of uniform height. The dangers entailed by this state of things are—deviation of the vertebral column, deformation of the shoulders and limbs, injury to the lungs and heart, and weakness of sight. It has been shown that 75 per cent. of the cases of deformity are caused by school-tables or desks. A model desk invented by M. Féret is exhibited. Its surface is slanting, and it is provided with a simple but very effective contrivance for raising it to suit the height of the child.

No rapid summary of the most characteristic products exhibited in the various foreign sections in relation to manufactures and agriculture could be otherwise than unsatisfactory. We shall therefore not attempt to give one. A few remarks, however, with regard to certain nations far removed from Europe, but in whose political and commercial expansion Europe is interested, seem to be called for. The Boers appear for the first time at an International Exhibition as a distinct nationality, with a Government of its own. The building erected by the South African Republic is one of the most picturesque on the Esplanade des Invalides. The products exhibited are chiefly cereals, tobacco, skins, and ostrich feathers. But what strikes the spectator most is the mineral wealth of the country, as illustrated by the various ores exhibited. The Dutch race appears to be in a fair way of regaining on the continent of Africa the power and influence which it has lost in Europe. The proofs which the South American Republics have given of their national vitality are likewise significant. The Spanish race in the Old World has astonished the New World by its desire to keep abreast of modern movements.

Among Oriental races, the first place is taken by the Japanese. Their section is worthy of being regarded as that of a great nation. It contains 596 exhibitors. The decorations are far removed from European notions of the æsthetic; but although they are gorgeous, they are not vulgar. There is refinement in the art—to us so strange—of this singular people. The Japanese are as enterprising as they are original. They first brought us curiosities which had the merit of

being cheap, but now they are actually acclimatising their art in our midst. Houses are furnished throughout *à la Japonaise*, and there is no knowing to what extent society may be japanned during the next decade.

Of the general impressions left by the Exhibition of 1889, the one that carries conviction more strongly perhaps than any other is that modern facilities for communication with their corollary, the expansion of international trade, are breaking down the antipathies and prejudices which, founded upon ignorance, have for centuries caused races differing in colour, customs, and religion to look upon one another in the light of natural enemies. These International Exhibitions do not prevent war—the history of the second half of the present century ruthlessly disposes of optimist views on this head; but by bringing all races together for the purpose of exhibiting what they can do separately and collectively, and for the reciprocal pleasure and benefit of interchanging ideas and information, they cannot but promote that better feeling between nations which is the inevitable result of a better understanding.

EDWARD BARKER.

ALGERIA AS IT IS.



THE RAILWAYS OF ALGERIA

IT has always been the fashion in England to look down upon French attempts at colonisation. But those who visit Algeria at the present time will hardly be inclined to agree to the national verdict, for the thriving prosperity of many parts of that country is such as to strike the most unobservant traveller with surprise.

Thirty years ago the visitor rode about Algeria on horseback, with pistols in his belt and an armed *Spahi* behind him. He slept in the Arab tents, or in "marabouts," as the old tombs are called. At the present time he may traverse the colony from one end to the other in a first-class railway carriage in perfect security, and lodge in hotels which vie with those of London and Paris. There is now, in fact, a continuous line of railway from the Moroccan frontier, through the three provinces of Oran, Algiers, and Constantine, into Tunis, a state which, although allowed to preserve a nominal independence, is, to all intents and purposes, nothing more than a fourth province of Algeria.

Commencing at the western extremity, the first place in Algeria that should engage the traveller's attention is Tlemçen. Tlemçen, magnificently placed on a spur of the Atlas, about thirty miles from the frontiers of Morocco, is often compared to Grenada, although, in spite of its fine position and splendid Moorish remains, it can hardly pretend to rival that celebrated city. Tlemçen, however, is undoubtedly a point of great interest, and should be visited by every one who wishes to see Algeria. It is now easy of access, as the railway, although not quite complete, has been opened from Oran as far as Lamorisière, only about thirty kilometres distant (under twenty miles).

The chief lions of Tlemçen are the Mosque of Sidi-Bou-Medin, which is acknowledged to be one of the very highest examples of Moorish art, and the old walls of Mansoura. The latter are unique of their kind, having been built in 1302 by a Moorish chieftain, who, after besieging Tlemçen for four years, turned his camp into a city, and surrounded it with huge walls of concrete. The city is gone, but the walls remain, together with a lofty minaret of a former mosque nearly 120 feet in height, and of splendid proportions. Besides these and other antiquities the luxuriant vegetation which surrounds Tlemçen renders the place most charming to those who have passed

through the monotonous desert which separates it from Oran, and the views over the plains below are likewise very attractive.

Oran, the capital of the most western province of Algeria, is a thriving seaport, being one of the principal places for the shipment of Alfa grass, so largely used in the manufacture of modern paper. Bales of this textile fabric are crowded together on the quays, and vessels are always waiting to convey it to England. The extent of the trade in this article is sufficiently apparent from the fact that a railway upwards of three hundred miles long has been carried into the south of the province of Oran, in order to bring down the Alfa grass from the high plateaux of the interior for shipment.

From Oran, the well-constructed railway belonging to the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Company conveys the traveller in thirteen hours to Algiers. The distance is only 420 kilometres, or about 260 miles, so that the speed is not excessive. But convenient halts of half an hour each are made for breakfast and dinner, and the carriages, being built with a passage in the centre, on the Swiss plan, and a balcony at each end, are very suitable to the climate, and give one every opportunity of seeing the country. Bare sands and gravels, it is true, predominate throughout the route, but wherever water is present and cultivation possible grand results are produced under the influence of the Algerian sun. At most of the stations fine examples of the Australian eucalyptus and other trees of southern climes afford a grateful shade, and, even in October, various species of acacia and other flowering shrubs are in full bloom.

Instead of going direct to Algiers, however, the tourist should stop at Blidah, some thirty miles short of the Algerian capital, where the situation is highly attractive, and good accommodation may be obtained. Blidah is celebrated for its orange-groves, which are increasing every year in extent and fruitfulness. Situated just at the foot of the range of the Atlas, its position is truly beautiful and climate excellent, as the visitors from Algiers who throng to it in the spring months know full well. A most enjoyable excursion may be made from Blidah into the cedar-forests which crown this part of the Atlas range. The examples of the *Cedrus Atlantica* to be met with are not so large, perhaps, as those in some other parts of Algeria, but the forest has the merit of being easily accessible, and beautiful views on both sides of the range render this excursion most agreeable. Another expedition that no visitor to Blidah should omit to make is the drive up the gorge of the Chifa. On the steep slopes, covered with brushwood, which clothe the sides of this narrow and picturesque ravine, monkeys are still to be found in their native state, and may be easily observed if a little care is taken. The new railway to Medéah, the works for which are now being carried on up the valley, have, it is true, somewhat interfered with the former abundance of these quadrumana. But by ascending one of the side valleys a view of the Barbary apes in their native wilds may easily be obtained—at least, such was the case in October last.

Of Algiers itself it is not here necessary to say much, the place being now so well known as one of the most popular of English winter resorts. Our countrymen, who are now said to exceed one thousand in number, mostly take up their residence in the villas and hotels of Mustafa Supèrieur and other villages above the city, but those who prefer to reside in Algiers find excellent accommodation in the Hotel d'Europe and other large establishments on the Boulevard de la République. The English chapel, to the maintenance and ornamentation of which our excellent Consul-General has specially devoted himself, is certainly one of the most ornamental and well-found edifices devoted to the rites of the English Church in foreign parts, and no doubt adds much to the attractions of Algiers for the English invalid.

The railway which connects Algiers with Constantine, the capital of the third and most eastern province of Algeria, is some 290 miles in length, and, having been only recently completed, does not venture to convey passengers even at the somewhat moderate pace of the Algiers and Oran line. To perform the journey throughout requires nearly eighteen continuous hours of travel, and the carriages, built in the usual French style, are not so well suited to a hot climate as those of the last-mentioned railway.

Those who have leisure to halt *en route* may stop at Ménerville and visit the interesting scenery of Kabylia, and at Sètif to explore the romantic gorge of the Chabet-el-Akhra, which descends hence to the seaport of Bougie. But whatever other attractions there may be along this line, no Algerian traveller should fail to proceed to its terminus in Constantine. Constantine is certainly one of the most remarkably placed cities in the world. Perched on the crest of the Atlas, just where it is pierced by the narrow ravine of the Rummel, it is surrounded on three sides by lofty precipices, and is only accessible on the south-western corner, where the French entered it by escalade in 1837. The magnificence of its situation and the picturesque views obtained on every side of Constantine cannot fail to impress the most unobservant spectator. Constantine, therefore, should be regarded as one of the cardinal points of interest to the Algerian traveller, and should on no account be omitted from his programme.

From Constantine an excursion should be made to Biskra, an oasis situated on the edge of the Sahara, south of the Atlas range, to which the railway has been recently completed. There are commonly said to be three Algerias—the littoral plains and hills, where the climate is that of Spain and Sicily; the Tell, or High Plateaux, where the extremes of heat and cold are much more severe, and the main product is Alfa grass; and the Sahara, where rain seldom falls, the water-supply being obtained mainly from Artesian wells, and the date-palm is the characteristic feature. To view this last part of Algeria, no place is so conveniently situated as Biskra, which may now be reached from Constantine by a ten hours' railway journey. The line proceeds through Batna, high in the Atlas, skirts the Aurès mountains, and de-

scends into the desert through the wonderful gorge of El Kantara. Beyond it about thirty miles in the plain lies the oasis of Biskra, where several good hotels offer a convenient refuge for those who wish to fly from the cold storms of the north and to find perpetual summer in the middle of winter. The climate of Biskra, Sir Lambert Playfair tells us, is delightful during the four winter months of the year. "Nowhere in Algeria can one find a more genial temperature, a clearer sky, or more beautiful vegetation." The oasis contains a series of "prosperous villages, buried in groves of palm and fruit-trees, and surrounded by cultivated fields."

Arrived back at Constantine after his excursion to Biskra, the traveller has a choice of several routes before him in order to return to Europe. The direct traffic between Constantine and Marseilles is carried on by Philippeville, a port some fifty miles north of Constantine, whence steamers run to Marseilles several times a week. The journey is made by railway in about four hours. But if time can be spared it is better to take the eastern line from Constantine, and proceed *viâ* Guelma to the excellent port of Bona, where equal facilities of communication with Marseilles will be found. One specially attractive spot is passed before reaching Guelma on this line, at which a halt should on no account be omitted. This is the celebrated hot springs of Hammam Meskoutin, known since the times of the Romans, who called them *Aquæ Tibilitinæ*, from the neighbouring town of *Tibilis*. The remarkable points about these waters are their high temperature, which is no less than 200° Fah., and the enormous quantity of carbonate of lime which they hold in solution. Upon reaching the external atmosphere they deposit their solid contents very quickly, and, flowing over the rocks, leave a crust of pure white lime behind them. Looking at them from below one sees what appears to be a petrified cascade of white marble, while copious jets of steam issue from every part of the hot torrent. Thus the hot springs of Hammam Meskoutin reproduce on a small scale the same phenomena as were shown by the celebrated terraces of Rotamahand, in New Zealand, before they were destroyed by the recent earthquake.

At Hammam Meskoutin the traveller will find excellent accommodation in the hotel, situated close to the sources, and a fine wild country all round him to roam over, with many other objects of attraction within reasonable distance.

Passing onwards to Bona through Guelma the railway descends the valley of the Seybeuse through a fertile country. Here, as elsewhere, it will be evident to what an enormous extent the cultivation of the vine has recently been carried in Algeria. On approaching Bona the line passes through many thousands of acres of recently planted vineyards. The widespread disease that has prevailed of late years in the wine-growing districts of France has stimulated the cultivation of the vine in Algeria to an immense degree. Abundant and excellent wines of various qualities are produced, for in Algeria the vine is stated to flourish everywhere, "even on the worst land and on the most burning soil." Its cultivation has already caused an enormous increase to the prosperity of Algeria, and is likely to make the fortune of the country. The wines mostly go to France, and are eagerly bought up by the wine-growers of Bordeaux and Burgundy for the purpose of supplementing the deficiencies of their own districts. At Bona the traveller will find a neat little town, provided with a large and excellent harbour recently constructed, which at present is apparently much too big for the commerce that frequents it. But in the vicinity is a large and growing country; and it is always advisable to provide for future requirements.

At Bona the principal object to be visited is the site of the ancient city of Hippo, celebrated as the residence of St. Augustine, who wrote the celebrated Confessions, and died here bishop of the see in the year 429 A.D. There is, however, little to be seen of the ancient city except its cisterns and the remains of a ruined aqueduct. But no one who has half a day to spare should omit to ascend the mountain at the back of Bona, and visit the forest of Edough. A good carriage road has lately been cut out along the slopes of the mountain, and from the summit, which is nearly 3,300 feet high above the sea level, fine views are obtained over the Mediterranean coast and the valley of the Seybouse. The forest which is passed through *en route* consists mainly of cork-trees, mixed with other oaks. Beyond the village of Bugeaud, which crowns its summit, will be found a charming glen, furnished with an abundant and perennial stream, which supplies Bona with water. The forest of Edough will, no doubt, become eventually a favourite refuge from the summer heat of Algeria, but at present only a few small villas are to be found there, and not even a good hotel.

From Bona the well-found steamers of the Société Transatlantique make frequent transits to Marseilles, so that it is easy to leave Algeria by this route. But those who would prolong their journey will find an excellent railway service to convey them, in about fifteen hours, to Tunis, where various other objects of attraction present themselves, and a return to Europe may be made either by Marseilles or Malta.

P. L. SCLATER, F.R.S.

FRISKNEY AND ITS WILDFOWL.

BY CHARLES DIXON, AUTHOR OF "RURAL BIRD-LIFE, 'OUR RARER BIRDS,' ETC.



THE VILLAGE OF FRISKNEY.

THIRTEEN miles from the quaint old-fashioned town of Boston and four miles from Wainfleet, one mile inland from the salt marshes of the Wash, stand the few scattered houses known as the village of Friskney. The country round about, though not very typical of the fens, is nevertheless flat and somewhat uninteresting. Narrow dykes take the place of hedgerows between the fields, and trees are scarce. Long straight roads, with broad dykes beside them, stretch monotonously across the country, which is composed of large square fields with here and there comfortable-looking farmhouses and cosy thatched cottages. Plantations of firs dot the country side in black patches, and near the homesteads trees of older growth may frequently be seen.

Just eighty years ago, previous to the passing of the Act for the draining and embanking of the lands in the parish of Friskney, all the lower grounds were under water between the months of November and May. So effectually was this great work performed that now the fields are rarely, if ever, submerged, all the superfluous water being carried off to sea by an elaborate system of drains and sluices. Many hundreds of acres were saved from the sea, and much of the fen land, which had hitherto remained waste, was drained and brought into cultivation. Smiling fields took the place of barren fens; but this grand work of drainage and enclosure had its drawbacks. The farmer certainly profited, but the peasant and the naturalist lost much. On the one hand the drainage of the fens destroyed the luxuriant growth of cranberry (*Oxycoccus palustris*), and the peasants' profitable harvest of berries became a thing of the past. In a good season as many as four thousand pecks of these berries were gathered from the celebrated Cranberry Fen alone and disposed of at five shillings per peck, many of them finding their way into Yorkshire and still more remote Lancashire for the making of the famous cranberry tarts. The peat harvest was also done away with, doubtless to the serious loss of the peasantry. On the other hand, from the naturalist's point of view, this reclamation of the marshes meant the eviction of many creatures specially interesting and curious. The avocet and the bittern had their home in these extensive wastes of marsh and water; the swallow-tailed butterfly (*Papilio machaon*) and the large copper (*Pollyommatus hippothoe*) flitted above the reeds in the sunshine. Every autumn vast hordes of wildfowl poured into these fens from the north, and decoys were erected by the marsh-men for their capture. Thousands upon thousands of mallard, widgeon, teal, and pochard were taken and sent to the neighbouring markets; but as soon as the engineer invaded their haunts the ducks abandoned them for ever.

Going back into the misty past still further we find that those ancient conquerors and civilisers of Britain, the Romans, probably had a station at or near Friskney among other places on the sandy shores of the Wash; and that to them we are indebted for the enormous sea-bank which fringes the shore between Skegness and Boston. This bank was thrown up by the Romans to keep out the invading sea, and served the double purpose of a bulwark and a road. As evidence of its solidity and the skill with which it was con-

structed, it remains almost as perfect to this day as when it was erected centuries ago. Opinions appear to be somewhat divided as to the characteristics of the country in this district before the Romans made their appearance. The stumps and branches of trees found in the peaty soil, near Friskney, apparently prove the existence of extensive woods before the fens were formed; but we believe that these trunks have been brought down from higher grounds by floods, especially as the remains are found deposited most abundantly where the large drains pass into the sea. This land has probably been more or less marshy since glacial times. Such was the Friskney of the past. Let us peep at it as it is to-day.

From a passing glance at this scattered curious little village, the traveller might easily conclude that it was purely an agricultural one. It is surrounded by farms, and not even a glimpse of the sea can be obtained. As a fishing village it is certainly a strange one. We are so accustomed to find the toilers that reap the harvests of the sea residing on the very margin of the waves close to the scene of their labours—to see them surrounded with their boats and tackle—that we cannot readily associate such a community with any locality but the actual beach. But Friskney is upwards of a mile from high-water mark, and quite five miles from the sea when the tide is out! The houses of its fishing population stand at intervals by the side of the road which stretches in a straight line from the village to the distant sea-banks. On either side of this road, in many places, is a narrow dyke, choked with rushes, coarse grass, duckweed, and watercress; whilst in front and behind the cottages well-kept gardens speak eloquently of thrift and contentment. Almost every cottage is possessed of an outhouse, where the large copper is fixed in which the shrimps are boiled. Friskney is noted far and wide for its shrimps, and big steaming heaps of this salt and savoury crustacean may be seen at nightfall spread on sacks by the wayside to cool. Tame ducks paddle up the stagnant dykes; domestic fowls stray on to the roadway; and now and then the pedestrian's right of way is challenged by some member of the porcine fraternity. In the centre of the village stands the little inn known as the Barley Mow. Some distance farther on is the parish church—a rather plain-looking building in the Gothic style of architecture, but full of ancient monuments replete with parochial interest, and containing a beautifully carved oak pulpit.

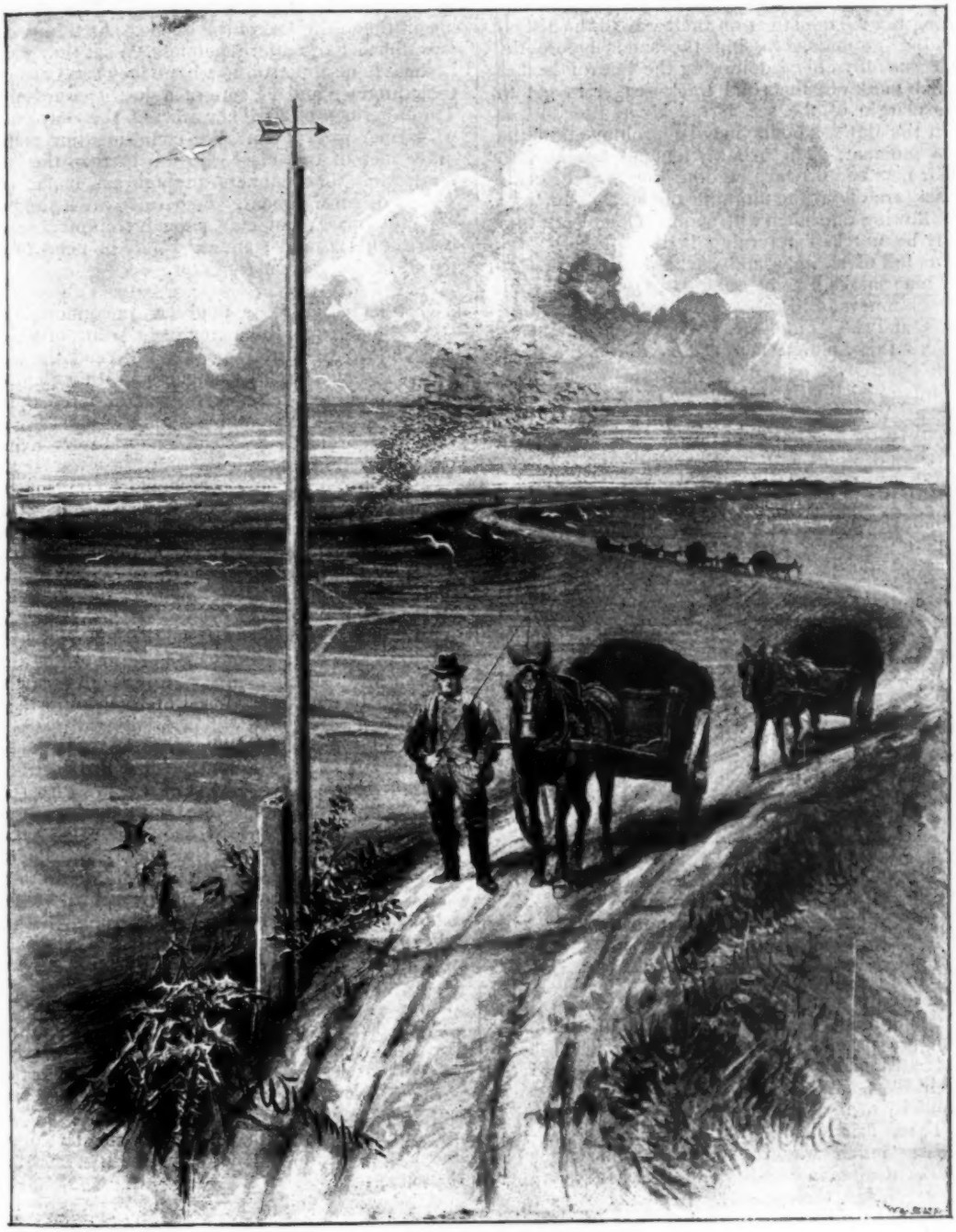
Let us stroll from that cosy, comfortable hostelry down the straight highway to the distant coast. On either side, as soon as we get clear of the straggling line of cottages, are broad fields of turnips, corn, or pasture. It is autumn, and the golden grain is garnered. On the stubbles flocks of domestic geese are eagerly feeding; and the bright ploughshare, drawn by such horses and guided by such men as only Lincolnshire can boast, is speedily changing the brown expanse into rich, dark fallow. The hooded crows (*Corvus cornix*)—strangers all the way from Scandinavia—are the commonest birds of the field, and follow the plough just as perseveringly as the blue-black rooks themselves. Now and then a bluff and weather-beaten fisherman or fisherwoman pass us by with a cheery "good morning." Honest, open-hearted folks they are, with a touch of that free independence about them for which the dwellers in the fens have been famed for time untold. About a mile from the village the road passes over the first of the two sea-banks which stretch for miles and miles parallel along the coast. In a few moments more we reach the second bank, through which the road is cut, and then one of the strangest pieces of scenery which the British Islands can boast unfolds before us with startling suddenness. These sea-banks conceal the view of all beyond them, and not until we are standing on the summit of the outermost ridge do we obtain a glimpse of the singular scene. If this be our first visit we naturally expect to find the sea close up behind the bank. We have already had these sea-banks pointed out to us, and have been told that they confine the sea from encroaching on the land; we therefore infer that nothing but a waste of water lies beyond them. But how different is the case after all!

The shores of the Wash, on the Lincolnshire side especially, are remarkably flat, so that at low water the sea in the neighbourhood of Friskney is quite four miles from the foot of the bank. When the tide is out no more utter littoral wilderness could be imagined. Far as the eye can reach along the coast extends the sea-bank, covered with long coarse grass, the monotony here and there relieved by a stunted whitethorn bush. On the landward side at the foot of the bank extends a broad dyke of stagnant brackish water, in which the smaller drains that divide the fields empty themselves, many of them through sluice gates. At stated intervals along the bank larger gates are erected, where the main dykes can be emptied into the sea. A few miles apart on the top of the bank the cottages of the coastguard may be seen.

At the foot of the bank facing the sea commences a rough foreshore of varying width clothed with turf and marine herbage, full of water-holes and grass-covered hummocks, and scored in all directions by a perfect network of streams, which rise or fall in volume with the tide. Beyond this foreshore, on which many cattle are turned to graze, comes the wide expanse of mud and sand full of shallow pools left by the tide, in some places dry and sustaining, in others soft and treacherous. The streams which cover the foreshore in such intricate confusion here wind about in a most bewildering manner, and the channels increase in depth. Where the road from Friskney enters the foreshore a rough track may be seen winding deviously across the mud, losing itself in the hazy distance. This track is the road across the sands taken by the fishermen and their pony carts to and from the water's edge; the reason of its winding character is that it follows the firmest grounds. Branches of thorn-trees are stuck firmly in the mud at intervals to mark out this road, which it is needless to say is almost entirely obliterated after every tide.

Nothing can exceed the picture of vast desolation which these mud-flats present, especially

on a lowering November day; but on a bright morning the effect produced by such far-extending plains of mud and sand sparkling in the sunshine is most novel and picturesque. We have been upon them in almost every variety of weather. We have seen them glowing in the brilliant autumn sunshine, and frowning in the equinoctial tempest; gloomy and desolate at the close of the short November days; shimmering in the light of the full moon; or black as midnight darkness can make them when the crescent moon has dipped below the horizon, and the Hunstanton lighthouse, far across the waste of marsh and water, has shone like a fitful star of rare beauty.



ON THE TOP OF THE BANK.

A word now as to the fishing industry on this wild bit of coast. The principal trade is in shrimps and cockles, but large quantities of flounders and other fish are taken. Before sunrise the fishermen and their carts pass noisily along the village street on their way to the distant fishing grounds, crossing the sands before the tide has fully ebbed, following the line of bushes which mark out the solid track—eager to get to the margin of the sea as quickly as possible, so that the day's labours may be prolonged to the last moment. These hardy fenland fishers, with their nets and dredges, wading boots, and cockle rakes, are off at the morning ebb and return with the flowing tide laden with spoil. One by one they may be watched returning in the afternoon, the carts full of shrimps and cockles. Then wreaths of blue smoke may be seen curling upwards from the chimneys of the coppers, the water is in readiness, and the shrimps are boiled at once and sent off to the London markets by the night train. The cockles are packed in coarse sacks and sent to inland destinations, many of them travelling as far as Yorkshire. It forms a picturesque and pretty scene, the return of these cockle and shrimp carts. If the catch has been good the brown weather-beaten faces of the fishermen glow with that honest feeling of pleasure which comes of labour rewarded. If the take has been small and profitless one never hears a discontented murmur, for fishermen are true philosophers all the world over. But to-night shrimps and cockles are plentiful, and old and young, male and female, are all busy in preparing the spoil for market. Shortly big heaps of brown steaming shrimps will accumulate on the roadside by the cottage doors, and sack after sack of cockles are piled up waiting for the cart, which takes them on to the nearest railway station four or five miles away.

As evening comes on we shall meet many of these fisherfolk in the kitchen of the Barley Mow, where a game of bagatelle is the nightly attraction—an orderly gathering who take their mugs of beer and smoke their pipes, and submit good-humouredly to the vigorous discipline enforced by the comely hostess. Friskney keeps no late hours, and long before the legal hour of closing comes the little company of gossipers has dwindled away, save perhaps one or two of the old folks—fathers of the village—whose fishing days are over, and who linger by the blazing fire smoking their pipes and chatting of the days that are past and gone. We heard from these old fishermen's lips the greatest grievance of their lives, and we promised some day to give publicity to their wrongs.

These fishermen of Friskney complain of the grossly unfair way in which they are treated by the dealers in London and elsewhere to whom they consign their goods. In many cases they never get paid at all, or perhaps not for months afterwards; in others the sum they receive is absurdly small and far below the current prices in the market. One man complained that a certain fishmonger in a Yorkshire town owed him pounds for cockles, and that he was always put off with such an excuse as that the fish came to hand bad, were delayed on the journey, or did not arrive at all. Another man consigned his small crop of potatoes to London, and was told that the market was glutted, and they could be returned at his own expense! This simply meant the entire loss of the goods. As things are now, the men are utterly helpless. What they want is some honest person to whom they can consign their produce and be sure of a just stewardship. The fishermen of Friskney are not the only ones with such grievances. We could mention many other men of this class who fail to reap the just reward of their labours through an inefficient system of consignment. Fishermen are a simple, confiding class; not cute enough to protect their own interests, and standing sorely in need of a friend in this particular matter.

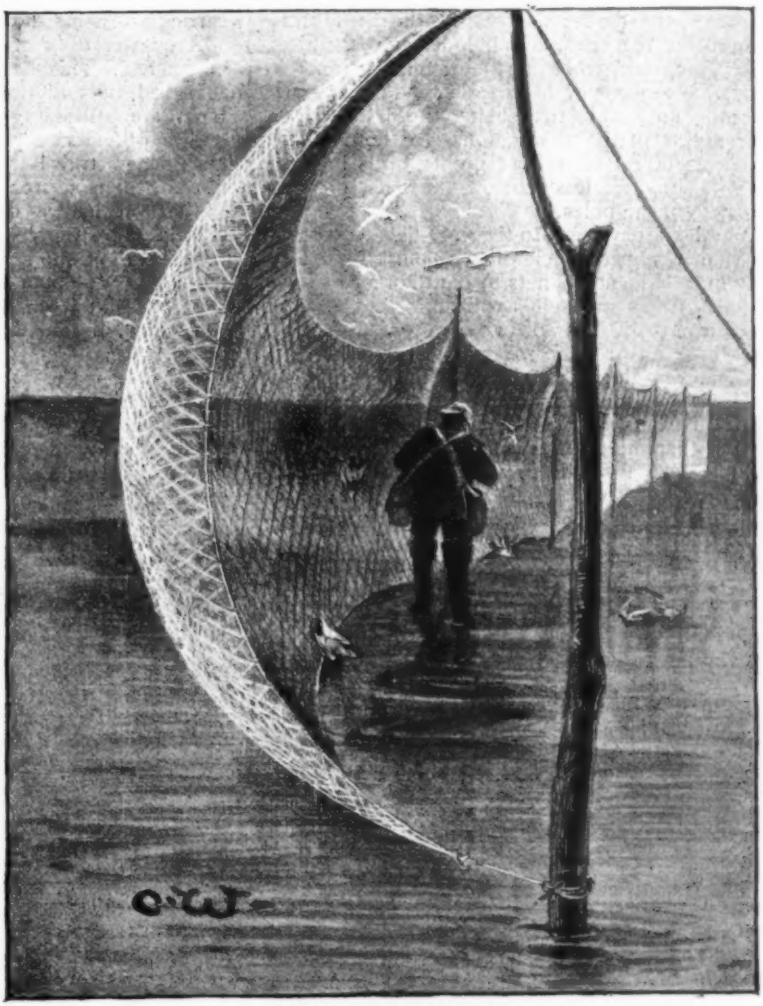
Now let us visit the mud-flats once more, and study them from the naturalist's point of view. In summer time nothing could exceed the vast monotony and dreary sameness of this uninteresting coast. Life seems to have deserted these sands and mud flats, which glare and shimmer in the noonday heat devoid of almost every living creature. A solitary gull or a lost or sickly wading bird, too feeble to follow its companions to northern regions, is the only sign of bird-life. But with the advent of autumn a mighty change occurs. Vast flocks of migratory birds make their appearance—ducks, geese, waders of many species, gulls, crows, and cormorants arrive and imbue these scenes of desolation with a new-born life. The wide expanse of sand and mud soon teems with wildfowl, and the silence is broken with strange and startling cries as the birds fly to and fro in quest of food or resting-places.

One of the first birds to arrive here in autumn is the knot (*Tringa canuta*). This little wading bird breeds on the shores of the Polar Sea in the very highest northern latitudes, and as soon as its young can fly they set off south at once in flocks, many arriving in the Wash district with particles of down still adhering to their plumage. The old birds come a little later, having stayed behind to moult their rich chestnut summer plumage and acquire their grey-and-white winter dress. Wild and wary curlews (*Numenius arquatus*), shy godwits (*Totanus rufus*), dunlins (*Tringa alpina*), golden plovers (*Charadruis pluvialis*), redshanks (*Totanus calidris*), and oyster-catchers (*Hæmatopus ostralegus*), arrive in more or less abundance. Flock after flock of geese (*Anser cinereus*, *A. brenta*, etc.), scoters (*Fuligula nigra*), and widgeon (*Anas penelope*), pour in from the north as the autumn days draw on apace, until these monotonous mud flats become a perfect paradise for the naturalist.

All day long and all through the night the wild expressive cries of wading birds and the gag-gagging of geese echo across the wide waste of mud and water, and in all directions birds may be seen hurrying to and fro. The stagnant ditches are now the chosen haunts of the kingfisher (*Alcedo ispida*), and this bright refulgent bird may be flushed from almost every sluice-gate. He tarries

here for weeks to prey upon the crustaceans and tiny fish that swarm in the brackish water. Wary herons (*Ardea cinerea*) walk slowly through the shallow back-waters; and often the air for days and days together is full of migrating skylarks (*Alauda arvensis*) and plovers. Another interesting event is the appearance of the woodcock (*Scolopax rusticola*). This bird only travels at night, and any morning during the last week in October or the first in November it may be met with. Tired-out birds are frequently flushed from the dead leaves at the bottom of a tall whitethorn hedge by the roadside near the sea-bank, or from amongst the long rank grass on the bank itself. Almost simultaneously with the swallow's departure for a warmer clime in autumn, the hooded crow makes its appearance. This crafty bird frequents the mud-flats in great numbers, either in large flocks or singly. It is incessantly prowling about in quest of plunder, ever ready to make a meal of any weakly bird. It also searches diligently for cockles, carrying them high up in the air and then dropping them to break them open, the bird descending almost as rapidly as its quarry, fearful perhaps that some other crow may pounce upon the prize.

Naturally enough such vast numbers of wildfowl as collect on these mud flats in autumn do not escape the attention of man. From the very earliest times the fenmen have been justly famed for their skill in taking wildfowl; and before the parish of Friskney was drained this industry was pursued by many of the inhabitants. But when the fens were enclosed and the wild ducks were banished, it is very evident the avocation of fowling was not allowed to die out. The method of capture and the scene of operations were changed from the fens to the mud-flats beyond the sea-banks, and the decoys were abandoned for nets. In October the fishermen erect their flight nets on the mud-flats, and the work of catching birds goes on unceasingly till the following spring.



GOING HIS MORNING ROUNDS.

As the art of netting birds is almost as much of an industry at Friskney as fishing, the details of this operation are worthy of being chronicled, especially as, so far as we can learn, it is the only spot in the British Islands where birds are taken in such a manner. To begin with the nets themselves. During all their spare time in the summer the men are busy making their nets; they need to have a good supply, for rough weather sometimes destroys them, birds tear them, and occasionally an unusually high tide washes them away, or fills them with drifted rubbish, which makes them quite useless. They are made of moderately fine and soft string, and the meshes are seven inches across. These nets are made in long sections, about six feet wide, and threaded top and bottom on fine cord. They are tightly stretched between rough poles driven firmly into the mud (as shown in the engraving), and then they are ready for use. It should be remarked that when once they are put up on the flats they are seldom, if ever, taken in night or day during

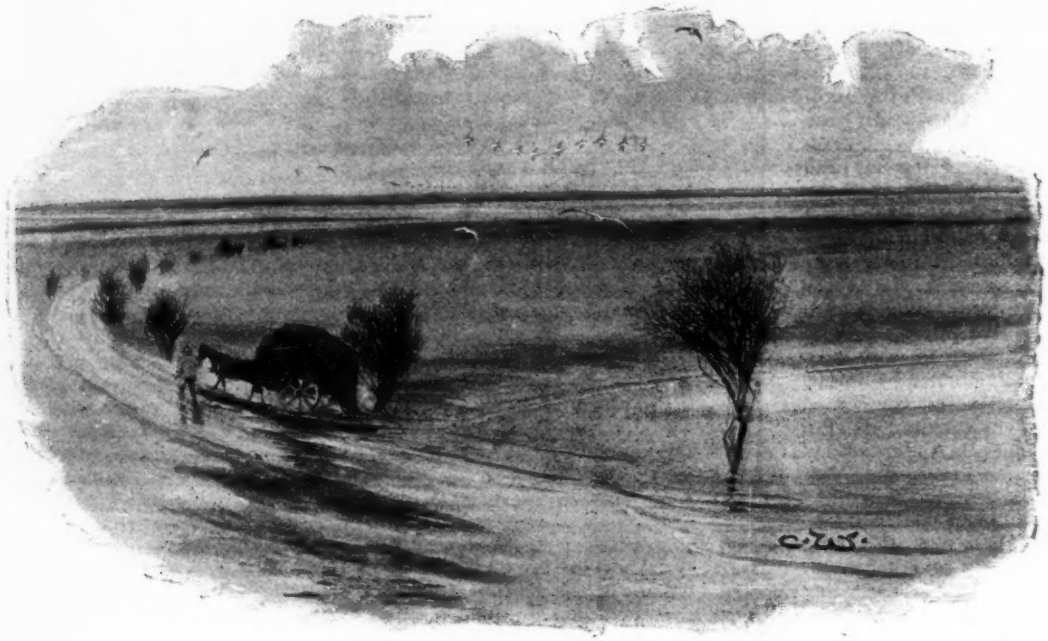
the winter, but are shifted occasionally into more favourable positions, which depend a good deal on the state of the wind and the phases of the moon. The tide covers all the ground below them, and sometimes they are completely hidden by the waves. No birds are caught in the daytime. The wary fowl are too wide awake to fly into the snares during the full light of day; but at night—the darker the better—the poor birds cannot see the toils, and blunder into them as they fly to and fro over the waters or the wet sands. Moonlight nights are also bad for netting, the most favourable time being the first three or four nights of the new moon. In the daytime, or during bright moonlight nights, birds may be seen feeding fearlessly below the nets, or even perched on the poles.

Now let us pay a visit to the mud-flats as soon as the tide has ebbed sufficiently. We must rise before the sun, and be at the nets by dawn, otherwise the hooded crows and gulls will anticipate us, and make a meal of many of our captives. It is hard work walking over the miles of soft and slippery mud, and wading through the shallow pools and streams; but we reach the nets at last, and then a most curious sight presents itself. In the first net we examine a party of ducks or geese have passed clean through it, making a rent several yards in length. When flying in company the force and weight of these heavy birds is too much for the net, and it invariably breaks under the strain. A little way down the same net, however, several dunlins are hanging in the toils, all of them dead. They were caught before the time of high water, and have all been drowned. Just above the dunlins are a pair of short-eared owls (*Strix brachyotus*). They were migrating during the night, flying side by side close above the water, when in the darkness they blundered into the net just as they thought their long journey safely over. Poor little birds! Both are alive, but so intricately entangled that quite half an hour is spent in releasing them. All the birds are stowed into the big canvas bags the fisherman carries across his shoulders.

A quarter of a mile farther on a second net is reached. This has been more fortunate, and scattered up and down its entire length many birds are struggling in the toils, or hanging still and lifeless swaying in the breeze. A motley assemblage truly! Several knots are first removed; then a poor bar-tailed godwit. A little farther on half a dozen gulls, a dunlin, and a redshank struggle violently for freedom as we take them out one by one. The next net is absolutely empty; not a bird has been near it; yet, stay, these few small feathers seem to indicate that a fowl of some kind has been in and escaped again.

The last net we visit contains a fulmar (*Fulmarus glacialis*), and two fork-tailed petrels (*Procellaria leachi*), a widgeon, and a great-crested grebe (*Podiceps cristatus*). The petrels have been driven in by the high wind that prevailed all the previous day, and the fulmar, all the way from remote St. Kilda, wandered inadvertently into the Wash during the darkness. The great-crested grebe is somewhat rare on the coast, and evidently on migration; but the widgeon is common at this season, and numbers are often caught.

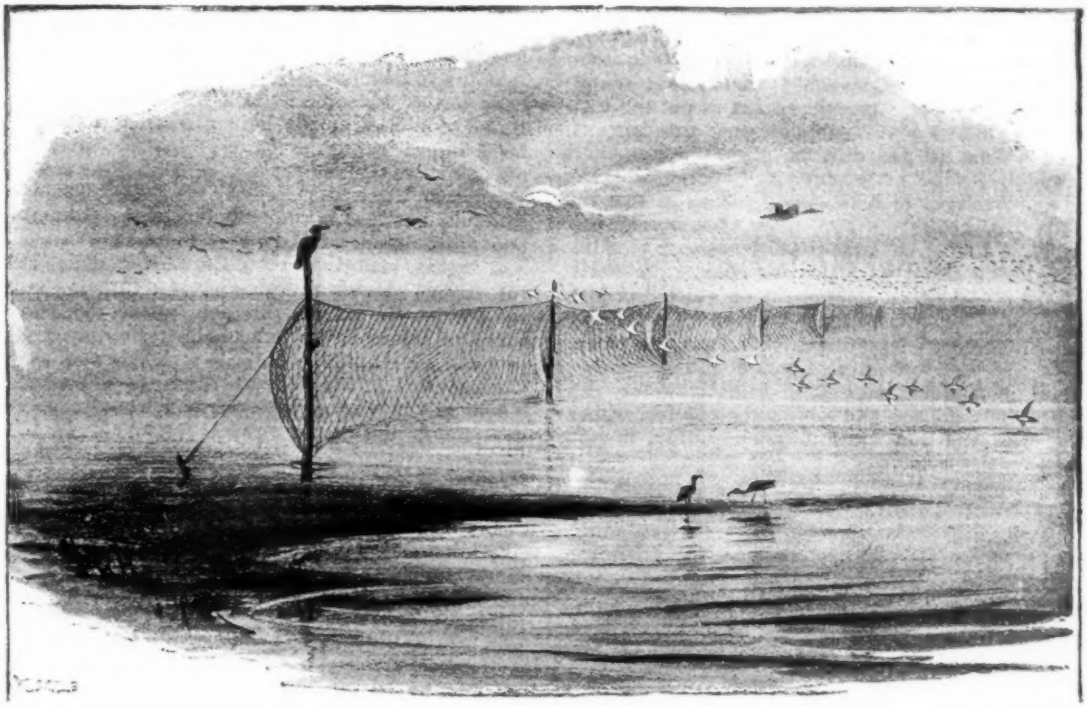
On our way back we meet other men who have been out to their nets, and have met with more or



THE MUD-FLATS.

less success; perhaps a hundred birds have been taken on the coast during the night. This is by no means a bad catch, although the night was exceptionally good for netting, a young moon and somewhat boisterous weather.

ing the streams and holes all round us, and we must hasten shorewards at once or find ourselves caught by the incoming water. This is one of the greatest dangers of the coast, and no one should venture out on to the muds alone unless well



THE NETS.

What strikes a stranger as very peculiar about these nets is the enormous size of the mesh. One would expect them to hold nothing smaller than a duck, yet birds no bigger than a skylark are taken with ease. It is also astonishing how hopelessly entangled some of the birds become, the fine netting winding round and round their necks or wings and burying itself deep under their plumage. Some birds are caught by the neck alone, others by the wing, some by both wings, others by the legs; and sometimes a small bird, such as a dunlin, is so wound up in the net that it puts one in mind of a fly in a spider's web. Woodcocks are very rarely indeed caught in the flight nets. These birds migrate at a great height and drop suddenly down from the air as soon as they reach land; it is the birds that fly just above the water or close to the mud-flats that are most frequently caught.

As we wander back we see a vast flock of Brent geese a mile away across the muds. They are wide awake and making a tremendous din, which sounds far and wide arross the plain. Every now and then parties of ducks fly rapidly along the coast with necks outstretched; and flocks of plovers and dunlins wheel restlessly about, alarmed at man's intrusion on their haunts. But the tide is now creeping stealthily landwards, filling posted up in the local tide tables. The unwary wanderer may be surrounded by a labyrinth of streams impossible to cross except by swimming before a drop of water becomes visible on the surface of the mud around him, the tide filling these deep trenches of course long before the ground across which he is walking becomes covered.

The birds caught in the flight nets are sold to a dealer who supplies the market with them. Many of those caught alive are sent away to aviaries; and we believe there are several knots at the present time in the Zoological Gardens in London which were taken in the flight nets at Friskney.

The space at our disposal has already been exceeded, and we must rest content with our cursory glimpse at this Lincolnshire fishing village, its people, and its birds. Old customs vanish; Time's unsparing hand works many changes; railways invade communities of almost Arcadian tranquillity; tourist resorts multiply apace as Fashion's smile may chance to rest upon these quaint old villages; yet Friskney, dear, sleepy old Friskney, remains the same, a neglected corner of this busy England, far removed from present-day bustle and excitement, an example of contentment and a pattern of rural peace! Long may it remain so!

THE CLEANSING OF LONDON.

PART II.

ONE and a half millions of tons! That is the weight of the house refuse and street sweepings annually removed from London. What do these figures represent? Let us put the dirt in the dirtiest place and see what the heap is like. What is the dustiest place in London? London Bridge. "As dusty as London Bridge" is a proverb; it is only with great effort that its ways can be kept clean; more dust is removed from it than from any equal length of road in the world. Now, by a singular chance the Paris tower, "the tallest monument on earth," is just as high as London Bridge is long, and it is just the length for our measuring-stick. Pack the year's refuse of London on to London Bridge in one solid rectangular mass flush with the sides, the mass will be 1,000 feet high and 1,000 feet wide; so high will you have to pack it, that it will overtop the Eiffel Tower!

There is no profit in this heap—except to the never-satisfied contractor. What little traffic there is in it results in a gigantic loss. Its gathering, its cremation, its clearing away to the unknown with the fewest of questions asked, costs London over £320,000 a year. To clean the town we have a park of 1,500 dust and water-carts, a brigade of over 3,000 men, and a fleet of 150 barges.

The control of these is in the hands of forty different local authorities—some calling themselves "Vestry," some "District Board of Works"—to each of which, with a view to this article, we sent a circular asking for certain detailed information. The result of that circular we have herewith.

The ways in which the work is done are many. In some cases the local authority collects the house-refuse and the sweepings and disposes of them at its own risk; in others the dust is removed by a contractor. In some both houses and streets are let out to contract; in others the contract only extends to the cartage and disposal of the refuse. Some of the vestries have dust-yards; others have not, but shoot their refuse at once into barges. Some have "Destructors" and cremate all that is crematable; others get rid of it, unsorted, as collected into barges; others send it by railway truck into the country.

What becomes of it all? New York clears itself of its refuse, amounting to 800,000 tons a year, by dropping it out of hopper-barges into the sea. Liverpool has two steam hopper-barges of 350 tons burden each, and sends yearly about 89,000 tons of refuse, not otherwise got rid of, eleven miles outside the bar of the Mersey. Dublin, in 1885, sent about 36,000 tons of unsaleable refuse to sea in a similar manner; Sunderland and other sea-side towns adopt the same course; and London, on the quiet, does much the same—at least, it seems so from the report of the Inspector of Fisheries, who tells us that in the year 1887 no less than 37,500 loads of rubbish were thrown into the Thames. "There is no reason to disbelieve the statement," says the Clerk of the Board of Works for the Poplar District, who has been inquiring into the matter, "that the greatest offenders are the country bargemen, hailing more particularly from the Medway river, who, having to return home with empty craft, unless fortunate enough to obtain a freight of manure, or of ashes and breeze, load their vessels with the refuse at the various wharves at which house-refuse is shot throughout the metropolis, and, under the pretence of taking it for brickmaking, do throw it into the river when beyond the jurisdiction of the Conservators of the Thames and the Medway. There are also a few London men who are dust contractors and barge-owners combined, whose names are very well known as offenders, and who largely contribute to the deposit said by Mr. Fryer to exist in the estuary of the Thames."

But what is to be done? The refuse of a place like London is enough to choke every brickfield in the home counties; and as to manure, why, the scientific farmer laughs at it! It might do for foreign consumption, when the freightage would probably be less, but for home use it is not as economical as nitrates from Chili. Last year Mr. Thomas Codrington, the Engineering Inspector of the Local Government Board, was instructed to journey over the kingdom and report as to the destruction of town refuse, and a very interesting report he made.

"Town refuse," he says, in one place, "consisting of the contents of ash-pits and dust-bins, market and trade refuse, and the sweepings of paved streets, includes materials which, when sorted out and separated, may yield a small return, or can be utilised in some way. But this part of the refuse has, from various causes, lost much of whatever value it formerly had, and the sanitary objections to the handling of an offensive material for the sake of a small gain are now more generally recognised. It has also become more and more difficult to get rid of that part of the refuse which is absolutely worthless. The practice of filling up pits, quarries, and hollows with materials containing offensive and putrescible matters, sometimes afterwards to be built on, is now properly condemned on sanitary grounds, and town authorities, when places for deposit within their own boundaries are no longer available, find neighbouring authorities more and more averse to allow refuse to be accumulated within their districts. The disposal of town refuse has thus become almost everywhere a troublesome question."

The Fulham surveyor tells us that "during the past year the expense of getting rid of the dust has become a serious item. The Ecclesiastical

Commissioners stopped the Vestry tipping at the Bishop's Meadow or on the Ranelagh Estate, and the Vestry were therefore compelled to barge it away at a cost of two shillings and ninepence a load." And we have the great Vestry of Kensington forced to go as far away as Purfleet, in Essex, sixteen miles below London Bridge, before it can get a wharf where its refuse can be dealt with.

To burn the refuse in the open air is an old practice still familiar to us in certain districts, but the nuisance from that method of treatment is so obvious that no wonder can be felt at its gradual abandonment. Nowadays it is sought to destroy the worthless rubbish in furnaces, the pattern generally adopted being that designed by Mr. Alfred Fryer in 1877. It consists of a group of furnaces, each about 9 feet long and 5 feet wide, covered by a fire-brick arch 3 feet 6 inches high. The surface has a slope of 1 in 3 from back to front, and the bottom consists of a fire-brick hearth for the upper 4 feet, and a fire-grate for the lower 5 feet. On one side of the furnace the upper end of the hearth is prolonged with a steeper slope under an opening for the admission of the refuse from above, and on the other side is a passage whereby the products of combustion pass downwards to the main flue, a wall in the middle line of the furnace dividing the feed-hole from the flue-opening. The main flue is under the hearth, and is of large size, so as to form a dust-chamber. It was a Destructor such as this we saw at Lett's Wharf, and others are at work at Battersea, Hampstead, Mile End, and Whitechapel.

The Whitechapel Destructor cost nearly £13,000. It is in a densely-populated neighbourhood, and the brickwork of its cells is within a foot of the walls of adjacent houses. Into its eight cells 20,000 tons of rubbish are shot in a year. Of the stuff burned there is a residuum of 18 per cent. in clinker, and from 12 to 15 tons of fine dust are cleared out of the flue every month. "No return is derived from anything, and the removal of dust and ashes has to be paid for." It is the same story at Battersea, where passengers by the railways near Shaftesbury Park can read on the chimney wall, "Clinker and fine-ash given away"—if only people would accept it. In the North of England the refuse of the Destructors is of some slight value, but the character of the London ash and clinker seems to be different. It was hoped at one time that the ash would do for mortar, but it has been found to be unsuitable; and clinker was to be good for road-making and rockery-making; but, alas! the demand for roads and rockeries is not an unlimited one. At Battersea, where the clinker-heap was accumulating threateningly, the very excellent resolution has been adopted of making it into concrete and building the parish stables out of the parish waste!

The cost of clearing off the dust and sweepings is generally dependent on the distance from a wharf; in other words, the nearer the barge the less the cartage. But so different are the conditions that it is not easy to compare the prices with a view to a standard of economy. All that can be done is to take a few typical instances.

In Hampstead the slop is swept or scraped to the sides of the forty-five miles of roads by men in the employ of the Vestry, and removed therefrom, at a cost of £2,590, by contractors, who find all carts, drivers, and tools. All that is taken away becomes the property of the contractors. The number of sweepers employed by the Vestry is forty in the summer, and fifty in the winter; besides five orderly-boys and four sweeping machines, with horse and man. Of the house dust and ashes the Vestry takes entire charge. The amount in one year is 16,990 tons, which is collected by eighteen carts in July, August, and September, and by six more in the other months of the year, and taken to the Destructor on the banks of the Grand Junction Canal at Willesden. All of it is not burnt; some of it is shot at once into barges, and carried off "chiefly for use on land."

Very careful accounts are kept of the Destructor's work, and much interesting information is thereby made available. The quantity of refuse actually consumed, or, in other words, the quantity converted into gas and passed up the chimney, and dispersed into the atmosphere, is 78 per cent. of the total weight; while the average of fine ash on the total weight is only 7 per cent. The proportion of fine ash varies with the skill displayed in the management of the furnaces; the less the quantity of ash the greater being the skill, providing that the refuse is of the same character. In all refuse there is a large percentage of absolutely incombustible matter, and the only effect of fire on this is to reduce it either to dust or clinker. The greater the average temperature the less the ash, for intense heat melts the ash into clinker. From the report drawn up for the Local Government Board by Mr. Codrington, it would seem that the quantity of this incombustible matter throughout the country varies from 25 to 33 per cent. of the refuse; but the latest return of this Hampstead Destructor shows the proportion obtained to be only 22 per cent.; and, again, while Mr. Codrington found the work of the country Destructors to range from 30 to 35 tons per cell per week, the Hampstead surveyor is throwing in 38 tons per cell per week; and thus not only consuming a larger percentage of the refuse, but producing a greater quantity of the incombustible for the inevitable barge.

And how the barge rate varies! Hammersmith barges away all its refuse for twenty pence a ton; Woolwich gets rid of its refuse, shot direct into the barges, at a shilling a cubic yard; Bermondsey clears off its 30,000 loads a year at ninety shillings per barge cargo for its ashes, and sixty shillings for its street-sweepings, which are a more saleable commodity.

Hackney has no Destructor. The dust is taken from the houses by the Board's own workmen, and put on to contractors' carts, by which carts it is taken away at so much a load of 60 cubic feet, the prices paid being two shillings and ninepence per load in two divisions of the district, and sixpence halfpenny less in the other division. To remove this dust, which becomes the contractors' property, thirty-one carts are employed and forty-nine men; and in the course of the

year this comparatively small staff deals with the very respectable quantity of 31,739 loads. In scavenging the district is cut up into four divisions, the roads being swept and the sweepings heaped by the Board's own men. The heaps are then taken up and carted away by the contractors at a cost of £4,606. What the contractors make out of the cart-loads is, of course, a mystery. The contract being by lump sum, no record is kept of the number of loads taken away, or of the number of carts at work; but probably nearly 50,000 loads per annum are removed. For the sweeping about sixty-five men are employed, and four machines; and the annual cost, including the working of the machines, is about £3,800.

Outside the city, the cleanest of the London roadways is that between Chancery Lane and Tottenham Court Road. It is under the control of the Board of Works for the St. Giles' District, which includes Seven Dials, Bedford Square, Russell Square, and Lincoln's Inn Fields. To cleanse this area costs £5,000 a year, in addition to £2,500, contract money for the removal of the dust. Fifteen boys, in neat black and blue jerseys, clear the footways during wet and sloppy weather, and in dry weather collect the horse-waste from the wood and asphalte pavings, and these carriage ways are frequently washed by means of watering carts and machine brooms. Every Sunday, when the traffic is at its minimum, between six and ten o'clock in the morning, eighteen of the main streets are washed; and at the same time many of the streets inhabited by the poorer classes and the market streets are also cleansed; twenty-five of them getting a second cleansing in the afternoon, when they are copiously watered with a weak solution of permanganate of potash.

In St. George's, Southwark, another poor neighbourhood, there is a similar cleansing of courts and alleys, but there the washing takes place twice a week, and the disinfectant used is carbolic acid. Southwark has to deal with an annual total of 35,000 loads of refuse, and gets rid of it at the very moderate cost of £7,000—at present. But the contractors everywhere complain that the work does not pay them. Shoreditch, for instance, now pays £9,400 for its rubbish removal, a rise of £2,000 on the previous contract. The fullest development of the contract system is in operation at Westminster, where "the contract includes everything, even the street orderly-boys, and washing the wood pavement." There is no doubt, however, that the contract system is doomed. All over the country the municipalities are doing their own dirty work, and the London Vestries, urged by the remonstrances of the householders and the reports of the medical officers of health, are one by one elbowing the contractors out. One of the last to tackle the problem for itself was the Vestry of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, which has only just completed its first year's work.

In St. George's, Hanover Square, a contractor takes away the house dust for £5,305 per year, but the Vestry deals with its own street refuse and sweepings, which amount to 26,567 loads, and require twenty-two carts and 126 men to get them to the shoots. Some years ago the Vestry inquired into the expense of the removal of the dust of the whole parish by their own plant, but it seemed that only £1,000 a year would be saved even if the annual refuse could be sold for £5,000; and the margin, based on estimate, was not sufficiently tempting for the Vestry to launch into the entire business on their own account.

In St. James's, the dust is removed by contract for £2,900, and shot at Battersea. The district is not a large one, the amount dealt with by the contractor being only 3,224 van-loads, and 3,537 cart-loads. The roads are swept by the Vestry, and the sweepings removed by contractors at a yearly cost of £1,600. To sweep the roads the Vestry employs three horse-brooms, eighteen scavengers, and sixteen orderly-boys; and the 4,639 van-loads and 526 cart-loads resulting from their labours, are tipped into boxes at Paddington canal basin.

Paddington does its own work. In the wharf by the canal side, a hundred yards or so from the Vestry Hall, the chief object is a huge machine as large as a good-sized house, in which a series of iron buckets on each of three of its sides are perpetually travelling heavenward like the mill-sacks in a German toy. The carts shoot their loads on to a wide iron grating, the rubbish falls through on to other gratings, to be shaken about, and sifted and sorted and carried aloft, and sifted and sorted again, and rattled out into qualities, and dropped from a lofty shoot into the barges moored at the wharf. A queer-looking affair is this dredger-like machine with the flat iron buckets continually ascending, amid such a clanking, jingling and shivering as though something serious had happened in its hidden interior. The machine is not a recent invention; it was one of the fixtures in the yard when the Vestry took it over from a contractor; and it is said to do its work efficiently, though around its base are the familiar pickers with their fillers and leading ladies.

The sifting of this Paddington dust is duly tabulated. The year's picking yielded, among other things, 15 tons of coals, 63 tons 6 cwt. of bones, 100 tons of rags, 59 tons 4 cwt. of old iron, 5 tons 13 cwt. of miscellaneous metal, 13 tons 14 cwt. of white glass, and 52 tons of black glass. In 1886, 20,600 tons of dust were collected, and the materials when sorted out were in the following proportions per 1,000 tons:—ashes 536 tons, cinders 288 tons, soft core (being animal and vegetable refuse) 142 tons, hard core (being broken pottery, etc.) 29 tons, coals 1½ tons, bones 2½ tons, rags 4¼ tons, old iron 3½ tons, brass, pewter, etc., 5 cwt., white glass 15 cwt., black glass 2¼ tons. It is curious to compare a fair sample of London refuse like this with the refuse of a large provincial town. At Manchester, for instance, the proportions per 1,000 tons are as follows: Ashes and excreta in pails, 645 tons; dust and cinders, 345½ tons; fish and bones, 1½ tons; dogs, cats, hens, rabbits, etc., 10 cwt.; boots, rags, hats, paper, etc., 10 cwt.; vegetable refuse 10 cwt.; glass, pottery, bricks, etc., 6 tons: old iron and tinware, 10 cwt. "There is considerable difference in the nature of town refuse

under different circumstances," says Mr. Codrington; "where coal is cheap a large proportion of cinders and unburned fuel might be expected, but this is not always the case. People who burn their own coal are generally less wasteful than a higher class of population at the mercy of servants, and this is often shown in different quarters of the same town. The superintendents from several large towns, who visited with me a dust-yard near the west end of London, expressed surprise at the large quantity of cinders and coal in the refuse. In Glasgow, on the other hand, there is said to be most cinders in the ashes from the poorer classes of the city." One distinguished foreign guest was most amused at the Paddington yard at the number of unemptied medicine bottles among the "white glass."

Besides the 20,000 loads of house refuse, Paddington has to provide for 23,000 loads of street scrapings. The "slop" is in wet weather disposed of in an ingenious way. A dock is built, approached by an inclined plane, in which the planks are three or four inches apart, the intervals being stuffed with straw. The slop is tipped into the dock, the water filters away through the straw lines, and the sediment sinks into solidity, to be barged away at a cheap rate—so cheap a rate indeed as to be almost a gift. So difficult is all refuse to be got rid of now that the more or less supposititious "brickfields" are under a cloud.

This slop-dock treatment is much on the lines of the plan adopted at Newington, where the Vestry is quite famous for its "mixture." The Newington mixture is thus made. A bed of old straw is laid eight inches deep; on this is shot the soft core with all the paper and rags, just as received; then the old straw is heaped up at the edges to form a tank four feet deep. Into this in wet weather the slops are emptied, and dry dust is sprinkled on the top, and it is allowed to stand for week, when the soft core is rotted and the water has drained away. The passengers by the Chatham and Dover Railway can see the mixture in progress any day by the side of the line near Walworth Road Station. The yard communicates with the rail, and the stuff thus made into decent manure is sent away in trucks to the neighbourhood of Meopham, in Kent. To the same place, which is about twenty-five miles from London, the house refuse from Clapham is sent, the amount of the Clapham contribution being over 6,000 tons per year. Clapham is part of that extensive area known as the Wandsworth District Board of Works, which, before Battersea set up its Destructor and Clapham carted to Newington, had to clear the dustbins—by contract—along 105 miles of roadway.

At Islington, which has done its own work since 1875, there is another mode of treatment; the sweepings are washed for the sake of the sand. This sand is the result of the detrition of the granite and flint which form the blocks and metal of the roads. It consists of sharply broken angular fragments of quartz.

The sand of the sea-shore, or of the river-bed, either in its course of formation to-day, or completed and embedded in due order among the stratified rocks, consists of rounded, or at most, subangular grains, as a peep through any lens will show. Such rounded sands have their uses in our industries, but for all purposes of cutting they cannot hold their own for a moment with the sand from the road grit. And among marble cutters and stone workers, the sharp sand of Islington is in increasing demand. To deal with the grit, there are at Ashburton Grove three brick-built wash-mills, and a 12-horse power steam engine with brick receivers, etc., etc. And the work pays. It is the only item for which the returns increase. In 1885, Islington sold its sand for £393; in 1888, the sales realised £614.

A strong contrast this to the course of the ashes market! In 1885, Islington sold its ashes for £852; in 1888, all it could get was £121! And how insignificant are these items compared to the total cost! To cleanse Islington the annual expenditure is over £21,000. It takes 60 carts, and 207 men, and the last year's work ran to 39,362 loads of dust, and 41,532 loads of sweepings.

This washing of the sweepings of streets appeared to be so promising that, in 1885, a series of experiments was conducted at the Kennington parish wharf with a view of discovering from which roads the most profitable refuse came. Six samples were washed—a cubic yard of each. Dry sweepings from a wood-paved street yielded four cubic feet of sand, half a foot of shingle, a quarter of a foot of stones, and thirteen feet of vegetable matter, consisting chiefly of horse dung, leaves, and bits of hay. Wet sweepings from the same sort of road yielded two cubic feet of coarse sand, a quarter of a foot of pebbles, and fifteen cubic feet of vegetable matter. Dry sweepings from a macadamised road yielded eight cubic feet of coarse sand, half a foot of fine sand, a foot of pebbles, an eighth of a foot of stones, and eight feet of vegetable matter, while the wet slop from the same road yielded six cubic feet of coarse sand, a quarter of a foot of fine sand, a foot of pebbles and stones, and six feet of vegetable matter. From flint roads came a very different return. The dry sweepings yielded fifteen cubic feet of coarse sand, a foot of fine sand, two feet of pebbles, half a foot of stones, and six feet of vegetable matter; while the slop yielded seven and a half feet of coarse sand, half a foot of fine sand, a foot and a half of pebbles, a quarter of a foot of stones, and five feet of vegetable matter. In each case the balance of the twenty-seven cubic feet passed away with the overflow. To wash the flint sweepings cost two shillings a yard, to wash the macadam samples cost threepence more, to wash the wood sweepings cost sixpence more than that. On the other hand, the yield from the dry flint was three-quarters valuable to one-quarter waste; from the wet flint, two-fifths valuable to three-fifths waste; from the dry macadam, it was one-third valuable to two-thirds waste; from the wet macadam, one-quarter valuable and three-quarters waste; while the wood sweepings, dry, held only one-fifth part valuable, and wet only one-ninth part valuable—from which it is clear that, while it may pay to wash the detritus of flint roads, it hardly does so to wash that of wooden ones.

Kensington is a large parish with seventy-five miles of streets under its control. In 1878 its dust brought in £2,318; in 1885 it fetched £11 8s.; in 1886 it fetched nothing, and nothing is its present value. The figures are eloquent; comment as to the fall of fortune in the dust heap is superfluous. Last year the Kensington authorities collected over 40,000 loads of dust, and nearly 32,000 loads of street sweepings, employing some 260 men in doing so, and spending over £34,000.

The surveyor has given great attention to this mighty dust question, and his 1888 report is very much to the point. "The collection of ashes and miscellaneous refuse from nearly 22,000 inhabited houses, spread over an area of 2,200 acres, and to the extent of 40,500 loads in a single year is no light task," he says. That it is on the whole satisfactorily performed may be inferred from the fewness of complaints, which, it may be said, were begun when the work was in the hands of contractors. Comparatively few as the complaints now are, a not inconsiderable proportion of them results from the refusal of domestic servants to allow the refuse to be removed when the periodical call is made. The work of dust collection has been systematised by the division of the parish into districts, and provision has been made for inspection of dust-bins and oversight of dusting gangs. A call is now made at every house once a week, and further improvement is scarcely possible until the objectionable practice of refuse harbourage shall have given place to the only rational system of daily, or at any rate frequent, collections from moveable receptacles, to be provided either by the sanitary authority, or by the householder. In some portions of the metropolis the system of frequent collection is in vogue, the sanitary authority providing pails for the temporary storage of the dust; and as there can be no doubt as to the desirability of the system being made general by legal enactment, the day is not distant when the metropolis will have been freed from the contaminating influence of the foul dust-bin.

Taking the whole of London through, a ton of house refuse and street sweepings has to be got rid of each year for every three of its people. In other words, the cleansers of London have to deal with two pounds of rubbish per head per day. Only two pounds! But that modest quantity, multiplied by the number of London's population, means a year's work of over 1,300,000 cart-loads; and 300 of such carts, paraded in single file, with horses complete, would occupy a mile; and a line of such carts laden with the rubbish of a single day, would stretch right through London from Poplar to Hammersmith.

W. J. GORDON.

Good-bye.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye!
The sea is living blue,
The brambles on the cliff-top high
Are diamonded with dew.
Two miles of shining weather lie,
My love, 'twixt me and you!
Good-bye!

The wind blows fair,
The sea's a jewel fine,
The boat is strong, that has to bear
Your life, oh heart of mine!
The bean-flower scents the sun-warmed air;
Wind, sweet with bean and brine,
Blow fair!

Come back, come back,
Dear boat, across the foam!
Winds may blow foul and skies grow black
Before the day you come;
But all my prayers are on your track,
To draw you safely home.
Come back!

E. NESBIT.

PERSONALIA OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

II.

MARAT had not a drop of French blood in his veins, and he did not settle in France until he was thirty-three years of age. This fact is the more striking, viewed in the light of the next personality we have to describe.

All the influences which formed the character of the Abbé Gregoire were entirely and wholly French, and yet in him we have a man who might just as well have been an Englishman or a German. Born at Veho, near Luneville, of a poor family, in 1750, Henri Gregoire rose out of ignorance and obscurity by the only way possible to people in his condition—the Church. He was a pupil of the Jesuits of Nancy, and won a crown from the Academy of that city in 1772. As Curé of Embermesnil, he studied, travelled, and especially interested himself in the cause of the Jews, pleading for their physical and moral regeneration in another essay, crowned by the Academy of Metz. In high repute among the Lorraine clergy for his learning and liberal sentiments, he was elected to represent their Order in the States-General of 1789. The Abbé Gregoire was one of the first clergymen to unite with the Tiers-État, and was present at the famous oath-



L'ABBÉ GREGOIRE.

taking in the Jeu de Paume. When the National Assembly came into existence he was appointed one of its secretaries. On the 4th of August he proposed the suppression of the annates, or first-fruits; subsequently he proposed the abolition of the right of the eldest, and was always the defender of the Jews and of men of colour. He accepted the civil constitution of the clergy, and, being elected bishop by two departments, he chose that of Loir et Cher. In 1791 he was returned a deputy to the famous National Convention; and his Revolutionary ardour may be gathered from the fact that he was the deputy who proposed the abolition of royalty, and who was the author of the saying: "The history of kings is the martyrology of the peoples." A consistent opponent of capital punishment, he wished that Louis XVI should be the first to benefit from its abolition. He was sent with three other commissioners to organise the new department of the Savoy. He brought back the savings he had economised from his allowance tied up in a corner of his pocket-handkerchief, and put them into the treasury.

The simplicity of his character, his absolute freedom from all self-seeking, combined with his ardent love of humanity, rendered him singularly fearless. He found the Jacobin Club much altered, nothing being allowed contrary to the opinion of the Paris faction. Gregoire gravely recommended them to put up a bill on the door stating what opinions were permitted to those coming to the discussions. This was indeed bearding the lion in his den; but in November, 1793, he displayed a courage worthy of the greatest Christian bishop in Pagan times. In that month the anti-religious current in the Revolution became so formidable that it threatened to deluge the country. Gobel, the Bishop of Paris, and several other ecclesiastics, together with Julien, a Protestant pastor, resigned publicly in the Convention, their functions as Christian ministers. Gregoire, coming into the Convention shortly after, was called upon to do the same. "I don't know what has happened," he said, "but if it is a question of episcopal revenue, I give it up without regret; but if of religion, that is not in your domain—I remain a bishop." And in the very midst of the Reign of Terror he had the courage to preside in the National Convention in his episcopal dress of violet.

During the Terror he was working for the future education of the people, reorganising the Academies, helping to found the *Institut*, the *Conservatoire des Arts et des Metiers*, and the *Bureau des Longitudes*, working for the multiplication of libraries and the publication of elementary books, the establishment of model farms and botanical gardens, the preservation of monuments of the Arts, and the disuse of provincial patois.

An ardent member of the Anti-Slavery Society, in the very height of the Terror, he obtained the abolition of the bounty given for the encouragement of the slave-trade, and in February, 1794, the complete abolition of slavery in the French colonies. Napoleon I undid the work in the French colonies and re-established slavery, which continued until the Second Republic in 1848.

There are no ideal men except in legends. Gregoire's faithful adherence to principle was evidently shaken by the terrible events of 1792-94, and still more by the disgraceful times which followed the death of Robespierre. Gregoire not only submitted to Napoleon, but became a member

of the Council of the Five Hundred, and accepted the title of Count, although he had voted against the re-establishment of titles. His political courage, however, was only in abeyance, not extinct. He voted against the Imperial divorce, and when the Concordat was decreed resigned his bishopric.

On the return of the Bourbons he was the subject of fierce persecution. He passed through the White Terror as he had through the Red. "I am granite," said the old Conventionnel; "I can be broken, not bent." When at the age of eighty-one he came to die, the Archbishop of Paris refused him the last rites unless he renounced his oath to the civil constitution of the clergy. But even in his extreme feebleness, Gregoire was not the man thus to stultify his life; and he who had maintained the honour of the church when the archbishop's predecessor had so disgraced it, was about to be cast out of its communion, when a priest was found ready to risk all the consequences, and to give Gregoire the final pledge of Christian brotherhood.

However, intimidated by the new Government of July, 1830, they gave way, and the new generation of Paris, having rekindled the torch of Liberty, carried the old Conventionnel-bishop to his grave in the cemetery of Mont-Parnasse.

One day, about the beginning of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, a young Hercules was bathing in some place where he could see the towers of the Bastille. "How that frowning fortress annoys me! When shall we pull it down? The day it happens I shall have a hand in it." The boy who said this was already nick-named Anti-superior and Republican in the school of the Oratorians, where he was a pupil. George Jacques Danton came out



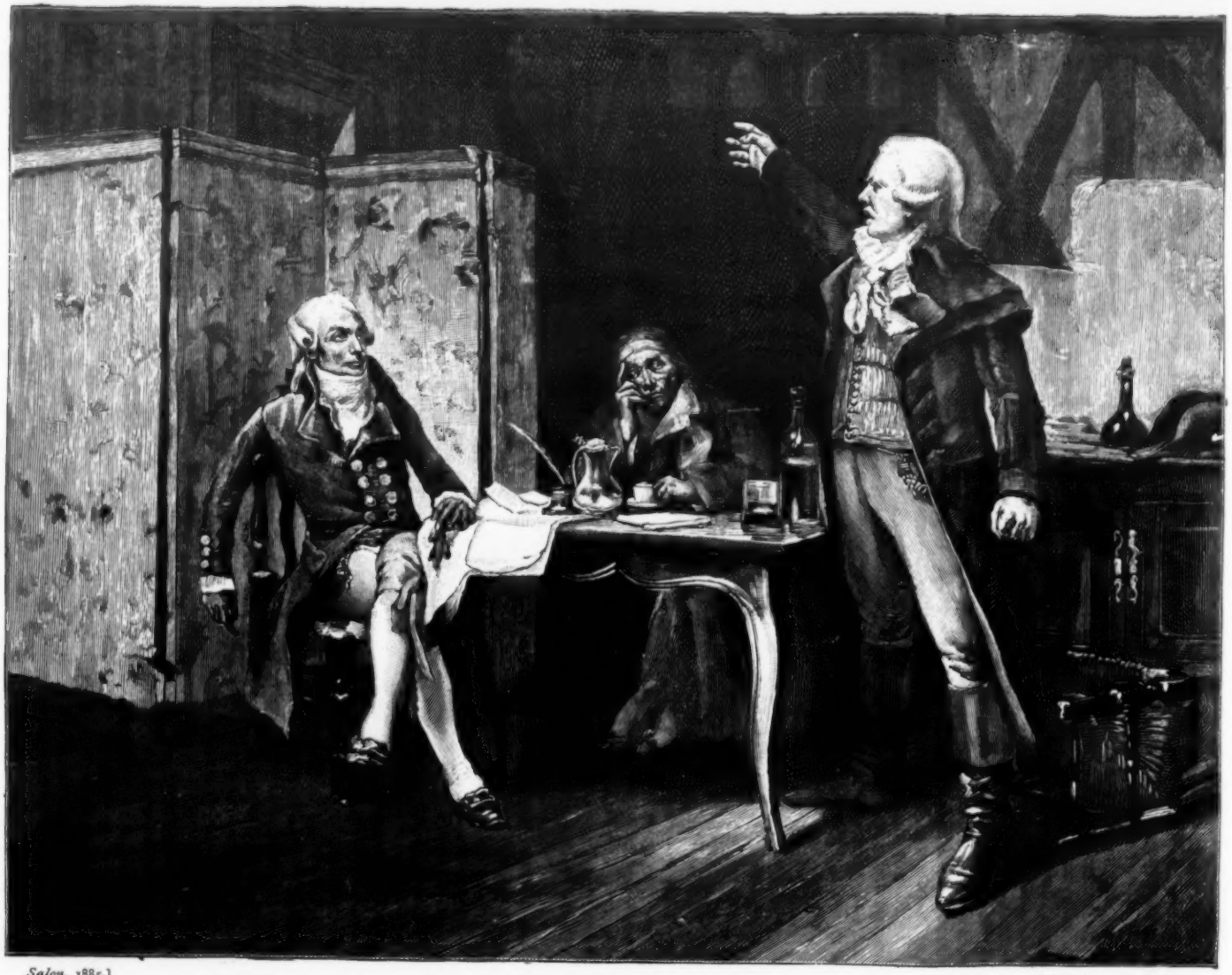
DANTON.

of one of those shrewd, provincial middle-class families who knew how to make their way in the world. He was a jovial youth, who took care to enjoy himself, while he did not forget the main chance. A great fencer, tennis player, swimmer, he was far from handsome, his upper lip having been torn and his nose broken by the toss of a bull; moreover, his great big face was pitted by the small-pox. However, there was a fire of genius in his small eyes, and something behind the brutal cynical way in which he often spoke, which revealed a kind heart. As his mind developed, he took to rhetoric and Roman history, sought to form his style by appropriating energetic words, bold phrases, and new expressions. He meant to follow his father's profession of a lawyer, and, having gone through some training as a lawyer's clerk in Paris, he bought a post as *avocat aux conseils du roi* for 78,780 livres, about £3,150. His father was dead; his mother married again to a manufacturer, who, however, was not very successful. Where did Danton get the money to buy this post? He obtained it by various loans and by a mortgage on the property of his aunts, and also by the dowry he received with his wife, the daughter of a controller of the "farms"—that is, of "tax-collecting." Danton's office brought him 25,000 francs a year, and when the Revolution came, and the Parliaments were extinguished and all things reformed, he received fair indemnity for its loss. It must be admitted the circumstances from whence Danton sprang were not the sort to make a good Tribune of the People.

In the early and beneficent days of the Revolution Danton is hardly visible. In 1789 his appearance in public life is confined to his own district; when he first becomes notorious it is as an adherent of the more violent side of the Revolution. He became president of the Cordelier Club in February, 1791, and was elected one of the administrators of the department of Paris. In July, 1791, when things had been worked up almost to the point of an outbreak, he and Camille Desmoulins, evidently expecting arrest, fled from Paris. Two months after he returned, found things very much advanced, and about the time Bailly and Lafayette went out of office he came in as Procureur to the Commune of Paris.

His famous speech on the 28th of August, 1792, when he said, "To conquer you must have audacity, more audacity, still more audacity; and France is saved!" was, no doubt, exemplified in his own actions. After the 10th of August, 1792, Danton had become the real chief of the French Government. It was a frightful time, and no circumstances could be worse. Yet France did wonders, and Danton showed great energy, ability, and patriotism. But his official career opens with an event which, notwithstanding all excuses, leaves a stain on Danton. At the end of August, 1792, those at the heart of things saw that a great crime was impending. Some were preparing for it and pressing it on, others were racking their brains to see how it could be avoided. In whichever category Danton is to be placed, he must have known the danger: why did he propose house-searches and the arrest of thirty thousand persons, three thousand of whom were seized and thrown into prison?

The great contest now commenced between the Girondists and the leaders of the second revolution—Marat, Danton, and Robespierre. The former were conquered, and went to the scaffold. It is said Danton wished to save them, and probably this is true, for he was no fanatic, and the very opposite to a hard-hearted, cruel man. He



Salon, 1885.]

ROBESPIERRE DANTON AND MARAT AT THE CABARET IN THE RUE DE PAON, JUNE 28, 1793. [*Jean Jacques Sherrer.*

assumed a rough and cynical way of speaking, and his thundering voice and coarse visage increased the impression of its reality, but his heart was easily touched, and it is said that he saved many.

There was a certain grandeur about Danton. He sought something greater than himself; he was ever for unity, never revengeful or implacable. With reference to the enemies of his country and the Revolution, he could say, "Let us be terrible; let us make ourselves like lions!" but his own personal enemies he was ready to forgive and to embrace for the sake of the unity of France and the success of the Revolution. This was his truest glory. In the picture which accompanies this article he is represented in one of the various conferences by which it was sought to unite the Revolutionary leaders, and in which Danton always subordinated self to the general interests. The particular scene M. Scherrer has chosen is taken from Victor Hugo's "Quatre Vingts Treize," and must be regarded as poetically rather than historically true.

After the slaughter of the Girondists, he withdrew for a short period from Paris; but when he returned he found that he had lost his hold on the popular mind, and that Robespierre and his party were in the ascendant. Unsustained by any strong principle, nature asserted itself. It was hateful to him to hate; he loved good fellowship; but he would not mind fighting with any man if he might shake hands afterwards. In the agony of a moment like that of September, 1792, he might shut his eyes to a great crime, but to pursue men remorselessly and in cold blood, this he could not endure, so he mournfully said, "It is better to be guillotined than to guillotine.

Perhaps, too, he was affected by a new influence. His mother, his first wife had both found him very easy to lead; he was intensely fond of both. The latter died unexpectedly while he was on a mission in Belgium. It is said that on his return he had the coffin opened that he might kiss the corpse. It was not long before he married again. His second wife, very young, belonged to a royalist family. Such falterings in the path were not comprehensible to Robespierre and St. Just. Danton and his companions were accused; their trial was a mockery of justice, they were foredoomed. But Danton was true to his nature to the last. "Only let them give me half an hour to speak, and I shall have to ask their pardon of the people." But they took care he should not have the opportunity. "Danton," he said, as he was about to be bound, "show no weakness." He went courageously to his fate, the sun setting as he went up on to the scaffold.

Hérault de Sechelles, who was the first to die, wished to embrace him, but the executioner refused to allow it. "Imbecile!" Danton exclaimed, "you cannot prevent our heads kissing each other in the basket." When it came to his turn he said, "Show my head to the people, it is well worth while."

St. Just was not twenty-seven when he came to his end, and his public career can hardly be extended over more than two years, yet in that short time he discovered a character which makes one feel that he might have proved something beyond any other great personality in the Revolution. His father died when he was ten years old; his mother, a nature sad and resigned, lived many years to deplore the fate of her son. The early life of Louis Antoine de St. Just is comprised in a few words. He was educated at Soissons by the Oratonians, and studied law at Rheims. As he was emerging out of youth into manhood he wrote, in the French taste, a satirical poem called "Organt."

The Revolution awoke in him the civic spirit; he became interested in the welfare of his own neighbourhood; he began to struggle for it against the world. In doing this he sought the help of



ST. JUST.

Robespierre. In 1791 he published a book called "The Spirit of the Revolution and of the Court of France." Elected a deputy to the Legislative Assembly, he was refused a seat as too young. In September, 1792, however, he obtained a seat in the National Convention as deputy for the department of Aisne. He very soon made a great impression; he was clear, decided, unimpassioned, but solemnly in earnest. He was very handsome, with the head of a poet of the Byronic cast—a statuesque face, all the features being well proportioned and finely chiselled, blue eyes of an expressive melancholy. In one portrait he is represented in a blue coat with gilt buttons, buttoned up over the chest, the collar rising high up above the neck, his hair powdered, and a vast white cravat, over which his shirt-collar falls loosely. In our portrait he appears in curling locks, and wearing a great cloak thrown over his shoulders, and a soft broad-brimmed hat. A thoroughly picturesque figure; one would certainly say he was an artist or a poet.

He was—so the most reliable of his biographers asserts, and that after meeting contrary assertions

statement by statement—"of irreproachable purity," his manners "exquisitely urbane," with severe notions as to the education of women. Discovering the young lady to whom he was to be married, the sister of his colleague, Le Bas, using tobacco, in what form is not stated—possibly taking snuff, he broke off the engagement.

Beneath this graceful exterior there was an intellect clear as crystal, and a soul severe as a rock of granite. One of his earliest speeches was on the trial of the King: "Louis must be judged as an enemy and a traitor." And after the trial this youthful Rhadamanthus, in a solemn speech, urged "Justice."

In taking up the subject of food for the people, he showed himself equally indifferent to popular sentiment. He urged freedom of commerce and a proper balance between the assignats issued and the available funds they represented. He pleaded, in fact, for the principles associated with the names of Cobden and Peel.

When the New Constitution was being planned, St. Just offered one of his own. Its main idea is the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, with Paris maintained in all its natural power. Among his ideas of true Republican institutions, we have the fall of political frontiers and the unity of the peoples in fraternal association. Work, not alms, the one thing to find for men; when ordinary effort fails, society should seek to supply work to its individual members. One tax only, the income-tax. The national property not to be sold, but used to help the poor to find a small patrimony. Levasseur, a Conventionnel, says: "Although one of the youngest members of the Convention, St. Just was perhaps the one who to the most exalted enthusiasm, a *coup d'œil*, prompt and sure, united the most inflexible will and the most eminently organising spirit." In the midst of so many, his elders and political associates, devoid of religious faith, St. Just believed in an all-powerful Being, eternal and infinitely good. "God! protector of innocence and truth!" he exclaims, "since Thou hast conducted me among so many perverse men, it was without doubt that I might unmask them." St. Just, in the freshness of youth, as yet unaffected by the discouragements of life, enables us to see how these strange men in 1793 regarded themselves. "I contemn," he says, "the dust that composes me—it can be persecuted and put to death; but I defy anyone to tear from me that independent life that I have received from eternity and beyond the skies." And this exalted faith was far from being only individual—it was the ground of all his social and political ideas. "The French people," he cried, "owes its fortune and and its children to the Eternal!"

During the few months of his career, St. Just passes to and fro like an angel of Death, inflexible, serene. When he goes as a commissioner from the Convention to Strasbourg, his terrorism is restrained, but none the less effective. If he writes a report, which was a frequent duty assigned him, he hides nothing, spares no one—is always for the remedy most thorough, most radical. "Liberty," he says, "must conquer at any price."

The idea existed, had a powerful hold on men's mind, that men already celebrated for their services to the Revolution could not be attacked. "I," said St. Just, "have put behind me such weakness. I see truth only in the universe, and I am led by IT." Thus it was he, above all, who procured the condemnation of Danton and Camille Desmoulins. He wrote and read to the Convention the denunciation against them; he influenced Robespierre to abandon Danton. "There is something," he said, "terrible in this sacred love of the country; it is so exclusive that it immolates without pity, without fear, without human respect all to the public interest." This young man was truly an appalling figure.

When Atheism and profanity were struck down in Hébert, when irreligion fell in Gobel, when heads so lofty as Danton's were brought low, when Terrorists like Carrier, Fouché, and Tallien were to be called to account for degrading the dignity of their calling, then fear took possession of the Terrorists themselves, for they saw clearly that this terrible purist would remove them all as unworthy. Against him and Robespierre, with whom he maintained the closest alliance, a great plot was accordingly formed—a plot carried out quickly, suddenly, and successfully.

On that terrible night of the 9th Thermidor Saint Just stands out intrepid, silent, resigned. As he sits in an antechamber of the Convention, awaiting his trial, he looks at a placard on which is printed the Constitution. He murmured to himself, what were his thoughts? He went with Robespierre, silent, dignified to the scaffold, though the crowd pursued them with insults. No excited word, no dramatic action; St. Just passed away as he had come. His career was hardly that of a mortal man, it was more like the apparition of the "angel of destruction."

In Arras, the capital of Artois, lived, in the middle of the last century, an old legal family, traditionally said to be of English or Irish descent, and to have come over to France in the times of Henry VIII or Edward VI, on account of their Catholicism. Robert's Peter, a common North-English form gallicised, became Robespierre. They lived at the time of which we speak in a substantial house at the corner of the Place de la Comédie. Here the famous Maximilien Robespierre was born on the 6th of May, 1758. Before he was nine years of age a great trouble had come on the house; the mother had died and the father fell into melancholy, wandered to Munich, and there died. Maximilien became very serious; he felt the cares of life, and henceforth devoted himself to his brother and sisters—as if he were a tender father. They loved him much; one of the sisters lived late into this century, and wrote the memoirs of her brothers. Augustin Robespierre, a very different nature to his brother, followed him devoutly, and asked to die with him when the end came.

Maximilien's amusement was to build little chapels and to keep birds. The Bishop of Arras was very kind to him, and the Abbé of St. Waast, the Cardinal de Rohan, of "diamond necklace" celebrity, gave him a presentation to the College

of Louis le Grand at Paris. Robespierre went there in 1769, and proved the most laborious of pupils and most docile of scholars. The professors were fond of him, called him the Roman, and tried to argue him out of his admiration of Rousseau. After Louis the Sixteenth's consecration at Rheims, the new King made a solemn entry into Paris, and stopped at the College of Louis le Grand. Robespierre, as the scholar *emeritus*, was appointed to prepare and read an address. It was so full of cutting allusions to the abuses of the Government, and contained so many more remonstrances than compliments, that the Principal had to delete it considerably before he allowed Robespierre to read it to the King. On July 19, 1781, the authorities of the College presented the Sieur de Robespierre with 600 francs, in testimony of his "eminent talent" and "his good conduct during the course of his classes." Having studied law, he returned to Arras to practice at the provincial bar. Meanwhile, however, he paid a visit to Ermenonville, to see Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Settled at Arras, we find him practising as a barrister, and amusing his leisure time at a singing society called the *Rosati*, sometimes even composing verses.

His career at the bar soon witnessed to the nature of the man and the austerity of his principles. A poor peasant brought an action against Robespierre's great patron, the Bishop of Arras. He took up the poor man's cause, and pleaded against the bishop. A bad monk of the Abbey of St. Sauveur, having been unsuccessful in his attempts to mislead a poor girl, wickedly accused her of theft. Robespierre not only proved the girl innocent, but compelled the monk to pay her heavy damages. The bishop and the Abbé of St. Waast alternately appointed the judges, and it being the bishop's turn, he named Maximilian Robespierre. The new magistrate went through his labours satisfactorily until it became his duty to condemn an assassin to death. He went home in a miserable state of mind, and could not rest until he had resigned his office. In 1783 he received a medal for an essay against "Degrading Punishments," and his sympathy with the pariahs of society was expressed in 1786 by an "Address on the rights of bastards." Chancellor of the Academy of Arras, he became its director in 1789.

When it became known that the States-General would be called, he published an address to the people of Artois, urging them not to allow their provincial States to name their representative, but to do it themselves. He did not ask to be one, but plainly indicated his willingness, if they would elect him. He was fifth in a list of eight, and went up to Versailles as deputy of the Third Estate, being then thirty-one years of age.

M. Robert Pierre, as the Artois lawyer was called at Versailles, seems to have been thought very little of at first, yet he often spoke, and on the slightest danger to liberty ran to the Tribune, undismayed by the laughter of the deputies. "This man will do something," said Mirabeau; "he believes all he says." In the struggle for religious liberty, full and simple, without any eference to the established worship, he was with Mirabeau and Rabaut St. Etienne. He lived in great simplicity. Of the eighteen francs a day which he received as deputy he reserved only six for his personal expenses. His chief extravagance was his toilet. He wore powder, frills, and ruffles, and dressed carefully. He was of middle height, had a delicate complexion, and was slightly marked with the small-pox. A great forehead, very bare at the temples, the impression of his eyes, profound and clear and full of thought, was spoilt, however, by the spectacles he wore; this, too, was perhaps the reason why he carried his head a little in the air; his mouth was small, his



ROBESPIERRE.

chin firm- altogetner he had an aspect of kindness, and, without being handsome, of distinction.

At the Duplays, with whom he lodged, he was everybody's confidant; the children came to him when in trouble. His friend, Buonariti, a descendant of the same family as Michael Angelo, says: "All in his private life was simplicity, morality, sincere love of the people." Duplay was a carpenter, a well-to-do man of the middle-class. Robespierre formed part of the family, and did not go out to dinner above five or six times during the three years he was there. His chief amusement was to walk with some of the household in the Champs Elysées, followed by Brount, his favourite Danish dog. At dinner he talked of public affairs, the news from the frontier, the approaching triumph of liberty, the prospect of general felicity. Then they went into the *salon*, where Madame Duplay and her

daughters occupied themselves with the needle, and Robespierre chatted with Duplay or read aloud. At nine he retired, and often sat up in his room until dawn writing, Brount lying at his feet. On Thursdays there was a *soirée*, to which all the distinguished men of the time came.

We have seen how Camille Desmoulins, Marat, Danton, and St. Just, all men of very different characters, rapidly become extreme revolutionaries, and embrace the idea of maintaining the Republic by terror. Robespierre's course was very much slower. A man of conscience, strict principle, laborious in his methods of thought, of a nervous, anxious temperament, he hesitated long before he launched his bark on the stormy sea of revolution. But when once he had set out no power on earth could turn him back. In 1789 he is always in the advanced rank in his popular instincts; but when Danton appears on the scene, he seems a laggard. As late as July, 1791, he declared at the Jacobin Club that he was neither republican nor royalist, but a friend of the Constitution. In July, 1792, he opposed the petition for the deposition of the King, and he evidently then had some thought of retiring from political life, for it was owing to him that the National Assembly rendered all their members ineligible for the Legislative Assembly.

However, Robespierre was drawn back to Paris after six weeks absence in Artois, and then did his best to prevent the war the Girondists were urging on, fearing that the rise of a military spirit would be the destruction of liberty. He was always opposed to going beyond the bounds of legality, and to every act and every measure inimical to the Constitution. Danton said contemptuously that "he had not capacity enough to cook an egg." On the 10th of August, 1792, in the attack on the Tuileries, he was conspicuous by his absence. However, he grew every day in public favour. He was called "the Incorruptible," for in the midst of the many falls and suspicions of falls, the people were glad to think that there was one man wholly trustworthy. His ever-increasing popularity was alarming, and the Girondists accused him, Danton, and Marat of aiming at a Dictatorship. There was very little real sympathy between the three, but they were driven together, and the ferocious energy of his companions dragged Robespierre on from step to step.

About the time of the establishment of the Revolutionary Tribunal, Robespierre's character underwent a change. He was entering into work beyond his strength, and after engaging in the sad struggle with the Girondists, he must have felt himself deeply dyed with the blood of men he knew to be truly good apart from their politics. After this he became more and more a changed man. His suspicions increased, and he found at each step greater evils arising. If the guillotine was necessary to maintain France one and indivisible, how much more to deliver it from those who would root the very idea of God out of the land, and lead the people to a double perdition. Then he saw the men who had preceded him on the march falling back, and falling, as it seemed to him, from the corruption of their hearts, their innate love of vice. All these things drove him on in the course at once so awful and so facile into which he had been led. Could he have entered into it, would he have persisted, without an unfaltering mentor at his side?

Robespierre evidently loved the good will of others. It is a quality which generally helps virtue, but also one through which temptation comes. The men who idolised Robespierre gained his confidence, not that he was vulgarly vain, for he would not have accepted the flattery of a bad man. But if he believed him good, how different. Robespierre was somewhat of a Puritan in this, he judged men's political character according to his idea of their morals. Camille Desmoulins' he believed bad, St. Just's good. St. Just was devoted to Robespierre; he introduced himself as an enthusiastic admirer of the incorruptible patriot, and he never wavered. They were one in all their views, above all in their belief in the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. It was Robspierre's determination to do a great act setting forth these truths that sealed his fate. The dregs of the Revolutionists, left after the guillotine had done so much destruction, could not comprehend throwing off the yoke of kings and priests and still bowing the knee to God. They thought the man who wished France to do so must be intending to bring back earthly royalty in his own person.

Robespierre had never foreseen this, and he struggled in vain with the storm.

What generous heart can read the shocking agonies of the last two days, and not abhor the vindictive cruelty of the Thermidoreans, and of the savage crowd who followed their victims to the Place de la Révolution? Very different to the cry of the megæras of Paris was that of the young wife of a farmer, who, on hearing of the tragic end of Robespierre, dropped her child, threw up her hands to heaven, and exclaimed: "It's all over with the happiness of the poorer people; they have killed him who loved them so much."

RICHARD HEATH.

BILLY BOY.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY LAD.

BY EMILY H. HICKEY.

CHAPTER IX.

'Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
And fight with, and make crouch beneath his foot
And so be pedestalled in triumph?"



A GOOD many years had passed since that April day when the sunshine had first smiled on Billy Boy. There was not much change outside the rectory. The grand hills looked on the fair country, and the river ran blue, and dashed white with foam against its weir; one or two of the oldest trees had fallen; one was still attached by its roots to a bank, and lay along the ground, while white violets grew close by, and bramble and ivy united to clothe it. The young trees had grown; the laurel hedge at the bottom of the rectory lawn was quite high and thick, and the Fir Cross stood up high and strong against the sky.

The hawthorns had more golden lichen on their stems, and there seemed to be a greater richness of furze. There it bloomed in its golden glory, the lovely bloom whose beauty took the very heart of the great Swede and made him fall down and thank God therefor.

In the bottoms, the sloping fields at the back of the rectory, Dan was spending most of a peaceful middle age. Poor Slump had been dead for many a day.

The old rector's eye was kind as ever, but not so keen, and his step was slower and his hand less firm, and he had begun, not to grow "tired a little," though it was drawing near to the time when the bell should ring for vesper-song, but to feel the capacity for being tired, as he had not been wont to feel it.

Lucy was passing gently out of her youth into a sweet and gracious maturity.

And Billy Boy?

Billy Boy was a doctor now, and had just got a good appointment as ship surgeon, to sail in charge of the folk aboard the vessels of the —— Company's emigrant ships. This was to be for five years, during which he would see and learn much.

He had wished to apply for the dispensary four miles away from Ballyard Rectory, when, six months ago, the old doctor had died, and try to get into his practice. But against this his father had steadily set his face.

"He must see something of the world first," the rector said to Lucy one day while Billy Boy sat by. "If he chooses to settle down later on, well and good. But now, he only wishes it for our sakes—yours and mine—and he must see for himself and judge. There may be work for him beyond what he could ever have the opportunity of doing here; more difficult, more wearing. To leave it *might* be to make the 'grand refusal.' And when dear Aunt Jane died, you know she said, 'This money will help Billy Boy to a career.' We don't want him to have 'a splendid career' for the sake of ambition, or the world's glory, do we, Lucy? But he must, if he takes the quiet life, do it because he is sure it is the best for his work."

"You have lived most of your life in the country, father," said Lucy, "and if Billy Boy turns out such a man as you—"

The rector stroked her hair.

"No, no, my child. It was, I think, best for me to lead a quiet life. I am not the stuff out of which heroes and men of action are made. I think my son will take rightly and naturally to a life more strenuous than I could ever have lived: a life full of greater stirs and troubles, perhaps thus of intenser calm. Do you think he would ever have dreamt of settling down here for his own sake? Nay, dear lad," he added, seeing Billy Boy's lips open as those of one who would utter some protest. "I know your love for me, but your life must not be laid down thus." Then the young man kissed his father's hand, and went out into the fields to meditate.

Billy Boy was the same frank, fearless fellow

at twenty-three that he had always been. A favourite with men and women, he had passed through difficulties which attend the "fatal gift" of popularity, and passed through them well.

Once he had come home saddened and unlike himself, and his father and Lucy had seen the change, and waited in great love to see if they might in any way help.

At last he had opened his heart to Lucy one afternoon, as they sat by the mother's grave in the little churchyard girdled by its fair trees.

He said very little, and that very vaguely. He would not, he could not, do more than hint at an atmosphere very far different from that which was round his father's reverend age and his sister's fair womanhood.

She understood all that was needed. She felt that some storm had beaten on him, some tempest from which she had been safely sheltered, and she knew that if he wrestled with wind and weather there might come to him a strength glorious and invincible. So she spoke a few words that sank down into his soul.

And he said, "It is as if I had been slipping down a mountain-side, and you had lifted me up."

Then Lucy remembered the dream that came to her the night their mother died.

The rector could give his boy help in this trouble out of his own knowledge and wisdom; and so what had threatened to be a great fall became that whereby the young man rose to the heights of a nobler, statelier purity, even the cleanness of the holy ones.

And when he came home the next time his face had a fairer beauty than of old, even the look of those who have set their faces towards the heaven of the pure in heart, the highest heaven, which is the very seeing of God.

CHAPTER X.

"Greater love hath no man than this.

Lucy was sitting at the west window of her father's study; now and then she looked over to the setting sun, her fingers all the while unpausing in their work of knitting socks for Billy Boy.

He was expected home soon, for a fortnight's stay, before starting for Brisbane; he had been abroad with a friend, and it was uncertain what day a letter or telegram might come, to bid them meet him at the station. He had been walking much, and seeing much, in Switzerland, and moving from place to place.

It was a little hard to think that the bright, strong brother would be away so much, and so far off, all the more that Lucy was feeling the change in her father—the gradual drawing near to the west of his life-sun.

The rector's step on the gravel, heard through the open doors, made her lay down her work. She had got into the way of always meeting him at the hall door after one of his longer "parishings," when she did not go with him. Something in his face startled her, and he replied to her questioning look by saying,

"I think I have caught cold, daughter mine; the throat does not seem all right."

Lucy's heart stood still, for it was but two days since he had sat for hours by the bed of one dying of diphtheria. But she only said, "We will make it all right, father. Suppose you go straight off to bed, and let me get you something hot?"

"'A drop o' summat 'ot,'" said the rector, smiling. "Well, well, my dear, if you like making a little bit of fuss over your old father, by all means make it. I'm desperately tired, I know—'dead beat,' as they say."

And Lucy's heart sank lower. How she longed for the dear old doctor to come and see her father. And then the thought came, "If Billy Boy had but taken the dispensary!"

She felt it would be best that the new doctor should see her father the next day. The rector was ill, that she knew quite well, though he made as light as possible of it. But his head could scarcely lift itself from the pillow, and there seemed grave prostration and weakness. And he was old, and he had been near infection. When she had seen her father in bed, she wrote a little note to Dr. Donovan and sent Jack with it to his house, a distance of some miles.

"Are ye sick, Miss Lucy O?" asked Jack, as she gave him the note.

"No, Jack; but the master isn't very well, and I should be happier if the doctor would just take a peep at him in the morning. So I've asked him to come round this way instead of turning off by the mill on his way to Garrymore."

"Is the masther bad, Miss?" Jack looked scared. "Oh, ye'd tell me, wouldn't ye?"

"Of course, Jack. I don't think he's 'bad,' but I don't like his complaining of his throat after being—"

"Ay, miss, afther bein' wid Jimmy Murphy yestherday. Well, plaze the Lord, it'll be all right. I'll go like a house on fire!"

The response to her own fears sent Lucy's heart lower still. She hovered about the passage long after the rector had retired, and she had bidden him good night. At last she fancied she heard him stir. Then she knew it was no fancy, for he was striking a match. Very softly she opened the door and went in.

"I think we will send for Dr. Donovan if this does not get better," said the rector. "Shall we put on some mustard now, and see what that does?"

He spoke with a smile, but evidently under difficulty. When Jack returned from leaving the note, he was sent back again to fetch the doctor.

And the Angel of Death was again brooding over the house.

It was terrible to Lucy that she could not in any way hasten her brother's home-coming. He might arrive at any time or it might be several days. He had been on the Continent with a college friend, and they were taking long walks, and only stopping a night at a time at any place, and writing but a line or so home, and not receiving letters. He could not be much longer away, for

he was shortly to start for New Zealand, and he had arranged to spend his last fortnight at home.

The day he did arrive the "croydon" had been sent to the station to meet him, but he had got out at a station higher up the line, feeling inclined for a ten-mile walk in the clear spring air. So, putting his luggage in the guard's care, he had gone through fields and over hedges, now and then singing a snatch of a song as he went, and looking brave and strong and fair in his going. When he reached the rectory gate he paused a moment and looked up the road, and followed with his eye the line of trees on the side of the hill. And his eye rested on the green Fir Cross that stood up against the sky.

Then he went up to the house, and went in and called "Father! Muddin!"

The rector heard the voice as soon as Lucy, and turned his eyes in its direction. Dying eyes Lucy thought them, for the struggle seemed to be mortal. Jack had gone to fetch the doctor, who had arranged to come later on in the day, for terrible symptoms had appeared.

When Billy Boy's voice rang on her ear Lucy was standing by her father's side, raising his head as he gasped for breath. She could not leave him. She only called "Billy Boy!" as one cries out for help.

And he heard her, and came springing upstairs to his father's room.

He was by the bedside in one instant, and had seen how things were in another. There was but one chance for his father's life, and that meant that the son should be willing to lay down his.

Later on he stood watching his father's face, now calm after the agony. And a smile was on the lips for the son who had been to him the angel of life. And then Billy Boy's eyes turned to the fair landscape outside, the Fir Cross was all aglow with the rays of the sunset, as the face of the young man was aglow with the light of the love that knows no setting.

And the days went on and the father's strength began to come back to him, and he was glad for the light of day, and the braver light of Billy Boy's face.

Then the young man's turn came, and he lay down in the sweet prime of his life and died.

They talked much about it, those who read in the papers how a young doctor had performed the operation of tracheotomy and sucked away the poison without a tube. And some said it was a life thrown away, and that the young man had rashly flung aside the good gift of being and the prospect of many years of useful work. But others felt the thrill of it in their inmost souls. And when the blamers knew all, and recognised that the delay in waiting until a tube of any kind could have been procured would in all likelihood have been fatal to the life for which the young man had given up his, they were silent. In their hearts they were glad, many of them who, in a great need like that, would have done the same; for the pulse of our country beats with heroic blood.

It is good to die at home. There, in the dear old house, among the surroundings that had filled his young life with

> "Things
> Too simple and too sweet for words,"

Billy Boy gave up his soul to God.

The rector mourned with all the depth of David's agony, but with never a touch of its bitterness, "Oh, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee."

And the green living cross waved softly in the spring air.

The young for the old: the son for the father: was it not just and right?

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Pot-Pourri.

WHY do I count as so dear (you ask)
This old-fashioned jar, which is but the tomb
Of flowers that once in the sun could bask,
And now with their fragrance can make my room
As sweet as the cedar-ceiled halls of Jewry?
'Tis only a handful of old pot-pourri.

Roses once gathered by vanished hands,
Cowslips that blossomed in bygone springs,
Lilies that flourished in far-off lands,
Violets sweet with remembered things,
And dark as the eyes of an Eastern houri—
All these you will find in my old pot-pourri.

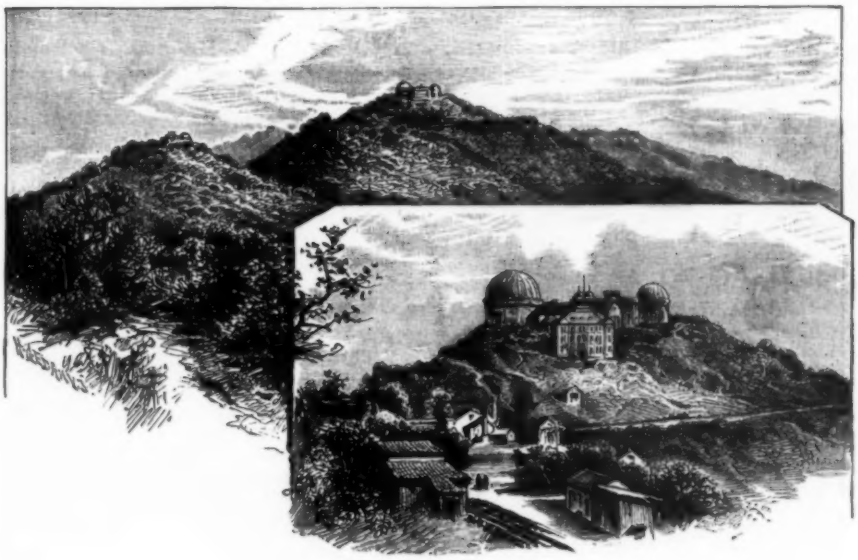
Doomed in the day of their youth to die,
Cruelly soon was their springtime done:
Now triumphantly they can defy
Whirlwinds of winter and summer's sun.
Time with his changes and death with his fury
Steal none of the sweetness from old pot-pourri.

Roses are blooming as fresh to-day,
Lilies as fair in my garden grow;
And you wonder which are the sweeter—they
Or the flowers that withered so long ago?
If me you appoint as your judge and jury,
I will give the verdict for old pot-pourri.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

THE LICK OBSERVATORY AND ITS GREAT TELESCOPE.

BY W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S



NEAR VIEW AND DISTANT.

SO far as the evidence goes, the first telescope was made by a Dutch spectacle-maker named Lippersheim, of Middleton, in the island of Walcheren, who presented one to his Government (then acknowledged by all the European Powers excepting Spain) in the year 1608 with the object of its being applied to war purposes. The first to apply one to astronomical observations was the famous but unfortunate "Tuscan artist" Galileo, whose discoveries made in this way are more than once alluded to by Milton, who had visited him when in Florence shortly before the outbreak of the civil war in England. For many years there were great difficulties in the use of refracting telescopes, owing to the images produced being coloured in consequence of the different refrangibility of the rays of light, and the only way in which this could be partially overcome was by constructing glasses of very great focal length in proportion to their size. Newton, who discovered the nature of the dependence of the colour upon the refrangibility, thought that it was impossible to obtain colourless images by refraction through a glass, and therefore suggested to prefer those formed by reflection, being the first to construct a reflecting telescope.[1] But in 1733 Mr. Chester More Hall, of Sutton, near Rochford, in Essex, a barrister by profession, succeeded in forming that combination of lenses which practically made the image of an object viewed through it colourless, thus constructing the first achromatic refracting telescope, thought impossible before his time. Mr. Hall took no steps to make his invention generally known, and the principle on which it was founded appears to have been rediscovered about twenty years afterwards by John Dollond, who took out a patent for the construction of achromatic telescopes in 1758. Maskelyne (who was appointed Astronomer Royal in 1765) was the first to bring achromatic object-glasses into use at the Greenwich Observatory. Meanwhile reflecting telescopes were also largely employed; and, as is well known, Sir William Herschel's great discoveries were made with instruments of this class, all the work of his own hands. It was long doubted whether the mechanical difficulties in the construction of object-glasses of great magnifying power could be got over, and the first to grapple successfully with these was the Bavarian optician Fraunhofer, to whom is also due the great extension of our knowledge of the dark lines in the solar spectrum, a few only of which are known to have been noticed by Wollaston in 1802. Fraunhofer, about fifty years ago, succeeded in making glasses nine inches and upwards in diameter, with which all objects seen with Herschel's forty-feet reflector could be equally well observed. We have no space here to enter into the details of subsequent improvements.

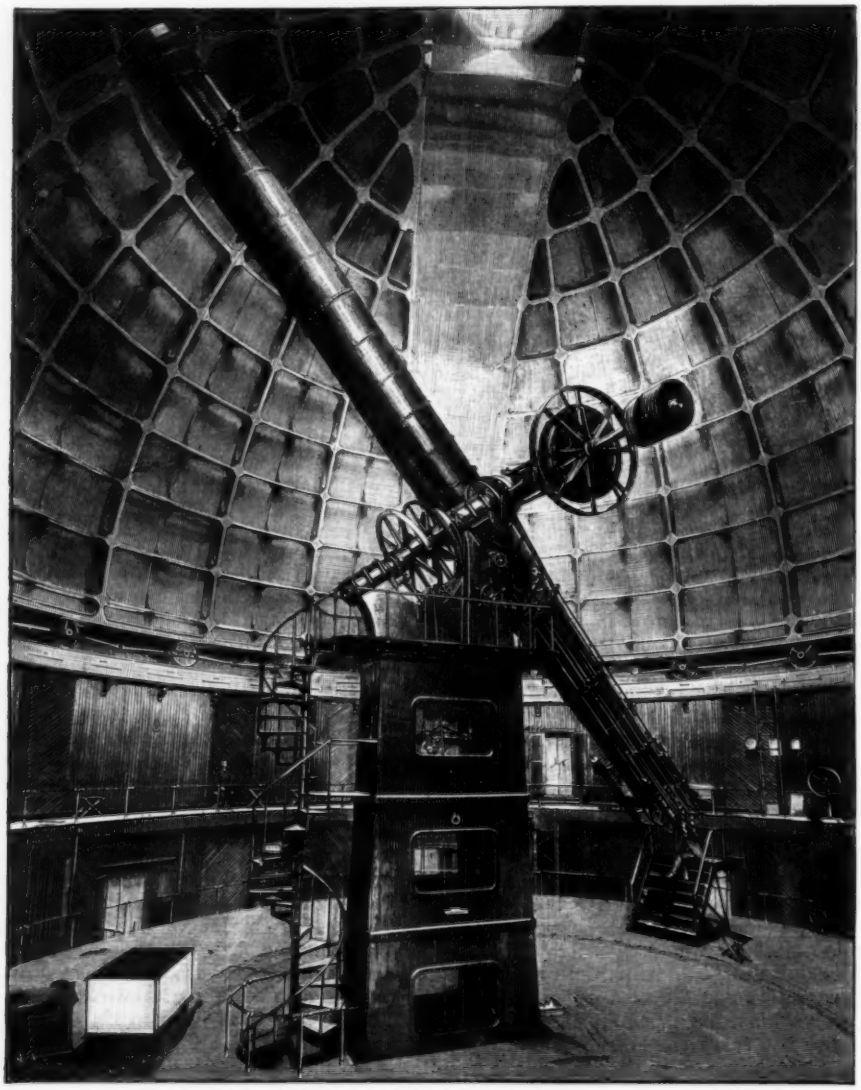
In 1873 a refractor with a glass twenty-six inches in diameter was constructed for the Naval Observatory at Washington by Messrs. Alvan Clark, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. This instrument was a great success, and then the largest in the world, but its pre-eminence it has since lost. In 1881 Mr. (now Sir Howard) Grubb, of

[1] In French the word "telescope" is appropriated to one of this kind, a refracting telescope being called a "lunette."

Dublin, constructed one twenty-seven inches in diameter for the Imperial Observatory at Vienna, but the firm of Alvan Clark was not to be outdone, and a glass thirty inches in diameter was made by them for the Russian Government.

In 1876 Mr. Lick died at San Francisco, leaving a fortune which he had accumulated, and a will by which the greatest part of it was to be devoted to the construction of the largest telescope in the world. After some years' delay, in consequence of the necessary formalities, the execution of this was entrusted to the same firm; and the result is the gigantic instrument on Mount Hamilton, California, possessing an object-glass thirty-six inches in diameter, and about sixty feet in focal length, which was brought into use early last year under the able direction of Professor Holden. Of this we are enabled to present our readers with an engraving, which will give a good idea of its dimensions and mode of mounting.

The site on which it is placed is more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and about sixty miles from San Francisco. The nearest town, which is called San José, is distant in a straight line thirteen miles from the Observatory, but the road which was constructed between the two is, on account of its necessarily winding direction up the mountain, about double that distance in length. The suitability of the site for astronomical observations was tested in 1879 by Mr. Burnham, who observed there for some weeks



THE LARGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD

with his six-inch refractor, and the transit of Venus in December, 1882, was observed on it with one twelve inches in diameter by Mr. D. P. Todd. But it was not until the beginning of last year that the gigantic telescope was brought into use. The famous optician Mr. Alvan Clark, in whose establishment it was constructed, chiefly under the care of his sons, had died in the previous August. It may be mentioned that the remains of Mr. Lick, under whose will the observatory was founded, and by whose name it is called, have been placed by his own desire under the pillar of the great telescope.

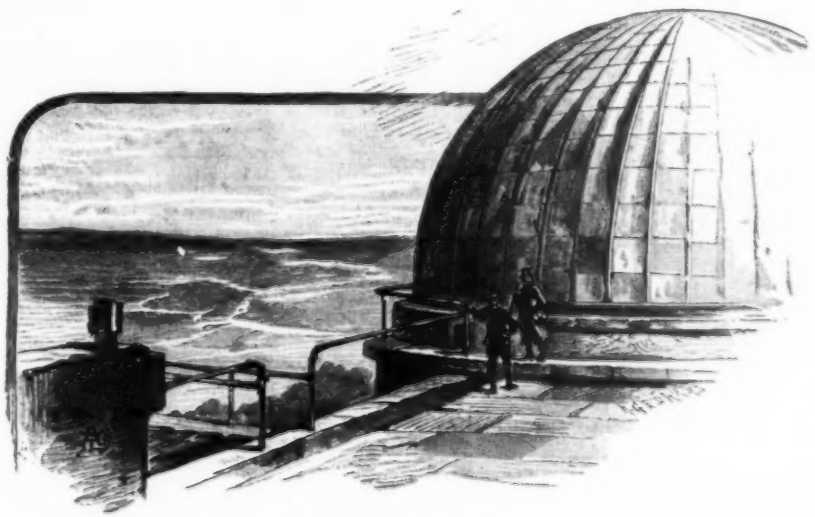
The engraving shows at a glance the nature of the arrangements for using it. The floor of the room round the pillar is elevated and lowered by a mechanical contrivance, so that the observer can always take his position at the eye-end with ease and comfort; and a spiral staircase in an opening close to it enables him or an assistant to direct the telescope by its setting-circles to any object in the heavens which it is desired to scrutinise or measure with the micrometer. The great light-gathering power of this instrument, aided also by its advantageous position, has enabled, as may be supposed, many most valuable observations and discoveries of faint double stars and comets to be made with it; but it is especially in the observation of remarkable nebulæ that these advantages are prominent.

A first volume of Publications of the Lick Observatory appeared in 1887, but of course it principally consists of a description of the Observatory and instruments, and of the preparatory and experimental work, and a record of meteorological observations.

It may interest our readers to give some particulars of the weather on Mount Hamilton in 1884. The greatest height reached by the barometer that year was 26·10 inches; the lowest 25·14. The highest temperature was 90°, the lowest 12°, which was the greatest cold (proving that it is not often extreme) since observations began. A great storm occurred (the severest registered there) towards the end of December, 1884, when 32 inches of rain fell in 11 days, and the velocity of the wind was never less than 30 miles an hour, reaching 52 at the commencement of the storm, which event, Prof. Holden remarks, "was of real service coming when it did, as it proved that the whole Observatory is fitted to undergo the severest gales."

Perhaps the general public have become a little impatient for new and startling discoveries with the splendid and gigantic instrument now fully in working order on this advantageous site. But astronomers know well the long course of persevering labour usually necessary to secure work of real value to science, and are confident that results of this kind and important extensions of our knowledge of that portion of the universe which we are permitted to study and explore will accrue in due time from the exertions of Prof. Holden and his able staff of assistants located nearly a mile above the ocean, and frequently looking down upon a sea of clouds below them.

The Observatory is the property of the University of California. A stage-coach goes to it daily from San José, and, excepting on Sundays, every convenience is afforded by direction of the Board of Regents for the reception of visitors, who will be permitted to look through the great telescope on any Saturday night between the hours of seven and ten. "In return," says Prof. Holden, "for this free access, we confidently expect the citizens of California to jealously guard for us the other nights of the month, and to see to it that these other nights are strictly reserved for purely astronomical uses, and to the prosecution of strictly scientific work."



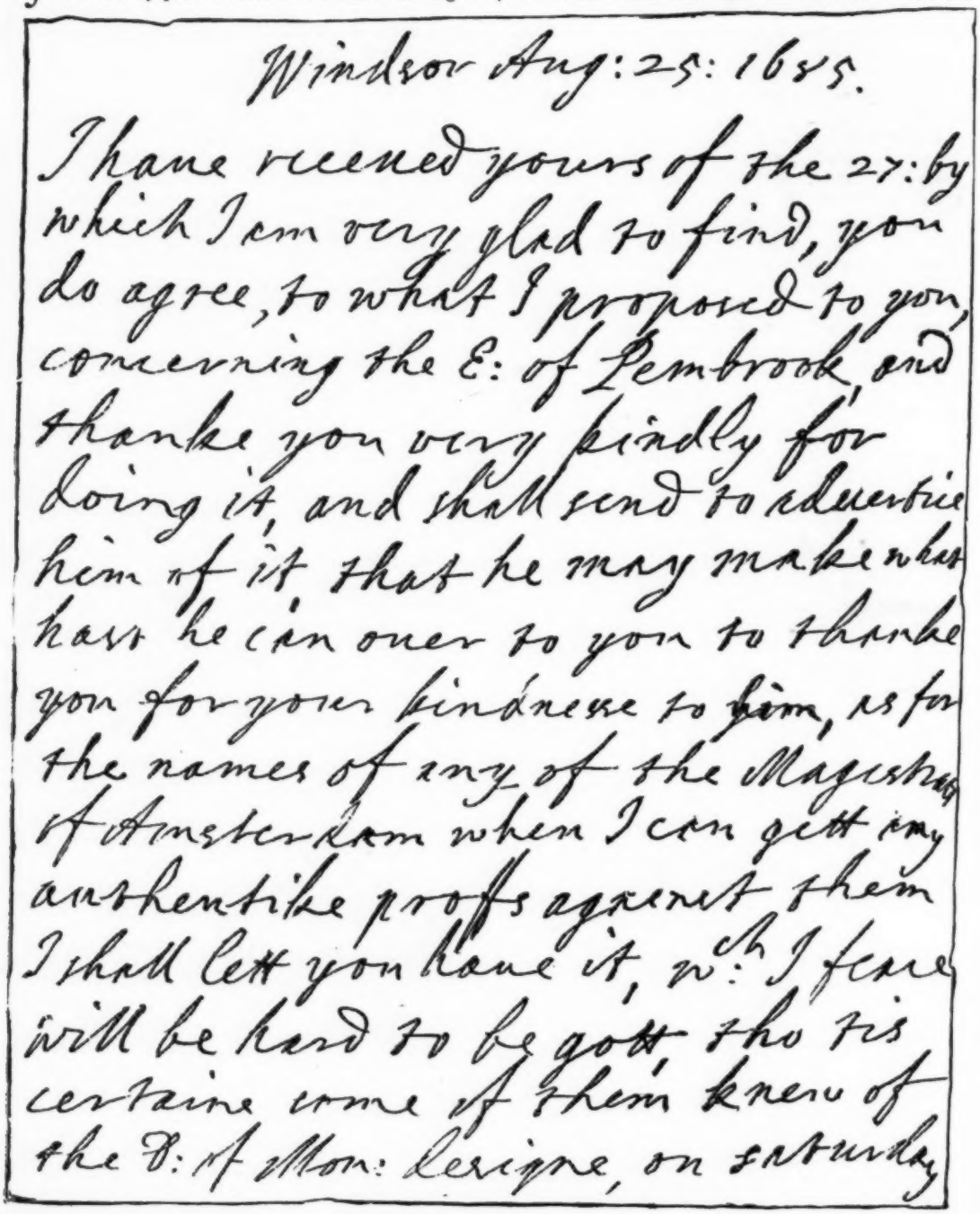
DOME OF THE OBSERVATORY.

THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

JAMES II, ANNE HYDE, MARY OF MODENA, AND THE LATER STUARTS.

JAMES II, both as Duke of York and as King, was a very prolific writer. His handwriting is bold, and suggests the work of a man possessed of a firmer character than his enemies, or even his



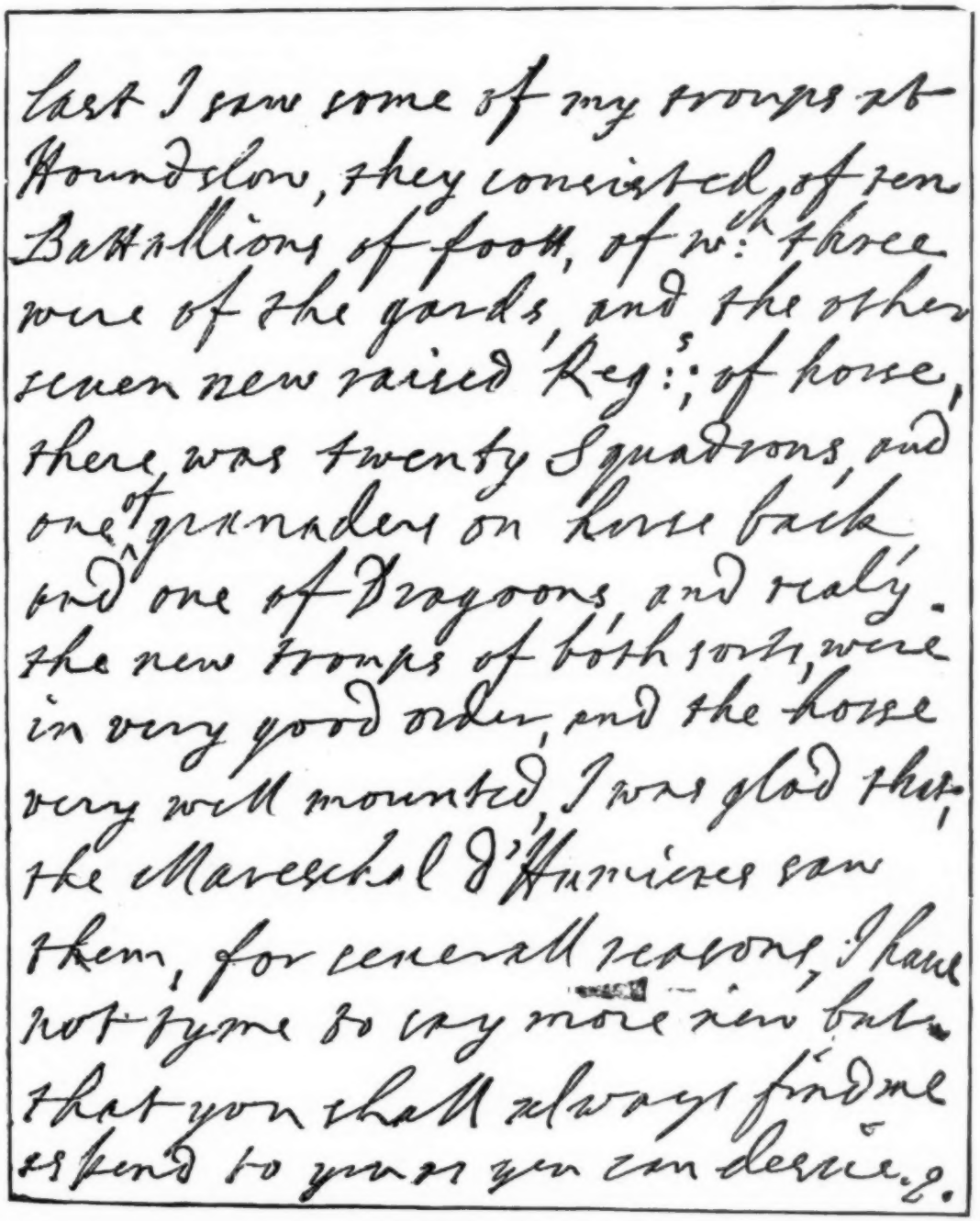
Windsor Aug: 25: 1685.

I have receaved yours of the 27: by which I am very glad to find, you do agree, to what I proposed to you, concerning the E: of Pembrook, and thanke you very kindly for doing it, and shall send to advertise him of it that he may make what hast he can ouer to you to thanke you for your kindnesse to him, as for the names of any of the Magestrats of Amsterdam when I can gett any authentike proofs against them I shall lett you haue it, wch I feare will be hard to be gott, tho 'tis certaine some of them knew of the D: of Mon: designe, on saturday

JAMES II TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Facsimile A.

friends, will allow that he possessed. I have selected as a specimen of his handwriting a letter written by him in August, 1685, to the Prince of Orange. His allusions to the magistrates of Amsterdam who had taken the part of the Duke of Monmouth in the recent rebellion, show that William either intended, or pretended that it was his intention, to punish any partisans of Monmouth whose complicity could be demonstrated. James's allusions to the military display at Hounslow are interesting, especially that to the mounted Grenadiers:



last I saw some of my troops at Houndslow, they consisted of ten Battallions of foot, of wch three were of the gards, and the other seven new raised Reg:^s of horse, there was twenty Squadrons, and one of grenaders on horse back and one of Dragoons, and realy the new troops of both sorts, were in very good order, and the horse very well mounted, I was glad that the Mareschal d'Humieres saw them, for severall reasons, I have not tyme to say more now but that you shall always finde me as kind to you as you can desire. J.

JAMES II TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE (*continued*).

Facsimile A.

Holograph. Original at British Museum. Additional MSS. 28,103, fo. 68. (See facsimile A.)

Windsor Aug: 25: 1685.

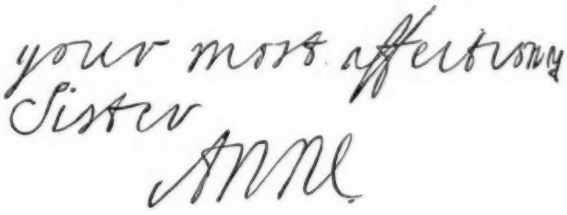
I have receved yours of the 27: by which I am very glad to find, you do agree, to what I proposed to you, concerning the E: of Pembrook, and thanke you very kindly for doing it, and shall send to advertise him of it, that he may make what hast he can over to you to thanke you for your kindnesse to him. As for the names of any of the magistrats of Amsterdam when I can gett any authentike proffs against them I shall lett you have it, wch I feare will be hard to be gott, tho tis certaine some of them knew of the D: of Mon: designe. On Saturday last I saw some of my troups at Houndslow, they consisted of tenn battallions of foott, of wch three were of the gards, and the other seven new raised Reg^s^. Of horse there was twenty squadrons, and one of granaders on horse back, and one of Dragoons, and realy the new troups of both sorts, were in very good order, and the horse very well mounted. I was glad that the Mareschal d'Humieres saw them, for severall reasons. I have not tyme to say more now but that you shall always find me as kind to you as you can desire. J.

[Addressed.] For my sonne the Prince of Orange.

As in this instance the King signs only his initial, we give below a copy of his signature in full.

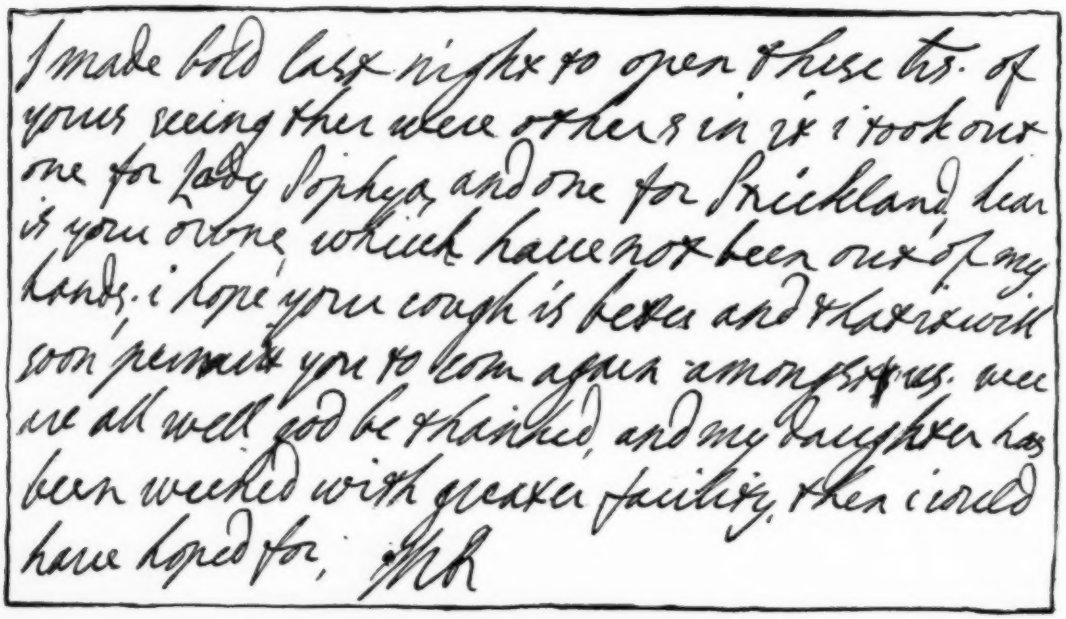


your most affectionate Sister Anne



James married his first wife, Anne Hyde, daughter of the famous Earl of Clarendon, very shortly after the Restoration. She was possessed of but slight beauty, but of very brilliant powers of conversation. The marriage—which had been contracted secretly—was for some time regarded with disfavour by the royal family; and the Earl of Clarendon himself, though probably well pleased at an event which would bring him more closely in contact with the King, expressed surprise and even disgust at the extravagance of his daughter's pretensions. The whole affair and what followed reflects little credit on any of those concerned in it. At the time that Anne wrote the letter—the signature to which we give below—all had been lived down, and she was received at Court with the respect due to her. She was then with her husband at York, and she tells her sister that it is a "really good place," better than Salisbury, which was apparently her former home. Hospitality, enough and to spare, was shown to James and his wife. "We are like," she says, "to have many feasts; to-morrow my Lord Mayor makes us one which will be very troublesome!"

Anne died in 1671, having first been received into the Roman Catholic communion, an event which caused considerable popular uneasiness with regard to the religious faith of her husband.



I made bold last night to open these lrs. of yours seeing there were others in it i took out one for Lady Sophya and one for Strickland dear is your other which have not been out of my hands. i hope your cough is better and that will soon permit you to come again amongst us. wee are all well god be thanked, and my daughter has been wrought with greater facility, then i could have hoped for. AHK

Facsimile B.

About two years later James married Mary Beatrice, daughter of the Duke of Modena, who with her infant son fled to France a few days before her husband's abdication in 1688. The letter below is written from the Stuart Court, at St. Germains, probably at the close of the year 1692 or the commencement of 1693, and addressed to John Caryll—titular Lord Caryll—the faithful adherent of the fugitive royal family:

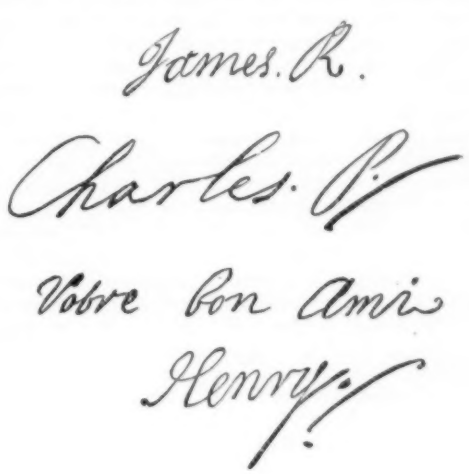
Holograph. Original at British Museum. Additional MSS. No. 28,224. No. 2. See facsimile B., opposite.

I made bold last night to open these letters of yours, seeing ther were others in it, I took out one for Lady Sophia and one for Strickland, hear is your owne which have not been out of my hands. I hope your cough is better, and that it will soon permitt you to com again amongst us. We are all well, God be thanked, and my daughter has been weened with greater facility then I could have hoped for.

M. R.

The daughter referred to was the Princess Louisa Maria, who died unmarried in 1712.

Here we may appropriately give representations of the signatures of the three last male representatives of the House of Stuart—James and Charles (the "old" and the "young" pretender, or "James III" and "Charles III," as they are designated according to taste), and Henry of York, the Cardinal, Charles' younger brother. (*See facsimile below.*)



The accession of a new family to the throne of England is, I think, a convenient point at which to pause in these papers.

THE COLOURED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN THE NORTH.



THESE are as widely different from their southern brethren as if they belonged to a different race. Mixing more on an equality with white people has given them greater self-respect; having to fight for their living in daily competition with white people has sharpened their intellects; and dwelling in towns and cities, where the difficulties of living force everybody to work hard, and where comparatively sober behaviour and methodical habits are almost necessary, has caused them to gradually fall into the ways and manners of the white people, so that they have raised themselves to the level almost of their paler fellow-citizens, and have fairly earned respect and admiration for their honest and painstaking endeavours to improve their condition.

I have emphasised the word "coloured" because in the eastern and northern cities of the United States nobody would be bear or brute enough to call a respectable negro person a "nigger," or a "darkey," or a "black." They are the "coloured" people in contradistinction to the "white" people. They allude to themselves as Africans—thus they speak of their various religious sects as "African Methodist Episcopal," "African Baptists," etc.; but "coloured" is the ordinary descriptive title given them, and it does not offend their sensitive natures. And I may here say that they are intensely susceptible both to slights and to kindnesses. They are in possession of citizens' rights exactly equal to the white people; indeed, it is no rarity to find them holding office under Government—national, state, or civic—and there are not a few policemen, and many clerks from among them. They send their children to school with white children, and it is not by any means an uncommon sight to see a couple of little girls walking home arm-in-arm, one of whom is white and fair-haired, the other as brown as a berry, and with hair so crinkly as to defy the advances of a steel comb.

Being on the subject of school, I may as well say that the majority of the coloured children have not yet proved themselves equal to the whites; want of application, inability to grasp and retain, are strongly-marked features. And though occasionally one here and there goes ahead and leaves his white fellows behind, it often only proves to be a spurt, after which he falls out of the race and dies in oblivion. That this is invariably the case it would be as untrue as it would be unfair to aver. Yet it is a troublesome fact that, while in free and independent America all persons, black and

white, are politically on an equality, the coloured race, appreciating these social rights, is too often apt to forget that mental effort will always be necessary to maintain that equality as an actual force. Thus it happens in street cars, in railway carriages, at houses of entertainment, a coloured man will sometimes sit and allow a white woman to stand, forgetful of ordinary politeness, lest a simple act of courtesy should be construed into an acknowledgment of inferiority and servility. A white man in America will step aside into the street to allow a woman to pass, be she white or black; a coloured man will step off the side walk and raise his hat with the grace of a Brummell for a coloured woman, but he will sometimes stop right in front of a white woman, unless she has command of that great strength of woman—her womanly dignity. I do not say all negroes are thus demonstrative of their new-found equality, I do not say that all are boorish and implacable in their manners; far from it, a large number of them are highly polished, and show how thoroughly worthy they can be of the freedom which is now theirs; but among the poorer and more ignorant arrogance and presumption are still common characteristics. Like faults, it must be admitted, have their place among the older nations. Education must ultimately have its good results, and another generation will see much of this overbearing, overweening conceit rubbed off. In Washington alone, at the time of the Civil War (whose effects are so much felt by the negro), there was *one* night-school for black children; to-day the names of no less than ten thousand coloured children are on the rolls of the public schools of that city! There are highly intelligent men and women among these coloured folk with the intellectual and moral elevation of their race at heart, and there is not a doubt but this ennoblement must come before their social position can be really equal to that of the white population.

In some of the Southern States intermarriage between whites and blacks is forbidden by law; and unions of such a nature are not only in consequence illegal, but both parties lose caste. But in most of the Northern and Eastern States, if such laws ever existed, they have been abolished or have lapsed into abeyance. Cases of miscegenation, however, are rare, though not so uncommon as formerly.

The three principal occupations of coloured men are "waiting," shoeblacking, and barbering. These require no extraordinary intellectual effort, though it is certainly little short of marvellous to see a coloured waiter at a hotel or restaurant take an order for dinner with fifteen or sixteen side-dishes, and bring every one without a mistake. They make good cooks, too, and as coachmen and grooms can hardly be excelled, their affection for "horseflesh" being almost equal to that of a Yorkshireman. But the ambitions of a whole race are not thus to be satisfied. Many go into the Church, taking a regular course of study, being examined and found to be properly qualified, before being permitted to preach the Word of God. They make excellent ministers, and powerfully eloquent preachers—eloquence, as I have already stated, being a national characteristic. There is quite a large sprinkling of coloured men engaged in reporting for the Press, and these write with great facility, their descriptive ability being graphic and lucid. I have had the pleasure of meeting several such, notably one young fellow attached to a newspaper in Philadelphia. He was a smart young man, with plenty of energy, most insinuating manners, whose articles, mostly descriptive, were full of metaphor and simile, and characterised by quite elegant diction. There are a few artists, one or two of whom have risen above mediocrity, and some sculptors, among whom the name of Esmondia Lewis stands foremost, this gifted lady being the equal at least of some living European wielders of the chisel and mallet. There are many musicians, for, as I have said of the Southern negroes, they have music born in them; yet, strange to say, so far as I have been able to ascertain, there has never yet been one who has attained any eminence, not one who has shown ability to master the scientific part of music. They depend almost altogether upon the ear. The gift of oratory, so largely developed in this remarkable race, is shown in a number of great speakers, of whom Frederick Douglass is not the least. A very few have made the study of medicine their object, but among these Charles Barley Purvis has risen to eminence. Law and science has very few votaries among them, if any; indeed, I know of none. There is a poet, by the way, who writes fairly good verses, but I cannot now recall his name, nor have I any of his productions at hand. Quite a few have turned their attention to the dramatic art, and of these some are decidedly clever. Enough has been said, then, to show that in nearly every branch of employment there are to be found members of the African race, and it is only fair to say that a percentage, if a small one, of these is already well to the fore.

There is among these more intelligent members of the coloured race a decidedly praiseworthy intention, a most laudable ambition. They are all working towards one common end—the cultivation intellectually, the improvement socially, and the elevation generally of their race-fellows, who have suffered through force of adverse circumstances or other causes.

There is one city in the Union where the coloured people are to be seen in every grade and phase. During the Civil War they flocked in thousands to Washington, for in 1850 the sale of slaves was prohibited there, and in 1862 slavery was altogether abolished in the District of Columbia. So here came the poor blacks because they knew they would be free, and they still go there in great numbers, the city having become a kind of head-quarters. There are at present over sixty thousand negroes in the District of Columbia, many of whom are distinguished men and women. While in the Northern cities and towns they have almost lost their identity as a race—for their ways of living and acting and their general characteristics are so similar to those of their white fellow-citizens as to excite no comment whatever—yet at Washington, the capital city of the United States, there are to be seen every one of the many phases of

negro life. Some of them live squalidly in miserable cabins or shanties, and crowded into them in such large numbers as to seem more like bees in a hive than human beings. Others in better circumstances have comfortable houses, are well-clothed, and are apparently quite prosperous. Then, again, there is the still higher class, who live in fine houses, and surround themselves with all the luxuries and refinements of life. They dress in the latest style, attend the influential churches, frequent the concert, lecture, and theatre, and in every way seem to be quite the equals of the white people.

It is in the first-named class that the traits of the real negro of other days are found; this is also the largest contingent. The wealthier class are of the most part in possession of a considerable sprinkling of white blood, which will account, not perhaps for their superior intelligence, but for the greater degree of rapidity with which they have adapted themselves to their great and sudden change of condition.

Some account of a few of the more distinguished men may interest English readers. Mr. Frederick Douglass, who has recently been appointed United States Minister to the Republic of San Domingo, one of the most prominent coloured men in the United States, is nearly white. He is extremely venerable in appearance, dignified in manner, and possesses fine conversational power. He is seventy years of age, but still retains the wonderful faculties which have made him an object of interest in almost every part of the world where the story of American slavery has been told. Mr. Douglass escaped from slavery in Maryland at the age of twenty-five, and made his way, with much peril of freedom, in New York. Before beginning his race for freedom he was engaged to be married to a young woman of his own colour, but free, who lived near his master's plantation. She went North about the time Douglass escaped, met him in New York, and married him. He first attracted public attention as the principal anti-slavery orator of his race, and the service he rendered the crusade cannot be over-estimated. The wife of his early manhood has been dead many years, and for a number of years he has dwelt at Washington in a fine mansion on the eastern branch of the Potomac, About six years ago Mr. Douglass married a second time, a Miss Helen M. Pitts, a white lady of some literary repute, about forty-five years of age. This marriage created a sensation among the coloured people, and led to some discord among his own family.

Mr. Blanche K. Bruce was born forty-seven years ago in slavery, in Prince Edward county, in the State of Virginia. He was among those few who, during the war, drifted westward, and at Oberlin College, he acquired the rudiments of an education that has since been immensely improved by extensive reading and study. At the close of the war Mr. Bruce went to the State of Mlssissippi, where he became a planter in 1869. In a short time he was elected sergeant-at-arms of the Senate in the Legislature of that State, and in 1873 he was requested to stand as one of the candidates for Governor, but this honour he declined. However, in 1874 he was elected to the National Senate, and in 1880 the President, General Garfield, appointed him Register of the Treasury, which post he held until the election of President Cleveland, in 1884. In 1878 he was married to Miss Josephine Willson, the daughter of Dr. Joseph Willson, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Among others well deserving of mention is Robert Smalls, of Beaufort, South Carolina. Born a slave, he was debarred by law from attending school. He was brought up to the business of the sea, and at the beginning of the war was a pilot at Charleston. He gained his freedom by a daring action. One day in May, 1862, the Confederate steamer Planter lay in the harbour. At night the officers went ashore. Smalls and seven other negroes were left on board. He had been watching an opportunity to run the boat to the Federal fleet. The men agreed to go with him, though afterwards two of them backed out. Steam was got up, and the Planter, steered by Smalls, worth £13,000, and with a cargo of guns and ammunition intended for the Confederate Fort Ripley, valued at £3,000, started on its perilous journey towards the Union fleet. At two o'clock in the morning Smalls picked up his wife and children and a few refugees from the wharf side. Towards daylight Fort Johnson was passed, the Planter's steam whistle giving the usual salute. As Fort Sumter was neared, Smalls leaned out of the pilot-house window, with his arms folded, the absent commander's big straw hat on his head, the familiar whistle salute was sounded, and Fort Sumter gave "All-right." The Planter made for Morris Island, and then the guard at Fort Sumter seeing the runaway heading for the Union vessels, signalled Morris Island to stop her. But it was too late. Then a new danger appeared, the Union ships prepared to fire on the Planter, for she carried the Condederate flag all this time. However, Smalls quickly hoisted a white flag to the peak, and in a few minutes delivered his steamer to Captain Nicholls of the Union ship Onward. This was the first of many brave and daring acts performed by Mr. Smalls. After the war he set himself steadily to the task of self-education. He has twice been delegate to the Convocation for nominating a President, and has four times sat in the National Congress.

William Still, a wealthy Philadelphia coal merchant, was one of the most prominent members of that mysterious league called, "The Underground Railroad," which before and during the war helped so many slaves from the Southern States to Canada. His house was one of the stations at which the fugitives stopped *en route*. John Brown's plans were submitted to Mr. Still by Frederick Douglass, six months before the blow was struck at Harper's Ferry, which really began the war. He found shelter for F. J. Merrian and O. Anderson, Brown's assistants, after that event, and later Brown's wife, her son, and son-in-law, Among his intimate and warmest friends he has counted such men as Horace Greely, Lloyd Garrison, Sumner, Chase, Whittier, and others.

Another prominent coloured man is Mr. John R. Lynch, of Mississippi, one of the foremost as

well as one of the youngest representatives of his race. He was born in Concordia, Louisiana, in 1847. He became a photographer after he gained his freedom, then rose to be a Justice of the Peace; for two terms he was elected to the State's Legislature, serving as Speaker of the House the second term; after which he was elected to the National Congress. He owns a plantation in Mississippi.

Add to these names such as Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia; Isaiah K. Wears, of the same city; Charles Jones, of Chicago; Dr. Tanner, of Washington, and it will be seen that a few coloured men at least have determinedly pushed their way to the front. These are a few out of many. In every respect they are equal to and as important as the most important white man in America. They prove conclusively that the coloured man is able to grapple with questions which entail toil, and study, and mental effort. And it must not be supposed that they all have white blood in their veins. My good old friend I. K. Wears is as black as my coat, and so is William Still.

The lower class of the coloured people, as far as my experience goes, is very superstitious, very indolent, and improvident to a remarkable degree. Give one a dollar, and he will immediately walk off to the nearest market and spend part of it in some expensive luxury (Florida strawberries in winter, for instance), and with the rest he will purchase some flashy and unnecessary article of dress, thinking little and caring less of the probability of more dollars coming to him to-morrow, or ever again. The women are, many of them, employed as house-servants, or "helps," by the day. It is alleged that not a few are great pilferers, and both openly and systematically rob their employers. They always carry a basket with them, and, though it is generally empty when they arrive at the house in the morning, it is always full when they take it home at night! Developments of a startling nature have, more than once, been the result of an examination of the basket being insisted upon by a suspicious housekeeper.

Religion is just as much a subject of enthusiasm among the more advanced coloured people of the North as it is with the Southern "darkey."[1] The evening service at their churches rarely begins before eight or half-past eight o'clock, and it is often ten and sometimes eleven o'clock before they get warmed to their work. Then the excitement is great. Returning to my hotel one Sunday evening in Washington, I happened to pass an African Methodist Church. Curiosity induced me to draw up to the gate and listen to what was going on. The doors were wide open—it was as well, for the thermometers were registering eighty degrees outside! At each side of the door stood a negro in black coat, enormous white tie, and white cotton gloves, on guard. The sable minister was holding forth in a loud tone, but the syllables came so thick and fast, I found it impossible to understand a word he said. His congregation, however, evidently did, if one might judge from the vigorous shouting which excited him to further effort, varied at intervals of short duration by a piercing shriek from some conscience-stricken or rejoicing female!

The coloured people glory in a funeral. A funeral with flowers, and music, and carriages, and a long train of members of societies and clubs in their gaudy uniforms and decorations. Funerals usually take place on a Sunday, that day being a holiday, and the chances of a greater attendance being possible. But it must be a first-class funeral—a hearse with plumes, lots of carriages, and the bands of the different societies to which the defunct belonged (or his friends—it is all the same); the procession must be a long one, the bands must be playing. One or two companies of coloured soldiers add beauty and solemnity to the occasion. And there must be flowers and wreaths in any quantity. Why do they so enjoy a funeral? For the sake of the display—nothing else.

Morality among the lower classes is at a low ebb. Considerable attention is being at present attracted to the want of moral culture and training. They have not advanced so rapidly as was hoped for. After being firmly set upon their feet in the way of getting education, the self-improvement has been very slow indeed. They are quite as imitative as the Chinese, if not more so, but unfortunately they choose the vices and foibles of the white people, instead of their virtues as the subject of imitation. Thus, the negroes have an inordinate love of finery and dress. The costumes of the young women and men are often most ludicrous burlesques on the fashions of the day. I think few sights could possibly be more deliciously funny than a coloured "beau" and "belle."

In the whole of the United States to-day, there are about eleven or twelve millions of coloured people. Out of these, at least seven millions are to be found in the Southern States of Florida, Louisiana, the Carolinas, the Virginias, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Maryland, and in the District of Columbia. In some of these States the negro is still oppressed, still taken out of his house at night by masked white men, and flogged for nothing; nay, sometimes even shot, for he is no longer a valuable piece of property. In some of these States he is almost as much a slave as he was before the war. He dare not speak his political opinion publicly; he is treated as a pariah by the white man; he is, if possible, even more ignorant than he was twenty-five years ago, for he in the old days at least always knew enough to work, to sing, to play, to rejoice, and to sorrow; he has now added another to the list of his accomplishments—he has learned to loaf without caring whether he works, sings, rejoices, or grieves.

Such then are the main differences between the coloured people of the North, East, and West, and those of the South. The former are encouraged by the whites, by their own leaders, by all people, to improve and cultivate themselves. The latter are still kept back, and, indeed, appear to have no desire or ambition beyond the passing day.

F. L. ROBINSON

[1] See "Leisure Hour," p 54.

OUR HORSES.

BY THE LATE REV. J. G. WOOD

VI.—SHOES.

NOR is this all. It has been mentioned that the three kinds of horn are intended by Nature to be continually worn away, and as continually renewed, by the large blood-supply which is forced through the hoof at every pulsation. The shoe abrogates both these conditions. It prevents the hoof material from being worn away, and therefore deprives the blood of the task which it is intended to fulfil. The natural result occurs. The blood is forced abundantly into the hoof, and finds nothing for it to do. Consequently it accumulates in the vessels faster than it can escape, and so produces congestion, followed by inflammation, and lastly by suppuration, the putrid and most offensive matter forcing its way out of little holes, which it works for itself, and being then known as "thrush."

The troublesome ailment known as "corns" is also produced by the shoe, and I have no hesitation in saying that every disease to which the horse's foot is subject is attributable, either directly or indirectly, to the shoe. There is scarcely a veterinary surgeon who does not echo this sentiment, and who will not admit that the best that can be said for the shoe is that it is a necessary evil.

But, why "necessary?" Surely no evil ought to be necessary, and its acknowledgment should be the first step towards its removal. So rooted is the idea that a horse must be shod with iron that the only remedy which suggests itself is to invent another shoe. I possess quite a collection of shoes which inventors fondly imagined would remedy all the defects of their predecessors, but which have proved, when tested, to be quite as injurious as those which they were intended to supersede.

Few horse-owners have dared to follow these enquiries to their legitimate conclusion, and to try whether any shoe at all be necessary. They mostly yield to the hackneyed aphorism, namely, that as our horses are obliged to work on artificial roads, their feet must be artificially protected. This statement is put forward as triumphantly as if it were an axiom which must be accepted as final, whereas it is nothing but an untested theory. I have known many horses that have done hard work for years after having been freed from the incumbrance of shoes, and I am certain that if we will only learn the real physiology of the hoof we shall be able to dispense with shoes altogether.

The one essential point is that the hoof shall be allowed to grow as Nature designed it, and that it shall be daily exercised on hard, dry ground. While I was writing these lines, I received a letter a part of which I shall quote.

"I command a battery of Light Horse Artillery at Fort Snelling, Minn., and as a matter of course have a number of horses under my charge. My immediate predecessor did not shoe the battery horses, and I have never shod any of them except occasionally when on the march. Had I met with your book sooner, I would never have shod any of them, for it would not have been necessary.

"When in garrison at this station the horses were always on sod or soft ground, but when we were out on practice marches and came to rocky ground, the hoofs began to break and on went the shoes. After reading the book I covered the ground around my picket-line (where the horses stand during the day) with broken rock to the depth of ten or twelve inches, and had my horses stand on this material about five hours every day.

"When I first put the stone on the picket-line I was not surprised to see the hoofs break and wear away very rapidly; but I now had faith, made the horses take the medicine, and as a result I have the most perfect set of hoofs I ever saw. The frogs are fully developed, in some cases completely filling the cavity of the foot. The bars are all complete, sound and hard. The horn of the walls and of the sole is very tough and hard—in fact but little impression can be made upon it by the rasp. I do not allow my blacksmith to have a knife in his possession. The horn wears away evenly and gradually, and but little assistance is required. I find in some cases that a little horn has to be removed from the vicinity of the heels, which is always done with the cutting pincers. *I am sure that my horses can march any distance on any kind of road, without shoes and without injury.*"

After narrating an interesting series of experiments upon the expansive and contractile powers of the unshod hoof, Capt. Rodney proceeds as follows:—

"What you say concerning light shoes seems to me very important, and I have in the battery a good example of its soundness. I have a horse that had what I supposed to be originally 'seedy toe,'—at any rate the horn of the walls in front was brittle, cracked, and wearing away rapidly, and in order to use him it was necessary to resort to shoes. I had a pair of light steel shoes made, half an inch wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick. Of necessity these shoes were made full-sized, there being so little sound horn to nail them to, and I had them fitted accurately to the feet. These shoes have been in use three months, and are still good for six weeks' wear. As a matter of course, they have been re-set several times, and recently as half-tips.

"What makes this case remarkable is, that the horse weighs fourteen hundred pounds, is a wheeler (or pole-horse), has been standing on rock at least five hours a day during the whole time he has been wearing the shoes, and has been exercised at battery drill from twelve to fifteen hours every week—the latter of itself a severe test. I had a number of photographs of my horses' feet taken, but unfortunately they were destroyed by accident. I turn my horses out every day for two hours, and they run at will over a thousand acres. It gives them a chance to play and roll, and, as I find, has a tendency to make them gentle and quiet.

"You will be glad to hear that the instructions for shoeing as quoted by you have been materially changed, and much that was objectionable omitted. I have experimented sufficiently to be convinced that the foot, when free, is a far better calkin than man has as yet invented.

"GEO. B. RODNEY, Capt. L.H.A."

This letter is a valuable contribution to our horse literature. In the first place, it is not written by a theorist, but by a man of long prac-

tical experience. In the next, the writer shows that he rightly comprehends the simple means by which the hoof of any horse can be enabled to withstand the friction of the hardest and roughest roads.

The very simplicity of the process is often its worst enemy. Nothing more is required than to remove the shoes and to keep the horse upon dry and rough ground. If possible, the animal should be exercised daily on the hardest procurable ground, and should never be allowed to stand on soft and moist soil. I need not say that "stopping" must be sternly prohibited. It does not matter how mutilated and fragile the hoofs may be, for they will in a few weeks recover their natural form and be able to traverse any road without requiring artificial protection.

My friend the late Mr. Arthur F. Astley once put this principle to a very severe test. He possessed a horse named "Llewellyn," after its former owner, more than fourteen years old, which for nearly six years had worked barefooted, drawing a heavy brougham, often working for seven days per week, and having traversed some thirteen thousand miles without shoes. Certain "horsey" men, who could not deny these facts, tried to minimise them by saying that the horse in question was an exceptional animal, chosen on account of his naturally hard hoofs. They also said that it was all very well to potter about the London streets for an hour or two, but that if an unshod horse were driven some ten or twelve



FORE-FEET OF DR. LLEWELLYN'S HORSE.

miles on a country road, the owner would be obliged to have it shod before he could get the animal home.

Whereupon Mr. Astley bought at Aldridge's the worst horse which was offered for sale. It was too old for its age to be ascertained, both its fore feet were afflicted with thrush, and the hoofs were so mutilated that scarcely an inch of continuous sound horn could be found on either of them. In fact, only one foot out of four was even moderately sound. On obtaining possession of the horse, Mr. Astley removed its shoes, had it continually exercised on hard and stony ground, and found that the mutilated feet soon began to improve. Having to contend against the prejudices of his servants, Mr. Astley (who sent me bulletins during the whole process) was several times on the point of abandoning the experiment in despair. However, he persevered, and on May 14th, 1883, he drove the horse to St. Albans and back, a distance of forty-two miles. A photographer was in readiness to take portraits of the



HOOF OF MR. ASTLEY'S HORSE "TOMMY.

animal's hoofs on its return, and the accompanying illustration will show the reader that the hoofs were as perfect as they were before the journey.

Half-hearted measures are useless, and here comes the value of Captain Rodney's experiment. Another point is, that, as Captain Rodney remarks, calkins (or calks) are needless when the frog is able to perform its natural office. Calkins of any kind, however well-intentioned, inflict damage, too, upon the hoof, and cause great inconvenience to a horse as long as they are worn. It must be remembered that a horse cannot take off its shoes as we are able to do when they incommode us, but is obliged to wear them for several successive weeks.

The whole principle of the calks is false. They are intended to prevent a horse from slipping. Now, the bearing of the foot should not come on the heel but on the toes, as can be seen by inspecting any shoe as it is removed from the hoof. In Manchester the shoes of the "lurry" horses are mostly supplied with very high calks and a toe-piece of similar thickness, so as to keep the shoe level. There is now before me a shoe which I purchased at a Manchester forge, just after it had been removed from the hoof of a lurry horse. It is eight inches in length and seven in width, the web being two inches wide in the middle. At the toe there is a clip two inches and a half wide, and another one inch and a half wide. The heel is furnished with a calkin two inches and a half in depth and half an inch thick, and at the toe was originally a cross-piece of the same depth and one inch in thickness. This shoe was fastened to the hoof by ten nails, each a quarter of an inch wide at the base. When such shoes are first affixed to the hoof you can see completely under the foot, and the horse looks as if it were mounted on pattens. But the toe-piece, though twice the thickness of the calkin, is worn completely down, presenting only a smooth and rounded surface. The calkin has only worn away

to the extent of one-third of an inch, so that the whole weight of the animal was tilted forward, and the horse obliged, even when standing, to employ much muscular exertion, merely to keep itself upright. It, in fact, greatly resembles the high-heeled boots with which ladies disfigure their feet and convert their naturally graceful walk into an ungainly waddle.

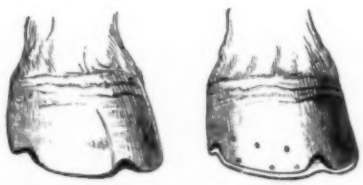
Our limited space prevents me from going into detail, but, before taking leave of the subject, I must mention the "clips," to which reference has been made. Finding that the horn is often so mutilated that nails can find no hold, our shoers



SHOE WITH CLIPS.

bethought themselves of adding to the upper edge of the shoe certain flat projections of iron, and turning them over the hoof so as to relieve the nails from part of the strain. The idea was not a bad one, and if simply carried out would allow the farrier to use fewer nails, and so give the horn a chance of renewing itself. I have a specimen of a hoof shod in this manner.

But the farrier must needs "make a nice clean hoof," and so, instead of merely turning the clip over the hoof, he scoops a deep groove in the horn, so as to let the clip into it. Thus, not being content with tearing the wall to pieces with

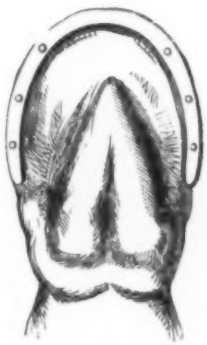


HOOF SCOOPED FOR THE CLIP, AND THE CLIP IN POSITION.

the nails from below, he weakens it with his knife from above. One clip is always placed on the toe, the very part where strength is most needed, and which is chosen by the farrier as the point to be weakened.

It may be objected that even granting the possibility of hardening the hoof, the horse will be put out of work for a couple of months, and be eating its head off in the meantime. This is not at all necessary. When the ordinary shoes are removed, substitute for them the Charlier shoe. This is a mere strip of thin and narrow iron, not more than six inches in length and a quarter of an inch in width, bent so as exactly to fit the outline of the hoof, beginning at the toe. It ought not to weigh more than five ounces. This is not nailed upon the hoof, but is let into a groove out in the wall. With the shoes a knife is sold with a movable guide which can be set to any depth, so that the shoe, when in its place, is flush with the edge of the wall. As there is no leverage the nails are few and small, and as the horse treads, the iron and horn are worn away simultaneously.

Such a shoe will outlast three ordinary shoes, and if made of steel can be made lighter and will wear longer. Of course it must be re-set at intervals, and at each change it should be shortened, so that at last it will not measure more than four inches in total length, and may be an inch shorter. As the front of the hoof does not expand or contract to any appreciable degree, there will be no harm in retaining the short Charlier, but, as a matter of fact, it may be abandoned altogether; for, provided that the necessary conditions have been fulfilled, "the horses' hoofs will be like flint."



THE CHARLIER SHOE.

Lastly, let it be remembered that the horse ought to be the companion and willing ally of man, and not an abject slave to be dominated by pain and brutal treatment. Even putting the subject on the lowest possible grounds, we can get twice as much work out of a horse by kindness as we can by the whip. Horse and man much resemble Tom Pinch's beef-steak in that they "must be humoured, not drove."

ON MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

IV.—ENGAGEMENTS, TACIT AND OTHERWISE.

" Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires?
O Heart, are you great enough for love?
I have heard of thorns and briers."
—*Lord Tennyson.*

IT is equally interesting and curious to note the manner in which first impressions are received, life partners chosen, and wooing set about by various individuals.

"How do you think I chose my wife?" asked a thriving tradesman who owes much of his prosperity to his sensible, hard-working partner. "I chose her by the patches on her frock. I say frock, not gown, for she was a little bit of a lass then, and she has never grown much taller. Then she looked younger than she really was, as she stood near an entry, with a child in her arms. She had on a very clean, dark blue print frock, with a small yellow sprig on it, such as working women and girls mostly wore when I was young. On the waist of it were so many patches, and by no means of the same pattern, that I had to look at the skirt to see what the original body had been made of. But the frock was clean, and the girl was clean, and pleasant to look at, as she stood smiling and trying to coax a cross baby to be good tempered, instead of shaking and scolding the poor little thing as some young nurses do.

"I said to myself, 'The girl that can be neat as a new pin in a frock that has more patches than one can count is worth looking after.' I did look after her, and in time she became my wife. I have never regretted my choice, for she has been the best of managers and most loving of wives and mothers. She becomes a silk gown to-day as well as her neighbours, and I am proud to be able to give her one. But she has never looked better in my eyes than she did in the old patched print, with her fresh smiling face bent over that of the cross baby."

A gentleman who now possesses great wealth, and whose charming home is presided over by a graceful, dignified, and well-educated lady, often speaks in her presence of his first homely partner.

"You would hardly believe it," he said to a friend, "but I married my first wife because I was told to do so. I was brought up amid comparatively humble surroundings, but my father was always shrewd in his judgments, and planned wisely for his boys.

"Of me he always said, 'Jack has a fine head for business. He is made of the stuff out of which great traders grow. He must have a chance of using it.'

"So, instead of sending me to learn a mechanical trade, he put me with a baker and flour dealer in our county town. I was not apprenticed, but turned my hand to anything, and whatever the 'anything' might be, I gave my whole mind to it.

"By the time I was eighteen I had learned all there was to learn in that place, and, seeing an opening, my father decided to start me in a business of my own, so that I was master of a shop at nineteen.

"Then my mother said, 'Jack must get married. He must have someone to keep house and mind the shop when he goes out with goods and on other business. A lad in the shop would also mean somebody else in the house. A wife can manage both, and will be cheaper and more trustworthy. There is Sarah Ivison. She will be the very one for him—no steadier, harder-working girl to be found. She is a few years older than Jack, but that is in her favour, for she will mind the business, do thrice the work a girl would, and not want to go gossiping about the neighbourhood.'

"I had found out that I could not carry on my trade single-handed, and was at my wit's-end what to do. So when my mother laid her plan before me I entered into it as part of my business arrangements. I knew Sarah Ivison by sight, but had never held five minutes' conversation with her in my life. However, she was invited to tea at my father's on the Sunday, and I was told to see her home at night, and ask her to be my wife whilst on the road. I did this, thinking far less of taking a wife than of gaining the needful help in my business.

"As I look back, I wonder that she accepted me; but she did, and was for twenty-five years all and far more than could have been expected. I owed much to her industry, economy, and shrewdness in a business point of view—far more to her affection and self-devoting goodness as my wife.

"She died whilst I was still in the prime of life, but, thank God, not before she had for a good number of years shared in the prosperity to which her efforts had contributed, though I was not long connected with the business we began together. I justified my father's prophecy by striking out a new line for myself, and soon bade farewell to the baker's shop, which I left worth more than I found it, and I realised the improved value in the shape of the price paid for goodwill."

It was easy to see, whilst the narrator told his story, that all the sentiment of married life was associated with his second union, but it was also pleasant to note the expression on the beautiful and refined face of the living wife (as the husband spoke of her that was gone) and to hear her softly-uttered comment, "Yes; she was my good, true friend when I most needed one, and it was her great wish that some day I might fill the place

which she knew would soon be left vacant by her husband's side."

Here in this last sentence is found a key to the cause of many a second marriage. It is no uncommon thing for a dying wife to suggest a suitable successor, and numbers of instances could be given of death-bed requests which have influenced second unions. Hands have been brought together by the last effort of a dying partner, and the moment of departure made the crisis of a solemn betrothal.

One can hardly doubt the sincere desire of the one who exerts such influence to promote the happiness of those that are left, but the wisdom and unselfishness of it are open to grave question. It is so hard to refuse aught to the dying, so impossible for the dying to choose for the living and map out their future.

In my next anecdote I shall go back a number of years and tell of something which happened before I was born, but which is absolutely true.

In my native town, before the passing of the first Reform Bill, the daughters of free burgesses —or freemen, as they were called—possessed some peculiar privileges. Besides certain rights connected with large tracts of land—free education, etc., which they still possess—they conferred the Parliamentary suffrage on their husbands. So when a man married a burgess's daughter, he at once took the oath and became himself a free burgess, with power to vote at the next election.

There are conflicting accounts as to the reason why this special privilege was conferred, but two agree that Queen Elizabeth gave it. It is stated that, during one of her royal progresses, the Virgin Queen visited the ancient borough in question, and was scandalised at the number of spinsters in proportion to the inhabitants.

Though she might discourage matrimony, by example, in her own person, she disapproved of celibacy amongst the masses, and was led to inquire its cause in this instance. One chronicler states that the Queen was informed that, in consequence of the want of beauty in the ladies of that locality, bachelors sought wives elsewhere; so Elizabeth gave the power of conferring the suffrage as a partial compensation, and to induce the men to marry at home.

The other story runs that it was the bachelors who were in an immense majority, and this because the beauty of their townswomen caused them to be so much sought by the inhabitants of other places. Hence the feminine privilege bestowed, which would become of no avail should its possessor live elsewhere after marriage.

My own father, a native of another county, became possessed of all the privileges of a burgess through his marriage with my mother, and claimed the Parliamentary suffrage as such, apart from any other qualification, until after the passing of the first Reform Bill.

In those old times party spirit often ran extremely high—it has not *quite* died out yet—and very unjustifiable means were used for securing votes, preventing their being recorded—or for creating new ones, as the case might be.

Amongst others, what were called "Election marriages" were often solemnised, and if old tales are true, some of those who professed to be united until death should part them, never met again after they left the church. The following is true to the letter.

On one occasion the political fight was very keen, and it was thought a single vote might turn the scale. A young man was asked for his vote, and replied that he did not possess one.

"Are you not married?" asked the canvasser.

"No," replied the man.

"What a pity! Why, your vote would be worth —" the rest was said in a whisper, for in those days bribery was as common as votes, and few would now credit the prices paid for them.

The man's face fell as he listened. The sum named meant riches to him, and as to the right or wrong of taking a bribe he had never before been called upon to think.

The canvasser saw the effect produced by his words, and said, "Why not marry some one who can give you the vote? You have lived long enough in the place, and paid rates."

"I don't know anyone," replied the man.

"Then I will find you a wife; I know the right person, and the thing can be managed in time for you to take the oath and claim your vote."

The canvasser wrote down particulars, and arranged for the man to be at church at nine o'clock on the next day but one, when the bride and the licence would be ready.

The man kept the appointment, and was then and there married to a young woman, who was carried into the church, seated on an easy chair, by two stalwart bearers.

The bridegroom saw her face, which was by no means ill-favoured, and, as she stood or knelt during the ceremony, he did not concern himself about her having been carried into the church, especially as the chair bearers had departed, taking it with them.

When, however, it was necessary for the newly-married pair to leave the edifice the bridegroom found that his bride was lame, and usually walked with the help of a crutch. She had been carried to church lest he might refuse to marry her at the last moment if he discovered this fact, and the vote be lost in consequence.

"Are you lame, Lizzie?" he asked, when he found that the bride was unable to move without the support of a strong arm. "Are you lame, my dear?"

Some youngsters who had witnessed the marriage heard this question, and in after days were not slow to shout a repetition of it in the young woman's ears, when she came in sight leaning on her crutch.

Two men leaving work were passing along Oldham Street, Manchester, when they met a young girl. "If ever I marry, there goes my wife!" said one, and though hitherto he had not even spoken to the girl, he sought her out and married her.

A gentleman and his wife, with a troop of sons and daughters, arrived at a large Scotch hydro-

pathic institution simultaneously with a young man in deep mourning, and evidently in a state of great dejection. Dinner was just over, but it was again served for the new arrivals.

The solitary guest was placed exactly opposite to a very charming girl, one of the daughters aforesaid, and one of ten children. As the young man raised his eyes they rested on her face, and saw in it the living image of the young wife whom he had loved, and lost at the birth of their second child a few months before.

The girl had been deeply touched at the sight of the lonely traveller in his mourning garments, and at the moment he looked up, her beautiful, kind eyes were turned towards him with an expression of sympathy.

He always afterwards declared that the one look sealed his fate. At any rate, three months later the owner of those kind eyes became his wife.

It sometimes happens that persons receive impressions which are never effaced, and which end in matrimony after many days, though at the time no sign of any such intention may be manifested.

In 1809 two sisters were staying at Deptford. The elder was the wife of a naval officer, whose ship was in dock there for repairs, and the married couple, who had been separated for years by the exigencies of service during a time of war, were thankfully availing themselves of this opportunity and seeing as much as possible of each other.

The younger sister was unmarried, and extremely attractive in appearance and manners. She was at Deptford merely to be a companion to the other, during the many hours in the day when the husband was engaged elsewhere.

Naturally the married officer invited some of his friends to brighten the evenings spent in lodgings and far away from all ordinary acquaintances. One of these, Lieutenant Rowe, was the most frequent visitor, and was joked by his comrades about the fair sister of their friend's wife.

As a rule, Rowe said little in reply, but when one jester went too far he received a quiet rebuke for taking liberties with the lady's name, which he did not soon forget.

The parting came all too soon. The ship was ready, the captain bade his wife farewell, for how long he knew not, or even if they would meet again; and Lieutenant Rowe also bade adieu to the younger lady without even expressing a wish that he might see her at a future time.

Six years passed. The captain's wife was widowed, and had only the memory of her gallant husband left her. She had also lost her father in the time, so she had gone back to her girlhood's home, and was living with her mother and the sister who had been with her at Deptford, and who was still unmarried, though not for want of offers. Her mother was indeed indignant at her for refusing so many, and asked her if she expected a prince to seek her in marriage.

"You have been spoiled by choice," she said; and, using a homely illustration, she added, "You will 'go through the wood, and through the wood, and take a crooked stick at last.' Remember, you are nine-and-twenty."

"I am not likely to forget that," replied the daughter; "my glass reminds me of the fact every day. However, I am not waiting for a prince, and at present I am able to walk alone, so need neither straight stick nor crooked to lean upon."

Directly after this conversation came news of Waterloo, and then of peace amongst the nations.

Home came armies, ships, and sailors, and amongst them the young officer, now Captain Rowe. He had not set foot in England for six years, but even before visiting father or mother, he travelled northward to the town where dwelt his old friend's widow and her kindred.

They were a well-known family, and the captain's first question as he stepped from the coach was, "Is Miss Inglis living here still?"

Boots pocketed the stranger's handsome gratuity, and replied, "Yes, sir, and she is Miss Inglis yet, and likely to be, for she—"

But before the sentence came to an end the questioner was gone.

Captain Rowe had visited the place once before and knew his way. Without the needless expenditure of a minute, he hastened to the house and asked for Miss Inglis, who joined him immediately, having no idea whom she was going to meet.

If the Captain had appeared a laggard before, he redeemed his character with commendable promptitude. He saw that the fair face, which turned first red and then white, had in it both recognition and welcome, as he clasped her hand. So he told her how she alone had held the first-place in his heart from the time of their meeting at Deptford; but, with the prospect of an early departure and the chances of war before him, he had felt it would be wrong to fetter her in any way, so had made no sign. Now, with peace in prospect, an honourable position, and sufficient means, he came to tell his tale and hear his fate.

He was not kept in suspense, and it came out when the pair talked things over, that the image of Lieutenant Rowe had come between Miss Inglis and all subsequent suitors, and prevented any answer but a negative.

They were married without delay, and people said that theirs was a too-short engagement! But then outsiders did not know of the heart-compact made six years before.

I could point out to-day one of the happiest couples the world holds, who were engaged when the lady was eighteen and the gentleman only a few years older.

Were I to name the wife's maiden appellation, many a face would light up through its bringing pleasant memories of one whose whole influence during a long professional life was on the side of goodness and virtue. I had her love story from her own lips.

"F—— and I were engaged for twenty-one years, and during all that time never wavered in our faith in, or affection for, each other. People did not know of our engagement, for we were sure it must be of long continuance, and very often

report allotted us to very different individuals. One would say to F—— 'Do you know that Miss P—— is to be married shortly?' F—— would answer that he did not, and would smile quietly, and say to himself, 'Is she?' Then somebody would tell me that F—— was on the verge of matrimony, and name the lady to whom he was engaged. Then it was my turn to say to myself, 'Is he?' and to smile, as I thought how well our secret had been kept."

"But why did you wait so long?" I ventured to ask.

"Because we both resolved not to marry until we could retire into comparatively private life and hope for something like real domestic enjoyment. No doubt most people would think it was our own faults that we waited, but it was not. I began bread-winning for my family when I was a mere child, and I always had so many to care for. So at last we ran away, or we should never have been married at all."

It seemed amusing to think of running away after a twenty-one years' engagement, but she added,

"Something would have been certain to come in the way if we had made any formal arrangements, so F—— and I met at church without any companions. It was a dear, good man who married us, and the witnesses were chance ones, my solitary bridesmaid being an extremely ill-favoured and not very cleanly person who acted as pew-opener.

"After the ceremony I went in one direction, to a rehearsal, and F—— to give a singing lesson as usual. However, though our actual marriage took place so late, my husband and I had been of one heart and mind in all the most important matters for many a year. Now, in life's eventide, we enjoy such true happiness as few attain, and our union is as near perfection as anything on earth can be."

I will conclude this paper with a few words on long and short engagements.

The terms long and short are relative. Some short engagements might be called long when compared with others that are of far greater duration. For instance, the time between a proposal and marriage may be brief. Yet the contracting parties may have been most of their lives acquainted and familiar with each other's characters, circumstances, kindred, and surroundings. Others may have been engaged for many years, and yet so separated by distance, that personal intercourse might be reckoned by days only.

Outsiders are ready to condemn both. They rail at the selfishness of a man who, rather than bear the one sharp pang of immediate parting, will involve a girl in an engagement to which a satisfactory end seems hopeless, and allow her to waste her best years in waiting for the time which never comes.

On the other hand, they inveigh against indecent haste, because the actual engagement is a short one, sometimes ignoring the previous knowledge, which made it long by comparison. The parties concerned are the best able to judge as to the meaning of the terms long and short.

Jacob's love for Rachel appears to have been born at their first meeting, and yet their seven years' engagement "seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."

Tennyson makes his hero in "The Window" sing—

> "A year hence, a year hence,
> We shall both be grey;
> A month hence, a month hence,
> Far, far away.
>
> A week hence, a week hence,
> Ah, the long delay.
> * * *
> To-morrow, love, to-morrow,
> And that's an age away."

I could tell about a husband of many years' standing who, when marriage is talked of, always says, "I fell in love with my wife twelve months before I saw her."

Of course, people say, "Then you saw her likeness;" but he truthfully denies this, and leaves them puzzled.

I will add a last anecdote, told me by the chief actor himself, and which is highly characteristic of the individual.

"I had known Mary for many years, and I was aware of her value. I was not then the great manufacturer, but a poor man, working early and late, and fighting my way upward a hair's breadth at a time. So I just called at her home, and said to her, 'Mary, I am not come a-courting. I have no time for that. I am come a-marrying, and, if you are willing, I should like to have all finished in a month.' She was willing, but not in such a hurry as I was. A sensible lass lets a man understand that she is worth some waiting for. But in three months I had—and I have to-day—the best wife in England."

CHAPTER V.—THE ENDING WITH "AMAZEMENT."

MOST clergymen can tell amusing stories of the behaviour of matrimonial candidates during the last stage of unwedded life. It might be thought that, when the banns had been published, or the licence obtained things had gone too far for a change of mind. But this has not always proved to be the case, as, for instance, a man put in the banns and, when they had been twice published, went to the clergyman, a personal friend of my own, and asked if he might substitute the name of another girl for the one first entered, adding, by way of explanation, "I think she would suit me better in the long run."

On being told that the change could not be effected unless the first banns were withdrawn, others substituted, and fees paid a second time, also that the full interval including three Sundays must elapse before the marriage could be celebrated, the man hesitated.

"Do you mean to say, I should have to begin all over again?" he asked.

"Certainly," was the reply, "the banns must

be published three times in the names of the persons who are actually to be married."

"And must I pay all over again if I have the other girl?"

"Yes," said the clergyman.

"Well, I call that too bad."

The candidate for matrimony remained for some moments in a brown study, then broke out with, "Then I shall stick to the first girl. I'm not going to pay twice over for anybody."

He was married during the following week in accordance with this decision, evidently considering the proposed substitution would be too dear at the price of double fees. This did not say much for number two, as a would-be bridegroom is usually of all people most inclined to be liberal.

A lately ordained curate was one day marrying a couple after banns. The fees amounted to four and sevenpence halfpenny. The bridegroom handed two half-crowns to the minister and while his kindly face glowed, with the happy consciousness that he was doing the thing handsomely, remarked, "You can keep the change for yourself, young man."

The clergyman, being unwilling to hurt his feelings by a direct refusal of the odd coppers, quietly thanked him for his liberal intentions, then said, "All extras go to my rector, but I am sure he will be quite pleased if you put the change into the alms-box."

No, thank you. Our bridegroom recognised neither the rector nor the claims of the poor. He wished to do the liberal thing by the clergyman who had actually married him, and no one else.

With a look of mingled disappointment and surprise, he shook his head, dropped the odd coppers into his pocket—which he buttoned over in an expressive manner, as if to say, "You have lost your chance, but it is your fault, not mine"—and went his way, the richer by fourpence-halfpenny to begin his wedded life.

At the same church a woman had just signed the register on her second wedding day. For a moment or two she stood examining her autograph in a critical fashion, then remarked, softly, and rather as if she were thinking aloud, "This is the second time I have signed my name in this register as a bride. *I wonder if I shall ever sign it again!*"

The remark was so very suggestive that it was little wonder if husband number two looked rather uncomfortable on hearing it.

A clerical bridegroom, making a speech at his own wedding breakfast, was guilty of a similar slip. He had been twice married before, and after lauding the admirable qualities which distinguished his third selection, he gave a little pensive sigh, and, looking upward to the ceiling, said, "I have *already* two dear angels in heaven!"

In Mrs. Linnæus Banks' ably-written story, "The Manchester Man," an account is given of scenes which formerly took place at the old collegiate church which now does duty as a cathedral in that city.

Until within a very few years of the present time vast numbers of couples were married at what old Manchester folk still lovingly style "Th' owd church." Until the Manchester Rectory Division Bill came into full operation, which it did after the death of Humphrey Nicolls, the last person in whom special rights were vested, all individuals living within the boundaries of the ancient parish could claim to be married there. These boundaries enclosed a wide area, extending many miles beyond and around the city proper, and, as the old-church fees were lower than those charged perforce in the district churches, matrimonial candidates availed themselves of their privilege to a great extent.

The previous publishing of banns was always a peculiar feature in the cathedral morning service, and it was difficult for regular worshippers to suppress a smile as they noted the perplexed, wondering looks on the faces of any strangers present for the first time as the officiating clergyman went on and on with the names, male and female, in regular alternation, until it seemed that he would never come to an end.

The favourite wedding seasons were Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, on account of the brief holidays connected with them, Whissuntide, as Lancashire folk call it, standing first of all, because in Manchester it is *the* holiday time of the year. For three previous weeks the number of banns published was always very great, and the time taken in going through them, as rapidly as possible, added materially to the length of the service.

I remember that one year, over two hundred and sixty couples were "asked in church" on the same Sunday, and it excited the surprise and admiration of the congregation to note the speed at which a particular minor canon went through them, and without mistake. (He published his own on three successive Sundays, amid many others, with an unmoved countenance.)

Now, only a small residuary parish is attached to Manchester Cathedral and parish church, and only residents therein can be married there, and on the same terms as elsewhere. But on the Christmas Day before the Act alluded to came into operation, I witnessed one of these wholesale wedding ceremonials.

We had forgotten that service would begin at eleven instead of at half-past ten, as on Sundays, and consequently reached the cathedral at least thirty-five minutes too soon.

There was a long row of ordinary cabs and coaches in waiting, and the foremost driver, full of importance, called to us as we stood for a moment at the gate.

"If you think there'll be any service this morning, you'll be mistaken. There are about two hundred of 'em waiting to be married in yonder, and they'll never get 'em all done in time."

At this moment, a number of people in holiday costume streamed out. They were the twenty couples who had just been married, with their attendant friends, and we hastened into the church

that we might see the next twenty arranged in readiness for the ceremony to be re-commenced.

Two sets of twenty couples had already been disposed of, and about as many more were still to be united.

Book in hand, one of the officiating clergy began to call the names, whilst the clerk and vergers showed the candidates where to kneel and how to economise space as much as possible.

Those nearest were not in every case the first wanted, for the names were called in rotation as the banns had been entered, so some little time was occupied in sorting out the proper couples and arranging bridesmaids and best men behind.

Every now and then a laggard was adjured to hasten. "Now, Betsey Smith, *do* take your place. John Robinson, what are you staring about? Do come forward! Time is going, and it will be impossible to get through unless you pay attention!" and so on.

The candidates were usually a little bewildered, at being singled out of a crowd of expectant brides and grooms, but willing to come forward as soon as they understood that they were wanted. But there was one exception.

A sullen-faced girl whose cross expression of countenance made one wonder what possessed any man to choose such a mate, stood stock-still when her name was called. Her intended offered his arm, but was elbowed off, after which she deliberately turned her back upon him.

"Are you coming, James Brown?" rang through the choir, and the young man went forward alone and knelt down, casting appealing glances behind him, which, however, failed to move the bride, as well they might since her face was turned away.

"Come along wi' tha. What would t'a do?" said the bridesmaid, nudging Cross-face with her elbow. She was promptly elbowed back; but on finding that her intended would be compelled to yield his place, and the kneeling room left for herself would be filled by a more amiable-looking bride, the laggard thought better of it, and stepped forward towards the rails.

It was really wonderful that no mistakes were made when, after the general portion of the service had been gone through, the joining of individual couples in the holy bonds had to be proceeded with.

But the officiating clergy were well used to such wholesale weddings; the names were clearly written in the books, which they held to insure accuracy, and each couple's intention was properly carried out, order being well maintained, all things considered.

Service time came, and whilst the worshippers gathered in the nave, the last twenty couples or thereabouts were married before the then canonical hours came to an end, as the big clock struck twelve at noon.

Such wholesale weddings are now only memories in Manchester "Owd Church," but the scene I have described took place within the last dozen years. Wholesale christenings are still a great feature within its walls.

As these papers are supposed only to treat of marriage preliminaries and its actual celebration, we do not follow the newly-wedded couples to their homes. We only hope they "lived happy ever after"; but experience brings to mind many and varied pictures of married life. Some are so bright and beautiful, so entirely in accordance with the goodwill of the Creator towards mankind, that glad tears come into our eyes as we look on them and see how the heaven-ordained conditions are fulfilled, by such unions of hearts, aims, hopes, and life.

In other cases, all is sad and dark, and we grieve over the hopeless wreck of human lives and happiness.

Many a page might be filled with stories to prove that those who decide on matrimony should choose—

> "Not alone a proper mate,
> But proper time to marry."

No words could too strongly express the awful solemnity of the union which joins lives until death parts them.

In telling the various anecdotes which fill this and the preceding chapters, I have simply recorded facts to illustrate both the recklessness with which many couples enter on such solemn obligations, and the extraordinary circumstances which have brought them together. It will easily be understood that by far the larger number of these are related rather by way of warning than as models for imitation.

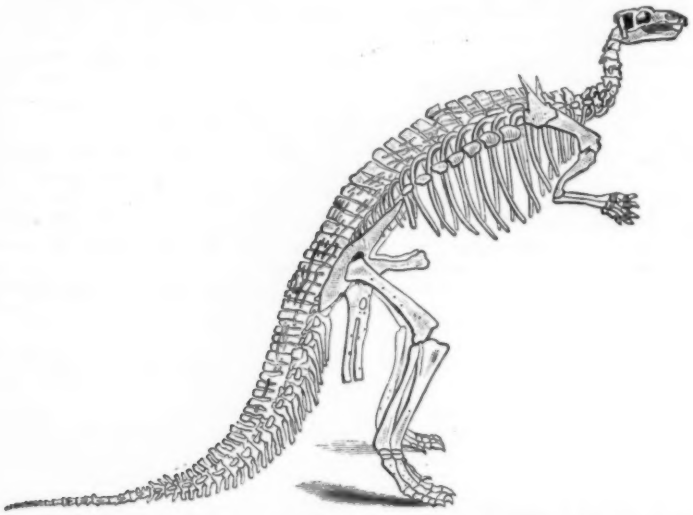
RUTH LAMB.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

PROGRESS IN PALÆONTOLOGY; THE AGE OF REPTILES.

Remains of the great land reptiles scientifically known as Dinosaurs, of which the familiar Iguanodons of our museums are a type, are by no means an uncommon "find" for the field geologist who lives in the Weald of Kent and Surrey, on the Dorsetshire Lias, or the Cambridge Greensand. From the first it has been the amateur geologists who have preceded the palæontologists, and have distinguished themselves by the discovery of the great fossil lizards, the "monstrous efts" and "dragons of the prime" of which the Poet-laureate sings. The finding of the first traces of the gigantic lizard known as Iguanodon was the achievement of a lady amateur. It was in Tilgate Forest, Sussex, that Mrs. Mantell found the remains of an animal which, three years later, was recognised and named by Dr. Mantell after the analogy of the small iguanas of the present day. Its length from snout to end of tail has been estimated at upwards of forty feet. Among the many field geologists whose discoveries have contributed to the advent of science, there are not a few still living who have been shown by the late Mr. Bensted, of Maidstone, the place in his famous Kentish rag-stone quarry, where, in 1834, he discovered the splendid specimen which is now in the British Museum, fitly named *Iguanodon Mantelli*. Dr. Mantell, it hardly needs to be said, was one of the most enthusiastic of amateur geologists, and an admirably picturesque writer, as his "Medals of Creation," and numerous other early geological classics, from the same graceful pen remain to testify.

The only known example of the almost entire skeleton of a Dinosaur which has hitherto been obtained from English sedimentary rocks has been recently mounted and placed in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. In a glass case which permits a view of both sides, it forms one of the chief treasures of the unrivalled gallery of fossil reptiles in that museum. Its discovery was a triumph of persistent and prolonged effort. It was secured piecemeal during a series of years by Mr. J. Harrison, an ardent amateur geologist, from the Lower Lias of Charmouth, Dorsetshire. In the first instance, Mr. Harrison obtained from excavations a hind limb which evidently belonged to a very large reptile, and later on a skull lacking only the extremity of the muzzle. These specimens were submitted to Sir Richard Owen, who subsequently described them as belonging to an herbivorous reptile, closely allied by its dentition to the Iguanodons. Sir Richard named it, in honour of its discoverer, *Scelidosaurus Harrisoni*. Stimulated by the extreme interest aroused by the discovery of this skull, Mr. Harrison continued his excavations on the spot where it had been obtained, and was eventually rewarded by finding the whole of the remainder of the skeleton, with the exception of most of the vertebræ of the neck.



THE GREAT FOSSIL LIZARD : A RESTORATION IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. LENGTH, 11 FEET

The difficulties in the way of its extraction were considerable. The skeleton had become almost one with the rock in which it was embedded. It was extracted in several blocks, and these, after careful development of the bones, were fitted together so as to enable the whole skeleton to be

exhibited. As reconstructed, the animal is about eleven feet in length.

This reptile, as will be seen by a glance at the backbone in the illustration, was clad in heavy spinous armour, having lateral rows of thick, bony scutes and spines on each side, which extended down the back like a *cheveaux-de-frise*, and also along the tail. In other members of the group this spiny armour was still more remarkably developed, specimens from the Isle of Wight being in this respect among the most notable examples of these old dragons.

It will be noticed that there is a great disparity between the fore and hind limbs of Scelidosaurus. The fore limbs were very short, so that it is almost certain that it did not make use of them constantly for progression on the ground; it could readily raise itself into an upright position, the weight of its body being counterbalanced by its long and ponderous tail, although it was far too bulky for the kind of locomotion adapted by the kangaroo.

The skeleton, as now shown, is considered to be a good example of the progress which has been made of late years, in the very difficult art of palæontological restoration, although the absence of the cervical vertebræ has reduced the length of the neck, and brought the head too near the shoulder girdle. It is, in fact, much more complete than the well-known and admirably mounted Bernissart Iguanodons, which in their glass cases confront the visitor to the Brussels Museum. For the encouragement of field geologists in our own island, it may be added that in a few places similar reptilian remains have been disinterred in such numbers as to show how much more knowledge may yet be acquired from the fortunate discovery of like accumulations. Thus from the Cambridge Greensand—a bed only about one foot in thickness—there have been exhumed several species of the marine Plesiosaurus, six species of Icthyosaurus, ten species of the winged flying lizard known as Pterodactylus—one of them having a spread of wing amounting to twenty-five feet—three species of Mososaurus (estimated to have had a length of seventy-five feet), in addition to a great land lizard, and several birds of the same geological age.

REFINEMENTS IN SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS; MR. BOYS' TORSION THREADS.

The improved apparatus invented by Mr. C. V. Boys, F.R.S., for determining the mass of the earth and the mutual attraction of small masses, and measuring with certainty and accuracy forces so small that in no ordinary way could their existence be detected, has already been noticed in these pages.[1] The advances in minute weighings and measurings in which the inventor has distinguished himself have been chiefly due to his discovery of a new material for the fine threads used in suspending the balance employed in the experiment. Hitherto, progress in this branch of physical science has been limited by the thickness and "torsion" of the wire or thread used in suspension, the torsion being the force by which a thread or wire resists a twist, or by which it tends to return to its original state on being twisted.

The common conception of fineness in threads or hairs may well be contrasted with the filaments which Mr. Boys has now introduced into scientific and practical use, and which he has recently described in a valuable lecture at the Royal Institution. A human hair is generally spoken of as if it were very fine; but copper wire is made much finer—only a little over one-thousandth of an inch in thickness. Ordinary spun glass, a most beautiful material, is also about one-thousandth of an inch in thickness, and would appear to be an ideal torsion thread, inasmuch as, owing to its very great strength, it can carry much heavier loads than would have been expected of it. It has every good quality but one: it is deficient in elasticity. In these circumstances, silk fibres have hitherto been used in all the most exact instruments. Silk is very strong, carrying at the rate of ten to twenty tons to the square inch. But the torsion of silk, though exceedingly small, is quite sufficient to upset the working of any delicate instrument, because it is never constant. Hence the physicist reaches a dead-lock. A more perfect suspension of his weighing or measuring apparatus has long since been found necessary.

The threads or fibres used by Mr. Boys are of quartz. A rod of this substance is melted, and the filaments drawn out in the oxyhydrogen jet.[1] Mr. Boys has recently been giving an account of the delicate work these fine fibres have enabled him to accomplish. He showed upon the screen a quartz fibre no more than one five-thousandth of an inch in thickness. He also showed a single thread or line spun by the common garden spider; by its side he then placed a quartz fibre of far greater fineness; indeed it was only possible to see a diffraction phenomenon caused by the unseen filament, for no true image of the object is formed at all; but even this was a conspicuous object in comparison with its tapering ends, which it is absolutely impossible to trace in a microscope. Mr. E. M. Nelson had, however, succeeded in photographing that which it is impossible for the microscope to see. It is probable that we here have a quartz fibre so incredibly fine as one-millionth of an inch in diameter. By the side of such an extremely attenuated fibre the finest known thread ever spun by spider appears as a coarse piece of string. Mr. Boys has made artificial webs and lines such as those of the geometrical spider, and has found that the female spider (who is the web-spinner) repeatedly failed to climb the fine lines of quartz he put before her, and finally gave up the task.

Now for the practical uses of the discovery. Coming to such threads as can be used in instruments, Mr. Boys has actually employed threads one ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter. Fortunately, in such threads the question of torsion

[1] "Leisure Hour" for July, page 496, "The Royal Society's Soirée."

[1] The process has already been described in the "Leisure Hour," *vide* volume for 1887, page 568, "Competing with the Spider's Web."

finds a most satisfactory solution; it is 10,000 times less than that of spun glass.

But it might be asked, What is the strength and carrying power of such extremely attenuated and almost invisible threads, especially in experiments where weights such as beams and balances have to be suspended from them? The answer is more than satisfactory. As these quartz fibres are made finer, their strength increases in proportion to their size. It surpasses that of ordinary bar-steel; it reaches—to use the language of engineers—as high a figure as eighty tons to the inch. Quartz fibres of ordinary size have a strength of fifty tons to the inch. Not only do they possess this exceptional strength, they are not liable to the fatigue which makes spun glass useless. When twisted, they easily come back to their true place again.

A description of the many purposes for which fine threads are required by the physicist would be impossible in a brief space, but they may be shortly indicated. In almost all investigations which the physicist carries on in the laboratory, he has to deal with and to measure with accuracy those subtle and, to our senses, inappreciable forces of the so-called laws of Nature. He may be observing by an electrometer the behaviour of electricity at rest; he may be investigating with Mr. Crookes the behaviour of radiant matter in a vacuum exhausted to the sixteen-millionth of an atmosphere, or with the famous experiment of Cavendish he is finding the mass of the earth—weighing in a pair of scales this huge globe on which we live. The very existence of the physicist depends on the power he possesses of producing at will, and by artificial means, forces against which he balances those he wishes to measure.

Mr. Boys' most eminent success in the use of his quartz fibres as torsion-threads is seen in his improved Cavendish experiment for weighing the earth.[1] Since the experiment was noticed in these pages he has been able greatly to reduce the size of the apparatus. The leaden balls weighing several hundredweight each are now replaced with balls weighing only 1¾ lb., and the six-foot beam is replaced by one that will swing round freely in a tube three-quarters of an inch in diameter, the beam, of course, being suspended by a quartz fibre. With this microscopic apparatus Mr. Boys can obtain an effect eighteen times as great as that given by the apparatus of Cavendish. In the presence of an audience at the Royal Institution he was able to show, by means of a mirror, the most infinitesimal experiment in gravitation which has yet been exhibited—the attraction of balls weighing 1¾ lb. upon smaller balls weighing only fifteen grains. On concluding the experiment he remarked, "I will only say that the motion you have seen is the effect of a force less than one ten-millionth of the weight of a grain, and that with this apparatus I can detect a force two thousand times smaller still. There would be no difficulty in showing the attraction between two No. 5 shot."

So delicate was the experiment even with the larger Cavendish apparatus with the six-foot beam and the large leaden balls, that it had to be conducted in cellars and underground places because changes of temperature produced greater effects than those of gravity. The success of the far more delicate experiment before a public audience is notable evidence of Mr. Boys' progress in the science of the "infinitely little."

[1] "Leisure Hour" for July, page 496.

RECENT ASTRONOMY.—ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.—NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF NEBULÆ.

One of the most delicate and difficult problems of astronomy is that of the connection between nebulæ and the stars apparently contained in them, or, at least, in the same line of sight. Is the connection a physical one, or is the association purely optical, with no genetic or dynamic relationship? A paper recently read by Dr. Huggins before the Royal Society seems to supply the answer in the case of one of the most important and familiarly known of these great gas clouds—viz., the great nebula in Orion.[1] Dr. Huggins has lately returned to the work which he so successfully described in the year 1882 with regard to the photographic spectrum of the Orion nebula. In his latest photograph of this enormous and grand gaseous body he finds, in addition to the spectra of the gas itself, the continuous spectra due to the two of the four bright stars of the Trapezium, which fell simultaneously upon the slit of the spectroscope. Across these continuous spectra at least four groups of bright lines, he says, can be seen, of which the greater number can be traced into the nebula for some little distance from the Stella spectra. Upon this Dr. Huggins remarks: "It is scarcely necessary to state the importance of this observation, as showing that these stars of the Trapezium are not merely optically connected with the nebula, but are physically bound up with it, and are very probably condensed out of the gaseous matter of the nebula." In his preface to the important paper which mentions this discovery the writer does justice to the valuable co-operation of Mrs. Huggins, who, he says, has not only assisted generally in the work, but has repeated independently the delicate observations made by eye."

Mr. Common, of Ealing, and Mr. Isaac Roberts, of Liverpool, have distinguished themselves as the founders of what will doubtless be a great English school of astronomical photographers, more especially as regards the physical appearance and general structure and extent of the nebulæ, as distinguished from the chemical composition of these bodies, to which Dr. Huggins so successfully devotes himself. Mr. Roberts's wonderful and original revelation of the spiral character of the Andromeda nebula has already been referred to in these pages. His achievements during the present year have been his photographs of (1) the nebula 81 Messier in Ursa Major, in which, as in Andromeda, he has been the first to recognise the spiral structure, although it

[1] For an account of the Orion nebula, with woodcut illustrations, see "Leisure Hour" for 1886, page 565.

was examined in 1874 with Lord Ross's six-foot reflector; (2) the spiral nebula in Canum Venaticorum (51 Messier); and (3) the dumb-bell nebula in Vulpecula (27 Messier), in which also new and important details have been made out. Lastly, Mr. Roberts's photograph of the great nebula in Orion, taken during the present year, far surpasses even that of Mr. Common in the results obtained, although the scale of his photographs is smaller. Up to the present time photography as applied to the heavenly bodies has more than satisfied the claim made for it on the occasion of Mr. Common's first achievement in this direction; and the science is yet young.

Varieties.

Chatsworth Bananas in Polynesia.

The veteran missionary, Dr. George Turner, long resident in the Samoan Islands, has given a most interesting account of the first introduction and wide spread of the banana, called by botanists *Musa*, species of Cavendishi, in the islands of the Pacific. It must be very gratifying to the ancient Duke of Devonshire to read this report of the result of the kind gift from Chatsworth. Mr. Turner says:—

"Before leaving England in 1838, John Williams, the martyr of Eromanga, received many expressions of kindly interest in his mission work from his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and among these were some cases of plants, carefully selected and packed at Chatsworth to be taken in the missionary ship to the island of the Pacific. It is not generally known the large extent to which missionaries have introduced new plants, and additions to the food of native tribes in the Pacific and elsewhere.

"Before leaving the Samoan Islands, a week or two before he was killed on Eromanga, in 1839, Mr. Williams put on shore at the harbour of Apia one of the cases from Chatsworth, the contents of which were apparently dead from long exposure on board ship. When I reached Samoa in 1841 I saw that case, and close by it, a fine banana plant growing. This was from a bulb which was found at the bottom of the box, still containing the germ of life.

"This plant was watched in the garden of Mr. Mills, the missionary, with no small interest by the natives, and soon their curiosity rose to amazement, when they saw that it commenced to bear while yet only about five feet high, and that the very first bunch weighed close upon 100 lb. The Samoans had already upwards of thirty species of banana, but this new one far excelled them all. The neighbouring chiefs begged Mr. Mills for some of the new shoots, and soon they spread from village to village.

"On my second voyage to our outstations in Western Polynesia in 1845, and in our missionary barque, 'John Williams,' I got a number of plants of this rare banana packed in a large iron pot, and fastened up on the crosstrees away from the waves and spray. At each of the larger islands visited on our cruise, I sent on shore one or more of the plants. When I visited these places again in 1848 the new banana was greatly prized, and fast spreading; and again, when I was there in 1859, '63, and '82, there was hardly any other banana brought on board ship, or to be seen on shore. When I was last in Sydney, I saw a cart passing along laden with great bunches of this very banana from a Fiji steamer just arrived. They are now spread over Eastern, Central, and Western Polynesia, and all have come from that one bulb which went out from Chatsworth in 1838. It is called the Chinese banana, and is known in botany as the *Musa Cavendishi*, having been introduced to Chatsworth from China by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire in 1829, and can be seen in the conservatory there, as I had the pleasure of doing lately.

"The great value and rapid spread of the banana in the Pacific has become quite proverbial. I have heard native orators, for instance, in speaking of the rapid spread of Christianity, comparing it to that wonderful plant, and well they may do so. In the early part of the century the Gospel first took root on Tahiti, and now it covers and gladdens Eastern, Central, and, to a large extent, Western Polynesia as well, with an aggregate of 600,000 converts from heathenism, and of these 60,000 at least in full communion with the Mission Churches. It is destined still to spread through the Papuan and Malayian Archipelago, until, in the not distant future, the missionaries of Polynesia shall unite stations and shake hands with their brethren in India, China, and Japan.'

Belgravia Sixty Years Ago.—Up to 1826 the site of the present Belgravia was a swamp called "The Five Fields," intersected by mud-banks, and presenting only a few sheds. The soil retained so much water that no one would build there. The fields were the terror of foot passengers who had to travel between London and Chelsea after nightfall. No one ever imagined that on such a swamp there would ever be a vast and densely-peopled district of the metropolis, and on part of it the palatial residences of Grosvenor-place and Belgrave-square. It is said that George IV, on the day of his coronation, being warned not to return home by the way he went to the Abbey, as the mob was ready to attack him, escaped from Westminster by this unknown route. One of the officers of the escort, Lieutenant (afterwards Lord) de Ros, who had been a Westminster schoolboy, piloted the royal carriage through the back slums of Tothill Fields, and thence past Millbank, through a squalid and unfrequented region, to the Five Fields, from which, by Constitution Hill, they reached the back door of Carlton House, at eleven o'clock at night. Many remarkable details about the rise of the Grosvenor family are given in the book, by the Duchess of Cleveland, on the Battle Abbey Roll. Grosvenor is not a name in that Roll, though of Norman origin. *Grosveneur* was probably the nickname of a huntsman, from the personal bulk of its bearer, not from the dignity of his office, which would have made Grand Veneur. By a marriage with the daughter of Mr. Davies, of Ebury, in Middlesex, a Sir Richard Grosvenor obtained the fields, now the site of Grosvenor-square and adjacent streets. A nephew of this Sir Richard became Viscount Belgrave, and his descendant is now Duke of Westminster.

A Bulky Periodical.—Quite recently we noticed in the "Leisure Hour" a monster book in the form of a publisher's catalogue, and now we have before us what is, perhaps, the largest number of a periodical that has ever been published. It is the Paris Exhibition number of "Engineering," dealing chiefly with the Eiffel Tower. It has altogether 220 pages, of which 136 consist of advertisements only, the remaining 84 pages being given to illustrated and descriptive matter relating to great engineering feats. The weight of this shilling's-worth, with its wrapper, is two and a quarter pounds, and, because the magazine is registered as a newspaper, was sent to subscribers through the post at a cost of a halfpenny.

False Quantities in Quotations of Latin.—There are many notable instances of blunders made by great men in quoting Latin. Burke, in one of his famous orations, clinched an argument on financial economy, by giving the familiar proverb, *magnum vectigal est parsimonia*. A roar of laughter followed the pronunciation of vectīgal with the *i* short. Burke took the criticism of this blunder good-humouredly, and said that the sentiment was so important that he would give it over

again. Possibly he did not know why the House had laughed, for out it came again, *magnum vectigal est parsimonia*. When Wellington gave the usual Latin address on his inauguration as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he pronounced Jacōbus short, misled probably by the familiar words Jacōbite and Jacōbin. He suspected that he had made a false quantity, and soon after coming to Carolus, he thought he would be right this time, and laid emphasis on Carōlus. The double blunder caused much merriment among the ingenuous youths and learned doctors in the Theatre. Dr. Chalmers, in a memorable speech during a discussion on introducing Poor Laws into Scotland, startled the audience, at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association, by his strenuous enforcement of the maxim, *Divīde et impera*, pleading for the reduction of parochial districts to manageable size. The titter at the false quantity being mistaken for depreciation of his argument. he thundered it out again, "Yes, I say *divide (de-vee-de) et impera*."

Soldiers from the Isle of Skye. — About the year 1848 a War Office return was prepared, under the direction of Sir John Macdonald, then adjutant-general, in which it was stated that Skye had furnished to the service 21 lieutenant and major-generals, 45 lieutenant-colonels, 600 majors, captains, and subaltern commissioned officers, 10,000 privates and non-commissioned officers, and 120 pipers, all to Highland regiments. Of the generals there were 8 Macdonalds, 5 Macleods, 2 Macallisters, 2 Maccaskills, 1 Mackinnon, 1 Elder, and 1 Macqueen. The island had then also supplied 1 governor-general, 1 adjutant-general, 1 chief baron of England, and 1 judge of the Supreme Court in Scotland. The list would be greatly enlarged now, but the recruiting for the Highland regiments can no longer be counted on to the same extent, as so many of the people have been driven to emigrate by the clearances for sheep-walks and deer forests. The same remark applies with greater force to Sutherlandshire.

Emperor William II of Germany.—All that passed during the Emperor's visit to England increased the good opinion as to his ability and character. Just before his visit to the Queen he had been on a Norwegian tour, in the accounts of which the following note incidentally occurs:—"The German Emperor telegraphs to the Empress from every place at which the yacht touches. His Majesty spends his time very quietly, and is taking, as far as possible, a holiday from State cares. On Sundays the crew of the Imperial yacht is drawn up on the quarter-deck for church parade; and, in front of a provisional altar, covered with the war ensign of the German navy, the Kaiser himself reads, in a loud voice, a sermon, and concludes the simple service with some collects and the Lord's Prayer." The Empress went to Willemshaus to meet him on his return from the northern tour, and in four days after the Emperor set out for England.

Illustrious Woodcutters.—"Sixty years ago," wrote Bishop Gleig to a friend, "when I was in all the vigour of authorship, I took, like Mr. Gladstone, to cutting wood, with, however, the difference that, instead of felling trees, I devoted an hour every day to cutting up trees, or portions of trees already felled, into firewood. I believe that I owed to this practice no slight measure of the strong constitution which has carried me on to the beginning of my ninetieth year." The venerable chaplain-general died in 1888 at the age of ninety-two.

Millet's "Angelus."—Mr. James Sutton, on behalf of the American Art Association, paid 580,650fr. for Millet's "Angelus." Millet received 1,800fr. for the picture. Of the sum obtained by exhibiting it for two days after the recent sale, 2,000fr. has been forwarded to his widow at Barbizon. Thus has ended the excitement about the picture which France was at one time determined never to part with.

Sir Richard Temple on Voluntary and Board Schools.—The London School Board has been fortunate in obtaining the services of old Indians of great administrative experience and ability, such us the late Lord Lawrence and Sir Richard Temple. In a debate on the proposed revision of the Government Code of Rules, Sir Richard Temple spoke with impartial candour of the two systems which sometimes are made to appear antagonistic. "The voluntary system," he said, "was well deserving of the support of Parliament. It was a patriotic effort unknown to any other country. It saved a vast amount of money to the public exchequer, as well as to local taxation, and the nation was deeply indebted to the voluntary system, for it was the nation who benefited by its operation. The comments that had been made upon the expenditure of the London School Board were, in his opinion, perfectly just. The Board were undoubtedly spending too much money, but, at the same time, the question was between the School Board and the ratepayers; and if the ratepayers choose to elect a Board which would spend money right and left, they must take the consequences."

The Iron Duke.—The sobriquet of the "Iron Duke" came to the great Duke of Wellington thus. A Liverpool firm was the first in England to build an iron steamer for ocean traffic, and then gave it the name of the Iron Duke. The title caught the public eye, and was almost immediately afterwards applied to our great soldier.—*Bishop Gleig.*

Fisheries in Irish Seas.—It is scarcely credible, but is nevertheless a fact, that the Irish import all the cured herrings they require for their own consumption, though they actually send a large proportion of what they take to to the Scotch markets, where the curing is done. It is not at all unlikely, in fact, that they get their own fish back when smoked, after having paid the double carriage on them which the journey backwards and forwards entails. It is strange, too, that Irish fishermen never think of even attempting to net the enormous shoals of pilchards that visit the Irish coasts year after year.

The Book of Kells.—Mr. Ruskin lately presented to the Cork High School for Girls some valuable books, including his "Stories of Venice," and a variety of interesting objects, among which was a hand-painted ornament, consisting of two panels from the Book of Kells. Of this book, famous in Art and in history, an account is given, with illustrations, in the "Sunday at Home" for August.

Voting by Electricity.—An ingenious French electrician has invented a machine for use in the Chamber of Deputies and other assemblies, by which much time and trouble would be saved in making divisions. Instead of calling a roll, or going into different "lobbies," each member would be enabled to touch the handle of a machine in front of his desk, the right handle registering "Aye," and the left handle "No," boths handles simultaneously touched indicating abstention from voting. The results are printed by means of electromagnets, and are visible at a glance. A favourable report has been made of the invention, but it has not yet come into use.

Bishop Barry on Education in Australia.—Dr. Barry, formerly Principal of King's College, London, and who has since been Bishop of Sydney and Metropolitan of Australia, presided at the distribution of prizes this year at his old college. He spoke of the pleasure it gave him to recall sixteen years of work in King's College. He was glad to be able to testify how great, how arduous, and how useful were its labours in the cause of higher education. Alluding to his experiences in Australia, Bishop Barry spoke of the remarkable progress being made there in education, not only in its elementary and intermediate, but also in its most advanced branches. Education was foremost in the minds of all interested in the welfare of the colonies, and, to show how liberally the great teaching institutions were supported, he would mention that, apart from munificent State aid, the University of Sydney had, during the five years he was there, received private support to the amount of £200,000.

American Agricultural Resources.—At the Paris Exhibition one of the most complete and practically useful displays was that made by the Government of the United States of the agricultural resources of the Republic. To Great Britain more than to any other country was this display fraught with important information. The whole was based on a scientific plan, intended by means of illustrations, charts, models, and specimens of produce to instruct as to the

methods and processes of cultivating, harvesting, and preparing each particular product for the market. In illustration, it may be stated that while in 1880 there were owned in the State of Texas 4,000,000 head of cattle; at the close of 1888 this number had increased to 6,336,000. Texas is cited as being the largest cattle-producing State in the Union, though it is but one out of forty-two States. To compare with the number just given, it is worthy of note that, according to the Agricultural Returns for 1888, the total number of cattle in the whole of Great Britain was 6,129,375, which is exceeded by the number in Texas alone. The meat industry is represented at Paris by several firms, who show packed and cured meats of various kinds which have all been successfully conveyed across the ocean—some having even travelled a distance of over five thousand miles—by means of refrigerator cars upon American railways, and by cold storage upon Transatlantic steamers. Both in the United States and in France the State organisation is far in advance of what has been done by the Government of this country. More systematic efforts for procuring as well as publishing information will be secured by the establishment of the Board of Agriculture in England. Till now we have chiefly had to depend on private enterprise for such missions as that which was lately reported in the following announcement: "The French Ministry of Agriculture sent over a deputation to this country for the purpose of inspecting the new cross-bred wheats at Messrs. Carter's trial grounds at Forest Hill. The deputation consisted of M. Emile Schribaux, Directeur de la Station d'essais de Semeuses a l'Institut National Agronomique, and M. Alfred Gérard. They expressed themselves as very pleased with what they saw, and ordered a collection of the wheats on behalf of the French Government."

Sir Provo W. Parry Wallis, G.C.B.—The oldest Admiral of the Fleet (of whom there are six, besides the Prince of Wales, Honorary) is Sir Provo Wallis. The others are Sir Henry Keppel, Sir Thomas Symonds, Sir Alexander Milne, Sir Geoffrey Hornby. Sir Provo Wallis is in his 98th year. He first went to sea the year before Trafalgar. He was in the famous duel between the English Shannon and the American Chesapeake, off Boston. Captain Broke being wounded, Wallis brought the Shannon and her prize to England, and was made Commander. He was made Vice-Admiral in 1857.

Bees in America.—It is estimated that in the United States there is a total of 3,000,000 colonies of bees, annually yielding 120,000,000 lb. of honey. The value of this annual product, at an average price of 15 cents per lb., ranges from £3,000,000 to £4,000,000 in value, and the annual production of wax is calculated to be worth £200,000.

Our Volunteers.—That a quarter of a million of men, young, able-bodied, and willing, should be allowed to spend their time and energy, and even cash, to be but half efficient, is a miracle of waste and absurdity. To Englishmen they are a method of delusion, and to any enemy an invitation to invade a people capable of the egregious folly of leaving the flower of their youth and manhood in such a condition of unpreparedness. At once there should be preparation for the full equipment of an army of four hundred thousand men—horse, foot, artillery, and commissariat, and military train, with known responsible commanders, and with every readiness for an unexpected, swift emergency. Were this done, what nation, or what group of nations, would pretend to invade us? Without this our Volunteers would be only food for powder, and the nation that should trust itself to such defenders would be self-betrayed.—*Quarterly Review.*

Soldiers and Police.—Lord Wolseley, in his notable speech in the Sheldonian Theatre, in Oxford, expressed his regret that the army was not composed of the same picked class of men as our police. He said: "If they paid the soldiers as they paid the police a soldier would feel that the greatest punishment he could be subjected to would be to be discharged. He was glad to say, however, that they did not even now largely discharge men for bad conduct, but necessity obliged them to take all those who offered themselves as recruits as long as they came up to a fixed physical standard of height and measurement. If the army were made—owing to the inducements it offered—as acceptable to the English people as service in the police was, they would always have, as in the metropolitan force, a number of young men waiting for vacancies to enlist. He was not even certain that financially this increase of pay would materially add to the annual cost of their army. It would certainly bring with it many economies in the expense of recruiting, in the maintenance of hospitals, in the cost of sending home annually from the uttermost parts of the earth the immature lads whose health broke down from climate, and in the pensions of those whose health had been permanently injured thereby. Surrounding the soldier at this moment there were many items of annual expense which would be saved if they obtained their recruits as men were obtained for the police and for railways. But even admitting that such a system would increase the sum annually voted for the army he was positive that it would be a wise course to adopt. He did not say they could afford to do with a small army, but it would render their very small standing army a far better and more formidable and effective military machine than at present. He wished it to be clearly understood that he did not think their present army was badly behaved or less efficient than it used to be. Since the days of Cromwell they had never had an army so free from crime as ours was at this present epoch. If they asked him to prove this he could not do so better than by stating to them the one fact that our military prisons were now more than half empty."

Bock Beer.—The origin of this drink, now as familiar in French cafés as in any German gasthaus, is from the goat or *bock* being a common sign over beer taverns in Germany.

Errata.—On page 105, line 27, of column 2, for *Curwen* read *Curran;* also on page 647, line 45, of column 2, for *thousand* read *million.*

Rechabites and Oddfellows.—In a recent lecture at Gresham College, Dr. E. Symes Thompson, Gresham Professor of Medicine, stated, in proof of the advantages of abstinence from alcoholic drinks, that longevity and health are greatly promoted by strict temperance. He showed, by tables and statistical returns, that among the Rechabites, a teetotal organisation, the average sickness per annum is only four days, while among the Oddfellows, a majority of whom are not abstainers, the average is thirteen days. The deaths among Rechabites average 1 in 141, among Oddfellows 1 in 44; and the weekly insurance payments of the Rechabites are 5*s.* 9½*d.* for the same benefits for which the Oddfellows pay 13*s.* 1*d.*

British Museum.—Although the whole of that portion of the national collection pertaining to natural history has been removed to the magnificent edifice at South Kensington, the new buildings in the Cromwell Road, and all that they contain, still form part of the "British Museum." But in using that time-honoured and historic word, the thoughts naturally turn to the old site in Great Russell Street, where the books, coins, antiquities, and various objects of art have their permanent abode. In noticing the last annual report of the trustees, a leading article in the "Times" contains the following eloquent passage:—"The British Museum has grown in the past half-century to be a treasure-house overflowing with attractions. Human intelligence has created nothing of which precious relics are not there to be found. For it the Pharaohs lived magnificently, and were buried gloriously. For it Assyrian monarchs adorned their thrones with alabaster lions, and carved their proud inscriptions. Phidias and Praxiteles moulded into shape for it their loveliest fancies. Queen Artemisia mourned her dead husband that Bloomsbury might enshrine the sumptuous proofs of her grief. For it Diana was splendidly worshipped at Ephesus. Cunning medallists designed and wrought for it their exquisite Greek and Roman coins. Etruscan modellers shaped for it their urns, and Venetian glass-makers their Murano goblets. Bushmen, Chinamen, Japanese, Australasian aborigines, Bactrian Kings, Aztecs, Celts, all phases of human wit and energy, through the long series of ages, down to English water-colour artists of the present century, have contributed to make the British Museum the most variously assorted, the

vastest, and the most fascinating miscellany of marvels of which the liveliest imagination could ever have conceived the existence."

Jews' Free School.—At the annual award of scholarships and distribution of prizes at the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields, under the presidency of Lord Rothschild, the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, Delegate Chief Rabbi, mentioned that he had lately been presented by Mrs. Matthew Arnold with a copy of the "Reports on Elementary Schools, from 1852 to 1882," and written by her late husband. In one of the reports, bearing the date of 1856, Mr. Arnold, speaking of schools which had been transformed by additions and improvements, observed, "Amongst these last it is but just to mention the great Jews' Free School, in the improvement of which no cost and no pains have been spared, and which has now been reconstituted on a scale worthy of its wide sphere of usefulness." If, continued Dr. Adler this was true of their school in 1856, how much more did it apply to the school as at present constituted. It is computed that the number of Jews in that part of the metropolis is not far from 60,000, and it would be well to consider what would have become of their fellow-religionists had there not been the Jews' Free School to Anglicise and humanise them, and to transform them into loyal Englishmen and loyal Englishwomen. It is one of the best managed schools in London.

Charles Darwin's First Studies as a Naturalist.—A London magazine lately gave personal statements from notable men of the "books that had influenced them." Of more interest than most of the cases there given, is what we read in the life of Charles Darwin. During his last year at Cambridge, he read with care and profound interest Humboldt's "Personal Narrative." "This work, and Sir J. Herschel's 'Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy,' stirred up in me a burning zeal to add even the most humble contribution to the noble structure of natural science. No one or a dozen other books influenced me nearly so much as these two."

English Sporting Tourists in Africa.—Dr. Livingstone, in his book on the Zambesi, gives an amusing account of the nervous proceedings of English tourists who occasionally visit the camps and stations of missionaries in Africa: "An Englishman, possessed of a gun, which had the ugly trick of going off itself, came up the Zambesi in a canoe manned by natives. He scarcely knew another word of the language than the verb 'to kill.' The gun, as was its wont, accidentally went off close to the head of one of the party, who, before going to sleep, expressed his fears to his comrades that this unlucky gun might 'kill' some of them. Our hero caught the word, and spent the whole night revolver in hand, ready to punish the treachery which existed only in his own excited brain. This adventure he afterwards published in a newspaper as a terrible situation, a hairbreadth escape, from bloodthirsty savages. Another British lion, having to travel some two hundred miles in a canoe, and being unable to speak a word of the language, thought it clever to fire off all the barrels of his revolver every time his canoe-men proposed to land during the livelong day. The torrid sun right overhead was at its hottest. The poor fellows made signs they wished to purchase some beer. Off went the revolver, 'No, no, no; paddle you must.' This madness, as described to us by himself, was evidently thought clever. Another, whose estimate of himself and that formed of him by a tribe he visited did not at all coincide, after complaining at a public meeting of the untruthfulness of a previous traveller to whom that same tribe had shown distinguished kindness and respect, stated, as we learn on the authority of a clergyman who was present, that he had tied up one of his people before reaching the tribe referred to, 'and given him a sound thrashing.' Let us fancy the effect on an English village if a black man came to it, and a white servant complained that he had been maltreated. We have felt heartily ashamed sometimes on discovering how causelessly we have been angry. No doubt the natives are at times as perversely stupid as servants at home can be when they like; but our conduct must often appear to the native mind as a mixture of silliness and insanity."

Stonehenge.—This megalithic monument stands on a wild and barren part of Salisbury Plain, which, by the way, is *not* a plain, but an elevated moorland. The stones are carefully cut to symmetrical shapes, and fitted together by mortise-joints, thus indicating a later date than the stone monuments of Avebury and Stanton Drew, which are built of unhewn blocks. Moreover, at Stonehenge, the principal stones were connected at their tops by a series of transoms. The stones have been mostly cut from the "grey wethers" or fragments of sandstone of the Tertiary Period, left on the plain after denudation.

Eggs Imported from Denmark.—According to an official report in the "Board of Trade Journal," the export of eggs from Denmark was 45,000 score, valued at £1,860, in 1867. Twenty years later, in 1887, the export had risen to 5,546,725 score, valued at £262,514, nine-tenths of which were for the United Kingdom. In some Danish provinces, as in Jutland, this industry is only making a commencement. When we consider the imports from France and other Continental countries, we may well be amazed at the stupid apathy of English poultry-farmers in allowing this vast industry to be so largely in the hands of foreigners.

Knowledge and Faith.—One who really has confidence in truth—truth alike of science, of philosophy, of history, and of faith—will desire to see truth sought and advanced along all the diverse lines on which it is to be found. He may not see the point at which all these lines converge, but he has perfect faith that they do converge, whether he sees it or not. He can be satisfied with seeing but a little for a time, assured that he will yet see that little open on a fuller day. . . . Culture, when it will not accept its proper place as secondary, but sets up to be the guiding principle of life, forfeits that which might be its highest charm. Indeed, even when it does not professedly turn its back on faith, yet if it claims to be paramount, it will generally be found that it has cultivated every other side of man's nature but the devout one. There is no more forlorn sight than that of a man highly gifted, elaborately cultivated, with all the other capacities of his nature strong and active, but those of faith and reverence dormant. And this, be it said, is the pattern of man in which culture, made the chief good, would most likely issue. On the other hand, when it assumes its proper place, illumined by faith, and animated by devout aspiration, it acquires a dignity and depth which of itself it cannot attain. From faith it receives its highest and most worthy objects.—*Culture and Religion, by Principal Shairp.*

Astronomical Almanack for October.

1	T	Camb. Mich. Term begins	17	T	☽ 3 Quarter 0.37 A.M.
2	W	☽ 1 Quarter 1.33 A.M.	18	F	Cygnus S. 6.47 P.M.
3	T	☉ rises 6.6 A.M.	19	S	Pisces S. 10.30 P.M.
4	F	Clock after ☉ 11m. 23s.	20	✠	18 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
5	S	☉ sets 5.27 P.M.	21	M	Daybreak 4.42 A.M.
6	✠	16 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	22	T	Twilight ends 6.44 P.M.
7	M	Venus the morning star	23	W	Aries S. at midnight
8	T	Jupiter sets 8.49 P.M.	24	T	Mich. Law Sittings begin
9	W	Full ☽ 1.26 A.M.			[New ☽ 2.26 P.M.
10	T	Oxford Mich. Term begins	25	F	Saturn rises 0.54 A.M.
11	F	Venus rises 3.19 A.M.	26	S	Clock after ☉ 15m. 59s.
12	S	☉ rises 6.21 A.M.	27	✠	19 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
13	✠	17 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	28	M	☽ least distance from ⊕
14	M	Fire Insurance expires	29	T	☉ rises 6.51 A.M.
15	T	☽ greatest dstnce. from ⊕	30	W	☉ sets 4.35 P.M.
16	W	☉ sets 5 3 P.M.	31	T	☽ 1 Quarter 8.31 A.M.

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